









# For Reference

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# THE NATION

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## INDEX TO VOLUME 186 JANUARY to JUNE, 1958

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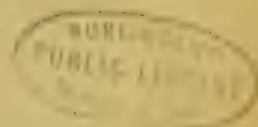




THE

# NATION

JANUARY 4, 1958 . . 25c



## WHO WON AT NATO?

by Geoffrey Barraclough

## STATE OF THE UNIONS

by J. B. S. Hardman

## MENACE of PAY-TV

by Dallas W. and Jennie N. Smythe



# LETTERS

## Comment on Mills's "Program for Peace"

Reprints of Professor Mills's article are available; see notice below.—Ed.

Dear Sirs: The Pulitzer Prize for the best article of the year should go without a doubt to C. Wright Mills for his Program for Peace in your December 7 issue. Now we have been offered a reasonable and logical fourteen-point program as an alternative to the Doomsday Circus facing the world. It is the only fully-rounded program for peace yet proposed. What better Christmas present than the peace, security and good will it contains, could we be given?

The question Mills asks at the close of the article, in a sense, is: "Will this Christmas package be opened?" Each one of us who has read it can be instrumental in seeing that it is by talking about it to others, sending a copy where it will do the most good, carrying on forums, etc.

MARK KEATS

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I could not agree more fully with anything than with C. Wright Mills's denouncement of the current suicidal arms race and his indictment of our "over-developed" society. And some of his concrete proposals are excellent.

However, unilateral disarmament for the United States and Europe does not strike this reader as the best way to bring the world to its senses. Surely the use of a strengthened U.N. and of a U.N. police force is the most practicable way to begin a "roll back" of national military forces in Europe and elsewhere. The Communist system has its vested government interests which would not be likely to react so sweetly to U.S. unilateral disarmament as Mr. Mills, or as pacifists, think they would—just as we have our military-industrial connections which have so often obstructed rather than facilitated disarmament efforts. (For that matter, the unintentional touch of unilateral disarmament inherent in the U.S. missile lag has not yet softened Soviet aims.)

A U.N. force could serve as a sort of bridge from current militaristic idiocy to a tolerable future. This would be especially true if the U.N. could control the newest space and missile devices.

ANN HUBBELL

Ypsilanti, Michigan

Dear Sirs: Professor C. Wright Mills is not so very far wrong in stating that the United States should withdraw its troops and aircraft from the Middle East. The thing is: to have a splinter in a hand may not be pleasant, but to remove it may cause trouble. Now is a time when we need skill in handling international affairs.

The present slant of *The Nation* on

foreign affairs is wholesomely different from that of some other national magazines.

CHARLES W. SHEPARD

Atlanta, Georgia

Dear Sirs: To Mr. C. Wright Mills's fourteen-point program, I have only to add a fifteenth: ten thousand reprints of the article should be dropped on Moscow and Washington.... Anger, optimism and sanity, welded into a new idealism, can hammer home the lesson that the future must be ours.

STANLEY EDELSON

Bar Harbor, Maine

Dear Sirs: I don't usually re-read articles. I have read Professor Mills's three times and hope to read it again

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## EDITORIALS

### Negotiate On What?

Lewis Carroll's Alice would have found herself very much at home at the NATO meeting. Non-existent missiles in exchange for promissory bases: What a Wonderland bargain! Yet those who believe that the world's problems can be settled in some way other than through international hari-kari are grateful that NATO dealt exclusively in futures. It leaves time, as Geoffrey Barraclough (see page 5) points out, for the build-up of public pressures which alone, it would seem, can force a genuine East-West negotiation. In this connection, there are two obvious points to be made. The first (the reader will forgive us if we play an old record) is that Mr. Dulles, who has repeatedly announced that he does not believe in negotiation, is clearly not the man to negotiate. The second is that we ought to take a long, hard look at what it is we want to negotiate. Ten long years of negotiation on disarmament have proven futile mainly because burning political issues have devoured the mutual trust on which disarmament, to some extent, must be based. As long as the West arms the Baghdad Pact countries, just so long will the Soviet Union continue to arm the "neutralists" among the Arabs; as long as the West acts as if its main line of defense will collapse without the industrial complex of the Ruhr, just so long will the Soviet Union reject any German unification plan that leaves the Ruhr in Western hands; as long as NATO threatens the Russians with an arc of bases extending from the North Sea to North Africa, just so long can the Soviet Union be expected to retaliate with a Warsaw Pact.

The Russians have offered their version of a solution for each of these problems: a complete embargo on arms to the Middle East; the neutralization of a united Germany; an anti-aggression pact between NATO and the Soviet bloc. This is not to say that the Russian solutions should be accepted in the terms in which they have been offered; it is only to say that they promise more in terms of negotiation than does

disarmament. The arms race is a product of political conflict, and not the other way around. Negotiating on the political issues is negotiating on the heart of the matter.

### Franco Has a Job for NATO

Immediately following Secretary Dulles' visit to his old friend Franco last week, a military spokesman for the Spanish dictator "suggested" to Western newsmen that NATO might find Spain's Canary Islands useful as a naval base and her desert regions in western North Africa ideal as bases for aircraft and missiles. The generosity of Franco's gesture is duly noted; it is also duly noted that if the Caudillo could inveigle NATO into his part of North Africa, he could shift onto broader shoulders his present troublesome and costly war with Arab nationalists. Franco was never a fool.

If, as one might expect, the Spanish dictator made this offer direct to Secretary Dulles prior to the public announcement, we hope that the Secretary reminded him (1) that we already have six American air bases in Morocco; (2) that King Mohammed V of Morocco, a recent good will visitor to these shores, might take a dim view of the transaction; and (3), that we already have six air and naval bases abuilding in Spain itself—and all of them are behind construction schedules.

### Who's Got the Bug?

The official question of the week before Christmas in New York City might well have been "Who's got the bug?"—the "bug" in this case being a scientific device modern man has made from the wonders of his science to listen in on, or "bug," the conversations of his fellow modern man. There was first the bug used by Jimmy Hoffa, who was indicted for tapping the wires of his fellow union employees, and who got off with a hung jury by virtue of one man's refusal to find him guilty. This was one of a long line of charges



against Hoffa, who makes a habit of breaking the rules, and the news was therefore met with no more or less than standard revulsion on the part of the public for a man who would stoop to spy on his fellow workers.

But just about that time along came a headline revealing that the New York City Transit Authority, representatives of the people, for two years had hidden a recording microphone in the meeting hall of one of the people's unions, the Motormen's Benevolent Association. Authority officials, men of a government whose higher arm was busy trying to bring low Jimmy Hoffa on charges of bugging his employees, saw nothing wrong in their own conduct. In the first place, the law makes a distinction between spying by means of a hidden mike and spying by means of tapping a telephone wire (morality makes no such distinction); and anyway, the officials had gotten permission to spy from the New York Police Department!

It turned out that the Mayor had not been informed of this secret venture into mass communications. He found the business distasteful and asked for an end of bugging. We are still waiting, however, for him to do something about it. We are also waiting for a law which will put the secret mike and the secret tap into the same criminal category. And most impatiently, we await the day when a jury will laugh out of court any prosecutor who attempts to punish a private citizen who has merely patriotically adhered to the moral standards set by his own government.

## Mood Indigo

The populace of Venezuela gathered at the polls on December 15 and, in orderly and colorful fashion, confirmed General Perez Jimenez as president for another five years. The order was maintained by the constabulary and the color was supplied by the voting cards—blue for “yes” and red for “no”—by which the Venezuelans expressed their will.

This was a plebiscite, not an election. General Jimenez had recently been defeated in an election, but he declared it void and substituted this new procedure in which the electorate was not confused by opposing candidates and was able frankly to express its opinion of the incumbent and his hand-picked chamber of deputies. Eighty-five per cent of the cards returned were blue, and this brilliant result was obtained without anything you could rightly call coercion. Voters, however, were advised to keep on their persons the card they did not drop in the ballot box—just in case any ugly suspicions should arise. As further evidence of Venezuelan enthusiasm for democratic process, foreigners of two years' residence in the country were encouraged to vote and the usual procedure of registration was on this occasion suspended.

Latin American political methods have always tickled

the Yankee sense of humor, and this plebiscite is as good a farce as any. We could afford a tolerant laugh if we were not so intent on being spokesman for the free world. Venezuela is also part of that free world, though it might take an adroit man to fit the Jimenez regime to the definition.

## High Cost of Segregation

We offer, free of charge, the following suggestion as a subject for a doctoral thesis: The High Cost of Segregation in the South. Certain elements of this financial calculation are obvious: a double school system; separate toilets, restaurants and bars in transport terminals (an official of Southeastern Greyhound Lines notes that it costs 50 per cent more to build terminals with segregated facilities); separate entrances to movie houses; separate washrooms, cafeterias, drinking fountains in factories, etc., etc. But there are other costs no less great because they are less obvious. The *Wall Street Journal* tells of the purchase by Scripto, Inc., pen manufacturers, of forty acres in an Atlanta, Georgia, industrial zone for plant expansion. Then whites in a nearby residential area objected to the project because large numbers of Negro employees would have to pass through their streets to and from work. Result: litigation costs, time lost, a re-zoning of the district to prevent the plant expansion, and a resale of the forty acres by Scripto at a \$14,000 cash loss. Or take the case of a development board which finally persuaded a clothing manufacturer to settle in a small Georgia town. The project meant 200 jobs and an annual payroll of a half-million dollars. Then the town discovered the manufacturer intended to hire Negroes exclusively. Result: the town is still pure white, and the factory is elsewhere.

How many manufacturers are staying out of the South because of race tensions? W. Cooper Green, vice president of Alabama Power Company, told the *Wall Street Journal*: “We’ve been working with seventy-five prospects. If any of them are holding back on the integration-segregation issue, I don’t think they’d tell us. If the news ever leaked out, it would be very bad publicity for them in the South, where they have customers.”

We are reminded that the voters of Alabama, by popular referendum, recently voted in favor of gerrymandering out of existence Macon County, home of Tuskegee Institute. The idea is to destroy the concentrated political strength of Macon County's Negroes, who outnumber the whites (see City Planning, Dixie Style by Dora Byron, *The Nation*, October 12). How much did the state referendum cost? How much is it going to cost the white businessmen of Tuskegee and surrounding areas, whose shops are now being boycotted in protest by Negroes? As a Tuskegee Negro put it, “If they don’t want our vote, why should they have our money?”



# WHO WON at NATO? . . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

London

THE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE turned out, after all, much as we had thought. "Western Europe not expected to frustrate U.S. wishes," the headlines told us as the delegations assembled. And in the event, Western Europe has not frustrated U.S. wishes. But the course of proceedings nevertheless got out of step, and we may suspect that Mr. Dulles had more than one headache before it was all over. It was, of course, the second day that produced the excitement. After the first session the ticker tapes rushed out a confident Yes. But at the close of the second session a bewildered world, sharply divided between angry resentment and incredulous relief, jumped to attention as the newspapers told of disagreement at high level and predicted a possible No. It was too wildly improbable to be true. By the third day the ranks were closed, the verdict was Yes, and it only remained to draft and to issue the usual high-sounding agreement "in principle." Meanwhile the so-called "Charter of Paris" has appeared, President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles have held forth on radio and television, and we are left to grope through the barrage of words to the intractable realities beneath.

If you take the results of the conference at face value, and keep to the surface of events, it is probably true that you can make of them what you will. Emphasize the first and final sessions, and you may say that the Suicide Club has met and solemnly decided to commit hari-kari. Emphasize the unexpected course of events on the second day, and you may say that the Western worm has turned—not very much, it is true, but at least it has writhed and twisted in its agony—and may turn some more. If your mind happens to work that way, you may even say that the Western powers, after a shocking exhibition of cold feet, have

recovered their senses, and all will be well after all. All these interpretations are possible because the agreements reached at Paris were agreements on principle and general policy which have still to be tested in practice; and the real test will come when they have to be put into operation. Then, and only then, shall we discover which of the conflicting forces and tendencies so plainly present throughout the Paris meeting are the stronger.

That does not mean that all we have to do is to sit back and wait. On the contrary, those who saw a gleam of hope and reason in the momentary resistance to Mr. Dulles' bulldozing had better realize that they are at the beginning of the road, and not at the end. The testing time lies between now and March, when the next NATO meeting is scheduled to take place; and it depends in large degree upon world opinion what the outcome will be. That world opinion produced even a moment's pause in the streamlined proceedings at Paris was pretty remarkable; but of course it was not enough. Meanwhile we must recognize frankly that the decisions taken at the conference have tipped the scales in the opposite direction. We must not underestimate them because they are only decisions "in principle," subject to future contingencies. Unless positive action is taken to reverse the trend, it is only a question of time before all the paraphernalia of nuclear war is assembled in position, ready for a flat-footed general to stumble over an irreversible trigger.

THE FULL implications of what the Paris conference was asked to do, and has done "in principle," are still not often realized. To describe it in the usual formula as "adapting the Atlantic Alliance to the Missile Age" is a gross understatement: what it amounts to, in fact, is a total transformation of NATO. When NATO was first brought into being, in response to the shock administered to the West by the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, it was pat-

ently a defensive alliance, and its strength lay in its defensive character. It was this fact, and this fact alone, which made it generally acceptable to the Western European peoples. Today, this is no longer the case. Intermediate-range ballistic missiles, with a radius of action of 1,500 miles, cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called defensive weapons. They are weapons of retaliation which add nothing to the security of the countries housing them, but evidently add greatly to their perils. Armed with 1,500-mile missiles, in other words, NATO automatically ceases to be a defensive and becomes an offensive alliance; this revolutionary idea of making NATO into an offensive weapon has provoked a crisis of conscience in Europe.

IT WOULD be totally wrong to regard this reaction as a result of Russian propaganda. Long before Bulganin launched his barrage of notes and letters, a wave of profound uneasiness was spreading throughout Western Europe and, in particular, throughout Germany. Nor was it, as some American commentators have tried to argue, a new wave of "neutrality" and "defeatism" spreading from a pink-hued Left. What is significant is the way the movement spanned the whole political gamut. In England alone it was something of a phenomenon when the right-wing *Sunday Times* featured a series of world maps to illustrate "the outdated American defense strategy," and the *Daily Express* let loose its heaviest artillery on "The Maginot Mentality, 1958." More important, perhaps, was the initiative of the *London Times*, which carried three leading articles in one week, the gist of which was that "the forward deployment of the present IRBM"—in other words, the establishment of intermediate-missile bases close to the Iron Curtain—is not necessary "for the security of the West."

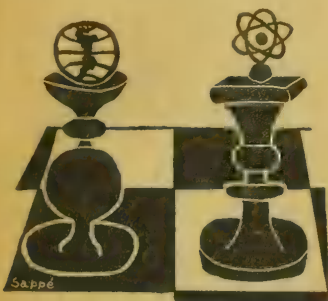
Behind all this lay a profound doubt as to the motives behind the new program. It seemed to stem—as, in sober fact, it did stem—from

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH, a frequent contributor, is a professor of international history at the University of London.

January 4, 1958



the distraught and hysterical fears which the launching of the Russian sputnik let loose in the State Department, not from rational calculation of the needs of the situation. But the sputnik was not a new factor from a European point of view. We in Europe have lived for five or six years in the knowledge that our own cities will be in the front line in any atom war; and the knowledge that the cities of the United States will now be there also—though to some Europeans it is certainly a matter of satisfaction—does not fundamentally alter the situation for us. If there was a sudden demand for a revolutionary change of military policy, it was not hard to conclude that the need it expressed was American rather than European. No doubt European calculations did less than justice to American motives; but the



evidence seemed to indicate that the purpose for which IRBM bases in Europe were required was not to defend Europe from attack but to deter the Russians from launching missiles against the American continent, and to retaliate if they did. Americans will be shocked to hear that this conception of interdependence left Europeans cold.

What reasons, after all, apart from the sputnik scare, were there for revolutionary changes in Western strategy? What, considering that intermediate-range missiles were not available and not likely to be available for a couple of years, was the new urgency in the situation? There was not the least sign that Russia was waiting poised to swoop on Europe with all the military potential at its command. On the contrary, the military threat had, if anything, receded into the background, and Russia seemed more willing than

ever to observe the *status quo* in Europe while it developed its political program in Asia and the Middle East. Furthermore, there was no evidence that intermediate-range missiles would increase European security; on the contrary, the "general impression," as the *Times* pointed out, was that "even in the sputnik age" the West was already "over-insured rather than under-insured for nuclear deterrence." And, finally, would the alleged deterrents really deter? At this point even stalwart champions of NATO began to waver. If we in Europe thought the means were calculated to produce the desired end—if, in other words, we thought the reactivation of NATO by the deployment of strategic weapons would increase our security—few would hesitate to go through with it. The difficulty is that we think, on the contrary, that it is an old-fashioned and outmoded strategy, which will add to our insecurity. In other words, far from "detering" Russia, a reinforced NATO equipped with 1,500-mile missiles is likely to act as an incitement, and perhaps even to provoke the very attacks which it is theoretically supposed to prevent. In any case, it stood in the way of a political settlement. This was the burden of Mr. George Kennan's by now famous "Reith Lectures," which made so profound an impression in Europe. It was not the weakness of NATO, Mr. Kennan argued, but its strength which put up Russian backs and made Russia unwilling to accept Western proposals for Europe's future.

These were the reasons behind European reluctance to commit itself all out to Mr. Dulles' proposals. The decision at Paris to explore ways and means to break the East-West deadlock and to reopen negotiations with the Russians—a decision certainly out of line with Mr. Dulles' thought—shows that they were not entirely without effect. That such a resolution was taken was undoubtedly a victory for world opinion. But it would be foolish to make too much of it. The way the proposal has been formulated suggests that it is there more for the record, and to placate European conscience, than with a view to real settlement. It would

be surprising if it were to come to anything in practice. At most, it means that a door has been unexpectedly left open. But no one doubts that the real substance of the conference was the decision "in principle" to deploy IRBMs in Europe, and it is round this question that debate in the weeks to come will concentrate. Until the missiles are actually ready and available for use, no decision can be said to be final. The essential question for the future is whether military will override political objectives, or whether there is still time for a political settlement to halt military preparations.

ONE THING is already certain. The decisions "in principle" at the summit have not cleared the practical obstacles out of the way. Denmark and Norway from the start made it plain that they would not participate in the nuclear program, and at the time of writing it is evident that German opposition to missile bases has not been quelled. But the problems which the implementation of the summit decisions will bring to light, go deeper than this. European statesmen were not slow to perceive the implications of American insistence on a quick over-all decision. For the first time since the formation of NATO, they realized, the United States was more dependent on her allies than they on her; and they decided, with few exceptions, to make hay while the sun was shining. We do not yet know what went on behind locked doors in Paris; but it is obvious that there must have been some hard bargaining. Each country had, and still has, its own particular objectives. France, for instance, made it clear that it expected support in North Africa and a more powerful voice in NATO, if it was to play Mr. Dulles' game. But in addition to particular interests, there were serious and intractable problems of a general nature, of which we have not heard the last. Not least among these is finance; but political control (who, in other words, is going to release the trigger) and possession of the nuclear warheads also loom large.

A great deal has been made of these problems, and it would be an



error to sweep them aside as unimportant. But the very course of the Paris proceedings shows that we should not emphasize them too much. If this is all, Mr. Dulles is likely to get his way in the end. The European powers may writhe and haggle, but their position is too weak for them to stand out for long. If there is to be a change, it will come through the pressure of world opinion on governments, and in particular from insistence that the proposed negotiations with Russia must be real negotiations. That means, first of all, that the West cannot dictate in advance the terms of negotiation, and then refuse to talk except upon those terms. We have already been told that if Russia refuses a new approach to disarmament on the basis set out by the West, the world will face a "balance of power through terror" as the only alternative. It is precisely that alternative that the world must resolutely refuse, because that way there is no hope. The reach for absolute security is an endless quest, a dangerous dream. The greatest peril inherent in the policy endorsed at Paris is that the reactivation of NATO with nuclear missiles

will write "finis" to the existing chances of peaceful negotiations to reduce the danger of all-out war.

THESE chances are not negligible. Since 1955, though there have been many disappointments, East-West negotiations have gradually been reduced from comprehensive worldwide schemes to manageable proportions. No one today expects to sweep aside all issues in one great disarmament plan; but proposals such as those recently put forward by Poland, in conjunction with East Germany and Czechoslovakia, are hard-headed, clearly defined and practicable. What are the inhibitions preventing the West from testing them at face value? Present indications are that we are likely—if the NATO powers have their own way—to be lost again in endless discussions over the whole field of disarmament, resulting in another resounding failure with each side blaming the other. New political thinking simply was not on the agenda in Paris, and for that reason not only is the West unprepared for new discussions with Russia, but the political purposes of its military and strategic program remain ob-

scure. The issues which were not discussed in Paris—such questions as the terms upon which the West would agree to a neutralization of Germany, or the concessions which NATO would be prepared to make in return for a Russian withdrawal from the satellite countries—were more important than those which were. It is for us to see that they now receive the thought and analysis denied them in Paris. This is a question for Americans as much as Europeans, for now that the United States is in the nuclear firing line, the handing out to all and sundry of the weapons which will unleash the nuclear deluge touches them as nearly as it touches us. At Paris, the real issues—that is to say, the political issues upon which peace and war depend—were side-stepped in the interests of fictitious unanimity, and NATO, piling up arms upon arms, is still without a policy. The task of the coming decisive weeks is to see that the political issues which NATO side-stepped are brought into the open and forced upon reluctant governments, before it is too late. It will not be easy to do, but it is the most important task of the new year.

## MENACE of PAY-TV . . by Dallas W. and Jennie N. Smythe

ONE OF THE most skillfully conducted public-relations campaigns of modern times has brought pay-TV to the verge of acceptance. It is understandable that support for pay-TV should come from those whose self-interest would be served by it—namely, the writers, actors, directors and front offices of Hollywood and Broadway. For them and for sports promoters, the attraction is the tremendous revenue potential of box offices located in the living

rooms of millions of American families who, on the average, spend five hours a day watching TV.

But without the support or at least friendly neutrality of intellectuals, pay-TV would have made little headway. Intellectuals, however, have fallen easy prey to the pay-TV merchants. This is regrettable on two counts. First, they have not pursued their own self-interest; second, they have failed to recognize their social responsibility for the welfare of the larger population of less education and sophistication.

Let us examine the self-interest of intellectuals, who are genuinely frustrated in their need for mature, original entertainment. They are offended by repetitive, formula-ridden material and resent being manipu-

lated and cajoled by advertising. It is good that they feel this way. But such is their despair with the current product that they have grasped at the first alternative which seemed to promise Bach, Beethoven and Bartok concerts and "Broadway plays"—especially when it is suggested that pay-TV would be free of crass commercial announcements.

Looking only at the absolute economics of pay-TV, the "eggheads" are impressed by what they think are the advantages of the "box office" approach. It might be profitable, they say, for a pay-TV operator to broadcast a chamber music concert free of advertising. Because they would like to watch such a program, for a price, they conclude that pay-TV would be a worthwhile addition

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to free TV. Let us, so they argue, pay for what we like; others could continue to enjoy free the \$64,000 Question.

This line of reasoning has been skillfully spread by the pay-TV promoters. The facts, however, don't square with it. First of all, there is good reason to suppose that pay-TV would carry advertising just as does free TV. As *Life* said (on October 14): "... Once [pay-TV] gains wide acceptance, what is to prevent a franchise-holder from selling commercial time?" Occasionally, an advertising man says it more directly. William Lewis, president of Kenyon and Eckhardt, recently told a broadcasters club in Boston: "There is no reason why TV, like the print media, should not receive income both from commercial interests and the general public which the producers are serving."

Deprived of the lure of no-advertising, the intellectual falls back to what he thinks is more secure ground. Won't pay-TV provide finer entertainment than free TV? To this there are answers on several levels. One is: Look at the movies! There is no reason why even a big movie theatre couldn't cover its cost and make a profit by offering a film version of a La Scala performance. But how often do they?

THE more basic answer is that in our commercial culture, a box office attached to a mass-production line provides a mass-produced product. And pay-TV, when it uses the air waves, will have a built-in mass-production line just as does free TV. After all, the reason which makes the use of the air waves more attractive than wire lines to pay-TV promoters is the cheapness with which a broadcast signal can reach millions of homes.

"But," you may say, "if it is possible to broadcast profitably programs which would satisfy a minority audience, why would this not be done on pay-TV?" The answer is the same as that which must be given to the parallel question concerning the automobile industry. Why does Detroit not make cars like those European imports which appeal to minority automobile

tastes because of their smallness, maneuverability and economy? Detroit could do so, and at a profit. The explanation lies at the root of mass production. Mass production is always concentrated on the product where the *largest* profit will be earned. Catering to a minority may yield a profit; it can never yield the largest profit.

Pay-TV may offer some genuinely cultural programs, especially at the outset, in order to cultivate the support of intellectuals who, by their acceptance of the new idea, may help to "sell" it to the general public. It may also offer cultural programs as "loss leaders" to ward off public criticism and control. But the staple article which pay-TV will offer will be determined, as one of its chief promoters frankly says, by the fact that "the arithmetic of low-cost mass distribution will also apply to subscription television."

IF PAY-TV offers—as it must under existing conditions—much the same sort of fare as is now provided by free TV, what happens to the latter? Will the public want to pay to see the same kind of entertainment they now receive free? Obviously not. But the conclusion does not follow that pay-TV will have to offer substantially different fare in order to be successful. *A more realistic conclusion is that the public will be given no choice but to pay for substantially the same thing it now receives free.* For talent would rapidly be removed from free TV by the inexorable process of the market-place. The clearest example is offered by sports programs. Already the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants are unavailable for free TV, because the broadcast rights to their games have been bought by pay-TV promoters. Here the mere prospect (not the actuality) of pay-TV is depriving free TV of talent. As soon as sports events begin to be broadcast on pay-TV, they will be pre-empted generally for this market. The bait held out to the public by pay-TV promoters is that the occasional sporting event—a championship prize fight, for instance—not now available to free TV, would be brought to the living room screen

for a reasonable price. While the cost of viewing these occasional events may be nominal, the *real* price will be the aggregate pay-TV expenditure for watching all the football, baseball, tennis, horse racing, basketball, golf and other sports which are now available free. Moreover, even the radio broadcast of sports events will stop in order to protect the market for pay-TV broadcasts.

As for sports, so with the most popular TV dramatic shows. *Guns-moke* now is the most widely watched regular TV program. Its star (James Arness), its producer and its writers will inevitably withdraw from free TV if larger profits are in prospect from pay-TV. This siphoning process follows from the fact that pay-TV will be in a position to outbid free broadcasting for talent. For example, in the spring of 1957, *Guns-moke* was watched in more than 13.5 million homes each week. The sponsors paid \$38,000 for talent and \$52,200 for station time, or a total of \$90,200 per week. Now assume that only one-fourth, or 3,385,000 of the 13.5 million families who watched *Guns-moke* weekly were equipped to receive pay-TV. Assume that only one-fourth, or 846,000, of the equipped homes bought *Guns-moke* (on free TV the show had an audience rating of 36 per cent). Assume that the very moderate price of 25 cents was paid per viewing. This would yield a weekly gross of \$212,000. Our assumptions have been conservative; yet the result is a gross pay-TV revenue more than twice as large as the present total cost to its sponsors of the free program.

THE crushing effect of pay-TV on free TV is discernible in other directions. Only about twenty cities in the United States have four or more TV stations. In all other cities, and in virtually all rural areas, the substitution of pay for free TV programs would preclude one or more of the networks from bringing free TV programs to the stations. The clearest illustration of this would be in the one-station community, where each hour of pay-TV operation would black out free TV for that hour. Free TV network programming de-



depends on the availability of station time; this is what the networks basically sell to advertisers. If pay-TV spreads to the three-or-less-TV-station communities, it will cripple networks both because of station unavailability and declining audiences. Advertisers will turn from free to pay-TV or to other media. In addition to diverting programs, therefore, pay-TV would dry up the economic support of free TV. Faced with this prospect, the management of free TV networks would themselves go over to pay-TV.

WHAT THEN, do viewers stand to gain from pay-TV? Championship prize fights and perhaps some "first run" movies would become available to "middle-brow" and "low-brow" viewers. For the "eggheads," the main attraction would be the largely illusory expectation of genuinely cultural programs. To gratify this expectation, the egghead supporters of pay-TV seem ready to deprive the general public not only of the trite programs on free TV, but of the many finer programs which it also affords. Leaving aside entertainment such as *Peter Pan*, *Blithe Spirit*, NBC opera, etc., it is to be noted that free TV does produce *See It Now* and other programs in the area of public affairs, as well as many non-entertainment shows of outstanding value. Pay-TV could not be expected to provide as much of this kind of material. As CBS put it, "... While there are some advertisers who are interested in institutional advertising [to support such programs], there would be no coin-machine operators interested in institutional dimes when they can collect commercial dollars." In this connection the performance of the motion-picture theatres is revealing evidence of the almost total disinterest of box-office operators in cultural material for minority audiences. The intellectuals are evidently mistaken in expecting pay-TV to serve their unique needs.

They have also been oblivious to the hardship pay-TV would bring to the low-income part of the population. To say, as some do, that the "low-" and "middle-brow" groups needn't be deprived of their enter-



tainment, for they can buy it on pay-TV, is to reveal the essential vice of pay-TV. For it cynically assumes that what is for the low-income viewer a "free good" should be made over into an "economic good." Presently the total direct cost to the viewer of free TV is the sum of his set depreciation, service calls, replacement parts and electric-power—a total of about \$80 per annum. That advertising (on TV and otherwise) may indirectly be paid for by the consumer is irrelevant. The consumers' cost of living would not be reduced by pay-TV.

WELL OVER half of all TV homes have incomes of less than \$5,000. And *Life's* consumer-expenditure study in 1956 shows that the total expenditure for recreation and recreation equipment in households with incomes from \$4,000 to \$4,999 was \$233—with substantially smaller amounts for those with less income. The average household now spends much less than \$100 a year on motion-picture attendance. No one knows just how much the middle- and lower-income groups would spend on pay-TV. But, with payment by the program, the individual and family pressures might well result in larger total expenditures on pay-TV than now go for TV set maintenance and depreciation plus motion-picture attendance. If as little as 25 cents an hour were paid for only half of the present average TV viewing time (more than

five hours per day), the annual cost would be \$228. Unless the intellectuals adopt a "let 'em eat cake" point of view, they must be concerned over the potential hardship pay-TV would visit on the non-egghead population.

If viewers stand to lose from pay-TV, who stands to gain from it? The answer is that the holders of the patents on the unscrambling devices necessary for pay-TV expect fabulous profits. Telemeter, a Paramount subsidiary, estimated two years ago that total pay-TV revenue in 1960 would be about \$4.5 billion, assuming 75 per cent conversion and weekly payments per home of \$2.50 (or a mere 36 cents a day). Of this total, perhaps one-third would go to the pay-TV operator as distinct from the TV station and the program producer.

Pay-TV would create an industry rivaling in size the Bell System, and it would inevitably be a monopoly. While presently three different systems are proposed, it is inconceivable that more than one would be authorized for commercial development in a country with as much population mobility as ours, and in light of the tradition of standardized engineering specifications for broadcast services. According to all three principal promoters, the operating plan would be like this: The patent-holder would license a local pay-TV operator. This operator, under the control of the patent-holder, would sell or rent encoding and decoding equipment to station viewers. He would buy time on the stations, determine what pay programs to broadcast, promote the business and collect revenues from the public. He would also pay license fees to the patent-holder. The patent-holder would establish a program distribution company which would become a nation-wide pay-TV program network.

Control of program policy and the profits which would go with a nation-wide monopoly of program distribution would thus rest with the patent-holder. It is quite correct to say, as pay-TV promoters often do, that the promoters would not monopolize program production. The program network would probably buy and distribute a substantial pro-



portion of "independently produced" program material. But the pay-TV program monopoly would have the power to determine what Americans can view—and the unrestricted power to set prices as it pleased. In contrast to the stark monopoly of program distribution which pay-TV involves, the shortcomings of the three free TV networks look to many people like a relatively beneficent oligopoly.

We pointed out earlier that, where commercial stations are concerned, public service or educational material would have less chance than on free TV. What about educational stations? If the cost of education is to be assessed against the beneficiary of the education, educational TV stations could follow the pattern of private schools (except for the fact that the profit for the pay-TV patent-holder has no precedent in private schools). However, in view of the tax-supported public education tradition and the fact that the TV waves are public property, there is serious objection to placing a price tag on educational broadcasting. The objection is based on the fact that those who stand to benefit most from it may well be those least able to pay and least aware of the benefits to be derived from educational broadcasts.

PAY-TV would not help the UHF-TV stations. Their problems are soluble by more direct means. Nor is it likely that pay-TV will result in many "art theatre" type of stations.

The principal economic characteristic of an "art theatre" is its relatively small physical plant costs and seating capacity, both conducive to

long and profitable "runs" when word-of-mouth advertising produces a sustained audience flow. By its very nature, a TV station has a mass-market capacity for viewers. And the pressures, both from the mass-market side and from the patent-holder side, would make an "art-theatre" pay-TV station an anomaly.

THE putsch for pay-TV has been chiefly directed toward pay-TV on the airwaves. But while its promoters have pressed for the use of broadcast pay-TV, a less noticed development has provided an alternative more palatable to the public. Wired pay-TV has been planned for by some ninety-six applicants for franchises in some sixty-six cities. For quite different reasons, motion-picture theatre interests and two of the three promoters of broadcast pay-TV have pushed it. Wired TV involves distributing programs from a central location by telephone cables directly to the TV receiver in the home. It does not displace any broadcast station because there are enough unused channels in every TV receiver to permit the reception of both free and wired pay-programs.

Since last September, the first actual wired TV system has been operating in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, where twenty-six different films are delivered for twelve hours a day for a monthly price of \$9.50 per home. Half of these films are first-run and half re-runs. Whether charged for on a monthly or per-attraction basis, the same plan is contemplated for sports as well as movies. Skiatron (which has bought TV rights for both the Dodgers and the Giants) and Paramount's Telemeter have

been active in obtaining franchises and making other preparations for using wired TV.

Wired TV has many advantages for the public as compared with broadcast pay-TV. It would offer competition to free TV without preempting the channels or disrupting the structure of station-network relations. Because cables can carry not one but three or four simultaneous programs, wired TV offers much more service than broadcast pay-TV. The technical quality of wired TV pictures is superior to that of broadcast TV. Wired TV requires no complex encoding or decoding equipment and avoids the many problems created by building a decoder into the home receiver. It would thus avoid the tendency towards monopoly in TV-set maintenance which broadcast pay-TV threatens. Possibly most attractive is the fact that whereas a nation-wide program monopoly would rest on the patents for encoder-decoder equipment for broadcast pay-TV, the equipment for wired TV is readily available, requires no exclusive patents and would permit competition. While capital investment for both wired and broadcast pay-TV will be enormous, the public would have to put up directly a large part of the sums required for broadcast pay-TV (through purchase and installation charges for decoders), while the promoters of wired TV would have to bear the risks attending the large investment in cable lines. While wired TV would compete for program material against free TV, there would not be the fast siphoning process which preemption of broadcast channels would trigger. As a result of the greater cost of wire-line operation, competition for program material would also be reduced by a lesser ability to outbid free TV. And the public, especially the low-income public, would be protected considerably against the dangers of a wired TV monopoly by the continued availability of free TV service.

The Bartlesville wired TV experiment already demonstrates that the airwaves are not necessary for pay-TV. Indeed, by developing wired TV plans of their own, two of the three chief promoters of broadcast pay-TV





have undercut the case for it. Congressman Celler and others have introduced bills to prohibit the use of broadcast frequencies for pay-TV. Nevertheless, in October, the Federal Communications Commission authorized trials of broadcast pay-TV over a three-year period, with the proviso that no licenses would be granted prior to March, 1958. These trials would be limited to some

twenty cities, each having four or more TV stations. Hearings are scheduled on the Celler bill this month and it is quite possible that Congressional action may stop the broadcast pay-TV trials\*before they can be started.

THOSE concerned with a resolution of the pay-TV issue in the public interest must rely on Congress. For

the FCC has abdicated its responsibility. It has not held an evidentiary hearing, without which no equivalent revolutionary change has ever previously been authorized in any broadcast service. Instead, it has given a green light for "experiments" which Congressman Celler correctly says must "be regarded as potential commitment to a course from which there may be no return."

## STATE of the UNIONS . . by J. B. S. Hardman

### I. "That Man" Meany

IN 1952, George Meany became president of the American Federation of Labor. In 1953, the AFL expelled the International Longshoremen's Association, the New York waterfront union, found to be corrupt and refusing to mend its ways. This was the first action of this kind in the federation's seventy-year history.

George Meany masterminded the proceedings, and thus initiated a trend which practically reversed, in the five years 1952-1957, what had been prevalent top-leadership attitude toward union corruption for most of the preceding fifty years. That old attitude was *neutralist*, in a way. While resolutions would be adopted in AFL conventions against sin and in praise of virtue, no action that mattered ever came from the federation's high command to eradicate specific evils. Here and there a federation affiliate would take steps against evildoers in its midst, generally when the wrongdoing occurred on a lower level of the pyramidal power structure of the respective unions, and top leadership was challenged or substantially embarrassed. When the virus infected the top leadership of an affiliate, perhaps the angels in heaven knew it and wept; but the federation's

chieftains predominantly did nothing, saw nothing, knew nothing. They did not have the constitutional power to intrude into a union's internal affairs, except by exerting moral suasion. That power, though, they seemed most reluctant ever to use.

Untouchability of the internal doings of affiliates by the AFL Executive Council or head officers was the federation's basic law, even as was the fear of, and opposition to, any governmental intervention into the unions' ways of life and behavior. These were the alpha and omega of the structural wisdom which Samuel Gompers, founder and lifelong president of the AFL, implanted in the union edifice which he helped erect. He would refer to the AFL as "a rope of sand," thus emphasizing its loose, unhinged build. Perhaps that rigorous observance of the principle of autonomy and of "no politics in the union" helped keep the federation in one piece, but it no doubt also accounted for its essential ineffectiveness during the Gompers regime and while his post-mortem influence continued.

George Meany put an end to all that, and it was the clear decisiveness of his course that "made" the recent AFL-CIO convention in Atlantic City and which rendered the Meany leadership indisputable. The measure of the man's view of what he wants the federation to be (and for that matter the whole of the movement) he put, long before the convention, in the plain words: I would rather have a smaller federation, but one clean of corruption. Of

course, Meany's wasn't and isn't a "do-it-yourself" undertaking. Labor leadership, whether wise or otherwise, never is an Atlas-like task: many are called in to support the pillars of the labor universe. But the test of leadership in labor, as most anywhere, is the ability to induce co-leadership, to *lead* with the wise, to *drag* the stubborn and the reluctant. Meany amply demonstrated ability to perform that feat all through the difficult days of the AFL-CIO convention.

The man speaks directly, pointedly, without pretense or oratory; and his platform performance is refreshing by comparison with the preachy efforts which his predecessor, the amiable and inept William Green, was forever making, and a relief when one recalls the verbal flights into nowhere which Sam Gompers never tired of effecting. He does not "declare," or otherwise pontificate. He merely proceeds to say what is his opinion or judgment in the matter at hand. "I, too, have something to say about this," he began, when he intervened in one of the most exciting disputes of the convention. As convention oratory, that was almost shockingly simple; and Mr. Meany may never fully understand how grateful to him are those whose professional assignments oblige their ears to listen.

A notable example of plain speaking and hard, direct reasoning was what Meany told the Maritime Trades Department's convention when he recited the three-time failure of the AFL-launched Longshore-

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men's Brotherhood to unseat and uproot the ILA, which the federation had expelled under his leadership. Observing that under the pressure caused by the expulsion, and seeking to bolster their own position, those officers have been "doing a better job for their members." The plumber-philosopher concluded: "If that is so, then the only loss to the AFL-CIO is per capita tax. And if we have to decide between per capita tax and poor conditions in the union, and not getting per capita tax and the workers having a better deal, then I am for the better deal for the workers."

George Meany was speaking not to a mass meeting of longshoremen, but to leaders—including those who had endured that failure. There are unlikely to be many on the labor summit to take that kind of solace in defeat. George Meany is not a giant, but it is most remarkable that he does not appear to think he is one. He does not seem to be assuming that he is doing the Lord's work, only his own. So restrained a self-estimation may well contain the seed of a further rise in stature.

## II. Rackets and Ethics

THE AFL-CIO verdict on "improper practices" of union officers was signed, sealed and delivered. The speedy and determined action by the union high command, first, and next by the recent convention, were models of performance "according to plan." The conviction and the sentencing of the culprits are now past history, but not so the phenomenon of corruption. There remain afield and active the basic facts of life which induced the particular union leaders, who were brought to book, to become "dominated, controlled or substantially influenced in the conduct of union affairs by corrupt influences." The motive of self-enrichment, the opportunity presented by the exercise of power and control of office, the climate of the environment around the unions and within, are still with us. How do Messrs. Meany, Reuther, Hayes and their fellow-ethic'ers propose to combat "corrupt influences" which are unlikely to cease and desist because some racketeers have been moved

beyond the pale of the righteous?

The answer is evidently given by making the six *Codes of Ethical Practices* the law of union life. The expulsion of the several unions and the suspension meted out to other unions whose leaders still are expected to do penance were based on the respective union officers' non-compliance with the prescripts of the codes which define the conduct unbecoming a union officer or leader.

Five of the six codes, and the policy statement which imposes sanc-



George Meany

tions on union officials who refuse to cooperate with authorized public agencies investigating alleged corruption in a union by invoking the Fifth Amendment, all aim at one primary purpose: "to keep unions free from any taint of corruption." The sixth code endeavors "to safeguard the democratic character of the labor movement." Even this, however, is clearly relevant to the pursuit of the all-abiding end of preserving honesty; for corruption thrives best when democracy is obstructed and perverted. There were ample reasons for the adoption of such codes.

At Atlantic City the discussion of the problem centered on the expulsion decisions, and "public opinion" privately expressed on the convention floor and in the lobbies indicated that making "ethics" stick is not a simple matter at all.

The expelled unions, notably the powerful, rich and industrially stra-

tegic Teamsters Union of 1,500,000 members, remain a clear and present danger. They will continue in business. It is not unlikely that they, too, may attempt to "do a better job by the members" and thus tighten the corrupt officers' hold on the union as did the earlier mentioned ILA, expelled as "corrupt" in 1953 but still doing a thriving business, better than ever. Hoffa may be out of circulation for a while, but a good many of the 2,000 teamsters' "porkchoppers" who are of the Hoffa, Brewster, Beck culture will not vanish, and their continuing prosperity is likely to be a powerful inducement to emulation by other unions. The example set by the expellees may serve merely to caution emulators to act more circumspectly and to effect a more equitable distribution of the emoluments of office in the union periphery; members are no less human than officers. That could make purification difficult. Unless the members of the unions are widely sold on "ethical practices," the codes may come to share the fate of the "noble experiment." This, in turn, touches upon the state of internal union democracy which, frequently enough, is in not too sound a condition, and this again casts a shadow over the future of the cleaning venture. The code on the "union democratic process" carries no sanctions on violators. Where the democratic process lags, complaints of violations, under the rule of union autonomy, are likely to be heard before the same officers whose failure to combat—and, on occasion, actual promotion of—boss-rule may be accountable for the democratic arteriosclerosis. They would constitute the court of last resort.

A weak spot of the reform is the unfortunate selection of the title "Ethical Practices Committee." The use of the Sunday Bible-class term "ethical" instead of something simpler and hard-hitting like "dishonest" carries an unctuousity, a holier-than-thou impress and tends to evoke nasty sneers rather than indignation among unionists below the rank of "labor statesmen." Unions are not ethical culture societies. They are integrated compounds of the inter-related elements of a bargaining en-



terprise, a battling force, a "politicizing" undertaking and a contender for power in the power-oriented American dynamic equilibrium. In the mind of a New York subway motorman, or of a Pittsburgh steelworker, or of a textile or a mine worker, the reference to "ethical practices" is more likely to conjure up the image of a "gent in striped trousers and spats" rather than that of his business agent who is rough perhaps, swears at times too energetically, but deals squarely with the members and carries on the business of the union effectively and honestly. It is the cultivation of the latter type of officer which is the cardinal aim the codes seek to realize: honesty in low and high office.

In advancing the course of the reform, the high command was at pains to make it clear that they were not bringing down a new covenant from some recently discovered Mt. Sinai. The *Supplementary Report* on the several *Ethical Practices Cases* (meaning unions administered by crooked officers) submitted by the Executive Council to the convention spelled it out that "the Codes are not . . . enactment of new laws. . . . For the most part they represent reiterations of principles and illustrate examples of trade union morality under which the labor movement has always operated . . . they merely are restatements of traditional practices."

The resolution of the convention, which ratified the codes as promulgated, stated that the codes were not intended to be "all-inclusive," that they represented "a minimum requirement for honest and clean unionism . . . intended to be illustrative." It went on to say that some practices may be "unethical" and "not consistent with honest trade unionism" even though not specifically "forbidden" by the respective code.

The AFL-CIO seeks to guard against union officers and leaders, at all levels, acting unethically rather than to commit them to some "ethical practices," to unspecified good deeds. But "honest unionism" surely implies more than not stealing money, even as "not racketeering" leaves the abstainer quite a distance from be-

ing "ethical." There runs through the codes an assumption that there exists an accepted and definable union "ethic," and that is true, although the term is hardly appropriate. Though a useful grammar or lexicon of corruption is no more conceivable than a handbook of virtue, the mere references to traditional union morality are too vague to evoke a rush to Armageddon to battle for the Lord.

The vagueness leaves, on the one hand, room for evasion, particularly so when the effort is piloted by competent union-retained legal counsel. On the other hand, the lack of spelling out of what is meant by "clean, honest unionism" gives the unionist supreme court an exploitable power leverage without built-in protection against abuse of that power.

THE latter point was stressed by the presidents of two unions, the International Typographical Union and the Upholsterers International Union, Woodruff Randolph and Sol Hoffman respectively. Both men and their organizations are reputed to be among the movement's cleanest and most democratic. Holding no brief for the teamsters' leaders, they voted against the expulsion of the Teamsters Union. The ITU president argued that while the promotion of codes by the Executive Council may have been legitimate, the issuance of directives and making these mandatory was an unwarranted usurpation of power, "an attempt to control the internal affairs of the unions . . . a complete reversal of the fundamental right of unions to control their own affairs . . . [leading to] a dictatorship of thirty men over the American labor movement." Supporting the need of fostering "a labor union consciousness of the old school," Mr. Randolph argued that "where reformation is needed, that will have to come from the bottom up and not from a mandate from the top." He did not concern himself with the experience of the past that non-intervention from above had substantially, although not intentionally, facilitated the development of corruption in several autonomous affiliates.

The upholsterers' Mr. Hoffman

recited the heavy sacrifices his own organization made to "drive out the Communist infiltrator, the crook and the sell-out artist" and acknowledged the merit of "the cleanup purposes of the Executive Council," but he would not make peace with the procedure. "We now face the fact," Mr. Hoffman submitted, "that the Executive Council not only acts as a grand jury to develop and place the charges, but it then designates some of its members to act as prosecutors and judges combined in the Ethical Practices Committee. Finally, these same men must then, with their minds already made up, sit here, not with a single vote, but with many votes, to cast their ballots in this convention as members of the final jury." Delegates cast votes computed by the numbers which their unions have. He referred to the experience of his own organization:

Years ago our union found this wrapping of judge, jury and prosecutor in the same persons to be intolerable in processing charges against our own members. We revamped our laws to give the function of judge to a legally skilled neutral person. We gave to an independent committee of prominent citizens the function of a court of ultimate appeal. It is not reassuring to us or to the American people that only one other union—albeit it a large and powerful one—has seen fit in four years' time to follow our example.

There was no evident response to Mr. Hoffman's pertinent point that the ultimate resort to use of power, lest it become abuse, needs a check outside the powerholder's discretion. Sooner or later, however, the unresolved problem will have to be met.

However serious these criticisms of the AFL-CIO's new course, the convention's decisions denoted a vastly significant improvement on the past policies by which the old movement's central authority was guided in the relevant matters. Rackets were not destroyed in the confrontation, but they were severely beaten. And while "ethics" is not yet triumphant, the urge towards "clean, honest unionism" has been given a forceful lift.

There remains, though, the need of somehow defining the dividing line between what is clean and hon-



est unionism and what is not quite that, where corruption ends and integrity, not mere market-honesty, begins.

### III. An Emerging Synthesis

IT IS TOO soon to discern the contours of the change which American unionism is undergoing. But there is significant change in progress. Perhaps that wistful lady's observation, "Oxford is no longer the same, indeed it never was," fits labor even better. Clearly labor is off the neutral point; even though only speculation is possible on the direction of the change, judgments are made from straws in the wind:

1. The age-long shibboleth of internal union *autonomy* was pierced. The passionate arguments of the clean printers against expelling the corruptly-led Teamsters Union failed to carry conviction. Their stand was motivated by the fear that the precedent of intervention from above, once established, may some day come to plague their own union. The logic of the reasoning, as such, was indisputable. Autonomy has its merits. But in the realities with which unions must cope, autonomy needs to be limited. A powerless central labor leadership is unavoidably a powerless labor movement. Not even the printers can afford to contemplate it. And still less can the other unions, not quite as much enshrined in the protective features of craft as are the printers, make do without strong central leadership.

There is every reason to fear abuse of power, but having no power is not the remedy. The call is for devising effective checks and balances to keep power in balance, and also for revitalization of the democratic process within the unions. The lost art of competition for leadership on all levels needs to be found and put into practice. Union autonomy is not at a dead end. But its originally conceived scope and functioning methods, perhaps then justified and serviceable, need to be revised and harmonized with the new circumstances in which labor functions if it is to live on effectively.

2. The dubious faith in *jurisdictional exclusivism* is facing its trial

in experience, no respecter of age and tradition. Agonized clinging to what "was good for granddad" erupted in deafening pre-convention threats by the moguls of the building trades that they would withdraw from the merged AFL-CIO if their antique rights on skilled mechanics in the industrial unions were not forthwith restored. These outcries turned dead silent in the twilight hour on the convention's eve. Not a change of heart, but calculated fear of the imminent danger of isolation caused their falling in line. George Meany cited to the enraged craftists the facts and the figures of the time of the 1935 split:

We talked of jurisdiction. Did we try to organize the skilled people in our trade who worked in plants? We did not. My union [the plumbers] was a closed union. It didn't take in new members. It had a closed-shop agreement with a closed association of employers. When we had industrial work crop up that we felt we should do, we made an effort to get that work for our contractors. We wouldn't work for anyone but our own contractors. We didn't want the people that were on the work. We merely wanted the work.

Walter Reuther could not have made a more telling argument for the rise of the CIO. Incidentally, Reuther's UAW granted their skilled mechanic-members the right of direct bargaining on terms of their employment. For what is live and valid about jurisdiction and craft the originally CIO union cannot in good

sense deny, and what is not so the originally AFL men cannot secure. The Riot Act was read to the claimants by Mr. Meany. They cannot expect more than what a reasonable negotiated adjustment would yield and they would get precisely nowhere by threats of violence, he told them, and reiterated the several-months-old compromise proposals which he had worked out and which the building trades leaders had spurned, adding:

I don't say it is a perfect plan. I am perfectly willing to see if we can't make it more acceptable. The CIO members of the committee are willing to discuss this thing further and see if there is not some way of settlement.

In meeting this problem let's look at it realistically.

There are thousands of men in industrial unions who have craft skills but who do not get into craft unions. Maybe it was because they couldn't get in. Maybe it was because they didn't want to get in. I am not trying to assess the blame. I am not trying to say what should have been done thirty years ago.

But I am saying that this problem can be solved by intelligence, determination and devotion to the ideals of the trade union movement.

It cannot be solved by labor fighting labor.

That clinched it. They stayed in. The building trades unions and the teamsters were the controlling force in the old AFL. The largest part of the votes against the expulsion of the teamsters was cast by the building trades, the carpenters' 750,000 votes standing out. The vote was due to old ties in part. It was sympathy partly conditioned by the fact that some of these unions are scheduled to journey to the Senate committee purgatory, as the teamsters had done and still continue doing. The cementing force of jurisdictional outlook and interest which made the building trade unions the dominant power in the old AFL has ceased to be a decisive factor in the merged federation. The AFL-CIO is essentially operated by the broad needs of unionism as a whole, or mostly so.

3. The time-honored negative attitude of labor toward government regulation or supervision of any and





all union activities is likewise changing. The economic interests of labor all too often and so thoroughly tangle with legislation and hence with political action that the old political isolation ward is no longer habitable. While continuing to vow eternal opposition to any regulation, certain kinds of regulation are even welcomed. Thus the AFL-CIO favors legal and governmental controls of welfare and pension funds, whether operated by unions, by employers or jointly. A positive attitude was also taken toward the filing of union financial reports and allowing their public inspection. Underlying is a recognition that unions are human institutions and not infallible, and, by implication at least, that union leaders too are below divine status. The portent is in the direction of an eventual institution of effective defense-mechanisms to deal with intra-union conflicts of members and officers. The idea articulated in the earlier quoted statement of UIU president Hoffman was not formally noted, but it was not just sound. The technique of processing internal power disputes by an outside, independent public Review Board was set up by the 1,250,000-member UAW last summer. The issue of internal union democracy and fair play is not thus fully met, but a start is being made.

4. AFL-CIO unity was two years old on the opening day of the Atlantic City convention. The merger was two years ago a marriage of convenience motivated not so much by desire of bride and groom to live together as by the disturbances of continued living apart. Dave Beck's empire-building schemes, before his attention was absorbed by embezzlement of union funds, were making it difficult for George Meany to free the AFL of the languor which Bill Green had breathed into it. David McDonald, having inherited the steel union Phil Murray built, felt that the CIO too was due as part of the legacy, and he did what he could to obstruct Walter Reuther's progress. John L. Lewis, for the devil of it, was monitoring the two novices in the game. Thus merger came into being. It now is a solid pact: considerations of survival, not mere-

ly convenience, have sealed the marriage. The CIO, which entered as pretty much a junior partner, its then stationary 4,000,000 members unimpressive against the AFL's affiliation of 10,000,000 and advancing, is now justified in viewing the emblem AFL-CIO as expressing equality of status. Measured in terms of organized cohesion, the merger has not yet gone far below the high-command level. Very few unions that function in like jurisdiction thus far have merged their organizations. On the local and state levels more still remains to be done than has been accomplished. But not even the most reluctant entrants into the

unity pact any longer dare contemplate dissolution. Continuing unity of the AFL-CIO is now a set fact of life, even if the recorded instances of unification do not document this.

The emerging profile of labor on the move indicates a greater than hitherto clarity of purpose and advancing social responsibility. It is fair to note that the best brains in labor think ahead; enough of them to matter take cognizance of what is developing in life, society and the social order. There is no telling thus far to what extent the periphery is prepared, or whether it is being prepared, to effectuate the declarations made atop.

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

before I surrender my copy to a friend in Santa Cruz. Usually the proposals for peace are so involved and complex that the reader gives up in despair. However, Professor Mills makes the facts so simple and so apparent that anyone can understand them. I think this is an article that should be sent to every one of our Congressmen, every man in public life—and let's be done with the mad theory that we must continue to arm to the teeth.

ETHEL COHEN

Oakland, Calif.

### Chapman as Ku Kluxer

Dear Sirs: After reading the reviews of *The Selected Writings of John Jay Chapman*, edited by Jacques Barzun, in various publications, I had hoped that *The Nation's* would prove less laudatory and more pertinent to today's readers. Unfortunately, my friend Mel Bernstein (*The Nation*, November 9) neglects to mention that Chapman brought his "passionately lucid, humanist-trained intelligence" to the service, ultimately, of a venomous and disreputable anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism.

I have no quarrel with those who wish to enshrine Chapman as a great thinker. But I do feel that the readers of *The Nation* should not accept Chapman as a liberal and a democrat—as many will, since Barzun nowhere alludes to the vicious hatreds of his later years—without also being told of his almost monomaniac hatred of Jews and Catholics.

It also seems germane to inquire how a man who possessed "a conviction of

the truth" could lend himself to adopting the principles of the Ku Klux Klan.

HERSH L. ADLERSTEIN

Buffalo, New York

### The Reviewer's Reply

Dear Sirs: I share with Mr. Adlerstein his explicit concern for the reliability and fairness of *The Nation's* printed judgments on the world we live in.

I did not raise the question of Chapman's few anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish writings because (1) of space limitations; (2) they were not raised in Barzun's preface or in the anthologized selections; and (3) they are regrettable but minor aberrations exaggerated by those who have not read Chapman.

His anti-Romanist position had an intellectual basis; he openly, in print, opposed the political machinations of corporate Christianity with its explicit prohibitions on the idea-searching, book-reading mind. He wrote that it was a perversion of Hebraism. Like Henry Adams, he erred in fearing the "international Jewish conspiracy" and temporarily succumbed to the 110 per cent Americanism of men like Gino Speranza.

His friendship with Isaac H. Klein, his defense of Captain Dreyfus (see *The Political Nursery*), his understanding of the Old Testament and the Hebrew genius (please read *Notes on Religion*, 1915; *Letters and Religion*, 1924) efface the impulsiveness of his one-time recourse to the *Ku Klux Kourier*.

As a Jew fortunately familiar with Jewish values, as an American unfortunately familiar with anti-Semitism, I honestly want to preserve the utility of the former and not protect the ugliness of the latter.

MELVIN H. BERNSTEIN

Alfred, New York



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Imposed Revolutions

**FORCED TO BE FREE.** By John D. Montgomery. University of Chicago Press. 209 pp. \$4.50.

### Kay Boyle

MORE than a decade ago, two figures emerged from the chaos of hot war, unconditional surrender and military occupation, and took their places in the foreground of our times. One was the German man-in-the-street, and the other his Japanese counterpart. Both, non-revolutionaries by nature and by tradition, were being asked to function within the framework of the political and economic revolutions imposed upon them by defeat. In time, we have become so accustomed to the presence of those two figures that their outlines have lost their sharpness, and the meaning of their persistent waiting has become obscured. The questions they have posed in almost total silence have ceased to seem vital to us, for livelier manifestations of social disruption have an appearance of greater urgency. John D. Montgomery's book is a well-documented reminder that those two figures still loom large in the immediate foreground of our political and historical landscape, and that their importance as test-cases in what he terms "the new outlook in American foreign policy" cannot be overestimated.

Dr. Montgomery, a young political scientist who is at present in Saigon as chief of the Academic Institution Section of Michigan State University's Vietnam Project, conducted field studies in Japan and Germany from 1952 to 1954 under the sponsorship of a military government research program; the book itself was written on a Guggenheim Fellowship. It is based on case material collected in Japan and Germany, but individual case histories have been excluded, in order "to facilitate the presenta-

tion of a reasonably intelligible and manageable essay." Despite this disciplined, even restrictive, approach, the two stubborn figures who seek an answer are alive on every page. It is to them, as well as to his fellow-countrymen, that Montgomery is speaking when he writes that "the greatest weakness in the mechanics of artificial revolution is the absence of revolutionaries." And it is again a portion of the answer to them when he says that "when popular revolutions were precipitated in East Germany and Hungary partly as a result of official and unofficial American actions, our embarrassment became acute in spite of our profound sympathies. If Americans are not imperialists, they are likewise not revolutionaries." But he adds that "serious students of politics have an obligation to assess this aspect [the theory and practice of artificial revolution] of the dynamics of democracy, so that the American people can decide whether the best course for the future is greater self-restraint or a more intelligent proselytizing of our political faith."

MONTGOMERY points out that neither in Germany nor in Japan has a people's revolution ever dislodged "either the concept of an élite or its privileges, nor did the defeats of 1944-45 bring any form of popular protest against privilege. In both countries, the ruling élite had to be removed artificially, if at all. . . ." The method of removal differed in the two countries. While the Japanese purge was confined to the leaders, the German denazification apparatus was designed to sift and screen the entire population. In his assessment of the results, Montgomery again speaks out of an awareness of individual responsibility to those two unanswered men. "Any comparison of efforts with results in the two countries," he writes, "would redound to the advantage of the program whose objectives were the

more modest. . . . The German occupation was conducted under a shower of moralistic words and grandiose objectives, while in Japan, apart from the strutting pomposity of a few generals, the program was carried out in a realistic and matter-of-fact way." Thus the occupation of Japan resulted in at least a modicum of success, Dr. Montgomery believes, due in great part to the Ladenjinsky land reform and to "a specific and carefully aimed purge of business and industrial leadership." While in Germany, where the aims were higher and the scope far broader, only a few structural changes in government seem to have endured. Montgomery cites as an example that by 1948 "there were more Nazi party members occupying leading positions in the bi-zonal postal administration than during the Nazi regime itself."

But why, it may well be asked, does a book which seeks to assess occupation procedures as guidance for present and future American foreign policy deal with the purge of the élite in Japan and with denazification in Germany to the almost complete exclusion of all other aspects? The answer is both extremely simple and extremely sad. In our haste to create a unified front against the Communist threat, only these negative devices were put into effect, and then only for a limited time. "The abandonment of important political and economic reforms in the face of Communist competition," writes Dr. Montgomery, "did not speak well for the strength of Western convictions about democracy and economic freedom." And thus, "the possibility of exporting democracy by introducing institutional changes on a nationwide basis remains unexplored."

But if a study of the Western occupation of Germany and Japan must be restricted to an examination of the purge and the denazification process, still the depth and breadth of that examination will indicate the scope of the author's vision. In the modesty of his ap-

*KAY BOYLE, whose Thirty Stories was published earlier this year, lived in Germany from 1948 to 1953.*



proach, and in his scrupulous concern to stay with the facts, Dr. Montgomery further circumscribes the area of deliberation. The curtainment is particularly evident in the absorbing chapters, "The Merchant Princes" and "They Purchase Great Alliance." A few brief references made to "the artificial revolution" as opposed to the Marxist permanent revolution cry out for amplification. "Revolution by force now possesses a destructive potential so dreadful that it can no longer be responsibly considered as a legitimate means of introducing political change," Montgomery writes, and his conviction is clearly in line with that of Raymond Aron and other astute thinkers of our time. But our concern here is with the potential value of man when manipulated in a revolution that is totally alien to his beliefs and his experience, and the value of a vision of human dignity grafted like a borrowed retina onto his sight. Even though we may

reach no conclusions concerning these contingencies, still we are eager for a full inquiry into all that they imply.

Nevertheless, Dr. Montgomery's book was urgently needed, not only because of the specific information that gives it authority but because of the author's appreciation of the dilemma with which we are faced. Recently, Hans J. Morgenthau wrote: "History will judge us by the standards of individual and collective excellence for the sake of which this country has come into the world. If we maintain them, it will forgive us that we have not been the first to shoot a dog into outer space." It is with the maintaining of this individual and collective excellence that Dr. Montgomery is concerned, and with the question, not of "how to avoid influencing other nations, but how to ensure that such influence as we may have will be consistent with our highest ideals and purposes."

## Strained Conclusions

*THE COURT AND THE CASTLE.* By Rebecca West. Yale University Press. 319 pp. \$3.75.

*LITERATURE AND THE IMAGE OF MAN.* Sociological Studies of the European Drama and Novel, 1600-1900. By Leo Lowenthal. Beacon Press. 242 pp. \$4.95.

Jacob Korg

*THE COURT AND THE CASTLE* is a series of critical observations about various literary works held loosely together by a concern with how great writers from Shakespeare to Kafka have treated the problem of salvation. Miss West begins with the interesting theory that the king in Shakespeare's plays is fated to misuse the power he possesses, yet the usurper who stands ready to unseat him is invariably evil. Noting that this paradox of power does not seem relevant to actual political life, Miss West confesses that she would not be at all surprised if Shakespeare thought of his kings as symbols of the will, of their courts as symbols of personality, and of the usurpers as symbols of the will's futile attempts to reform itself. She

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seems unaware that the pattern she has observed is a form of the institution of the dying god described in *The Golden Bough*. Instead she considers that Shakespeare's plays about royalty are protests against the Renaissance heresy that man is capable of achieving his own salvation. This interpretation may make Shakespeare a sound theologian, but it also makes him a very poor allegorist, because it involves the use of one symbol for the will itself and another for the will in a struggle to reform. The usurper is thus required to be an ac-

## Let Them Ask Their Husbands

*And if they will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.*—I Corinthians 14:35.

In human need  
of the familiar  
I see God  
woman-shaped

For God created  
woman in her own image  
and I have  
my Pauline pride.

DILYS LAING

tivity of the king and the symbolism obviously breaks down.

Miss West does not succeed, in her later chapters, in showing that such novelists as Jane Austen, Fielding, Thackeray and Trollope had much to say either about the relations of kings and courtiers or about the spiritual situation they are supposed to represent. As she herself seems to realize when she complains that the novel cannot reveal "deepest truth," English fiction was usually occupied, not with ultimate spiritual matters, but with problems of character and social life. A similar difficulty besets her attempt to impose a theological message upon Proust. She is bound to find Proust's handling of moral values unsatisfactory, because for Proust morality was merely subject-matter, not theme. It is on the whole a pity that Miss West should have devoted the charm and ingenuity displayed in *The Court and the Castle* to an ill-conceived attempt to harmonize some of the world's most unorthodox literature with the *Summa Theologica*.

MR. LOWENTHAL'S book resembles Miss West's only in its method of approaching literature from the rear in order to surprise it into unintended revelations. He is interested in formulating the social relationships reflected in the works of a number of leading European figures. He justifies the use of literature for this purpose by saying that an immediate sense of social experiences can be found only in the records made of them by great writers.

Mr. Lowenthal detects evidences of social orientation with impressive acuity and responsible scholarship, but most of his information is no more than the mildly interesting illustration of familiar historical facts. It is no more surprising that *Don Quixote* should reflect Renaissance independence of mind than that it should be written in Spanish. On the other hand, it cannot be claimed for most of the texts cited by Mr. Lowenthal that they constitute valid evidence of sociological developments. The romantic love that motivates Miranda in *The Tempest* may be characteristic of the modern autonomous personality, but her behavior is also found among Chaucer's characters. It is true that Ibsen's people often find the success they achieve to be decisive failure, but that does not make them "modern," for the careers of Shakespeare's Macbeth and Henry IV amount to the same thing. Mr. Lowenthal holds that one of the tirades of Sancho Panza's wife is rich in "post-medieval" attitudes, yet her insistence on the importance of domestic matters



and her contempt for the wisdom of the state are found among the rebellious women of *Lysistrata*.

THE danger of treating literature as though it were mere inert evidence of historical actuality, like the parish register, could not be better illustrated than by the contradictory analyses of *The Tempest* offered in these two books. Mr. Lowenthal, who is on safe ground here, regards Prospero as a figure of rational authority whose success demonstrates the value of knowledge. But to Miss

West, who believes that Shakespeare was bent on showing that man could not be self-sufficient, Prospero is a tyrant whose power only corrupts his fallen soul.

The reason for this disagreement and for the difficulties encountered by studies of this sort is that the qualities that make a literary work great reduce its value as objective reportage. In its innocence of practical or sectarian motivations, a great work can be easily made to give almost any answer the investigator may need, especially when it is asked the wrong questions.

## Jazz in Africa

### Nat Hentoff

IT IS fair to say, as does Marshall Stearns in his *The Story of Jazz*, that jazz "is the result of a 300-years' blending in the United States of the European and West African musical traditions." More than 300 years passed, however, before a representative American jazz group returned "home" to hear and be heard. The first American jazz combo to play in West Africa was Louis Armstrong's in May, 1956. This was a brief display stand on the Gold Coast arranged by Edward R. Murrow to add color to his film, *The Saga of Satchmo*. Otherwise jazz bands, usually from France, had been seen and heard only in the north, in cities like Casablanca and Tunis.

The first extensive tour of the continent was undertaken by Wilbur de Paris and five sidemen from March 1 to June 1 of last year. The journey began in Ghana on the Gold Coast, included Nigeria and Liberia, moved south to French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo, east to Kenya, northeast to Ethiopia and Sudan, and nearly closed the circle in the north in Tunisia and Morocco. The de Paris expedition was underwritten by the State Department with ANTA (the American National Theatre and Academy) acting, as usual, as contracting agency for the International Exchange Series.

In selecting de Paris as an example to the Africans of how an American Negro can create a career and an honorable reputation through jazz, ANTA chose a more representative jazzman

than perhaps they knew. De Paris began playing trombone in carnivals in 1907 when he was seven. He spent years as part of the small traveling Negro theatrical-musical tabloid shows, booked through the South before segregated audiences by the T.O.B.A. (Theatre Owners and Bookers Association, or as usually explained by veterans of the circuit, Tough On Black Artists). After many more years in night clubs and vaudeville, including time with Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, de Paris finally organized a band of his own and presented his "New Orleans Jazz." It was characterized by a much broadened repertoire (*Flow Gently, Sweet Afton*, for example); his own Spanish-tinged originals; and his disciplinary concept of arranging. He opened at Jimmy Ryan's in New York for a two-week stay in 1951, and he has been the main band there since.

De Paris and his band arrived in Accra, Ghana, during the delirious independence celebrations, and were a thorough success among the natives and professionals. "Everybody," noted a rather self-revealing dispatch from the American Embassy in Accra, "seemed surprised that they were such a quiet, easy-going lot when off-stage and such effective jazz artists on stage." The Embassy reported with special approval that de Paris must have made a favorable impression on the target group of high civil servants, professionals and businessmen because "many persons from this top group attended as many as three or four concerts."

The tour became a string of good impressions. Some weeks later, in Ethiopia, after a warmly approved performance before a capacity audience, Emperor Haile Selassie presented each of the jazzmen with a gold medal. He

asked de Paris: "Why haven't you come to Ethiopia sooner?" "Because," de Paris answered logically, "nobody invited me."

De Paris was questioned on the status of the Negro in America everywhere in Africa—on radio interviews, at receptions and after concerts. "I would tell them," he says with his customary, seemingly immovable calm, "that things here were not perfect but that progress was continuous and it was a matter more or less of time."

Two other questions which de Paris came to expect were:

"How do you like Africa?"

"Wonderful. It's been a very revealing experience."

"Would you like to live here?"

"Under certain conditions by which I could make my way in my chosen profession. But that's not possible in Africa now."

De Paris added later that he had, in fact, become accustomed to certain American amenities of living (he has an apartment with five tanks of fish, a darkroom, a fourteen-speaker hi-fi set, three bird cages with fifty birds, and other avocational, expensive pursuits) and could not imagine himself as yet in an African context. "Except perhaps for Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo. Anyone could live there; it's as modern as anywhere in this country."

De PARIS admits that although he had noticed some change in the treatment of Africans in films in the past couple of years, "Africa was a complete surprise to me. I hadn't thought it was as far advanced as it is. I wasn't prepared for the Africans' extraordinary eagerness to go farther, to get more education, to know what's going on and become part of it. And I became aware of how conscious they are of independence, especially now that Ghana is free. Only in the Belgian Congo, where the government is doing so much for the natives, is the talk of independence a little more dormant. But it's there. The natives are going along with governmental benevolence to an extent until they can develop enough leaders and people qualified to govern."

He was also unprepared for the African reaction to his music. "Frankly, before I left, I thought they'd be openly enthusiastic. I'd read the press releases, for one thing, about Louis Armstrong's reception in Ghana. When I arrived, I found that the Ghana turnout for Louis had been the work of CBS and Ed Murrow. Certainly there had been 100,000 natives there, but it had been announced as something free. They didn't know

*NAT HENTOFF, with Nat Shapiro, is the author of The Jazz Makers, just published, and the earlier Hear Me Talkin' to Ya. He is a regular contributor to Hi-Fi & Music Review.*



# NIGHT CLUBS

Dan Wakefield

ACK KEROUAC opened at the Village Vanguard in New York on the Thursday night before Christmas, as part of a holiday bill which included the J. J. Johnson quartet and Beverly Kenny. J. Johnson is an old pro, a trombone man of dignity and distinction. Beverly Kenny is a red-head who sings a deep-throated, swinging style, and Jack Kerouac is the "spokesman" of the Beat Generation by merit of his recent novel, *On The Road*. Kerouac, the uncompromising hipster, was billed as reading from his own "works," to the background accompaniment of a jazz pianist. A beer at the Village Vanguard bar goes for \$1.25, and the minimum for sitting at a table is \$4 per person, so it was understandable that not too many "beat" characters were able to enjoy Kerouac's debut on the nightclub circuit. There were, however, one seaman, one poet and one blonde in Kerouac's corner (the dimly-lit corner at the back) for Friday night's performance.

An agent of *The Nation* showed up late, ordered a beer at the bar and turned to face the stage, where Kerouac stood beneath several smoky beams with a large sheaf of manuscript in his hands and recited to a cold (as distinguished from cool) audience from a piece about life in the famous "Cellar" bar in San Francisco. Kerouac wore his hair in need of a cut; brown slacks, brown shoes, cotton argyles and a gold-thread open-neck sportshirt that glistened in the dark and hung out over his belt.

Kerouac was reading a passage about his friendship with the bartenders at the "Cellar." A gentleman known as Lou, tending bar at the Vanguard, turned to his clients and remarked quietly, "He won't make many bartender friends if he keeps on usin' that tuff." Lou was a man in his late forties, and no doubt unfamiliar with The Beat Generation.

There were, however, signs of genuine racial tendencies among the audience. A table of what looked to be the leftovers of an office party from around Times Square was shuffling restlessly when one of the gentlemen "ssshdd" them and explained, "Some people like this stuff." Back in Kerouac's corner, the blonde explained to the newly-seated *Nation* agent that Jack didn't like the idea of this nightclub business but thought it might help *On The Road*. "If it gets back on the bestseller list, they may take it as a movie. If he sells

it as a movie, he won't have to do this sort of thing any more."

KEROUAC finally finished with "this sort of thing," and retired to the back room where J. J. Johnson and his pros were taking their break. Johnson and his sidemen were supremely sober and Kerouac came back drunk to sit at the edge of their table. He was at first politely ignored and was finally recognized after asking Mr. Johnson, "What did you think of what I read?" Johnson looked at him, the lion-tamer in the circus looking at the kid who had just won the amateur hog-calling contest, and asked him if he had written it. Kerouac admitted he had written it and Johnson, after a pause, judged that "it sounded very deep." Kerouac said how much he enjoyed Johnson's trombone, and said that he personally had always wanted to be a tenor sax man.

"Man, I could really work with a tenor sax," said Kerouac.

Johnson looked up without expression and said, "You look more like a trumpet man to me."

Kerouac's next "set" opened with a reading called "The Life of a Sixty Year Old Mexican Junkie." It seemed this junkie had been picked up while a young man by an American female junkie and finally got the monkey on his back. The story was sad indeed. It met with applause from the audience of the Village Vanguard. After that episode, Kerouac looked out blinking from beneath the spotlights and asked, "Has anyone here ever heard of Allan Ginsberg?"

Kerouac's corner clapped, and a few scattered claps came from across the floor. Kerouac then announced that he had Ginsberg's latest poem right there with him and that he would read it. He raised the sheaf of manuscripts before him, pointed his finger to the smoky ceiling, and began to proclaim. In the dark, it was impossible to note down all the verses, but the key refrain seemed to be, "Mother, with your six vaginas."

Kerouac did not state where Ginsberg is at present, and for all we know he is still in San Francisco. It seems only reasonable, though, that he soon will be opening at "El Morocco." If Kerouac has made the nightclub circuit, Ginsberg should not be far behind.

It seems only yesterday that Ginsberg was sitting on a deserted railroad tie in California with Jack Kerouac, writing poetry about his beat friends

who challenged the status quo and bewailed the rape of American letters by Philistine forces. Was it only yesterday that Ginsberg dedicated his almost-banned book of poems, *Howl*, to Jack Kerouac, "the new Buddha of American prose" whose eleven books were "published in heaven"? And now one is published by the Viking Press and the others are being read at the Village Vanguard by the Buddha himself. The glow-in-the-dark, gold-thread shirt worn by the Buddha in his Vanguard readings seems to be the principal symbol of his "protest" still remaining. One recalls the lines of Kenneth Rexroth's poem dealing with the death of Dylan Thomas: "You killed him, in your goddam Brooks Brothers suit." We can only shudder at the genocide that should be wreaked by Kerouac's haberdashery.

But all is not beat. It so happened, by one of those wonderful plots of the Muse, that on the same night Kerouac was reading from his testament at the Vanguard, a young poet named Richard Wilbur was about four blocks across the Village reading from his work at New York University.

Richard Wilbur was born in 1921, and is thereby entitled to inclusion as a member of the Beat Generation. He wears, however, a Brooks Brothers suit, has never recited from his work in the Village Vanguard, quotes heavily from Greek and medieval philosophers, and is currently teaching a Shakespeare course at Wesleyan University. Richard Wilbur is 36 years old and Jack Kerouac is 35. The painful difference is that Wilbur is a man and Kerouac is a kid.

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to the Village Vanguard the Friday night before Christmas was to realize that there is no such thing as a "generation"; that there are born each year a certain number of men and a certain number of boys; that out of each era in our national history there come a few poets and a few poor boys who wander

with words, and that no grand generalization can tie them together. Jack Kerouac sweats beneath the spotlights of a nightclub to bring his novel back to the bestseller list. He is now "On The Town." Lo and behold—it is Richard Wilbur who is on the road; who has been, all along.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

GEORGE BALANCHINE has been turning out choreographic masterpieces for a long time. But with *Agon*, which was given its premiere performance by the New York City Ballet, I think he has outdone even himself. This ballet is like nothing that anyone has ever seen before. Even more than Balanchine's previous creations, it is an example of abstract music transformed directly into visual movement and design. Its idiom is pure, twentieth-century classic. And it is a tour de force.

Balanchine, being a trained musician as well as a dancer, has a consistent advantage over other choreographers. Instead of being aware of the music as something happening vaguely in another part of the studio or theatre, he gears his movements and patterns directly to the moods and rhythmic gestures of the score. Indeed, he has stated in so many words, with reference to *Agon*, that he sought "to find some visual equivalent" of the music which was "a complement; not an illustration... of a comparable density, quality, metrical insistence, variety, formal mastery, or symmetrical asymmetry." This is the thinking of an abstract craftsman, the only kind of thinking that could have penetrated the mysteries of Stravinsky's *Agon* score and re-evoked them in another medium.

Both Stravinsky and Balanchine have remained a little inscrutable with regard to the inspirational underpinning of their work, despite their obvious efforts to give the public a clue. It is stated in the program notes that the *Agon* pieces were modeled after examples in a French dance manual of the mid-seventeenth century. But, in the choreography, only an occasional flicker of courtly gesture, a sudden, unexpected movement in the language of manners, give any hint of the seventeenth century. Detailed analysis of the *Sarabandes*, *Gaillards* and *Bransles* would undoubtedly uncover relationships between Balanchine's treatment of these dance forms and their archaic proto-

types. But in action *Agon* passes by with such kaleidoscopic speed that there is little time for analysis. The eye follows, comprehends and can hardly believe that it has comprehended, or explain what it has comprehended. This, of course, is a normal reaction to real virtuosity—the gasp of astonishment and applause.

I am convinced that the explanation of *Agon's* extraordinary choreographic organization is to be found less in the dance-manual references than in the nature of Stravinsky's latest compositional manner. As I mentioned a few months back, speaking of his *Canticum Sacrum*, the twelve-tone system has found its way into Stravinsky's studio. *Agon*, even more than the *Canticum*, shows the influence of this fragmented style, particularly as it was exemplified in the works of Webern. The orchestra gives forth with an aviary of pointillist sounds, formally insistent splotches of string harmonics, bits of disembodied flutter-tonguing, and (unlike Webern) a rhythmic impulse as strong as steel and as tense as wire. There is clearly a relationship between *Agon* and the *Canticum*, and yet, of the two, *Agon* sounds much more like the familiar neo-classic ballet-score Stravinsky. Its neo-classicism, as evidenced by references to earlier styles of music, seems to hover this time in the area of medievalism. (Just how this fits in with the seventeenth century dance manual, I can't imagine. But, then, neo-classicism has always, despite its name, ranged farther back into history than the Classical period, and I suppose the Medieval fits just as logically within its purview as does the Baroque.) From only two hearings of the score, both while watching the stage, it was not possible to determine whether Stravinsky has employed in *Agon* the involved canonic techniques to which Webern was so devoted. But, whether he did or not, I am sure Balanchine thought he did. For some of the most flamboyantly effective portions of the choreography in-

volved such techniques, in which the dancers, one a split-second after the other, echoed almost identical phrases, conjoined surprisingly on a transient beat, and then dissolved again into a sort of flickering, coruscated texture. Had Balanchine's ideas been less clean-cut, expressive chaos would have reigned. But, in fact, the patterns impinged and interlocked with such brilliance and accuracy that they remained totally intelligible, and gorgeous. Balanchine has likened his new ballet to an I.B.M. electronic computer, and if you will rule out any suggestion of aridity or heartlessness from that description, it stands up pretty well. It doesn't, however, account for the work's wittiness, and its joy in the exuberant beauty of pure movement. Nor does it account for the splendid dancing of Melissa Hayden, Diana Adams, Roy Tobias, Jonathan Watts, Todd Bolender, Barbara Walczak, Arthur Mitchell and Barbara Milberg.

ON THE same program with *Agon* were three earlier Stravinsky-Balanchine ballets, and it was a stroke of inspiration to place them together. For, not only are *Apollo*, *Orpheus* and *The Firebird* masterpieces in their own right, but their collection on one program points up the fact that genius, while it must have time to develop, is genius from the beginning. Balanchine's choreography for *Apollo*, which he created when he was only twenty-four, has in it the same flair and inventive originality as does *Agon*. But it is boyish by comparison; its innovations have not yet been absorbed into the choreographer's personal language. Even in the present staging, which certainly deviates in flavor from the original (if only because it has lanky Jacques D'Amboise rather than Serge Lifar in the title role), a bit of French estheticism peeks through, and a hint of *épater les bourgeois*-ism. Sex is thrown on in a gob, as a boy-genius would do it, rather than being rarified and sophisticated as the man presents it in *Agon*. By the time of *The Firebird*, which was choreographed nineteen years later, Balanchine had left all growing pains behind. And, in *Orpheus*, of the same period, he created a work which, for its qualities of deep, heartfelt insight and its exposition of human truths—some of them never before touched upon in ballet—stands in roughly the same position with regard to the dance as *Hamlet* does to the spoken theatre. To these achievements, *Agon* was an exciting sequel. I wonder what will come next?



# Crossword Puzzle No. 753

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Wood painting, suggestive of architecture. (8, 6)
- 9 Titanic crusher. (7)
- 10 and 22 down Such a quiet tone implies an impartial spirit. (7, 5)
- 11 An umlaut does. (6)
- 12 To do so might involve a plot, but not against propaganda. (8)
- 14 This lowers the dignity of a girl who comes out on the stormy seas. (7)
- 15 To the same extent a television receiver is something of value. (5)
- 17 The stratum of America's tenements. (5)
- 19 Such people can perhaps afford to play bridge all the time, but not with the first rubber. (7)
- 21 Aim close around the body, perhaps. (8)
- 23 See 18 down
- 25 Old comedies shown by the group of us. (3, 4)
- 26 Counter punch? (7)
- 27 This might happen after a spell! (14)

## DOWN:

- 1 Mix a coat with this? Confusing, but self-evident! (9)
- 2 Perhaps changed for the better, somewhat like a poem and them. (7)
- 3 Could be fine before a story, but

hardly describable. (9)

- 4 Singularly enough, this plant could be sort of festive. (4)
- 5 The munificence of Eton is Grey. (10)
- 6 This could be a firm combination. (5)
- 7 Is the drain so dilapidated as other entrances? (7)
- 8 Monotonous quarters, perhaps. (4)
- 13 The way coral is got pseudo-scientifically. (10)
- 15 Shaft at the source of food. (9)
- 16 Start nine on the road, perhaps. (9)
- 18 and 23 across Might suggest class cutting, but divided differently would be warlike talk. (7, 6)
- 20 Render mad, or at least angered. (7)
- 21 Whip cut? (4)
- 22 See 10 across
- 24 As to this, it should afford a sheltered promenade. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 752

ACROSS: 1 HEAVENWARD; 6 SCOT; 10 VETERAN; 11 NOSTRUM; 12 NEAR; 13 SOFA PILLOW; 15 WAYSIDE; 16 KOLMIS; 17 NOODLES; 20 CRUELTY; 22 EFFRONTERY; 23 ECRU; 25 FORBEAR; 26 CLEANSE; 27 LODGE; 28 ACCELERATE. DOWN: 1 8 and 24 HAVING WONDERFUL TIME WISH YOU WERE HERE; 2 ACTUARY; 3 EARN; 4 WINESOME; 5 RANSACK; 7 CORRELL; 9 ASSIDUOUS; 14 PILLBOXES; 18 OFFERED; 19 SATYRIC; 20 CORACLE; 21 LACONIA.

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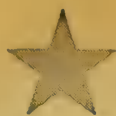
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# THE NATION

JANUARY 11, 1958 . . 25c

## LIFE in the CRYSTAL PALACE

— Happiness and the Good Life in  
one of America's great corporations

*by Alan Harrington*

PROGRESS in BIRTH CONTROL

*by Richard L. Meier*



# LETTERS

## The Vorpall Sword

Dear Sirs: A little knowledge can be a dangerous enough thing to cajole a good poet into some very silly writing. Kenneth Rexroth suffered three days' trauma at the ferocious hands of the University of California's clinical psychologists. He forthwith (Vivisection of a Poet, your issue of December 14, 1957) takes his vorpall sword in hand, and, one, two! one, two! and snicker-snack. Also, galumph, galumph. Ernest Jones is a "badly self-deluded thaumaturgist"; certain probings were inspired "entirely by the dubious occultism of the Swiss mahatma" (Jung). It is all so much "unvarnished hokum."

One does not have to be a psychologist to grasp what happened to Mr. Rexroth. He went through an experience which irritated him, and he is striking back excitedly, tempestuously. This is temperament, something we are accustomed to in poets, painters, musicians and other artists. It is the fire behind their creativity. However, too frequently the price of intensity is that it is lived at the expense of breadth. At the same time, the unequivocal fact is that this way of knowing has generated some of the world's profoundest truths.

The other way of knowing is that of deliberate, painstaking gathering of empiric data, overtly observable behavior which can be counted and subjected to control. This way is at the opposite end of the spectrum from the artist's. Its first law is to eliminate the person as a factor in shaping or coloring its data. Laboring by this orientation, the psychologists are now applying to man himself some of the ingenious techniques which the scientists had hitherto reserved for algae, gases, the stars, paramnesia. Since the most intelligent of animals is on the verge of atomizing himself and his planet, it may be a defensive expedient on his part, this turning of psychology. Perhaps he can, by focusing his scientific glass on himself, find out what makes him this way while he can still do something about it.

I cannot here take up Mr. Rexroth's several fallacies in detail. I must note, however, that his article will be a bracing shot in the arm to the anti-intellectualists, the very people he so caustically flays in his poem, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Speaking of his poetry, Mr. Rexroth holds one great advantage over us psychologists: the gift of so wording a message that it can be both beautiful and effective. Yet the same book, *In De-*

*fense of the Earth*, that contains "Marthe Away," one of the loveliest poems (if I may be permitted a judgment in a field not my own) that I have read of the recent poetry, also contains his "Portrait of the Author as a Young Anarchist." Here is Mr. Rexroth showing the world. He can be so horrid. He puts in his thumb, and pulls out a plum, and says, "What a bad boy am I!" Then he looks around for the admiring glances.

In conclusion, scientists are well aware of the validity, frequently, of the artist's way of knowing. They respect it. Mr. Rexroth is an honest man. Will he do as much for our way?

SAMUEL J. BECK

University of Chicago

Chicago, Illinois

## More on Mills

Dear Sirs: I read the C. Wright Mills article in your December 7 issue with interest and approval. One can disagree with some of his Fourteen Points, or with his tone sometimes, but there is no question that the core of his article is the most important issue now facing the world. It may be that the time is now ripe for a real attempt to work out these principles. If not, we might as well say goodbye to everything else that we care about.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Harrison, New York

## Nobel Laureates' Dinner

Dear Sirs: Lester B. Pearson, Nobel Peace Prize winner for 1957, will speak in New York on January 11 at the annual dinner and forum of the American Nobel Anniversary Committee. He will share the platform with Lord John Boyd-Orr, Nobel Peace Prize winner in 1949. The dinner, which will take place at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, is in honor of the Nobel laureates, several of whom will participate with Pearson and Boyd-Orr in a discussion of steps that might be taken to find a way out of the present missiles race and toward creation of a peaceful world of abundance. Call Murray Hill 7-0480 for reservations.

A. G. MEZERIK

Chairman, Nobel Anniversary Committee

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## Freedom in Canada

Dear Sirs: As one of your subscribers, I want to express my thanks for many happy and educational reading hours I find in *The Nation*. I am especially happy to say that I deeply enjoyed your

article on Alger Hiss in your September 21 issue.

While we are often called "cousins" by many American politicians (poor cousins, say Canadian realists), we still know that our economic destinies are linked; we do not envy the political atmosphere in the United States even if we have to forego a slightly higher general standard of living. We generally feel that we prefer to have one TV less and be able to speak freely, without worrying about the FBI.

A. PAQUETTE

Montreal, Quebec

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## EDITORIALS

### The New Congress

The "mother of parliaments" has come under widespread and seathing attack in Britain. The *London Times* had some particularly harsh things to say: "The House of Commons today is a body with far too many little men. . . . The cheap gibes, the incessant accusations and counter-accusations, the desperate fighting over things that do not matter, which probably hides from the participants themselves their poverty of ideas about those issues that do matter, are all part of the same picture. . . ."

As our own Congress prepares to meet, the *Times's* outburst seems to strike uncomfortably near home. "This is a time for greatness," President Eisenhower told the recent NATO conference in Paris. Where is the promise of greatness under the Capitol dome? In Senator Eastland denouncing the personnel of the new Civil Rights Commission? In Senator Johnson arguing that the only way to catch up with the Russians is by abandoning the forty-hour week? In Senator Knowland accusing Democrats of responsibility for our missile lag? In Senator Symington hurling the charges back at the Republicans? In the Republican right-wing denouncing an already miserly housing program as "radical" and the Democratic left-wing denouncing the swollen defense budget as "conservative?" In Senator Russell arguing that the money for more and better missiles should come from a reduced foreign-aid program? Is there greatness in the spectacle of a "nonpartisanship" based not on a community of ideas, but on lack of them?

How far the Administration and Congress have strayed from reality may be gauged by the headlines reporting Washington reaction to the early stages of the NATO meeting. "Views of Allies Surprise Capital"; "Capital Depressed by Stand of Allies." What was there to be surprised about? Every American correspondent abroad was describing European unease at the armaments race; every American correspondent abroad knew that powerful sentiment existed everywhere in Europe for negotiations with the Russians. Is there greatness in a State Department, in an intelligence service, which can be scooped by a handful of newsmen?

If our key policy-makers are really so out of touch with reality, they are capable of even worse follies than they have already committed. The danger of the new Congress is not that it will be a "do nothing" Congress; it may, indeed, set a new record for wrongdoing. What is so tragic is that one small touch of "greatness" in the Capitol, one sign of leadership which promises escape from the catastrophe toward which the world is rushing, would win the instant and devoted loyalty of cold war-weary peoples of this continent and of all continents.

### Nice Round Figure

The President's advisers have come up with a nice round figure in proposing a billion-dollar four-year federal scholarship program. But the program is more likely to redistribute talented students who need assistance than to increase the number of such students actually enrolled in American colleges and universities. It is conceded that a very high percentage of the winners of merit scholarships sponsored by the Ford Foundation would have gone to college in any case. Winning a merit scholarship merely meant that they were able to attend a better, usually a more distant, institution than they might otherwise have attended. A talented student short of funds customarily enrolls in the nearest college or university, one to which he can commute if necessary. But if the President's program is adopted, the "blue ribbon" institutions, which make a fetish of achieving a national cross-section or balance in their enrollment, may be counted on to recruit scholarship winners with an eye to becoming still more representative, or national, in character. On the other hand, the fair-to-average student, living in Brookline, who planned to attend Harvard, may have to settle for his second or third preference.

Merit scholarship programs, moreover, ignore the problem of the hidden subsidy which is implicit in today's educational "pricing" policies. For example, the father who earns \$100,000 annually sends his son to an institution that charges \$1,200 for tuition, but the actual cost to the institution may be, and usually is, twice this sum. The difference represents a hidden subsidy, largely squeezed from faculty salaries, which



usually goes to the student who stands in least need of it. If the full cost of education were to be charged as a matter of uniform policy, then scholarships could be awarded on the basis of actual need and at the same time the present hidden subsidy could be removed. On both counts the President's program gives evidence of having been hastily improvised. Like most "crash" programs, it seems to be aimed primarily at crashing the front pages.

## Outlaw Sheriff

Sheriff Willis McCall, who six years ago shot two handcuffed Negro youths in his custody (see *The Nation*, November 24, 1951), is still running the law according to his own best judgment down in Lake County, Florida.

On December 18, Sheriff McCall seized Malcolm Hawkins, an eighteen-year-old Negro, "for investigation" in connection with the alleged rape of a white woman. McCall didn't say that Hawkins had done anything or knew anything; in fact he was so reticent about his motives for holding the boy incommunicado that Governor Collins asked for an explanation. The Governor got none; and when Circuit Judge Hall issued a writ demanding that the boy be produced in court, the sheriff's office courteously replied: "We are not ready to produce him yet."

However, on December 23, a mentally-retarded white boy, Jesse Daniels, confessed to the crime and Hawkins was let out the back door, still without an explanation.

Desegregation is a complex and painful issue for the South, but McCall should be an easy problem for Florida. He has nothing to do with "the race issue"; he is a policeman who confuses the law with his own primitive impulses and as such would be an anomaly in any social system. There is no reason for the people of Lake County to move "with all deliberate speed" in removing him—he should have been fired five years ago.

## Basic Research

Dr. Isidor I. Rabi, professor of physics at Columbia University and one of the nation's chief scientific advisers, told an alumni group last week that the facts of modern war have "just not penetrated"—not even the minds of heads of states. Science has stripped this country, he warned, of its traditional geographic shields: the oceans and the Northern Arctic wastes. The only defense against the long-range missile may be the H-bomb ("What fun we are going to have with these hydrogen bombs exploding overhead!"); and in the end, he made it plain, "we have to solve the problem of living together on this planet or we won't live." Dr. Rabi spoke extemporaneously, and after his address he

remarked to those around him, "I'm glad I got that off my chest."

It is reassuring that educators, whose role in society is the object now of such urgent public reappraisal, are themselves reappraising their own responsibilities to that society. In the arena of civil liberties, the Association of American Law Schools recently censured Rutgers University for forcing the resignation of Professor Abraham Glasser, who had pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the House Un-American Activities Committee. And only a few days ago Professor John F. Cady of Ohio University, introducing a fellow professor, Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins, as a speaker before the American Historical Society, declared that Mr. Lattimore's reappearance before the association was "a portent of that happy day when devotion to historical truth takes precedence over political demagoguery."

This, too, is a kind of basic research; and without it, no other kind is of any use.

## Life in Videotown

In 1948 the firm of Cunningham and Walsh set up a study of television viewing habits in a test community which they named "Videotown." The project now has finished its first decade of compiling statistics, and the good folks of Videotown have nearly reached "saturation" by the television set, with more than nine out of every ten families owning at least one set. And how has life changed for Videotowners? The researchers found that after high points in total viewing hours in 1956 and 1957, television is now reaching a "plateau" which levels off at an average of three hours and twenty-one minutes of watching per day (Monday through Friday) per viewer.

In the many fascinating facts of the television life of its Videotown, the Cunningham and Walsh report clears up several areas of myth and speculation. It has often been guessed that the fascination of television would "wear off" after a family had a set for a long period of time and viewing became less of a novelty. The research on Videotown finds, however, that "As in all earlier years, 1957 shows long-time fans using their sets more than newer owners."

The often-discussed effect of television on reading habits was clearly—and depressingly—spelled out in the Videotown research. The number of adults who read magazines on weekday evenings dropped a little more than 50 per cent in the first year of TV set ownership. In 1953 that downward trend stopped, and the next few years saw a gradual increase in magazine reading, but in 1957 the downward trend resumed and reached about the level of the early 1950s. This particular plateau is a low one indeed, and a discouraging level for the future of the minds of the men and women of Videotown. And Videotown, multiplied, is America.



# LIFE in the CRYSTAL PALACE . . by Alan Harrington

*In The Nation of August 17, 1957, novelist Harvey Swados described his experiences on an automobile assembly line. He called the article The Myth of the Happy Worker. Now another novelist, Alan Harrington—author of The Revelations of Dr. Modesto—displays the other side of the coin. He has found a line job among the brainworkers in one of America's largest corporations. Is the concept of the Happy Worker still a myth—even when he works in a Crystal Palace? You will draw your own conclusions.—The Editors.*

HAPPY FAMILIES are all alike, said Tolstoy. Whether this is true of great corporations I don't know, because I have belonged to only one. The company I have been with for the past three years is one of the world's largest, having some 34,000 employees in the United States and overseas. There are more than five hundred of us here at headquarters—and we are a happy family. I say this without sarcasm, not for the reason that I am in the public relations department, but because it is the truth. We are happy. We are also in many respects pretty much alike.

It is not that my company makes us behave in a certain way. That kind of thing is old hat. Most of our people tend to live and talk alike, and think along the same general lines, for the simple reason that we have it so good. Life is good, life is gentle. Barring a deep depression or war, we need never worry about money again. We will never have to go job-hunting again. We may get ahead at different speeds, and some will climb a bit higher than others, but whatever happens the future is as secure as it can be. And the test is not arduous. Unless we should escape back into your anxious world (where the competition is so hard and pitiless and your ego is constantly under attack) we will each enjoy a comfortable journey to what our house organ calls "green pastures," which is, of course, retirement.

"Is this sort of existence worth living?" you ask. I think that de-

pends on who you are and also on the person you could become. There are two ways of looking at it: (1) If you are not going to set the world on fire anyway, it is better to spend your life in nice surroundings; (2) looking back, you *might* have had a more adventuresome time and struggled harder to make your mark in the world if the big company hadn't made things soft for you.

But it is all too easy to be glib in our disapproval of the Kindly Corporation. We are in the position of knocking the earthly paradise, and that cannot be done lightly. One must avoid becoming a liberal square. To be honest we should put aside the convenient clichés—that big business firms, for example, are by their very nature heartless, exploitive, enforcers of conformity, etc. We always assume that the other side is made up of bad fellows. How much more difficult and exasperating it is when they are good fellows!

I went into my new job with a poor spirit. I was suspicious of big companies, and swore that nobody was going to turn me into a robot. My situation was untenable anyway. I had just sold my first novel, a satire on conformity. In a year the grenade would go off, and of course they would fire me.

Most disconcerting in the early days was the gentleness of my new associates. Most public relations offices are filled with edgy, hustling people. Here there was such courtesy and regard for your comfort . . . it was unfair. When I arrived everyone turned and smiled, and they all came over to say how glad they were that I was with them. The boss took my arm and had me in for a long talk. "We want you to be happy here," he said earnestly. "Is there anything we can do? Please let us know." When you discover that the members of the big business team really care about you it is a shock to the nervous system. The odd-ball stands there, shifting his feet, not knowing what to do with his resentment.

I went through the orientation course, and completed all the forms,

and saw that I was protected against everything. I had a momentary fearful sensation of being enfolded in the wings of the corporation and borne aloft. "How's everything going?" inquired one of the orientation boys, and I grunted at his civil question.

Now I was one of them, hunched gloomily over a typewriter amid smiling faces. With the exception of the manager and assistant manager, our public relations staff worked in one large room. We did our jobs in leisurely fashion with a carpet of non-glare fluorescent lighting above and a thick wall-to-wall carpet below. The usual office noises were hushed. Typewriters made a faint clack. Our mild jokes were lost in the air. It seemed to me a strange pressure chamber in which there was no pressure. This was a temporary arrangement. Next year the company was moving to a new office building in the suburbs, and it would be a fabulous place—a great office-palace on a hilltop surrounded by fields and woodlands. Everybody talked about the palace and what a marvelous headquarters it would be. Their enthusiasm bored me, and I thought: "Well, I'll never see it."

That was the beginning. Today I live in the city but commute in reverse to the suburbs, and every weekday I sit down to work in the country palace. It has been an interesting experience. Here, after three years, are a few impressions of the corporate life:

*THE corporation is decent.* Most of our men have deep, comfortable voices. You have stood beside them in slow elevators, and heard these vibrant tones of people whose throats are utterly relaxed. And why shouldn't they be relaxed? Once you join my company you can say good-bye to anxious thoughts.

There is no getting around it—our working conditions are sensational. The lower and middle echelons arrive at nine and, except in very rare instances, go home at quarter-to-five. Many of the higher executives work longer and harder,



according to their inclinations, but seldom in response to an emergency. Rather it is fun for them.

This is a company whose products move easily in great packages across the country. Demand is constant and growing. The supply is adjusted from time to time in order to keep prices at a reasonable level. The savage, messianic executive of the type described in Rod Serling's *Patterns* would find himself out of place here. In fact, he would be embarrassing. In the unlikely event of his coming with us, I am sure that the moment he started shouting at anybody he would be taken aside and admonished in a nice way. Nor is there any business about: "Let's run it up to the top of the flagpole and see if anybody salutes." Such talk would be considered rather juvenile.

A full recital of our employee benefits would (and does, in the indoctrination period) take all day, but here are just a few of them. We have a fine pension fund, a fantastically inexpensive medical program for you and your family, and a low-premium life insurance policy for double your salary. The company will invest 5 per cent of your pay in blue-chip stocks and contribute on your behalf another 3 per cent. The company picks up half your luncheon check. When we moved to the suburbs the company paid its employees' moving expenses and helped them settle in new homes. For those who didn't wish to move, a bus waits at the station for commuters from the city and drives them to the hilltop office building.

The only unsatisfactory working condition, I think, is that you must be content with a two-week vacation until you have been with the company for ten years. This policy is fairly standard practice. It certainly inhibits the potential job-jumper, and is at least a minor pressure in the direction of conformity. All the benefits exert pressure too. There is nothing sinister about them, since admittedly they are for your own material comfort—and isn't that supposed to be one of the goals of mankind? But what happens is that, as the years go by, the temptation to strike out on your own or take

another job becomes less and less. Gradually you begin to drift with the current. Soon another inhibition may make you even more amenable. If you have been in easy circumstances for a number of years, you feel that you are out of shape. Even in younger men the hard muscle of ambition tends to become slack, and you hesitate to take a chance in the jungle again.

On top of all this, it is practically impossible to get fired. Unless you drink to alcoholism or let your hand be caught in the till, the company can afford to keep you around indefinitely. Occasionally under great provocation—such as a scandal that reaches the tabloids—there is a transfer. Once in a while a prematurely crusty old-timer is retired. Otherwise the axe will not fall.

Every so often I hear my seniors at the corporation inveigh against socialism, and it seems strange. I think that our company resembles in many respects a benevolent private social system. We are taken care of from our children's cradles to our own graves. We move with carefully graduated rank, station and salary through the decades. It is hard to see to what extent our individual enterprise is private. In our daily work most of us have not made an important decision in years, except in consultation with others.

*GOOD people work here.* Since joining the company I have not heard one person raise his voice to another in anger, and rarely even in irritation. Apparently when you remove fear from a man's life you also remove his stinger. Since there is no severe competition within our shop, we are serene. We do compete mildly, perhaps, by trying to make good marks in the hope that our department head will recommend a promotion or an increase to the Salary Committee. But as for cutting out the other fellow and using tricks to make him look bad, that is not done.

It would be wrong to say that our employees are not on the ball, either as workers or people. They smoke and drink and love, and go on camping trips and operate power boats, and read things and go to plays, and, say, ride motorcycles

like anybody else. In the office, they know what to do (usually after consultation) in almost any circumstance. What a great many of them have lost, it seems to me, is temperament, in the sense of mettle. We speak of a mettlesome horse. Well, these are not mettlesome people. They lack perhaps the capacity to be mean and ornery when the ego is threatened. Because at our company we do not threaten people's egos.

Another curious thing is our capacity for being extremely friendly without saying anything to each other. I remember a conversation that went something like this:

"Jim! Where did you come from? I haven't seen you in—I guess it's been just about a year and a half."

"Just about that, Bill. A year and a half at least."

"What are you up to, for goodness' sake?"

"I've been in San Francisco, and now I'm going back overseas."

"Always on the move!"

"Well, I guess I am. I just thought I'd come down and have a chat with you before leaving."

"It's great that you did. How's your family?"

"Fine, Bill, how is yours?"

"They're fine, too."

"The years go by, don't they?"

"They sure do."

"Well. . . ."

"Well, I guess I'd better be moving along."

"It's been wonderful talking to you, Jim. Look, before you get on the plane, why don't you come down for another talk?"

"I will, boy. You can count on it."

Also common among our employees is a genuine and lively interest in the careers of upper-level executives whom they may never have laid eyes on. As these gentlemen proceed from one station to another, their progress is followed with exclamations and inside comments. "Himm, Jackson has moved to Purchasing! I thought so." "Look at Welsh—he's taken over the top spot in Patagonia. Of course, they're setting him up for a vice-presidency." Who *cared* about Jackson and Welsh? As it turned out, I did. I was given the task of updating—



adding two more lines to—their official biographies.

The role of the corporation directors in our cosmos is an interesting one. I have found these august gentlemen to be amiable and even shy in the presence of their inferiors, but their appearance on the scene is the occasion of total respect, body and soul, such as I have not found outside the army. They are not feared either. They conduct themselves in a friendly, most democratic manner. So it is not awe they inspire, but so far as I can see, pure admiration. I was once talking to a young man in the employee relations department when his eyes, gazing over my shoulder, suddenly lit up with joy. I turned, expecting to see our pretty receptionist, but it was a director passing by and giving us a wave of his hand.

*TEAM PLAY* is the thing. Team play means that you alone can't get out too far ahead of the troops. You can't, because it is necessary in our company to consult and check over everything. Someone will ask whether this doesn't lead to a certain amount of mediocrity. This, I think, is partly true. We have a substantial number of mediocre people in the company—that is, men and women of ordinary ability who would probably never originate anything under any circumstances.

But where organizing an effort is concerned it is sometimes better to have mediocre talent than a bunch of creative guys who foul things up by questioning everything. In terms of performance, if you have an efficient method of operation, mediocre personnel can carry it out beautifully. In *planning*, mediocrity has and still does hurt the company.

Our method is to get together and talk it out. Why have one man make a decision when thirty-three can do it better? The consequence of this policy is that our executives commit very few errors—although sometimes they may arrive at the right decision three years too late. But the sure markets for the company's products bring in so much money that the mistake is buried in mountains of dollar bills. Our interminable rounds of conferences may



also be counted on to produce by default serious errors of omission. These don't hurt noticeably either for the reason cited above.

I got over my impatience at the slow pace of things, but I felt it once at a lecture given to senior and junior executives on the new central filing system that would go into effect when we reached the palace. A fierce little girl, a vestal of the files, told us how it was going to be. We sat, without anyone suggesting it, according to rank, and I could work out the possible course of my company career, if I stayed with it, just by looking at the assemblage of heads in front of me—bald and white in the front rows, then pepper and salt, and gradually back where I was the black, brown and blond heads of hair. I thought of my own head, slowly changing through the years as I moved up a row or two, with never a chance by a brilliant coup of jumping while still brown-headed, or even pepper-and-salt, over several rows and landing among the white thatches. How could I make such a leap when anything I accomplish I do as a member of a group?

*A LITTLE more tension would be welcome.* This may be based on fragmentary evidence, but I suspect that when people are not put under at least a minimum of tension they seek it out in their dreams.

One day I overheard our press relations man conferring with the boss, who said: "Maybe next time, Walt, you had better try it the other way."

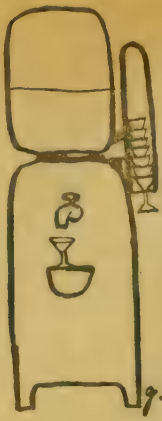
The press man came out of the office and saw me. "Boy!" he said, "I sure got a bawling out on that!"

Another man of some rank joined his local Democratic Party, and worked hard at it during the 1956 campaign. But he felt guilty about what he had done. Finally he rushed upstairs and confessed to the president of the corporation. "Gosh," he told me afterwards in a disappointed tone, "he didn't mind at all. He just put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Don't worry, Fred, I'm a Jeffersonian Republican myself.'"

*WE conform by choice.* Critics of big business are constantly on the watch for the kind of conformity that an organization explicitly demands of its members. Our company doesn't demand anything. Oh, there is tactful pressure on us to join the annuity and insurance program, and a rather strong insistence on Red Cross and Heart Fund gifts, but nothing serious.

What you have to watch out for is the amount of conformity you fall into by yourself, without realizing it. Something like this almost happened to me when my book was published. Far from resenting an attack on conformity, everyone chuckled over the book and thought





it was fine. Heads appeared from around corners and gazed at me with respect. They asked me to autograph dozens of copies, and several were bought and prominently displayed in the company lending library. In circumstances like these, it was no longer possible for me to consider myself a captive intellectual. A captive of what? Briefly, creeping contentment set in. I lolled about for months and began to love everybody, in and out of the office, and became quite a bore. A close friend was good enough to insult me at some length, until I started making unreasonable demands on people again, and returned to normal.

*WE ARE remote from the lives of others.* Shortly before we moved to the country the press relations man and I were looking out of our eleventh-floor window in the direction of the waterfront. We saw a half-circle of men gathered on a far-off pier. "Isn't that what they call a shape-up?" he asked with faint curiosity. It was easy to tell that he only barely imagined that these men existed and that their quaint customs were real.

Some weeks before I had looked down on a gentleman in a homburg and cutaway running among the crowds in the financial district. He carried a bouquet of red roses wrapped in green paper. You don't associate this street with flowers, and it was exciting to see him running, holding his green wrapping like a torch of something beautiful in this place. And then he died on his feet, trampled over and slumping to the

pavement. His head rested against the wall of a building. He rested with the flowers flung across his knees and his fine hat askew, and the absurd and living gallantry that produced this death *could* only be nothing to us or to anyone in the crowds that simply swerved around him and kept going, because of the way we are, because of the way we are concentrated and oriented away from things like that.

How remote we were too from the crazy musicians who arrived on a blustery fall day with the idea that, since this was a great financial center, there would be a rain of coins from all of the tall buildings in response to their trumpet, guitar and bass fiddle. The wind swirled their jazz among the canyons. I saw that no one was paying them the slightest attention. Feeling guilty, I threw them a quarter, but they didn't see it. They danced and made jazz in the cold, while upstairs we went on with our work, and they didn't exist, and it was nobody's fault.

It isn't that we should have been expected to watch longshoremen, or care particularly about the man in the homburg, or throw coins to the brave musicians, but we have simply, systematically, avoided letting these aspects of life into our field of vision. We came in from the suburbs and plundered the city, and left each night without having the slightest idea of what was going on there. Even our daily experience in the rapid transit was spent behind a newspaper; taxis shielded us from the bad sections of town. We never heard guitars strumming on the dirty doorsteps, nor comprehended the possible excitement of disorderly feelings that make other people so much more alive than we are.

And when the corporation moved to the country we had it completely made. Now most of us could anticipate fifteen- and thirty-minute rides in car pools from our suburban homes to a suburban office. You could almost hear a company-wide sigh of contentment on the day that we moved.

*THIS WAY to the Palace.* Point your car along a winding driveway up the green hillside shaded with

great elm trees. Enter the wide and friendly doorway and look at the murals in our lobby. They will tell you the story of our industry. As you go through the offices, you will probably gasp as we did at all the services. Imagine a sea of blond desks with tan chairs, outdoor lighting pouring in everywhere, roomy offices with individually-controlled air-conditioning and area-controlled Music by Muzak coming out of the walls. We need few private secretaries. All we have to do is pick up a phoning device and dictate our message to a disc which whirls in a sunny room in another part of the building. Here a pool of stenographers type all day long with buttons in their ears. We don't see them and they don't see us, but they know our voices.

A high-speed pneumatic tube system winds through the entire building. We send material from one office to another not by messenger but by torpedo containers traveling twenty-five feet a second. Simply have the attendant put your paper, magazine or memo in the plastic carrier. He inserts the container in the tube, dials the appropriate number, and, whoosh, it is shot across the building. There is a complete sound system throughout headquarters. If, for example, a bad storm is forecast, there will be an "Attention Please," and you may go home early. At noon, enjoy movies in an auditorium the size of a small theatre, visit the library, watch the World Series on color TV, or play darts and table tennis in the game room. The finest caterers and a staff of swift waitresses serve you luncheon. Then go to the company store, pitch horseshoes, or take a brief stroll under the elms.

What happens to an office force when it is offered these splendid conditions? At first there were a few small complaints. The main difficulty is that we find it all but impossible to get off the campus. You can dash several miles to town for a quick lunch. Otherwise you stay on the grounds until closing. City employees everywhere have the chance to renew, at least slightly, their connection with the world during lunch hour. When we first came many of us rambled in the woods and picked



flowers, but we seldom do that any more.

As for our work-efficiency, I think it has diminished a bit as a result of what one of my friends calls "our incestuous situation." When you are isolated in the country it is not easy to feel that sense of urgency which distinguishes most businessmen.

Personally, I sometimes get a feeling of being in limbo. More than ever one feels—ungratefully—over-protected. While on the job, I actually can't feel hot or cold. I can't

even get sick! This will sound ridiculous, but when the company obtained a supply of Asian flu shots, I found myself in the absurd position of refusing one. I somehow wanted a chance to resist the flu in my own way.

I don't know what to make of all this, but some time ago Dostoevsky did. He may be wrong, but he put it like this in *Notes From Underground*:

Does not man, perhaps, love something besides well-being? Perhaps he

is just as fond of suffering? Perhaps suffering is just as great a benefit to him as well-being?

... In the 'Crystal Palace' [suffering] is unthinkable. ... You believe, do you not, in a crystal palace which shall be forever unbreakable—in an edifice, that is to say, at which no one shall be able to put out his tongue, or in any other way to mock? Now, for the very reason that it must be made of crystal, and forever unbreakable, and one whereat no one shall put out his tongue, I should fight shy of such a building.

## DALLAS: Another Little Rock?.. by Ronnie Dugger

*Austin, Texas*

TEXAS, like Arkansas, is divided east from west. East Texas is racist; in the west and southwest, the state is either tolerant or indifferent. But there is a difference. Balancing Texas' 1,300,000 Negroes, about 90 per cent of whom live in East Texas, are a million Mexican-Americans who live mostly in the southern and southwestern counties. They have elected some of their number to the state legislature; the influence of nearby Mexico has helped create a racial urbanity in their regions which surprises other Texans and amazes Yankees. More than 100 school districts in Texas have already been integrated.

Of course, populous East Texas dominates the legislature. But the resistance to racist measures is freely expressed. R. A. Weinert, a South Texan and dean of the state senate, remarked about a recent race bill which the upper house had approved: "Well, come on, boys, let's go down to the tailor and get measured for our sheets." William Fly, another South Texan, chided his senate colleagues on passing a bill for the selective closing of public schools threatened with integration: "You're doing something that even the most rabid Southern state has not had the courage to do."

RONNIE DUGGER is editor of *The Texas Observer*.

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This is the context either of another Little Rock or another Nashville. A federal judge has ordered integration in the Dallas schools at mid-term. On December 27, the federal appeals court in New Orleans overruled the order, saying that Dallas authorities should have "a reasonable further opportunity to meet their primary responsibility." But it is difficult to believe that the courts will assent to any delay beyond next fall in a case already two years old. Students of the timetables believe Houston will receive its court ultimatum for next September. East Texans think of Dallas as theirs, and Houston is the largest city in the South; if these two yield, other hold-outs will follow and East Texas itself will be next. For a time it seemed that Governor Price Daniel intended to behave like Frank Clement instead of Orval Faubus, but then the East Texans realized their crisis was at hand and Daniel capitulated.

EARLY this year, in the regular session of the legislature, the East Texans managed to squeeze two laws past the filibustering defenders of civil rights in the senate. Neither really satisfied the East Texans. One required local elections before integration could be effected: i.e., local option on the American Constitution. The other permitted local school boards to assign pupils to

schools on the basis of a number of wide-open factors, including "mental energy," "motivations," "relative intelligence," "psychological qualification," "the possibility or threat of friction or disorder among pupils or others." Daniel signed both bills. One school district—Pleasanton, in South Texas—actually held an election and voted four to one for integration; the second law has not been applied or tested. Even the densest East Texan cannot hope that either of these laws will accomplish more than delay.

Came Little Rock. The judge told Dallas it would have to integrate, and the clique of bankers, oilmen and businessmen who run that city, confronted with the plain choice between compliance or violence, decided they could not suffer a smear on the name of Dallas like the one on Little Rock. To this day Dallas authorities stand pledged to uphold law and order. The *Dallas News* startled its readers by advocating gradual desegregation. Governor Daniel asked the Mayor if he thought he'd need state help, and he replied, "Hell, no." Meanwhile, the Governor told reporters that he would not use state troops either to enforce or to thwart federal court orders.

In October, however, Daniel convened a one-month special session of the legislature to pass a lobby registration act and a water-use re-



search appropriation. The East Texans took the opportunity to demand what they vaguely called an "anti-troop bill." A trade was arranged: Daniel agreed they would have their legislation in a second called session in return for their support of the first-session program. What they passed was not an anti-troop bill at all, though the daily press pliantly designated it as one. It was better characterized by State Senator Henry Gonzalez as "a school-child lock-out bill—a legalized hooky bill." It requires the governor to close any school when its local board certifies that it is in danger of violence "or the threat thereof" which, in the opinion of the local board, *could* be prevented only through the use of troops. In plain language, if a school district comes under the hand of a federal court order, it can be closed. Arguing against the bill, the Reverend Das Kelly Barnett, associate professor of Christian ethics at the Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest, said: "The only legal method of evading the supreme law of the land . . . is to dissolve the public-school system. I do not think the sovereign state of Texas is ready to dissolve the public-school system to placate an East Texas faction." House Speaker Waggoner Carr seems willing. He told a Dallas Lions club: "Texans have made it clear to the federal government that they had rather have no public schools at all than to have their children march to classrooms with bayonets in their backs." But in fact the law will be used only to close schools the segregation strategists want closed; this is the factor which assures its imitation in the Southern states.

Even so, the East Texans do not wish to put their constituents' belief in segregation to the test, in Carr's words, of "no public schools at all." Section 5 of the new law requires the state to continue paying the salaries of teachers and other personnel of closed schools; it also authorizes "out-of-classroom instruction," with no standards prescribed. Explaining this section, the House sponsor, Representative Sadler of Percilla, said: "You could hold school in the home, in a barn, any place you wanted to. . . . The troops might

stay for nine months, and in my area the schools would stay closed all nine months." In debate, Representative Bob Mullen of Alice, South Texas, said school might be held in a saloon; he called it "Daniel's saloon-closing bill." "I prefer troops to mobs," he said. In the senate debates, Senator Abraham Kazen of Laredo, on the Texas-Mexico border, exclaimed: "Under this bill, we close the schools and we open the barn. This is a barn-opening bill. Two men in any community could close the schools at the danger of a threat." To which the senate sponsor, Wardlow Lane, replied stoically, "Some of us feel that having school with troops there is just like having no school at all."

MOST interesting in all the debates was the failure of any of the East Texans to defend segregation as such. States' rights, yes; down with the Supreme Court, yes. But segregation as a way of life? Silence. Only once did the taut and spitting face of hate arise: it was Lane's. The Rev. Barnett had testified in committee that there was no church rule against racial intermarriage, that "sociologically speaking, this would be what we call a 'burdened marriage' and I would advise against it," but that he had no "personal" objection to intermarriage. During the senate debate, Lane shouted that Barnett "said it's all right for nigger and white to intermarry. Well, it ain't right over in my county. . . . There ain't a nigger in my county who

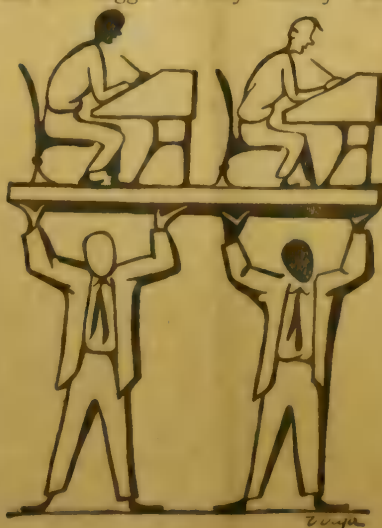
won't tell you I'm a friend of the colored." But, "if one of my East Texas niggers" married Barnett, "I would feel sorry for the nigger."

THE OLD CLOCK on the wall behind the senate chamber says midnight. A blue norther off the plains rattles the huge windows and whines around the chilled granite corners of the capitol. Half-a-dozen people sit in the galleries, immobile, dazed. The senator from Dallas is in the chair, but the senate does not seem to be here—only a tall, athletic Mexican man in a brown suit and buttoned-up vest, resting his thumbs in the vest's pockets, pacing and reading, pacing and talking; and, seated quietly behind him, within the brass rail, a slight Mexican lady, his wife.

"Exalted feelings, and inflamed minds," Gonzalez is saying. Standing through the morning, the afternoon and the evening without relief, he is to stand and talk on through the night until the dawn and the twenty-first hour of his filibuster, the highlight of the Texas legislature's second special session. Why is he holding out alone when he knows he will lose?

In 1929, on the West Side of San Antonio, he was called "a Meskin greaser." In 1953, at a riverside camp in New Braunfels, he could not buy tickets because he was a "Latin-American." The progress from "Meskin" to "Latin-American" did not impress him then, and does not now. He is worried about what he calls "a plague worse than the plagues of the Middle Ages, racism," which will sink the West in the long run if it is not wiped out. He has this "world view" to serve. And he is aware, too, that people pay attention to filibusters, and that the newspapers, about dawn, will be full of what he is now saying. He has this role to play.

"There are those," he says, "who would even sacrifice the public school system on these altars of bigotry and hatred. We have in Texas now hysteria and abnormal fear." The battle will be lost, he says, but the war won. "The heart must be the stronger, the mind the holder, the courage the greater, when our forces





dwindle.' . . . We have the duty of speaking up."

Recently in *The New York Times* Cabell Phillips wrote that Southern moderates, through Little Rock, played it safe, kept their mouths shut. "But in the wake of Little Rock," he wrote, "the moderate may well wonder if silent assent is enough. Had he rallied sooner, marshaled public opinion, demanded with a voice as loud and insistent as the

mob leaders' that solutions be found in law and not in violence—had he done these things in Little Rock, might not the catastrophe have been averted?"

For a time it seemed that Daniel was on the side of the law. Now one is not sure. We'll soon know whether Dallas officials dare close schools in attempting to thwart federal law. We shall know whether the Citizens Councils will clog Highway 80 into

Dallas with carloads of rednecks bent on the last desperate appeal from law—violence. And we shall know whether the liberals and the moderates of Dallas, Houston and other cities across the South will organize in advance against civil violence and encourage the enforcement of the law; and, if the time comes, go to the school in the morning of the day peaceably to dissuade their fellow townsmen from violence.

## PROGRESS in BIRTH CONTROL . . by R. L. Meier

THE MOST intractable difficulty standing in the way of world-wide economic development today can be traced directly to some of the early successes of natural science. Many of the scientific principles that made it possible to improve the efficiency of production in the past century were also applied to medicine. Where this happened, the death rate has dropped to a third or quarter of what it was, and expectation of life at birth has doubled. The public-health techniques which are mainly responsible for this enormous saving of life can now be transferred to less developed regions of the globe in a matter of years, or at most, decades. But—and we shall see that this is the crux of the problem—it has become apparent by now that the compensatory technique of birth control cannot be transferred so readily. Thus most of the populous societies of the world find themselves in grave imbalance, with births exceeding deaths by a wide margin.

Population growth is not a new phenomenon; what is new is the rate of growth. In pre-scientific times populations expanded by only a few tenths of 1 per cent annually, excluding slaves, and then mainly in their "golden ages." This rate amounted to perhaps 15 to 25 per cent per generation. Today we see

growth in the range of 1.5 to 3.5 per cent annually, so that population can more than double in a single generation.

What we are witnessing, in a sense, is a race between production and reproduction, and on the basis of the present outlook, the trends are not favorable. In recent years a handful of Western economists and demographers, working in collaboration with planners from some of the most progressive-minded countries, projected for certain underdeveloped areas the maximum pace of economic development possible, given the most modern techniques, in the light of the manpower, resources and local capital institutions available. Their findings are of great significance:

1. The productive capacity of the areas could be increased greatly.

2. Population would also increase.

3. Unless some widespread means of fertility reduction were quickly and cheaply introduced simultaneously with the improvements in technology, only trivial net improvements in the standard of living could be expected.

4. No adequate precedents exist for the spread of fertility-reduction techniques *at the rates needed*.

5. If we can do no better than the best that has been done in the past with fertility-reduction, the projected per capita supply of goods and services will inevitably turn downward again.

Such projections are most distressing, suggesting as they do that the net result of science will not be

the improvement of living standards, except perhaps in a few favored parts of the world such as North America, but principally a marked increase in the number of people living at mere subsistence standards. In effect, our past uses of science have been out of balance: our capacity to manipulate environment and to prevent fatal illnesses, particularly among children, has far outstripped the ability to control human numbers.

THE FAMILY grouping is the link through which reproduction and the nurture of children are related to other features of the social system. Looked at in one way, a society is an aggregation of families with a language, an economy, a religion, or a political system in common — often it is all of these at once and more. Almost everywhere in the populous areas, as in Western countries, it is within the family that decisions are made concerning procreation. Thus the study of suitable birth-control techniques, once the physiological and medical features have been set, must concern itself with what has been learned about family sociology and sexual behavior, particularly those aspects which have only recently come to be considered suitable for investigation. If the introduction of those techniques is to succeed, the privacy which usually cloaks the whole subject of procreation must be intruded upon in a few details. How do families react to such intrusions?

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In this respect, Puerto Rico is perhaps the most studied society. Birth-control clinics were started there before World War II, but with little effect. Early studies demonstrated that in gross outline the problem there was much the same as in other poor, densely populated countries. Acceptance of birth control was likely only when all of the following conditions were met:

1. Information had been obtained about some practical means of contraception.

2. At least one contraceptive method was appropriate to the income and social class of the family.

3. The method adopted was used with diligence.

4. Opportunities for economic self-improvement were open.

5. The wives had schooling, or at least were literate.

6. The husbands were less dominant in household decisions.

7. A variety of urban values had already been accepted by the parents.

The Puerto Ricans' solution to their population problem was along quite unexpected lines. They have been finding jobs on the United States mainland to such an extent that the island population has remained virtually stable since 1950. In addition, in the last decade, about one-fifth of the women decided on permanent sterilization as the best solution. However, most delayed their "operacion" until they had already had more than the average number of children, so the net effect upon the birth rate was small.

AFTER A DOZEN years of rapid economic and educational advances, unprecedented rates of urbanization, the granting of economic opportunity to women (in the form of industrial jobs) which provided independence of the dictates of the husband, free contraceptives and continual birth-control publicity, the Puerto Rican birth rate dropped from about 40 per 1,000 to 33 per 1,000. But the death rate, about 7-8 per 1,000, is now less than on the United States mainland. Thus, if it were not for migration, the island would still have one of the largest population growth rates in the world. It is the major thesis of the family sociologists

Stycos, Hill and Back that contraception cannot gain ground rapidly in Puerto Rico because of the lack of communication between husband and wife regarding matters of sex. To this difficulty are added the inconvenience of the use of ordinary contraceptives in poor living conditions, the special vanities of the males, the belief that girls should be protected from information about sex until they have been married, etc.

Most Latin societies are likely to pose difficulties similar to those observed in Puerto Rico. Societies in Asia and Africa seem, upon much briefer inspection, to present social and psychological blocks to birth



control which are at least as discouraging, although they are strikingly different. The solutions, if any have been found, are also different. In Japan, for example, the popular means of birth control has been abortion, and only gradually is this technique being replaced by contraception. Among a large section of France's population and in much of the rest of Western Europe, the accepted method is withdrawal. Both abortion and infanticide are applied in many island societies and tribal groups, but usually only in the face of the most desperate exigencies.

Social workers who assist in contraceptive clinics are certain that an oral contraceptive would overcome virtually all difficulties. Tablets like aspirin and penicillin have already penetrated the remotest agrarian and tribal areas, and a contraceptive closely related to these in appearance and mode of use would, it is cogently argued, prove

acceptable. In a Puerto Rican survey, 89 per cent of women not then using birth control signified their willingness to use a pill to be taken once a month. A product of this sort is simple enough so that there is a chance for introducing it into underdeveloped areas before any major extension of the educational system or any notable improvement in economic opportunity need be consummated. It could go a long way toward resolving the planners' quandaries.

GIVEN THE needs as specified by the planners of economic development, what are the chances for developing this innovation, which appears to be crucial to the improvement of the level of living? Some years back, studies of certain herb products seemed to offer a good deal of promise. One such herb (*Lithospermum ruderales*) is reported to have been used as a tea by Shoshone Indian women in the desert wastes of Nevada. It was found that extracts from this herb did suppress ovulation in mice, rats and humans, but a series of side effects made the widespread use of the crude drug appear to be undesirable. Attempts to purify and isolate the chemical constituents which might be free of most such side effects have failed. As a consequence, the short-lived flurry of research in the United States, Canada and Great Britain on *Lithospermum* has virtually subsided.

The first results to show long-run promise arose out of investigations of the physiological effects of sex hormones, both real and synthetic. Progesterone is one such hormone that participates in the ovarian cycle. Its periodic release is triggered off close to the time of ovulation by gonadotrophin hormones from the pituitary gland. Large dosages of progesterone earlier in the cycle bring about a disturbance which usually cuts off ovulation. Progesterone could be synthesized as a pure chemical compound and used as a pill to reduce fertility, but it may affect certain secondary sex characteristics, such as firmness of the breasts, voice and emotional stability.



For this reason, it has been used sparingly, and then not as a contraceptive.

The increasing knowledge of the activity of progesterone and other sex hormones led to an extensive study of related steroid compounds in the hope of finding chemical substances which would suppress ovulation with fewer side effects. After investigating scores of such compounds, Pincus, Rock and their collaborators reported in *Science* in November, 1956, that four were found which have an anti-ovulatory effect, similar to that of progesterone, upon both animals and humans. Three of these are being tested clinically on a substantial scale. The cost, presently high, can be reduced greatly by mass production and distribution. Assessments of the possible side effects are complicated and will not be clear for years to come, although the evidence so far is encouraging.

IN THE past year it has become evident that a series of chemicals designed to attack leukemia may also become important co-ingredients of another kind of birth-control pill—one which would bring about very early abortion, so early that one is unsure as to whether abortion actually occurs. Because of this, such pills (should they be perfected) would be frowned upon for ethical reasons, by a large section of Western medical practitioners. Elsewhere, however, where in desperation a later abortion or infanticide are sometimes resorted to, people have developed somewhat different viewpoints. In a choice between a multiplicity of evils, one chooses the least. Thus in Japan and China first, and perhaps in the rest of Asia and Africa later, these cheap, simple, once-a-month pills are likely to be preferred by the poorer people.

The inherent toxicity of the abortive pills, should they be taken in excess, would require governments to set up special units to supervise their distribution and administration. Such controls would almost certainly require an extension of public-health organization in a direction which has not thus far been undertaken.

Let us suppose several satisfactory



oral contraceptives are found. What would be the next steps? The first of these can be foreseen quite clearly: the establishment of prolonged, large-scale field tests in typical populations to assure that there were no untoward longer-range physiological effects not detectable in short-range studies. The medical observations would have to be accompanied by studies of the actual effectiveness of such drugs in reducing the numbers of unwanted children. Therefore statisticians and demographers will be necessary because of the techniques they have developed for measuring over-all changes in reproductive behavior. However, in order to obtain the most clear-cut results from pilot tests of this sort, the behavioral patterns in the family should be studied in considerable detail, so that the motivations for using and not using contraceptives can be evaluated. Anthropologists, sociologists and social psychologists all have worthwhile professional competences in this regard.

It seems not unlikely that *it will be the supply of sociological information and skills which most limits the speed with which a birth-control drug may be successfully introduced into underdeveloped areas.* There are thousands of medical and biological scientists in the world, there are thousands more nurses and medical technicians, but there are only hundreds of statisticians and only a few score sociologists who are equally specialized and qualified. Yet the staff of such pilot tests would have to lean heavily upon these social scientists.

The family-study skills are expected to be so scarce in the 1960s that the introduction of these innovations in birth control is likely to be subject to discouraging delays.

The alternative that may be considered is a relatively expensive trial-and-error approach. Manufacturers in the field, and the voluntary welfare organizations (such as Planned Parenthood), would need to *learn* how to sell their ideas and their products without the benefit of market research.

When a skill is expected to become scarce, one begins to look for substitutes. The only one that can be visualized at this time for the family sociologist is suggested by the lack of convenient amplifiers in his information-acquiring methods. There are no computers that can be brought to bear in such a manner as greatly to extend his productivity. His data processing, of course, can be expedited—and this is already being done—but the tedious process of training interviewers to carry out depth interviews cannot be undertaken by machine.

ONE casts about therefore for some relevant sociological skill which can have a very high level of amplification—one which might be used either to complement or to reinforce the investigations of family interactions and family structure in populations subject to rapid growth. The most promising group that comes to mind is made up of social scientists and experts on communications, particularly mass media and audio-visual techniques. In Jamaica, for example, the family-planning clinic already announces its services over the radio, and finds this procedure by far the most successful means of introduction.

The electronic equipment capable of delivering images into the hinterland is becoming steadily cheaper. Within two decades or so, TV sets should have penetrated considerably farther into the hinterland than radio has today, so that



a predominant share of the world's peoples would then have at least occasional access to it. Under these circumstances, a single message can be received more or less simultaneously by millions of people heretofore relatively cut off from the rest of the world.

Although it is well recognized that fads and various undesirable forms of social manipulation can be propagated through the media of mass communications, and consumption choices temporarily influenced, birth control is not likely to fall into this class. Its use would be evidence that people were, a little more than before, deciders of their own fate.

Development-minded governments, using mass media, might spread the information about the usefulness, with their implications and limitations, of the new birth-control drugs. Sociologists and psychologists would be needed to measure the response to such messages, suggesting methods for improving their impact. It is already apparent that programs

for education in this direction will need to be far more ingenious than those which have so far been applied to, say, nutrition or public health. A variety of inventions will be needed to achieve the necessary effectiveness.

The foregoing analysis suggests that it is in the realm of sociology, rather than of medicine, that the greatest obstacles to birth control exist. And the obstacles are the more formidable because a large share of the educated population, including many of its scientifically trained members, reject the population problem as unworthy of consideration because of either esthetic or ideological principles.

If the problem is to be solved, it is most likely to be done through the efforts of hundreds of stubborn, independent investigators who will be looking not for fame and recognition, but who are seeking to satisfy some inner urge. They will have to battle prejudice, scrounge for funds (there are only three or four foundations willing to commit themselves

to such projects, and only one of them is liberally supplied with funds), and patiently construct their own systems of analysis. Very likely there will be clashes and disagreements among them, and polemical debates are to be expected regarding the relative merits of one approach as compared to another. This is the pattern that science and invention have always taken when operating beyond the boundary of complete social acceptance.

Improvident human fertility appears to belong in the same class of crucial problems as nuclear weapons, radiation hazards, missiles, etc. Each is a science-derived development which requires the abandonment of certain cherished ideas of sovereignty. Population growth threatens the sovereignty of the family in matters of procreation. In each instance the task for the next generation is to find that combination of technical and social controls which does not violate or destroy traditional values, and yet is adequate to resolve the problem.

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## INDIA'S COMMUNIST STATE

*The author of this article is a veteran correspondent who has contributed frequently to The Nation's editorial columns under a Washington dateline.—Ed.*

Trivandrum, Kerala, India  
SINCE LAST APRIL Kerala, one of India's fourteen states, has had a Communist government. It is the first Red regime in India and about the first one anywhere to have come into office by peaceful parliamentary means, without use of force from within or without. The Communists emerged from the election as the strongest single party, though still five seats short of a majority in the state legislature. Having made a deal with several Left independents, the regime holds sixty-four seats against the opposition's sixty-two. The Communist Party has 40,000 members in a total state population of 15,000,000.

The regime has two and a half strikes against it. India is a highly centralized nation and the individual states enjoy almost no sovereign rights. They have no constitutions of their own. Many measures adopted by the state can become law only after receiving the central government's approval. The national constitution permits the central government to intervene and even to take over the functions of the state government.

Further, the Communists' slender majority in the Kerala assembly makes their tenure of office insecure. Normally the next election is due in February, 1962, so the Reds could have four more years of power before submitting themselves to the people's verdict. But the loss of a couple of by-elections could turn them out of office much sooner.

The state regime is dependent on

the national government in the most important of all fields: economic improvement. Kerala, a rural area, has large unemployment and even larger under-employment. Only by creating industries, of which there are today none worth mentioning, can the state hope to absorb the jobless. To score real successes, the Communists must build dams, extend irrigation, construct shipyards and electric power stations, paper and pulp factories and smaller industries. The state is rich in resources, with high mountains, swift rivers and big tracts of valuable timber.

If a start is to be made toward industrializing the state, financial aid must come from the national treasury. However, under the present Five Year Plan (1956-61), Kerala is to get only \$87 million from the central government, an average of about \$17 million a year. This is



chicken-feed, especially because Kerala must import half of its principal food item, rice.

The Chief Minister of Kerala, E. M. Sankaran Namboodiripad, and his Finance Minister, Achyutha Menon, speak of attracting private capital. As leaders of a Communist regime, they have been pursuing economic policies of marked moderation. They have exempted the large tea, rubber and spice plantations from the proposed land reform; they know that to split the plantations would cripple production. They have abstained from discussing state ownership of the handful of industries which now exist.

Although the local Communist chiefs would like private investors to put money into Kerala, they hardly expect this to happen. British and Indian planters feel insecure. Since the Communists began running the government eight months ago, the maximum state tax on agricultural profits has been raised from 45 to 62 per cent. A tea planter told this reporter that the state now takes 50 per cent more in taxes. He said that 64 per cent of his plantation's gross profits are paid as taxes to the state and central governments. However, improved cultivation methods have doubled the yield on his tea estate in the past decade.

Workers and their unions have been restive. The minimum wage for plantation laborers is the equivalent of 26 cents per day; average pay on some estates is 34 cents. As in much of India in the past couple of years, wages have limped behind rising food prices.

IN AN interview, Catholic Archbishop Dr. Joseph Attipetty told me that if the Communists are able to stay the full five-year term in office, they will probably win the next election. If given time, he said, they will strengthen their position by land reform and by a general wage increase.

Congress is fighting the land-reform bill which the Communists are presenting to the Kerala legislature. The opposition, or some of its members, allege that the bill is a move towards collectivization which would deprive the peasant of his

land. The Communists deny any such plan. In other states, the Congress Party has fathered similar measures, although the Reds propose a tighter ceiling on the acreage any landlord may hold. The bill being pressed in Kerala would limit individual possession of wet, double-crop land to fifteen acres, and dry land to thirty acres. Holdings above these sizes would be distributed among poor and landless peasants who would compensate the former owner by installment payments.

This is by far the most significant change the Kerala Communists have proposed until now. Past governments in the state have promised land reform. If the Communists manage to put this measure into force, they may win many recruits. Many of the smallest farmers, or landless ones, are Christians; the Communists hope thus to lessen hostility towards the regime among followers of the Christian churches, who number more than 3,000,000—two-thirds of them Catholic.

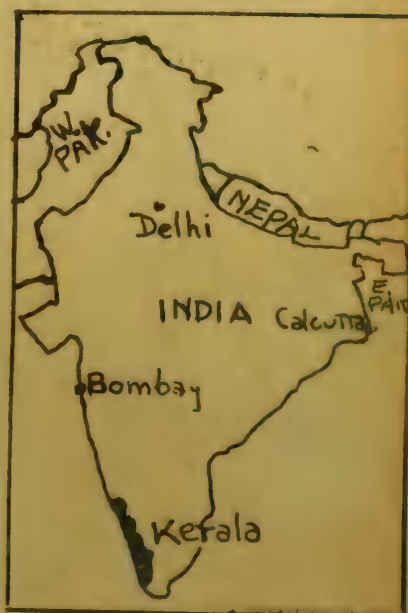
THE hottest issue here is the Communist education bill. In certain circumstances—which the Reds would almost certainly say are present—the measure allows the state to take over church schools. Of 13,000 schools in Kerala, 8,000 belong to the churches. Of these, about half are Catholic; the rest Protestant, Jacobite or Moslem. The churches and the more enlightened Indian ruling princes have to their credit the relatively high rate of literacy in Kerala, approximately 45 per cent compared with the all-India average of 17 per cent.

The crux of the pending education bill is that it would vest in the existing three-man Public Service Commission the authority to draw up a list of eligibles from which school principals would choose teachers. The members of the commission were named by the anti-Communist Congress Party government in 1955 for a five-year term. Thus, if the Reds are still in office in 1960, they could designate three new members and this would permit them to apply a political as well as pedagogic barometer for replenishing the state's corps of teachers. The

Catholic Church is contesting the bill's constitutionality. Next move is with the president of the Republic. If he approves the measure, the church will carry its challenge to India's supreme court.

American officials in this area are watching developments closely. Nobody suggests that the outcome in this small 15,000-square-mile-state will be decisive for India. In the first instance, it is the struggle between the world's two great power blocs which will most strongly affect India's course, despite this country's non-alignment. Next in importance is India's series of Five Year Plans and their capability of lifting the country's nearly 400 million people from their present wretchedness while yet preserving personal freedoms. Of course what occurs in the state of Kerala may have some bearing on India's direction. A Communist success there could improve the party's prospect in other states.

On the other hand, the moderation which the Reds have shown here may be an embarrassment to the Communists elsewhere in India. When the Communists attack the ruling Congress Party in other states and in the nation's capital, they risk being asked, "How can you tell us to engage in more radical action when your own party's government in Kerala has been putting its Marxism in cold storage?"





# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The State of the Story

**PRIZE STORIES OF 1956:** The O. Henry Awards. Edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin. Doubleday. 294 pp. \$3.95.

**THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1957:** Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. 345 pp. \$4.

**THE END OF PITY.** By Robie Macauley. McDowell, Obolensky. 246 pp. \$3.50.

**FIRST LOVE AND OTHER SORROWS.** By Harold Brodkey. Dial Press. 223 pp. \$3.50.

**THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.** By Samuel Yellen. Alfred A. Knopf. 244 pp. \$3.50.

**ROMAN TALES.** By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 229 pp. \$3.75.

**DOMESTIC RELATIONS.** By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 260 pp. \$3.50.

**A BIT OFF THE MAP.** By Angus Wilson. The Viking Press. 193 pp. \$3.50.

**THAT MARRIAGE BED OF PROCRUSTES.** By Daniel Curley. Beacon Press. 186 pp. \$3.50.

**COLOR OF DARKNESS.** By James Purdy. New Directions. 175 pp. \$3.50.

**309 EAST & A NIGHT OF LEVITATION.** By Bianca Van Orden. Harcourt Brace. 125 pp. \$2.95.

**FIFTEEN BY THREE.** By R. V. Cassill, Herbert Gold, James B. Hall. New Directions. 248 pp. \$1.35.

### William Bittner

THE SHORT STORY is the only kind of literature that was invented by Americans, and in this country there is no other form so widely read; yet now, 116 years after Poe defined it, the American short story has gone to pot for at least the third time. The O. Henry type of story, with its

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snappy surprise ending, is finally dying out, even in the slick paper magazines; but its replacement, the *New Yorker* type, has degenerated into an equally sentimental but less craftful stereotype.

Annual collections, like the O. Henry Prize stories and Martha Foley's anthology, used to be dominated by an adaptation to the American scene of Guy de Maupassant's little exercises in irony—what we know as the O. Henry story. These follow an "ordinary" character through extraordinary behavior until, in a double-twist ending, he reverts to type, demonstrating that the solid mediocrity of simple people invariably wins out. Prose equivalents of Edgar Guest, these works made a mythology for the Taft-to-Coolidge era that has lasted to this day.

But a glance at *The Best American Short Stories of 1957* or the O. Henry selections of last year shows that, even though such stories may survive in the big slicks, they are no longer considered praiseworthy. A majority of the prize stories come from small-circulation quarterlies, and the rest from women's fashion magazines, quality monthlies, or the *New Yorker*. Whoever bought them to begin with, they are all would-be *New Yorker* stories.

THE *New Yorker* story is a variation on the O. Henry that is interesting for the first hundred times you read it—or was, back in the thirties, when it was a novelty. References to the arts, to foreign countries as civilized places, and to adultery—all taboo in the O. Henry outlets—create an illusion of sophistication. The characters are more troubled and the point of view is urban or—increasingly since World War II—suburban. The ending is less contrived. But the cliché remains: intellectuals and artists are slobs. These stories are simply *Saturday Evening Post* root beer with a little gin added.

A few individual works in the collections have decided virtues, and some of the writers—Nelson Algren, for example, and Flannery O'Connor—have shown themselves capable of top-notch writing. But the mannerisms that magazines today seem to demand stamp originality into a pattern so tight that it is difficult to distinguish between the fresh work and the platitudinous, especially if you don't much care to rummage through the haystack looking for needles.

WHEN I first saw the pile of books of short stories accumulated on my desk in preparation for this piece, I felt what an editor—say for the *New Yorker*—must feel when he returns from vacation: most of the pile must be trash, but there just might be something good. There was Robie Macauley's *The End of Pity* (war and the academic in somewhat better-than-standard *New Yorker* irony), Harold Brodkey's *First Love and Other Sorrows* (the *New Yorker* at its worst, or *Would I Were a Child Again* and *How Sad It Is in the Suburbs*), Samuel Yellen's *The Passionate Shepherd* (good, solid, 1930-*Story Magazine* stuff—Jewish nostalgia and the academic life). Of these the Yellen book is by far the most interesting, for it represents the post-O. Henry tradition at its best.

A trio of books from abroad interested me more. Alberto Moravia's *Roman Tales* reads like a group of De Sica movies—and no wonder, since one of them was. In *Domestic Relations* Frank O'Connor remains Irish, even though the *New Yorker* is getting into his blood. It is refreshing, too, to read his stories in versions a little less *New Yorkerized*—the text of O'Connor often differs from magazine to book. Even Angus Wilson writes for the old lady of West 43rd Street, but only two of the stories in *A Bit Off the Map* appeared there; they are not the best in the book, but they have style and meaning.

Wilson is probably the best short



story writer in England now, and this is the first collection that brings his view of the current English social scene up to date with what he has been saying in his novels. *A Bit Off the Map* plays variations on the loss of class structure and its psychological implications. The title story carries a British hipster, frantically seeking answers to his questions and outlets for his yearnings, through a gamut of phoneys, all insecure, in espresso-shop society. His illusions about them are smashed by his meeting a mildly paranoid retired colonel on Hampstead Heath at one in the morning and hearing his mad plan for the defense of England. "And it's all, all of it, a bloody cheat," the boy declares, "and I don't know what I shall do." Thematically akin to that, and rounding off the collection, is the last story, "Ten Minutes to Twelve," about an industrialist who lives in the illusion that he still can regain control of his business and run it as he did in the twenties; and about his family, whose similar illusion is clearly ordained for future blasting. The Teddy Boy of the first story is lost, and he knows it; the family of the last is equally lost, but does not know it.

Although Wilson is acceptable to a *New Yorkerized* world (perhaps because he is British), his style and substance are almost completely antipathetic to the values of suburban sophisticates. He neither weeps over the loss of a more secure (thus less security-minded) culture, nor wallows in the defeat of his characters. His stories serve to show his readers wherein his characters have failed in understanding themselves and their place in the world around them; he glories as much in the Teddy Boy's growing awareness as he condemns the industrialist's son for failing to see that he is following his father's path to madness.

A MUCH less even, less finished set of stories from an American writer is Daniel Curley's *That Marriage Bed of Procrustes*. This book lacks the impact of Wilson's in part because it covers a much longer expanse of time. The first story comments simultaneously on popular attitudes of 1927 toward the Sacco-

Vanzetti case, and on the world of a child. Many of the stories are set in the days of the second world war. All have an unusual freshness, but I find the most effective piece a hilarious yet Kafka-esque academic story called "The Appointed Hour." A healthy plurality of American short story writers take a good bit of their situation from the university, because most of them have taught at one time or another, but Curley's is the best of the lot because it comes effectively to cases with the basic problem—the conflict between the creative mind and the bureaucratic in higher education. Education takes the place of class in this country, as it is coming to in Britain; and while others merely comment ironically on campus politics, Curley uses such shoddy situations as symbols for the effect of politics on our society.

While Curley is on his way to discovering how to write conventional short stories in the twentieth century, some other American writers are involved in finding new forms for their craft. I think they will all come out in the same place, even if they choose different routes to it. Certainly there is nothing *New Yorkerish* about the last three volumes in this story roundup. *Color of Darkness* contains a novella and nine stories previously published privately by the author, James Purdy, and two new stories to boot. Purdy's characters are usually unhappy people, but unlike the *New Yorker* sort, they are free of anything

like sentimentality. In place of the pathos of our knowing "somebody like that," our sympathy is induced from our awareness that the tragedy of these people is everyman's. For all the variety of setting and character in the book, the stories have a single, indeed a cumulative, effect for they all seem to reflect what a tenuous hold the human being has on dignity.

The last work in *Color of Darkness*, "63: Dream Palace," is called ■ novella by the author, and I suppose that name is as good a compromise as any for this in-between form. I have read many novels that were less eventful; yet so much of the impact on me of "63: Dream Palace" derives from the single effect of reading it all at one sitting that it seems to be more what the short story might have been had it developed continuously from Poe, Hawthorne and Melville. Purdy, at any rate, is that rare bird in this age of reportorial fiction, a writer who creates.

Another writer of novellas that I am considerably impressed by is Bianca Van Orden. She is by no means a Purdy, but in *309 East & A Night of Levitation* she shows the power to use satiric irony cheek-by-jowl with sympathetic humor. Moreover, she can as deftly take the point of view of a man in the first story as she does that of a young girl in the second; a most excellent thing in a woman writer. Miss Van Orden has great sympathy for mankind—but not as much as Purdy.

The most promising unfulfilled

## Le Vièrge, le Vivace et le Bel Aujourd'hui

(after Stéphane Mallarmé)

The virginal, living and beautiful today  
Will it shatter for us with a wing's drunken blow  
This hard, forgotten lake where under the snow  
Transparent glaciers of unflown flights stay?

A swan of long ago remembers it is he,  
Magnificent, who yet without hope absolves  
Himself for not having caroled a region to live  
In through sterile winter's glittering ennui.

His whole neck will shake off the white agony  
Inflicted by space which the bird denies  
Though not the horror of earth's grip on plumage that cannot rise.

A Shade to this place by his pure brilliancy drawn,  
He's frozen in a scornful dream of immobility  
Shrouding the futile exile of the Swan.

A. J. M. SMITH



promise in this survey is that represented by the New Directions *Fifteen by Three*: five stories each by R. V. Cassill, Herbert Gold and James B. Hall, all in a single paperback. And for bonus, there is a foreword by James Laughlin on the glossy mediocrity of most American short stories, and an introduction and notes on his stories by each of the authors. These comments are interesting, but not very enlightening; as a rule, a story writer expresses himself in his stories or not at all. Hall makes this point; Gold concedes it by talking mostly of the novel; and Cassill does not explain, but gives the background from which he wrote his stories. That seems the best procedure.

TWO of the works in this collection—Cassill's "The Life of the Sleeping Beauty" and Hall's "Action in Time of Twilight"—are frank experiments in technique, with tricks of typography and what I suppose might be called stream-of-unconsciousness narration. They are certainly interesting, but not, I believe, because of new technique. We are fascinated by them because they reveal, in an artistic manner, the multitude of inner workings, associations and memories involved in human acts. The appeal might be called psychological curiosity, and I wonder if they have not dropped out of the category of short story writing altogether.

True enough, these experimental works aid, far more than do the introductions, our understanding of what these writers—even Gold, who did not write anything of the sort—are shouting about. But like their other stories, which show techniques ranging from Yellen on, I believe they are merely gropings, the raw material but not the finished product. For one thing, Gold, who has proved his worth far more effectively in the novel, is the most original of the writers. Cassill moves from a *New Yorker* type of piece, "Larchmoor Is Not the World," through a pair of almost-Golds to his experimental; Hall sounds, outside his experiment, like a composite of mid-thirties little magazines. These men are novelists, and very few novelists have made

their short stories anything more than studies for novels that did not come off.

THE originality of Cassill, Gold, Hall, Purdy, Van Orden and perhaps Curley is their obstacle to popular success. But their esthetic flaw is insufficient originality. I doubt very much if the short story is the form appropriate to what these people want to say, even though it may, at the moment, be the most strategic form they could use, since very few kinds of writing outside fiction can be truthful and at the same time be published these days. There is, however, another truly American literary form—one without a name, since it

is exemplified only by Thoreau's *Walden* and some of the works of Whitman. It is the form that, had he lived, Randolph Bourne would have used, and the whole shape of twentieth century American literature might have been changed. Lawrence Barth, the only young writer of today to use it, had to publish *Universe Inside Me* himself, and sell it from Box 99, Village Station. But if, as James B. Hall says (and I believe it) the short story is the fictional equivalent of the lyric poem, there should be some middle ground between the essay and the poem. That is what these writers should be working on, if the world and publishers were much wiser than they are.

## The Misled Minds

*THE OPIUM OF THE INTELLECTUALS.* By Raymond Aron. Doubleday. 324 pp. \$4.50.

Michael D. Reagan

RAYMOND ARON'S new book is an intellectual's attack on intellectuals. He argues that Western intellectuals—defined as those who *think* their existence, as well as live it—have fallen prey to the opium of left-wing ideology. From a "kind of visionary optimism combined with a pessimistic view of reality," the intellectuals have been led into mythology. The first myth is that of a unified Left from the French Revolution to the present; the second is the Myth of the Revolution, the optimistic assertion that a sudden break with the existing, imperfect order can create the ideal order of equality, liberty and reason. Last is the Myth of the Proletariat as the embodiment of universal values.

Aron challenges each of these. What unity is there, he asks, in a Left which once meant a struggle for constitutional government and now asserts its authority in the People's Democracies? How can Revolution be hailed as liberation when all revolutions "entail the violent replacement of one élite by another?" And surely, he scoffs, one cannot confer spiritual validity upon a working class whose liberation in Western states has simply swelled the ranks of the bourgeoisie.

His ire being directed less at egalitarian ideologies as such than at the

pro-Soviet Left, many of his arguments arouse in an American no reaction stronger than "Well, of course." The disposition to explain away, as regards Soviet society, injustices which would provoke righteous invective at home has never been widespread here; today it is all but extinct. For Americans, the book's interest will be less in its major theme than in the variations—such as Aron's interpretation of history as possessing plural meanings, of the world as being "essentially equivocal" and hence not understandable through any single key.

Perhaps the most interesting comments are those on the European intellectuals' view of the United States, and on the social position of the American intellectual. Although Aron feels that post-war American diplomacy has, with few exceptions, conformed to the desires of Europeans, the intellectuals accuse the United States of helping to perpetuate the division of the world into opposing blocs (can we disagree?), thus cutting Western Europe out of the Big Power bloc. Behind this is the European Left's grudge against the U.S. for achieving revolutionary goals of political liberation and social justice by—of all things—capitalist means.

THE SOCIAL situation of the American intellectual is almost the reverse of the French, Aron asserts. "If the Paris of the Left Bank is the writer's paradise, the United States might be regarded as the writer's hell. . . . Americans put their trust in the technician, not in the culti-

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vated man." While the French intellectual rejects a public that exalts him, the American exalts a public that rejects him.

Aron's most challenging assertion is the similarity of the intellectual's integration into collectivities in the U. S. and in the U.S.S.R. The Soviet expert's ideology, stripped of Marxist trimmings, would center on five-year plans, managerialism, or the collective exploitation of the soil; the American's would extol the cult of success, the violence of competition with a sense of the rules of the game, and the reduction of every situation to technically soluble problems. Both are accustomed to the condition of dependent wage earners who have "lost the independence of the amateur or of the liberal professions." In both nations, the management of men is based on a science and a technique. Specialists in "re-writing," in advertising and publicity, in electoral propaganda, in psycho-technology, teach how to speak, to write and to organize labor in a way that will make their fellow-

men either satisfied or indignant, passive or violent, according to the needs of the hour. The psychology which serves as a basis for their work . . . encourages the treatment of men as mass beings with calculable reactions, rather than as persons, each one unique and irreplaceable.

The suppression of culture by technology embitters a certain portion of the intelligentsia and gives them a feeling of isolation. Strict specialization evokes a longing for a different order, in which the intellectual would become integrated, not in the capacity of a wage-earner into a commercial undertaking, but in the capacity of a thinker into a humane collectivity.

In this post-sputnik period of slanting the national life toward the unattainable goal of permanent-blue-ribbon-winner in military technology, the longing of which Aron writes will unfortunately recede even further from realization. The real opium of the present day is the Myth of Invincible Technology.

or uproarious information upon human and mythological vengery. It becomes clear that Mr. Dahlberg is inveighing not so much against incontinence, or even epicurianism, as against sex empiricism in the absence of faith or value. In the second part of the *Sorrows* he quite changes his focus and evocatively gathers together some myths and fables of Indian America before the European invasion.

Although this is a variously amusing, informative and poetic book, its structure is not completely effective. Mr. Dahlberg is a master stylist and possesses a fine and original sensibility; but he has not yet, in my opinion, discovered that artistic form or drama capable of organizing the other aspects of his work into the more powerful composition you feel to be potentially there.

The book is beautifully made and has forty-two attractive drawings by Ben Shahn—who, like Mr. Dahlberg, does not employ the fig leaf to excess.

## People Are No Good

*THE SORROWS OF PRIAPUS.* By Edward Dahlberg. New Directions. 119 pp. \$6.50.

Jack Jones

EDWARD DAHLBERG is one of the leading contemporary representatives of a literary current at least as old as Romanticism—rejection of the changes in human sensibility and its environment brought about by rationalist civilization. "Man is at the nadir of his strength when the earth, the seas, the mountains are not in him, for without them his soul is unsourced, and he has no images by which to abide." Such concepts of the biopsychic rootlessness of modern man and his omnivorous but hollow socio-economic images have long since spread from art and literature into contemporary intellectual discussion (*The Organization Man*, *The Power Elite*, *The Lonely Crowd* are only the better known examples).

Mr. Dahlberg's style and method of attack are unique. His style might be described as surrealist King James. If you can imagine what might be Jeremiah's probable assessment of current world politics, or Isaiah's reaction when

confronted by a TV set, you will have a very serviceable notion of Mr. Dahlberg's work. Whereas in *A Flea of Sodom*, still perhaps his most successful book, the emphasis was upon a denunciation of modern Sodom, in *The Sorrows of Priapus* Mr. Dahlberg is mainly occupied with comparing the animal and vegetable world favorably to the one made by man. "It is obvious that we must imitate the habits of many quadrupeds if we are to be gentler." This more "positive" approach has perhaps inevitably meant a certain slackening in dramatic and artistic tension.

THE BOOK is quite impossible to classify, being in part natural history, in part fable, and in part an essay in ecological morality. ("There is as much to be learned from a plover, sheldrake or an eider as from Socrates or the *Laws* of Plato. What is man that he should imagine he is more than a goose? Democritus of Abdera babbled as much as any duck.") In form the book is rather diffuse. There are two parts: the first, which provides the general title for the book, is oddly enough an incitement to something resembling continence. ("It is better to try to be continent and fail than to be an epicure.") In order to avoid possible misunderstanding, I must hasten to add that this advice is accompanied by a liberal amount of odd

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JACK JONES is a free-lance writer whose critical essays have appeared in *The Cambridge Review*, *Discovery*, *New Directions anthologies* and elsewhere.

January 11, 1958



## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

ONE OF the dubious habits a reviewer can fall into is that of tearing hell out of a picture which thoroughly entertained him while he was watching it. This is mean-spirited but not as hypocritical as it may seem. A good movie team can teach mass psychology to an Indian fakir, and the reviewer is not much less gullible than the rest of the audience. Unlike the rest of the audience, however, he has to think about the show after he has gone home. That's when he may discover that he has been led a merry chase and, red with indignation, begin to pound his typewriter. I don't see how this can be avoided, but I resolve that hereafter when a picture has amused or excited me I shall say so before carving it up.

*The Bridge on the River Kwai* amused and excited me. Its enormous jungle setting, its spectacular feats, its deadpan heroism offer irresistible and, I should think, almost universal entertainment. And yet, on second thought, it is a very odd story.

Take, for a start, the personality of the villain. The Japanese commandant of a prison camp deep in Burma (Sessue Hayakawa) is described by the older inhabitants as a sadistic and homicidal brute, and they can point to a considerable graveyard to back their opinion. Yet when Major Alec Guinness shows up and decides to make a stand on the letter of the Hague Convention the terrible Hayakawa turns as sheepish as a high school valedictorian. I got a kick out of watching Guinness sass the beast of Burma, but it strikes me now as a good deal less than plausible.

Then there is the bridge itself. The Japanese are using prisoners to construct it and the men sabotage the job, as they certainly should. But Major Guinness feels that gold-bricking is bad for morale and, once he has beaten the commandant on the principle that British officers cannot be ordered to perform manual labor, he organizes his expert staff and throws up an elegant twin-cantilever span in record time. Only the battalion medical officer asks whether the major's enthusiasm for discipline is leading him into uncomfortable collaboration with the enemy, and he is cut down by the famous Guinness sniff. Even when the cripples are bullied out of hospital to make the job go faster, no one notices that poor old Guinness has slipped his pulley, and when the job is finished officers and men

celebrate with an evening of jollification. It's a rum business.

Meanwhile, three saboteurs led by Jack Hawkins are beating their way through leach-infested swamps toward that fancy piece of engineering on the Kwai. This intrepid trio is supported by a baggage train of a dozen or so Burmese maidens recruited in a remote jungle village. Not knowing Burma, I was astonished by the delicate beauty of these girl porters. Not only are they lovely of face and figure but they wear a uniform of well-cut sarong and lampshade bonnet with Parisian dash and contempt for the cosmetic hazards of a tropical rain forest. Having been for some time deprived of male company by the Japanese manpower draft, they are soon on excellent terms with their employers. The lingering, yearning caresses with which they apply camouflage grease-paint to their heroes' flanks is a tropical daydream of very high voltage. It takes good men to fight under these conditions and my hat is off to Hawkins' commandos. Also to David Lean, a director who serves the very best hokum.

THE affair on the Kwai is only one of a batch of military pictures now dominating the big Broadway theatres. I was dodging bullets from both World Wars for the whole holiday fortnight, the screams of dying men mixing in my ears with "Deck the Halls."

Humphrey Cobb's only novel, *Paths of Glory*, was published in 1935. Working from fact, Cobb told how an entire French regiment was found guilty of cowardice for not capturing a German fortification it should never have attempted to attack, and how three men were chosen at random and executed as examples, to cover the high command's fatal miscalculation.

The movie rights to the book were sold within a few months of publication and Hollywood's diplomats began to study how a picture could be made that would not offend the French general staff. There was talk of transferring the story to the Russian Imperial army, which no longer existed to protest, but this evasion was dropped. It would have been a dramatic error, for the shock of the story sprang in considerable part from the fact that the brutal affair took place in the army of our close and gallant ally. With the outbreak of World War II, Cobb himself deplored *Paths of Glory* as being pacifist, and when that

war was over there was a new encyclopedia of experience on which to base combat pictures.

But now Kirk Douglas has produced the picture and himself plays the humane Colonel Dax (in fact, he has telescoped a couple of characters to give himself the dominant position). This venture called for some daring, though the French army has suffered so many blows to its prestige in the past twenty years that it is unlikely to make a very effective protest against the reviving of this old scandal. The odd thing, however, is that the picture offers nothing like the impact of the novel, even on re-reading today.

It is not only time and our habituation to horror that have weakened the effect; the picture is a coarse-grained version of the story and the emphasis has been shifted. Cobb was a savage man, but he wrote a quiet and beautifully precise prose; his weapons were irony and the bald statement of appalling facts. More than that, his passion was spent at least as much on affection for the men as on hatred of the generals. His villains were somewhat remote, they were military authority and their wickedness was the essence of war.

But where Cobb wrote with cold accuracy, the movie script bellows and beats its head on the wall. The men have been reduced to pawns and the generals, given added plot material, have been made into cynical manipulators. The story becomes a melodrama of specific evil, not a tragedy of evil itself.

Also, Adolphe Menjou and George Macready, and their almost-hysterical opponent, Kirk Douglas, look very much like American actors in French uniforms. It is stock villainy, just as the great battle scene is a stock spectacle.

THE ENEMY BELOW somewhat resembles the recently popular game of "Battleship," played however with real ships and real sailors. Captain Robert Mitchum, up on top in a destroyer, hunts, and is hunted by, Captain Curt Jurgens, down below in a U-boat. Each captain soon recognizes, and admires, the foxiness of the other. Indeed, the German, who hates Hitler and deplors the mechanical efficiency of modern war, quite recovers his martial zest in this duel with a worthy opponent. In the end, the ships destroy each other and the two captains come face to face in manly fellowship.

This picture enjoys all the exciting trimmings implied by the fact that the U. S. Navy provided equipment and technical advice. It is nevertheless an old and hackneyed piece of emotional non-



sense. But if there are people around who still think that war is the sport of heroes, it is unlikely that I can correct their view (or even attract their attention) by jumping up and down in the columns of this magazine.

ANOTHER sea adventure is the British-made *Pursuit of the Graf Spee*. I suspect that this is a conscientious re-enactment, with the unfortunate result that the battle action takes place at very long range and that the dramatic pattern is a rising anticlimax. It should have been possible to stage the battle between the German raider and the three British vessels so that you could at least tell who was firing on whom, but once the *Spee* takes haven in Montevideo harbor the story is done for. The atmosphere on the British warships, where discipline and skill are so perfect as to seem casual, is attractive. The British movie people like it so much that they run the *Graf Spee* under the same light rein.

THE RANK ORGANIZATION'S presentation of a program by The Bolshoi Ballet is a responsible and skillful recording of a stage occasion. It probably comes as close as the screen can to duplicating the experience of being in a theatre (in this case Covent Garden). It employs a moving camera (more accurately, a set of cameras) and thereby controls the viewer's shift of vision. But a single camera set to cover the whole stage would be equivalent to a rather distant seat in the theatre, and the cameramen have shot their closer fragments with unobtrusive tact.

The performance thus recorded is brilliant and strange. The Bolshoi Ballet looks fabulously wealthy by Western dance standards. The principals show a breath-taking virtuosity, the corps is perfectly disciplined, the costumes are lavish, the sets are intricate and extravagant, the taste is not ours but it is not necessarily bad.

What makes the performance disconcerting is that it is a living museum. The Russians today, if this picture is a reliable demonstration, look on ballet as they do on the palaces of the Czars—monuments of an aristocratic past that may now be enjoyed by the populace. The directors of this company present choreography under glass—Tartar Dance, Spanish Dance, Rachmaninoff and Glinka—all just as it was when Nicholas sat in the imperial box. Though I doubt that it was just like this at its peak. The Russian ballet was shaped by the taste of Italian and French masters; the feel of this company is heavier, more muscular, coarser in the texture of its

pantomime and dance patterns than such a heritage should produce. It feels more German than Latin. In any case, the Russians are paying sumptuous honor to a dead art, whereas in the West the art is still brilliantly alive.

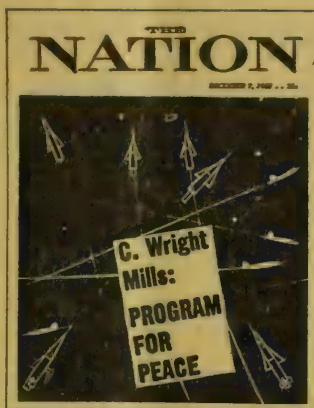
There is one exception to this in the film—the two-act *Giselle* danced by Galina Ulanova. The impulse is still historical, but here the document is one of the transcending masterworks of ballet and the whole company, led by its still breath-takingly beautiful ballerina, seems uplifted by the occasion.

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

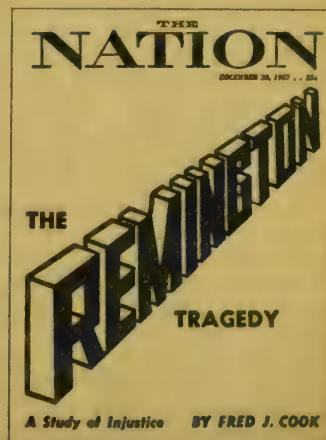
THE MUSIC of Bela Bartok has passed through several stages of absorption since 1945, when the composer died. First, and right after his death, a scurry of performances took place. Then there were recordings, which spread the word quickly and far. The general public, suddenly made aware of this music, surprised rear-guard musicians and many a

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self-blinded, but influential, Stravinskyite, by liking it. Young composers began to show a Bartok influence; and, as the spiral twirled upward, many more recordings were made. Until recently, however, I have not often felt that Bartok's music was being thoroughly apprehended and digested by its executors. Numerous records have been made of the *String Quartets* and of the *Concerto for Orchestra*, but few of them have had the settled-in feeling, the sense of full-bodiedness, of glow and animation from within, which the music requires. Now, almost simultaneously, Westminster and Decca improve this situation by putting out brilliant new issues of the six *String Quartets*, played by the Parennin Quartet (Westminster XWN 18531-3), and of the *Concerto*, performed by Ferenc Fricsay and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra (Decca DL-9951). Musically, and in terms of recording technique, they are among the most exemplary discs I know.

The virtues of the *String Quartet* recording are the direct product of the Parennin ensemble's special musical personality. Primarily, this group is warm; secondarily, it is intelligent and sensitive. Each member of the ensemble pro-

duces a tone which has amplitude, without excess poundage; authentic, rosin-rubbed edginess, without scratch or acerbity; a tone that blends thoroughly into the group sound while retaining its own independence. Melodies, such as the affecting one which begins the *Second String Quartet*, are thus given an added dimension of suffused emotional fervor, while the massed harmonies found in countless places throughout the *Quartet* are made to clump together and pulsate with the full vigor of their dissonance, and yet without wracking the nerves. In purely expressive terms, these musicians seem to have made the works as much their comfortable companions as the Beethoven or Brahms quartets might be. In subtle group flexibilities, in the minuscule swells and momentary retreats which are made to take place in the course of a melody or even within passages of fiendish rhythmic and textural complexity, the ensemble shows a consistent sense of internal awareness, and of speaking directly from the source. These qualities are intangible and certainly difficult to describe. But they are the crux of any performance.

As for the *Concerto*, I challenge any admirer of the work to remain unmoved by this recording. Perhaps Fricsay's special success is due to the fact that he is Hungarian; perhaps because he studied with Bartok; perhaps because he has created in the Berlin Radio Symphony (formerly the RIAS—Radio in the American Sector) Orchestra an instrument as excellent as any in the world. When I heard it at the Paris International Music Festival, some seven or eight years ago, I was disturbed by its almost inhuman perfection, by a slickness which I fearfully suspected was a Nazi hangover. Now the slickness is gone; the tone and perfection of ensemble seem eminently humane. And the conductor, with an insight that makes Bartok's little, jaunty tunes both doubly playful and doubly poignant, his sober moments almost unbearably touching, shows the true color and perspective of this music.

The already long list of Beethoven *Fifth Symphony* recordings has been lengthened by the addition of Decca DL-9942, coupling Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and a Vanguard "demonstration" record SRV-106, coupling Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. Both are highly acceptable, though not earth-shaking readings. Decca's, with Karl Böhm and the Berlin Philharmonic, is the more elevated. Böhm's Beethoven has a solid, rather grand sound; his Mozart is less frivolous than one is used to hearing it, and consequently more interesting. Felix Prohaska, who conducts

the Vienna State Opera Orchestra for the other recordings, has a lighter, more vivacious touch, and this has its own attractions. The Vienna orchestra does not seem as well rehearsed as the Berlin, but the bright sound of the Vanguard engineering offers compensatory values.

On another Decca recording (DL-9933) Böhm conducts the Berlin Philharmonic in Brahms's *Second Symphony*. Here his ever-present leaning toward heaviness and academicism overcomes him, and in order to make contrapuntal textures clear he often slows tempi to the stagnating point. Indeed, he frequently favors slow tempi without apparent reason, as in the second movement, which is marked *adagio non troppo* but clocks on my metronome, in his reading, between *largo* and *grave*.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sings splendidly on Decca DL-9935 in *A Schumann Song Recital* and on Angel 33474 in a group of Hugo Wolf *Lieder*. Here, I must say, is a voice that lives up to its publicity, and good baritone lieder singers are a rarity. For some reason, perhaps because of his youth and directness of vigor, Fischer-Dieskau is more convincing in the Schumann songs. But his singing of Wolf is overshadowed by no one save Irmgaard Seefried, whom he frequently resembles in style, and whose recording of Wolf songs *Aus dem Italienischen Liederbuch* (Decca DL-9743) still stands in my memory as one of the most perfect of all time.

Of older music, *I Solisti di Zagreb*, a virtuoso string ensemble, has made two really delightful recordings for the Vanguard Bach Guild: Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* (BG-564) and an assortment of works that includes Corelli's *Christmas Concerto*, Torelli's *Pastoral Concerto for the Nativity*, Haydn's *Toy Symphony* and three Bach *Chorale Preludes* arranged for strings (BG-569). The second disc is called *An 18th Century Christmas*, but this is an arbitrary limitation for sales appeal. I recommend them both. The arrangements of the Bach works are amateurish and bumbling, but they are the only blemishes on either disc.

Period has also recorded *The Four Seasons*, coupled with Vivaldi's *Concerto for Two Trumpets and Orchestra* in E flat. Their performance by Roland Douarte and the Collegium Musicum of Paris cannot compare with that of the Zagreb group, however, and the *Concerto for Two Trumpets*, while charming, is not one of Vivaldi's best pieces. The album, with no justification that I can think of, dispenses with program annotations in favor of advertising, and lists the record number on the front as SPL-309 and on the back as SHQ-309.

## MEETINGS

### TWO LECTURES

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Speaker: Max Shachtman, Nat. Chm.,  
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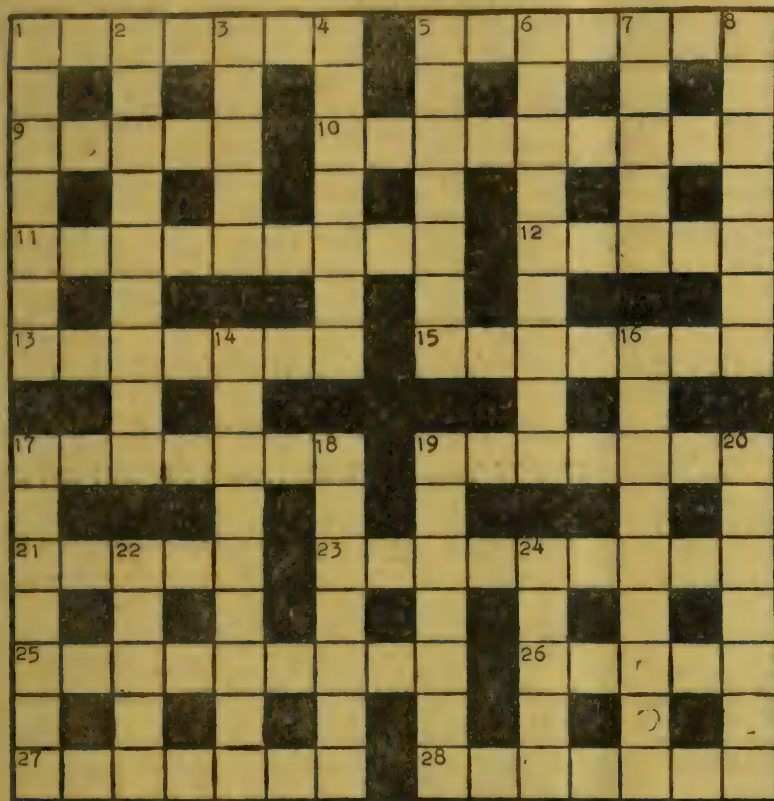
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 754

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1, 26, 6 down, 21, 23, 27, and 7 down  
Favorite selection of the Silver  
Band? (7, 3, 2, 1, 4, 4, 5, 2, 2,  
2, 3, 1, 6, 2, 3)
- 5 Indicates it's about time to get  
things cast. (7)
- 9 Gazes askance. (5)
- 10 This could make an unkempt beard  
seem even more so! (9)
- 11 Stoic. (9)
- 12 Such ancient townships might be  
10, but not bare. (5)
- 13 Shelf on board strong vehicles. (7)
- 15 Wrecked car, sent into other states  
with inability to function. (7)
- 17 Sailors have the luck of the Irish,  
but it's all bad! (7)
- 19 I and a headless 15 might be a  
deadly combination. (7)
- 21 and 23 See 1 across
- 25 Not grades of fish, obviously. (9)
- 26 and 27 See 1 across
- 28 Something we might cross to cut  
off? (7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Such horses sound like a team! (7)
- 2 Only a generous valet service would  
give a guarantee against forced ac-  
counting. (4, 5)
- 3 Rises to look around as going down  
lessens the pressure. (5)

- 4 They stick out like a lump on  
storage boxes. (7)
- 5 Broken cups, set by the butler, pro-  
verbially. (7)
- 6 and 7 See 1 across
- 8 They show no sign of hesitation in  
disasters, though badly shaken. (7)
- 14 Surtout, perhaps. (9)
- 16 You might confuse it once, and get  
held. (9)
- 17 Bow when the subject of opera  
comes up! A simple place for it!  
(7)
- 18 When dusty, renew half of it with  
a plastic ingredient. (7)
- 19 There's no saying where this is con-  
cerned, and little understanding!  
(7)
- 20 If you keep this, you could have  
beat. (7)
- 22 Time to muse, obviously! (5)
- 24 Greek run, at least, but not a mara-  
thon. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 753

ACROSS: 1 AMERICAN GOTHIC; 9 ICE-  
BERG; 10 and 22 down NEUTRAL SHADE;  
11 MODIFY; 12 PROTRACT; 14 DEBATES;  
15 ASSET; 17 CASTLE; 19 RETIRED; 21  
CAMISOLE; 25 OUR GANG; 26 TROUSERS;  
27 DISENCHANTMENT. DOWN: 1 AXIO-  
MATIC; 2 EMENDED; 3 INEFFABLE; 4  
ALGA; 5 GENEROSITY; 6 TRUST; 7 IN-  
ROADS; 8 FLAT; 13 ASTROLOGIC; 15  
ARROWROOT; 16 TRANSIENT; 18 and  
23 SAMURAI SWORDS; 20 DERANGE; 21  
CROP; 24 STOA.

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COMPLETE correspondence of Roosevelt, Truman, Churchill and Attlee with Stalin, 1941-1945! Sensational secret documents just released by the Soviet Foreign Ministry. Prepublication price: \$1.95 (2 volumes, 600 pages, clothbound). Separately: Roosevelt-Truman with Stalin, \$2.95; Churchill-Attlee with Stalin, \$2.95. Order from Council Book Dept., Suite 403, 189 W. Madison Street, Chicago 2, Ill.

BOOK BARGAINS: F.D.R.: A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY edited by Stefan Lorant, sale price \$1.95 reduced from \$3.95; HERBLOCK'S HERE AND NOW, \$1.25 reduced from \$2.95; THE LOYALTY OF FREE MEN by Alan Barth, \$1.25 reduced from \$3.00; HAROLD ICKES DIARY: THE FIRST THOUSAND DAYS, \$1.50 reduced from \$6.00; INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC SCIENCE by George Soule, \$1.25 reduced from \$2.50; FREEDOM OF THE PRESS by William L. Chenery, \$1.75 reduced from \$3.75. All books are new, cloth bound, and sent postpaid. Catalogs issued. University Book Service, 208 East Patterson Ave., Columbus 2, Ohio.

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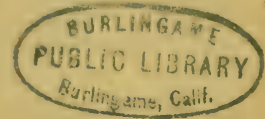
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# LETTERS

## Homage to a Poet

Dear Sirs: I cannot resist the urge to write thanking you for having printed Willis Barnstone's *The Devil of My Dreams*. I am profoundly moved.

EDWARD V. BARRETT

Chicago, Illinois

## All the News from All Over

Dear Sirs: I would like to call your attention to several errors in the article, *Foreign News at Wholesale*, in the December 21 issue of *The Nation*. These errors reflect on the accomplishments of *The New York Times*.

1. Professor Kruglak says that "in the Hungarian and Israeli situations . . . there were no American reporters permanently stationed in Budapest or Jerusalem." In fact, *The New York Times* has since 1945 maintained a full-time, American staff correspondent in Israel. Our present correspondent is Seth King. In the situation to which he refers—the British, French and Israeli attack on Egypt—*The New York Times* had a total of eight staff correspondents in the area during the fighting and its aftermath. These included our military editor, Hanson Baldwin.

At the height of the Hungarian revolution, our Vienna correspondent, John MacCormac, was continuously in Budapest. He arrived there before the trouble started. The article refers to him as "Canadian-born John MacCormac," the implication being that his place of birth somehow limits or diminishes his usefulness as the correspondent of a United States newspaper. In fact, Mr. MacCormac has served *The New York Times* for thirty-one years and is as much a *Times* man as any native-born correspondent.

2. Professor Kruglak says, "A cynic might conclude that the surest road to newspaper bankruptcy is to maintain a large and competent foreign staff."

*The New York Times* maintains such a staff, and is, happily, quite solvent.

3. According to the article, "CBS and NBC . . . now have larger foreign staffs than any American newspaper."

We do not believe that either network (or both of them together) has a foreign staff as large as that of *The New York Times*. We have about fifty staff writers abroad, roughly one hundred part-time correspondents, and about seventy-five non-writing employees (secretaries, chauffeurs, editors,

translators and so on). The total is around 225.

4. Professor Kruglak also says, "We [the U.S. press] concentrate our forces in London, Paris, Rome, Bonn and Tokyo, leaving the rest of the world to the news agencies and local nationals for coverage."

A glance at the foreign bureaus listed on the masthead of *The New York Times* will show the inaccuracy of that statement so far as *The Times* is concerned. The listing of bureaus tells only a part of the story. We have several roving correspondents who do not have bureaus.

IVAN VEIT

Assistant Business Manager  
and Promotion Director,  
*The New York Times*

New York City

## Another View

Dear Sirs: Thanks for calling my attention to *The Nation's* excellent and thought-provoking article on foreign correspondence and news. I have the feeling that at long last the American public is beginning to get interested in foreign news. And I see some improvement each year in the handling of foreign news in an increasing number of newspapers. But it is too slow. Articles such as yours will help speed the process.

BASIL L. WALTERS

Executive Editor,  
Knight Newspapers, Inc.

Chicago, Illinois

## Wolfe at Clurman's Door

Dear Sirs: I trust it is not too late to dissent from Mr. Clurman's opinions on *Look Homeward, Angel* in your issue of December 14. He has a right to these opinions, however ephemeral. But in supporting his views he has certainly uttered what seems to me a lot of highfalutin nonsense.

For instance, what does he mean by characterizing the realism of the twenties as "drab . . . a stark avoidance of lyric palliation or metaphysical justification"? If I understand these terms, can they possibly be applied to Tom Wolfe, indeed to any figure of the twenties except possibly Dreiser? Was Wolfe's work "significant as an outcry at the anguish and bewilderment of a people newly come to civilized reflection"? Please, Mr. Clurman, explain what this means. Except for Eugene, can he name one character in the play who possesses the power of "civilized reflection" or "ripe understanding"?

Does either the novel or Ketti Frings's adaptation lack "poetic extension or transfiguration"? Does "no idea or poetic essence emerge"? *Poetic*? Oh well, maybe not in the terms made fashionable by *The Cocktail Party*. But to miss the irony of Wolfe is to miss everything. To stop one's ears to Gant's Homeric laughter or to Eliza's indignation is to abdicate criticism altogether.

BERNARD RAYMUND

Safety Harbor, Florida

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## EDITORIALS

### Mileage in Peace

At long last we have reached the point where, after a decade of fear, fumbling and misjudgment, the politicians are beginning to sense that there may be real political mileage in a pro-peace position. Sooth-sayers will note these omens:

1. Senator Lyndon Johnson, donning the uniform of a space cadet and jumping the gun on the President's State of the Union message, has managed to come a resounding cropper by misreading the signs of the time. After first urging the nation to moderate its "fixation on weapons," he apparently forgot what he had said and proceeded to urge a policy of controlling the world through winning and holding total control, no less, of the bastions of outer space, starting with the moon. Texans have always liked large ideas but this, without doubt, is the largest idea a Texan has had in years. The quick reaction of the nation's press must have convinced the Senator that he had guessed wrong. For in this post-sputnik period the phrase "control of the world" grated harshly on many ears; it did not enchant, it appalled. Time was when the Senator was known as "Lying Down" Lyndon; now they will have to say, "Wrong Guess" Johnson. According to Stewart Alsop, the Senator decided, some years back, to go along with the President's rather relaxed views on national defense on the theory that "there's no mileage in the defense issue." Misjudging the effect of the sputnik, he apparently decided to go all out for missiles and the conquest of outer space only to discover that there is not as much mileage in missiles as he imagined.

2. Secretary of State Dulles, after a week of the worst world's press that he has experienced since assuming office—a record in itself—emerged from a session of the House Foreign Affairs Committee in which,

by all accounts, he was kept constantly on the defensive. This was news. For the Secretary's secret weapon, in dealing with Congressional committees, has always been to keep the committeemen on the defensive. This time he emerged smiling, but explaining—explaining why he was reluctant to talk about peace with the Russians, explaining why he had so little confidence in Yankee horse-trading sense and ability, explaining why he was opposed to negotiations at the summit, at intermediate range or in the foothills. In his wake came Representative Frank M. Coffin, Democrat (please note), who, in a terse statement, nailed down the fallacies in the Dulles position that we don't dare talk peace with the Russians. "I have faith," said Mr. Coffin, "that the American people can keep its guard up while still . . . probing for peace." We've been waiting impatiently, these many years, for some member of Congress to reaffirm his faith in Yankee bargaining power, in our ability to hold our own in any give-and-take about trade, peace or whatnot. As might be expected, Mr. Coffin is a down-east Yankee, from the State of Maine.

3. Although it is difficult to comment on the Gaither and Rockefeller Reports—the first because it is known only by "leaks" which have not been confirmed, the second because it is merely the first of a series of reports—it would seem clear that both documents are essentially anti-climactic. The Gaither Committee was appointed last May; the Special Studies Project, which sponsored the Rockefeller Report, was set up in June, 1956. Both reports, it will be noted, are based on study projects which originated prior to the launching of the Soviet satellites. And, ironically, the sputniks have, to some extent at least, noticeably diminished popular enthusiasm for adventuristic military policies. One could almost feel the "shock" reaction to the bleak,



harsh conclusions of both reports; it was as though some omniscient observer had been heard to remark, "if the future's that bad, we might as well all drop dead now." Once again, the reaction indicated that there is, perhaps, more mileage in peace than war.

4. Then there was last week's issue of *Look* which featured—and a good feature it was—three roads to peace. The authors were Walter Lippmann, Paul Hoffman and Bertrand Russell. Apparently *Look* feels that there may be some mileage in the quaint, old-fashioned, absurd notion that people want peace.

5. Finally, there was the President's State of the Union address. It was corny and full of platitudes. But once again the President, after being counted down and out politically, made his opposition look pretty silly. For he did say some of the right things, he avoided saying most of the wrong things, and he arranged his proposals in a way that indicated the drift of his feeling. Anyone is privileged to paraphrase an address so full of platitudes as this one. So here is our interpretation: the President seemed to be saying that we should recognize the fact of co-existence, that we should test out cultural and other exchanges with the Soviets, that we should maintain an adequate defense but not go berserk on missiles, that total peace was the best counter to a strategy of total mischief, and, generally, that we should develop a sense of national confidence in our own intentions and purposes and capabilities. We'll bet Senator Johnson a peck of cucumbers against a peck of Texas pecans that there is more political mileage in the President's program than in his own attempt to control the world from outer space.

Some day it will be remarked of this age of paranoia from which we are gradually, erratically emerging, that it was strange indeed that so many sensible men, men of good will and fine intentions, should have been deluded for so long by the notion that the people want war, not peace.

## Crash Programs and Civil Rights

The urgency with which national defense issues are viewed in Washington is in remarkable contrast with the new complacency on civil rights. Attorney General William Rogers favors "a cooling-off period." The decision of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, reversing a lower court ruling in which the Dallas school authorities had been ordered to proceed with desegregation at the mid-term, reflects the same attitude. And the noise the Democrats are making about missiles and outer space serves as a fine cover for their lack of unity on civil rights. Moreover, both the Executive branch and Congress have a built-in alibi for soft-pedaling civil rights. Petitions, complaints and demands for action can now be referred to the new Civil Rights Commission for "study and recommendation." Consisting of six members deliberately chosen for their devotion to the

cause of moderation, the commission is not likely to break many lances crusading for civil rights. Three of the six are Southerners, and of these, two—John S. Battle, former Governor of Virginia, and Doyle E. Carlton, former Governor of Florida—are "moderate" segregationists.

The nearly universal consensus that the commission is ideally constituted seems to rest on two propositions: that only a group of moderates would be confirmed by the Senate; that situations of conflict can best be resolved by muffling the sources of conflict. If true, the first proposition should be a warning that the commission will not offend the Dixiecrats; the second proposition, unhappily, is not sustained by the record. Minorities have usually won recognition of their rights by a process not unlike collective bargaining in which, if the true moderate is to be effective, he must be flanked by a few so-called "extremists" who can invest his moderation with bargaining power. Six moderates do not need to bargain; they are agreed that desegregation should proceed "with all deliberate" moderation—the more deliberate the better. There will be no "crash" program on civil rights. All the same, the issue is dynamic and it will not be easy to secure "a cooling-off" period or to freeze the status quo.

## The Law As Undergirding

The December 23 issue of *Life* presents an impressive two-page editorial entitled Our New and Vaster Frontier, in the course of which it is stated:

The world's need for peace and order is exacerbated not only by the Communist cancer, but by man's neglect of his greatest political invention, the idea of law. The president of the American Bar Association, Charles Rhyne... has launched a campaign to establish the rule of law in international affairs. The sense of justice and of universal moral law, which must undergird any such system, has always undergirded the American sense of mission.

Mr. Luce's sense of the American mission never fails him, and naturally he is desirous that it should be undergirded by The Law, Morality, the Deity and anything else handy that rings nobly on the ear. This is not the first time that *Life's* publisher has so argued. Addressing the Indiana State Bar Association on September 20, last year, he spent about an hour on the general subject of The Law as undergirding, but it wasn't until near the end of the speech that he explained what it was he wanted to undergird:

The first reward [of the rule of law] is money in your pocket—in the pockets of all mankind....

To maintain and advance [world] prosperity there is needed, for one thing, a bigger and smoother flow of capital. But what do we find? We find that most of the world lacks a favorable climate for investment. And what is it that makes the climate so forbidding? Quite simply, the lack of reliable laws and rules. There is potential



wealth everywhere, but good international law is scarce. No scarcer, though, than the genius of Mr. Luce.

Who else can argue so persuasively that the purpose of The Law is to undergird a 6 per cent return on your foreign investments—and make the argument sound like a Sermon on the Mount?

## Hospital White

Last week a group of executives from the coffin-nail industry gathered for a press conference at New York's Plaza Hotel to launch the new "Hi-Fi" filter Parliament cigarette with an aura of solemn magnificence that would well have befitted the launching of the sputnik. In the foyer, test-tubes bubbled and glassed-in machines smoked cigarettes by means of tubes. Men and women in long white laboratory coats bustled about and stood ready to answer any question. Inside, a Philip Morris executive told the audience of reporters

that the new "Hi-Fi" filter was an event of "irrevocable significance." The January issue of *Consumer Reports* says that this dramatic new development has greatly reduced tars and nicotine in Parliaments, and that "these results put the 'Hi-Fi' Parliaments in a class with King Sano and Kent filters in tar-content, and with Kent in nicotine content." The Philip Morris Co., then, has at least caught up with the leaders, and they reported at the press conference that their sales force was "charged with enthusiasm." That is only appropriate, for Philip Morris executives estimate that in 1958 this country will buy two hundred billion filter cigarettes.

According to most medical reports, and new findings constantly confirming them, these smokers will smoke at their own risk of cancer. In this context, it should come as no solace to smokers that the manufacturers of the new filter describe it as "hospital white."

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## FUND-RAISING:

# 1. The Fight for the Charity Dollar . . by J. L. Pimsleur

"THERE ARE three things wrong with philanthropy," an executive of one of the country's great philanthropic organizations told me, and he ticked them off on his fingers: "One, people don't give enough; two, they don't give wisely; three, much of what they give is spent wastefully."

This is harsh criticism in a field where even moderate criticism, publicly expressed, is considered bad form. After all, where the goal is noble, isn't it graceless to examine means? Philanthropy is a great industry; in assets, it ranks fourth in the nation, right behind manufacturing, agriculture and wholesale-retail trade; in number of "shareholders," it ranks first. Dealing exclusively with public funds collected for public purposes, it should be operating, finance-wise, in a fishbowl. Yet the annual reports made public by even the most respected philanthropic institutions hide almost as much as they tell; for frankness, they rank about on a par with the

more sophisticated income-tax return. The man who donates a dollar to build a hospital would never know, from these reports, that half his gift may never have reached the building site.

This is not to say that a philanthropic agency is not deserving of support simply because it juggles figures. The expenditures which do not show up in the annual report, or which show up in misleading fashion, have been made honestly and for good reason, even if the reason is not quite what the contributor is led to think. At fault is not the institution or its bookkeeper, but the philanthropic system itself—a competitive jungle in which it often takes as much time, effort and money to raise the philanthropic dollar as it does to spend it. This is the one ugly truth which, for the good of the cause, the fund-raiser seeks to suppress.

By and large, fund-raising is a ten-month industry, but it has its seasonal aspects. We are now at the height of the season—the time of year when appeals from hundreds of organizations, some big, some small, and most of them worthy of support, weigh heaviest on the post-

man's back and on the citizen's conscience. If ever the giver needs guidance, he needs it now.

Perhaps the best way to introduce the whole complex philanthropic picture is to pose some questions, and to answer them:

**Who gives to philanthropy, and how much?**

In 1956, 500,000 gift-supported, fund-raising agencies and institutions raised \$6.1 billion for use in 1957, more than twice as much as in 1950. Contrary to popular opinion, big business is not the largest donor. Corporations give about 7 per cent of the total; individuals around 70 per cent. The rest comes out of the pockets of organized labor and various other groups.

Big companies give less, proportionately, than smaller ones. Corporations with assets under \$25,000,000 give 1.24 per cent of their income; those with assets of more than \$100,000,000 give only .65 per cent. The average American individual donates 2 per cent.

At no time has corporate giving ever approached the tax-allowable limit of 5 per cent of net income. Not that the tax situation is an insignificant factor in corporation giv-

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January 18, 1958



ing. From 1951 to 1954, an 82 per cent excess-profits tax reduced the cost of the contribution dollar to 18 cents, and the period was marked by heavy giving by corporations. The first year that the excess-profits tax was removed, corporation-giving dropped by \$150,000,000. The 1954 decline has since been recovered, however, and recent figures indicate corporation-giving is well above that of 1950.

Of the \$6.1 billion given in 1956, 53 per cent was donated to denominational causes, 20 per cent to social welfare, 13 per cent to various health drives and 9 per cent to educational institutions. The remainder, including 3 per cent to foundations, went to miscellaneous causes. In this connection it is noteworthy that corporations give almost nothing to denominational campaigns, concentrating their philanthropic gifts on social welfare and health.

#### Do we give enough?

According to F. Emerson Andrews, director of the Russell Sage Foundation, "neither corporate giving nor total giving has increased as phenomenally as the public has been led to believe." The \$2.5 billion rise in philanthropic giving since 1950 occurred during a period when the Gross National Product soared by \$127 billion and the National Income by over \$100 billion. The jump in contributions, therefore, was relatively small; moreover, it was accompanied by a sharp decline in the value of the dollar and a general 15 per cent increase in the cost of living. "Thus, from the point of view of the recipient agencies," concluded Andrews, "the growth of philanthropic aid to health, education and welfare has largely been absorbed in added costs and has hardly been sufficient to meet their needs."

The problem, according to Andrews, is not that money is lacking. The American public spends \$14 billion annually on tobacco and liquor—\$3 billion more than we spend on all education and 28 times as much as we donate to educational institutions. We spend \$300,000,000 on chewing gum—six times the amount spent on cancer research by the National Cancer Institute, the Atomic Energy Commission, the American

Cancer Society, the Sloan-Kettering Foundation and the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund combined.

If corporations and the public gave up to the tax-allowable limit of 5 per cent of income to philanthropy, this year's total philanthropic contributions would reach nearly \$18 billion instead of \$6 billion.

#### What are the needs?

If philanthropy is already lagging behind needs, what of the future? Our population is increasing at the rate of 2.8 million a year; by 1975 it will have reached 228,000,000.

The population is being fed from both ends: more babies are being born and people live longer. Both phenomena, as well as others associated with increasing populations, create new demands on a philanthropy already facing many problems.

*Welfare.* Half of the four million babies born each year belong to families which collectively earn only one-fifth the National Income. It is upon these that, sooner or later, most welfare funds are spent. Juvenile delinquency has multiplied five times faster than the population. Agencies concentrating on family and children's welfare report an enormously accelerating demand for their services. Nearly a million "dependent" children are today receiving aid; 400,000 annual divorces and annulments involve 350,000 children, and many of these become "cases." More than 150,000 monthers give birth to children out of wedlock each year.

According to Herold C. Hunt, Under-Secretary of the federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare, "Our welfare services must expand at least 15 per cent just to maintain their current level of service in relation to our population." What is true of government services is equally true of philanthropic services—unless one begins to take over the responsibilities of the other.

*The Aged.* Our population has doubled since 1900; in the same period, the number of persons sixty-five years old or older has quadrupled. Medicine has succeeded in lengthening life, but the social sciences have not yet succeeded in solving the problems created by longevity. There are insufficient homes for the aged, and those that exist are

expensive for the middle-income family. With age comes chronic illness; 88 per cent of all hospital beds are occupied by chronically-ill patients, most of whom are aged. And nearly three-quarters of all Americans over sixty-five, according to a recent survey by the Twentieth Century Fund, have no income at all or receive less than \$1,000 annually.

*Health.* One in every six persons in this country suffers from at least one known physical or mental impairment. According to Dr. John W. Cronin of the U.S. Public Health Service, "both general hospitals and tuberculosis facilities now have three-quarters of the beds needed. Mental hospitals, on the contrary, have made no net advance, percentage-wise, in total needs met. In fact, because of population growth, 51,000 more beds for the mentally ill are needed now than were needed in 1948. About 25,000,000 people live in areas which provide less than 50 per cent of hospital facilities required."

More than a million new hospital beds are badly needed. To provide and maintain these facilities involves an expenditure of about \$22 billion, of which \$10 billion would be expected to come from private philanthropy. This represents twenty-five times the amount philanthropy spent for hospital construction in 1957!

*Education.* "Well over half the nation's universities are operating in the red because of a 50 per cent increase in the average per capita cost of operations," reports Dr. John A. Pollard, Research Director of the Council for Financial Aid to Education. Six of every seven institutions now possess less than half the endowment resources they need to maintain their present standards of service. Operating expenditures for higher education run currently to about \$3 billion a year, of which philanthropy—including individual, foundation and corporate gifts—furnishes about a half-billion. Most sorely pressed of the institutions of higher education are the eighty-two recognized medical schools, which find themselves faced with mounting demands for more doctors, more health services, more research—all in the face of mounting costs and lagging income.



No one knows, at this juncture, how much the federal government—under the impetus of Soviet competition—will pour into higher education. But even the most ambitious programs so far proposed will still leave huge deficits for philanthropy to fill.

#### Are philanthropic funds collected sensibly?

Each year, the people of New York City get appeals from about 1,200 local and 600 national fund-raising organizations. In Cleveland, a new fund-raising campaign is started every day. Independent drives by the big major health organizations continue through ten months of the year (examples: Muscular Dystrophy Associations, November; Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, November-December; National Tuberculosis Association, December; March of Dimes, January; American Heart Association, February; etc.).

This competitive fund-raising is inefficient and wasteful. Since each agency is competing for a slice of the same pie, each has to finance its own bureaucracy: fund-raisers, advertisers, public-relations experts, educational and promotion specialists, office clerks, executives, etc.

From the giver's point of view, multiple campaigns mean confusion, annoyance, the fogging of judgment (who can decide wisely among the needs of the Heart Association or the March of Dimes or muscular dystrophy?), and often a souring on the whole business of philanthropy. But most important is the disastrous effect of this multiple set-up on the beneficiaries.

#### Are we giving most where the need is greatest?

Heart and circulatory diseases kill 900,000 Americans each year—more than the next five leading causes of death combined. Cancer, which since 1900 has advanced from eighth to second place as a killer, takes 250,000 lives annually. Polio, in its worst years, never struck more than 38,000 people, and relatively few of them fatally. Yet the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, biggest and most successful of the national health agencies, raised \$8,000,000 more in 1956 than did the American Heart

Association and the American Cancer Society combined.

The table elsewhere on this page dramatizes the fact that, under our present set-up, a philanthropic agency's fund-raising abilities bear little relation to national needs. Every illness listed in the table, except alcoholism, affects more children than does polio; yet the magic of adroit promotion is such that nothing strikes more fear into a community than a single case of infantile paralysis. "Whenever polio strikes a community," Dr. Gaylor W. Anderson, Director of the Minnesota School of Public Health, has said, "the health department finds itself faced with two epidemics—one of polio, the other of hysteria."

To conclude, however, that cutting contributions to polio is the answer is manifestly absurd. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has done important work in research on filterable viruses, leading to the perfection of the Salk vaccine. With the exception of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, it is the only major health agency which spends large portions of its income on direct aid to the sick. The foundation needs as much money as it can get. But so do the other health agencies.

Experts agree that allocation of

philanthropic funds on the basis of need can only become a reality when the agencies agree to cooperate with each other in informing the public, intelligently and honestly, on which drives need how much for what aims.

#### How much of the philanthropic dollar gets through to the beneficiary?

The percentages vary widely, but it may safely be said that even in many honest organizations—and the overwhelming majority of agencies in the philanthropic field are honest—sometimes as much as 40 or 50 cents of every dollar raised are "lost" by the wayside. Most of the loss is due to the high cost of fund-raising, particularly where multiple campaigns exist.

In the national health field, research is usually the most important function of an agency. Yet of the \$145,000,000 raised in 1956 for use in 1957 by the seven largest national health agencies in the country, the expenditures for research and for fund-raising were roughly equal—*about 12 per cent each*. Of the seven agencies, only two—the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society—even approached 50 per cent in allocation to research. The others of the "Big Seven" are the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, the National Tubercu-

### Do We Give Most Where Most Is Needed?

In 1956, ten national health organizations, each dedicated to the elimination of a particular type of disabling disease, raised a total of \$142,000,000. About 37,000,000 persons in the United States now suffer from the various diseases involved (the estimate is probably high, since no allowance has been made for duplication; i.e., the same person may suffer from both heart disease and arthritis).

Column 2 below shows the percentage of the total \$142,000,000 raised by each agency; column 3 shows the incidence, in terms of percentage of 37,000,000 cases, of the disease with which the agency is concerned.

AGENCY	Per Cent of total funds raised (estimate)	Per Cent of total cases (estimate)
National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis .....	36.0	0.27
American Cancer Society .....	19.0	2.0
National Tuberculosis Association .....	18.0	3.0
American Heart Association .....	12.5	27.0
United Cerebral Palsy Associations .....	6.0	1.3
Muscular Dystrophy Associations .....	2.3	0.5
National Association for Mental Health .....	2.1	24.0
Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation .....	1.5	30.0
National Multiple Sclerosis Society .....	1.4	0.67
National Council on Alcoholism .....	0.1	11.0



losis Association, the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, the United Cerebral Palsy Associations and the Muscular Dystrophy Associations.

One exception in the health field—and it is one of the smaller agencies—is the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Its total expenditures are devoted to research.

The polio foundation spent \$25 million on research in the eighteen years of its existence prior to the perfection of the Salk vaccine. In the last two years, it spent half that much on fund-raising alone. It spends more on fund-raising than the heart and arthritis agencies together can afford to spend on research. However, it spent more than any other agency on direct care of the sick.

The New York headquarters budget of the National Tuberculosis Association totals \$1,883,772 for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1958. Of this amount, only \$350,928—less than 20 per cent—is earmarked for research. The Association's Christmas Seal campaign eats up about 23 per cent of its budget. In contrast, the American Cancer Society managed to spend twice as much on research as on its fund-raising and administration, and the American Heart Asso-

ciation has an equally outstanding record: 55.1 per cent of its expenditures was on research.

#### How are fund-raising costs hidden?

There are no standard accounting procedures for private philanthropies. Agencies ordinarily bury fund-raising costs under a variety of euphemistic titles such as "public information," "education" and "social service." The 23 cents of every dollar raised which the New York affiliates of the National Tuberculosis Association spent on its Christmas Seal campaign were broken down, in an official report, as follows: "fund-raising expenses," 9 cents; "health education," 10 cents; "general expenses," about 4.3 cents. Many organizations which solicit primarily through the mails charge off their addressograph and postage costs partly or entirely to "education."

"Education" and "public information" are two of the most expensive items on many agency budgets. But even where a genuine "education" program exists—as with the American Cancer Society, for instance—it is of doubtful value educationally. The public is rarely better informed about a disease after a campaign than it was before. A division direc-

tor of the American Cancer Society put the matter bluntly: "Education may not save lives, but it sure raises money." In many instances, a hard-boiled accountant would put all, or nearly all, "educational" expenses under "fund-raising" costs.

Many organizations, such as the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, fail to make available complete audits. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis regularly presents, in its annual reports, a diagrammatic pie sliced to indicate expenditures. None of the slices is labeled "fund-raising." Polio's unpublished 1957 report will show that last year's March of Dimes campaign grossed about \$54.7 million. The biggest expenditure, direct aid to patients, was nearly \$23 million. Professional and public information were lumped together at \$4.8 million; administration costs were put at \$2.2 millions. An expert, looking over this pie, would be impelled to re-slice it and label one slice "fund-raising costs, \$6.4 million." This represents only 11.7 per cent of income, and compares favorably with other philanthropic organizations.

*Next Week: The United Fund drives and the non-cooperating agencies.*

## Perspectives on the Warren Court . . by Earl Latham

I RECENTLY HAD a conversation with two lawyers, one an American enthusiast for the work of the Warren Court in the field of civil liberties, the other an Englishman. The American lawyer ventured the view that the Supreme Court was on the threshold of great days, and felt that the Chief Justice of the United States was the man responsible for this turn of affairs. The Englishman was interested in the new biography of Sir Edward Coke by Catherine Drinker Bowen, and thought that it was a sensitive and able interpreta-

tion of the great English jurist of the times of Elizabeth and James I. The association of Coke and Warren in a casual conversation struck the American hard; by the time the last olive had been consumed, he was convinced that Warren was an American Coke.

There is a superficial plausibility to the idea. Coke was Elizabeth's Attorney General and Warren was Attorney General of California. Coke was Chief Justice under James and Warren is Chief Justice of the United States. Both Coke and the Warren Court asserted the supremacy of the "law" over the acts of political officials. But the fancied resemblance may not be pressed too closely. What is interesting about

the comparison is the mere fact that it occurred to someone to make it. Here is a measure of the emotional reactions which the Warren Court has provoked, leading to extravagances of praise and condemnation. While some observers are prepared to regard Warren as an American Coke, others, like David Lawrence, are prepared to abandon the principle of judicial independence which seemed so important in the 1930s, and to require the popular election of Supreme Court judges.

It is possible that the Warren Court deserves neither the adulation nor the abuse. Its admirers may think that it has at last brought social sanity to America after years of McCarthyite madness; its detractors

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may feel that Soviet influence has penetrated the highest bench. Both could be wrong. Social imperatives steer the course of the law over the years; the judges rarely decide the fundamental questions of power by themselves. Their institutional prestige is enhanced when there is widespread social agreement on these fundamentals, and the judges then give them effect. Their institutional prestige fails when they resist too long a predominating trend. And where there is no widespread social agreement on the fundamentals of public policy, the judges are confused and divided, hesitating either to affirm or deny and tending to follow the lead of the political branches. That the Warren Court has been emboldened to develop the law of civil liberty suggests that for the first time in twenty years the judges feel themselves standing on a stable social base.

IT IS OF some importance to try to appreciate what it is that the judges seem to have decided in the new civil liberty cases, and then to appraise the context in which they have occurred. In the last year alone, there were some twenty-nine cases dealing with civil liberty, a phrase that covers not only social freedoms like speech, but personal rights in courts and committees. Among them were the widely publicized *Watkins*, *Jencks* and *Sweezy* cases. Before these were the cases of the Pennsylvania Communists and of the California Communists. Still earlier were *Slochower* and *Konigsberg*. For over two years now, the Court appears deliberately to have undertaken to restrict the Congressional committees, the FBI, state legislatures attempting to enforce state anti-sedition statutes, bar association loyalty procedures and the federal government in the enforcement of the Smith Act. The word "deliberately" is of some importance here, for it suggests the freedom of choice which the judges have managed to develop for themselves since John Marshall, and thus to emphasize the nature of the *démarche* which the judges were not compelled by the law or circumstance to make, but are making by themselves.

When one looks at the narrow holdings of the recent cases, there seems to be little justification either for the extravagance of the delighted or the biliousness of the critics. The *Watkins* case is no guarantee that the judges won't endorse 99 per cent of Congressional committees and what they do. *Jencks* does not cripple the FBI; it merely requires that when the government puts an FBI man on the stand, access to the witness' original report may be obtained by the defendant with respect to matters concerning him. No blow for academic freedom was struck in the *Sweezy* case, because (1) *Sweezy* wasn't an academic and (2) the defect found by the Court in the attorney general's authority to inquire can be cured by the state legislature, which had failed to give him full credentials. In the case of the Pennsylvania Communists, the Court simply gave to the defendants what the Solicitor General had wanted the trial court to give them. In the case of the California Communists, Justice Brennan made a strained definition of the word "organize," which Congress may wish to re-define; and if the defendants aren't had on advocacy, they may be on "membership." In *Slochower*, the net effect was to say that the defendant could plead the Fifth Amendment once, but not twice; for the Court ruled that while it was improper for the Board of Education to fire him automatically just because he had pleaded the Fifth, it was proper for the Board to fire him on the ground of unfitness when he pleaded the Fifth in hearing.

But although the actual holdings of the cases are narrow, the dicta are broad and the general reaction has been sensational. By May of 1956, some seventy bills had been introduced in Congress which would have affected the work of the Supreme Court—bills introduced by Congressmen who were excited by such rulings as the desegregation decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954, and the *Nelson* case, in which the Court invalidated state sedition acts in forty-two states, Alaska and Hawaii. Former Justice Byrnes pointedly suggested that Congress could

control the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, presumably to prevent it from deciding cases that Congress wished to withdraw from its jurisdiction. Neither this nor other proposals for curbing the Court or regulating its personnel succeeded, but the impulse "to do something" was unmistakable.

During and after the 1956-1957 term of the Court, the agitation against it seemed to increase. The attorney general of New Hampshire, who also happened to be the head of the National Association of Attorneys General and who was one of the parties in the *Sweezy* case, attacked the Court last June on the ground that it was torturing the Constitution "out of all rational historical proportion." The New York *Daily News* referred critically to what it called "judge-made chaos." The Senate Internal Security subcommittee rebuked the Court for what it described as "judicial setbacks" suffered by agencies of the government in the fight to combat internal communism.

BUT THE Court was not without defenders in the bar and the press. As spokesman for one hundred lawyers of the American Bar Association, George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia made public their resolve "to defend the Rule of Law against the present challenge" to the Court by its detractors, even though some of the signers were opposed to specific Court decisions. And the *Christian Science Monitor*, in a recent editorial, said that "personal attacks on justices, reckless suggestions that communism rules them, attribution of partisan motives and moves to curb the Court's independence—these, if successful, would 'shoot the umpire,' the indispensable arbiter and guardian of the Constitution." Although less impressed by the role of the judges as symbols of the "Rule of Law" and as "guardians of the Constitution," Thurman Arnold viewed the recent trend cheerfully, and said of the Court that it is becoming "a court of inspired choice and policy . . . rather than a court of law as we used to know it."

In this remark lies the crux of the whole controversy. Despite his





Chief Justice Warren

assertion that it was formerly "a court of law as we used to know it," the Court is now doing, somewhat more obviously, only what it has always done, i.e., making social policy and interpreting the Constitution in such a way as to give it the juristic elbow room it requires. In a paraphrase of Roscoe Pound and the judges, the law is a complex system for distributing the "goods" of society, and the function of the judges is to balance and compromise conflicting claims to these goods, making them go around as far as possible with least friction and waste. The judges like to say that they give effect to the felt needs of the times, and this is true of them all, except that some judges are more feeling than others. To give effect to the felt needs of the times is to re-interpret the Constitution so that today's social policy is legitimized in terms of yesterday's symbols.

The Supreme Court has been making policy ever since John Marshall assiduously read into the law of the land the Federalist version of the Constitution, with which some parts of the country certainly disagreed. Since then, think of the extent to which the judges, more or less all by themselves, have fashioned key concepts of power! Among these are the doctrines of federal competence and dual federalism, which alternately restricted the states and increased their authorities. The whole development of the law of interstate commerce was

judge-made. The concept of the police power and its opposite conception, substantive due process, gave the Court free decision to say which state statutes it wanted to declare unconstitutional. The entire structure of the rules limiting administrative agencies was created by the judges to protect their institutional monopoly to say what the law is. The judges imported natural law into the Constitution and then threw it out. The judges decided that speech could not be coerced unless there was a clear and present danger that some substantive evil would befall which Congress had a right to prevent. And then the judges decided that Congress itself could decide when the danger was clear and present.

BUT IT IS really unnecessary to multiply the examples of judicial policy-making. The hinge of curiosity turns not on the fact that the judges have been making basic policy for seventeen decades, but on the question why they have suddenly, it seems, become "liberal" in their policy. Neither the new appointees, as such, nor the political predilections supposedly characteristic of the parties responsible for their appointment, is sufficient explanation. The answer, as was suggested earlier, may be found outside the Court as much as in it. Judges are dependent for the enforcement of their decrees upon the support of the political branches; and for their prestige and reputation within the federal government, they are dependent upon outside social constituencies which will uphold them when their process is challenged. If the judges could not count upon these supports, there would be little or nothing for them to judge. As they say of themselves, they have neither the purse nor the sword.

These class constituencies outside the Court may change, and when they do, the Court's prevailing tendency changes. New times and new needs make new laws. Thus the rich, the well-born and the able supported the Court when it was dominated by Marshall. In the days of Jefferson and Madison, the Federalist hegemony was challenged but

not overthrown; when, with the election of Jackson, the hegemony was overthrown, the Court came to accommodate the law to the social views of the new dominant group. From 1835 to 1857, the Court increasingly found itself in conflict with the rising industrial interests of the North, and its prestige collapsed when it attempted, in the *Dred Scott* case, to perpetuate the interests of the slave-holding community at a time when these interests were about to fall.

After the Civil War, the Court re-interpreted the Constitution to fit the juristic requirements of the new form of enterprise that came to dominate the economy. Thus, fruits of the war such as the guarantees of the Fourteenth Amendment were withheld from the Negroes, for whom they were intended, and bestowed instead upon enterprisers. The corporation became a person entitled to life, liberty, property and the equal protection of the laws. The development of the substantive conception of due process became a guard against gross intervention by the states in the operation of the economy, which was in private hands.

The prestige of the Court was at its very highest during the period from the Civil War to the New Deal, when it collapsed once more. It collapsed because the judges, like those of the Taney Court, were bent upon preserving a distribution of social power and influence which the populace had already effectively altered. In 1932, the pattern of dominant power was revised in favor of the "disadvantaged" groups which coalesced to elect a President and a Congress. When, after the election of 1936, it appeared that the alteration was basic, President Roosevelt precipitated the crisis with the judges which forced them to withdraw their attempt to protect the business community from the New Deal. The judges abdicated power over the economy that they had enjoyed since the Civil War and yielded to the political branches the regulation of business enterprise.

IN THE post-Civil War period, the corporate interest of the Court and the prestige of its members were en-



hanced when the justices began a massive development of civil liberty—a Manchesterian civil liberty designed primarily to protect *laissez faire* economics, but new frontiers for freedom nevertheless. It was in the name of this civil liberty, rooted in natural law, that the reputation of the Court reached its apex. After the judicial disaster of 1939, the Court, under Hughes, once again sought to recover its prestige, this time by the development of a non-Manchesterian civil liberty which emphasized personal rather than property rights. (Before this time, the Court had been largely indifferent, when it was not actively hostile, to non-Manchesterian civil liberty.) After 1937, the judges broadly extended the protection of the First

and other amendments in cases involving speech, assembly, union activity, religious testimony and the press; and the restoration of the Court's influence in the federal government was well launched. Unfortunately, the hot and cold wars then intervened, and the libertarian project had to be given up for a time.

IN THE 1920s, the prestige of the Court was high because there was widespread social agreement on the fundamentals of public policy to which the judges gave effect. After 1937, the prestige of the Court was low because it had too long and too obviously resisted a predominating social trend. In the 1940s and early 1950s, there was widespread dis-

agreement on the fundamentals; and the Court, like the country, confused and divided, tended to follow the lead of the political branches. With the onset of the great *détente* in domestic affairs, dating from the first election of Eisenhower, the absent stability was rebuilt. For the first time since 1937, the judges have been able to turn to the unfinished business begun by Chief Justice Hughes: namely, the reconstruction of the Court's prestige by the extensive development of the law of civil liberty. In a word, Eisenhower symbolizes the toleration which society can extend to civil liberties when it no longer—for the moment at least—feels divided, insecure and bereft.

Sputnik may reverse this.

## FOG OVER WESTMINSTER... by Paul Johnson

*London*

NOBODY IN BRITAIN was very much surprised that only 45 per cent of the electors bothered to turn out for the latest by-election. The political temperature is low at Westminster and lower still in the country. Both parties seem to be suffering from a crisis in leadership, itself a reflection of the fact that neither seems to know where it is going, or, indeed, where it wishes to go. The stock of Mr. Macmillan, who enjoyed a brief hour of glory this spring—at least among his own supporters—by blowing a loud, challenging blast on an old-fashioned Tory trumpet, has fallen again, and the latest public opinion polls show he is the most unpopular Prime Minister since Chamberlain, the apostle of Munich. For a time, Tory MPs drew great satisfaction from the fact that Macmillan belonged to no less than six clubs—the Turf, Carlton, Pratt's, Buck's, Athenaeum and Beefsteak—and, what was more important, used them as a background for policy-making. His first evening as Prime Minister

he spent at the Turf, downing oysters and champagne, while he drew up his Cabinet list with the Government chief whip. This, said the Tory bloods, was the genuine article, a full-throated answer to Gaitskell egalitarianism and Tory "welfare-statists" like R. A. Butler. They even repeated with approval Macmillan's clubroom reference to his Foreign Minister, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, as "that middle-class lawyer."

Alas! The mood of euphoria has drifted away on the swelling tide of unpalatable decisions. Mr. Macmillan may be the son-in-law of a duke, but just the same he agreed to use the Suez Canal again on Nasser's terms. He may have promised to "put the 'Great' back in Britain," but his one positive foreign-policy gesture so far has been to cross up our old Suez ally, France, by shipping arms to Nasser's client, Bourguiba. Gratifying though it may be to see a Tory premier settling affairs of state over a bottle of champagne, the fact remains, as Tory members ruefully confess, that most of their middle-class supporters, who are clamoring, without success, for lower taxes and a tough line with the trade unions, can rarely, nowadays, afford

even a modest glass of claret.

Hence the mutterings in Westminster Tory circles that Macmillan is "trying to do too much," that the feudal City dinners in which he takes so prominent a part are very jolly and all that, but hardly leave him enough time and energy for serious policy-making in the age of sputniks and 7 per cent bank rates. When Macmillan gave way to an outburst of temper last month, snapping at Mr. Gaitskell in most unparliamentary language, the Tory press chorused that he was looking tired these days, and that he should shoulder some of his burdens onto somebody else. In Tory language this means it's time for a change.

It is also widely held that Macmillan's judgment was sadly at fault in refusing, when the Opposition first demanded it, a public inquiry into the bank rate "leak." So far, the inquiry has produced little evidence about a leak, but it has disclosed something which very few people realized: that directors of the Bank of England, the main policy-making organ of British finance, also have connections with private firms, and that serious conflicts of interests can, and do, arise. To many people this

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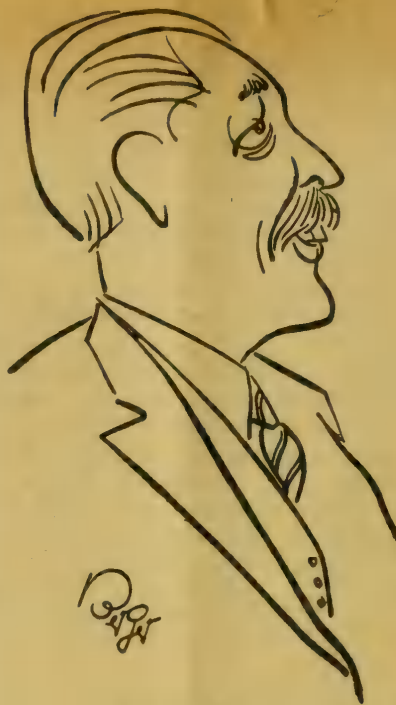
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seems a much more fundamental matter than a mere leakage of information on one particular occasion, and it may give rise to something which Tories fear almost more than anything else—a demand for a thorough inquiry into the workings of the City. In view of this, Macmillan's initial refusal to hold a public inquiry—having already held a private one which disclosed this state of affairs, and recommended no action—can be presented in a very unpleasant political light.

Macmillan's stock dropped still lower after the foreign-affairs debate which followed the Paris NATO meeting. Mr. Bevan was in his best form and made immense capital out of (1) the unpopular plan to establish U.S. rocket bases in Britain and (2) the general impression that we are now Mr. Dulles' last reliable satellite. The Government emerged badly shaken and with a reduced majority; indeed, some of the most trenchant criticism came from Macmillan's own ranks. From this parliamentary disaster sprang the Prime Minister's new proposal for a non-aggression pact with Russia—a desperate attempt, in the eyes of most people here, to produce a British initiative which would be popular and at the same time could not be construed in Washington as a betrayal of the Western position. As such, it cannot be called an unqualified success; it has scarcely raised a ripple in Britain and seems to have caused intense irritation in the State Department.

FINALLY, to crown everything, came Mr. Thorneycroft's mysterious departure—the first resignation of a chancellor over fiscal policy since 1887. The issue seems to be clear enough—a head-on clash between the Tory hard core, determined to halt inflation even at the cost of a battle with the unions, and the bulk of the party, led by Macmillan himself, determined to win the next election even if the pound goes the same way as the franc. But Macmillan's failure to keep the clash within the confines of the Cabinet, and avoid an open fight on the floor of the House of Commons, which now seems certain, is a grave reflection on his abilities



*Prime Minister Macmillan*

as a party manager. Even his supporters have reason for worry.

Fortunately for the Tories, however, their current mood of doubt and demoralization is echoed, and more than echoed, on the Labor benches. By-election statistics show that Labor could expect to return to power if a general election were held today, and at the annual conference at Brighton a massive program of social legislation was duly adopted by impressive majorities. The party now has a program and there is light in the tunnel ahead. And yet the spirit of the rank-and-file, both in Westminster and in the constituencies, remains obstinately low, and the Opposition's parliamentary performance in the last three months has scarcely raised a headline in the popular press. Here, too, the critics have turned on the leader. Mr. Gaitskell, they say, is too busy discharging the obligations of a future prime minister to devote his time to earning the title. His temptations are not City dinners and clubland, but invitations to lecture to Indian Socialists, Fabian tea-parties, trips to Europe for earnest discussions with well-meaning nobodies, and annual Labor Club

dances in darkest Yorkshire. It is said that the meticulous Gaitskell books his engagements six months ahead, and then refuses to change them to respond to a sudden twist in the parliamentary or international situation. Hence the NATO conference, which involved the nation in fundamental and far-reaching decisions, and had not even been debated in the Commons, found the leader of the Opposition 4,000 miles away in India, giving pep-talks to Hindu trade-unionists.

LABOR'S difficulties, however, do not arise simply from a lack of leadership. The fact is that the Brighton conference, though it gave formal endorsement to policy documents, did not really provide the party with a coherent policy, with what might be called a *political image*. British electors, opinion research shows, vote not so much for any particular program as for the general image which a party presents. Until recently, Labor stood for state welfare and against private enterprise. In 1957, this may or may not have been an attractive image, but it was at least a clear one. The Gaitskell policy of state share-buying, though ingenious in many respects, has destroyed the old image and failed to replace it with a new one. To most of the public, Labor has written off nationalization as "no longer applicable" and now appears to be coming to terms with the capitalist system. In concrete terms, the change may merely be one of emphasis, but in terms of the political image it is decisive. For if, people argue, Labor is no longer inherently and fundamentally opposed to private enterprise, if it merely wants to tinker with the capitalist system, why vote for it at all? Why not vote for the party which really believes in capitalism? These doubts are not confined to the electorate; they are also, and increasingly, expressed by Labor MPs themselves, who are frankly perplexed about the long-term future of their party.

Nor is this all. At Brighton, the conference, thanks largely to an abrupt change of position on the part of Aneurin Bevan, rejected the demands of the party militants for a unilateral British renunciation of the



H-bomb. The event, though it saddened many of Nye's old friends in the party—"there's nobody quite so prim as a reformed rake," was one wistful comment—really settled nothing. Labor agrees that Britain should keep the H-bomb for the moment. Yes, but what about rockets? Should we join in that race, too? Do we accept the principle of the "limited deterrent" and start manufacturing our armory of tiny A-bombs? And do we agree that the other NATO nations—including Germany—should do likewise? Labor has no answer to these questions, though by its silence it seems to have acquiesced in the Dulles-Macmillan policy of a bigger, more highly integrated NATO, riding hell-for-leather in the nuclear-arms race. Labor, for the present, has no foreign policy and no defense policy. This explains why there has been no foreign-affairs debate in the present session, and why the last defense debate ended in a much-publicized bout of fisticuffs in the lobby—the antagonists being two prominent Labor MPs!

Yet Labor's hesitation to make a decisive break from the arms-race policy is all the more surprising in that there is a rising ground swell of opinion in favor of some British initiative. Intellectuals like Bertrand

Russell and J.B. Priestley, who argue that British renunciation of the H-bomb actually increases our national security, have now been joined by very many ordinary men and women who were startled out of their complacency by the news—elicited accidentally from a reluctant Selwyn Lloyd during the course of a Commons question—that at any given moment, American Strategic Air Command aircraft, carrying H-bombs, are cruising about over their heads. Nor have they been comforted by government reassurance that accidents are impossible, for the same was said of the nuclear factory at Winscale, which became

overheated two months ago and showered the whole of Cumberland with radioactive ash.

With both parties in a parlous state, with growing disquiet at the technological failures and lack of leadership in our principal ally, with the highest bank rate since the world slump, with the *Entente Cordiale* in tatters and more violence looming up in Cyprus, Britain is facing the new year in anything but a confident mood. Even the British policeman, that reliable symbol of national prestige, appears to have let the side down by involving himself in the worst corruption scandal for many years, in, of all places, the pleasant seaside resort of Brighton, where Londoners go for their more ebullient weekends. Meanwhile, the British trans-antarctic expedition which might have brought some crumbs of national comfort to the festive season, has got itself immovably stuck in the ice; there was even a strong rumor—which proved mercifully unconfirmed—that our Christmas turkeys were poisoned with arsenic. No wonder that the revolutionary news that women are at last to be admitted to the House of Lords has raised scarcely a flicker of interest among London office workers as they hurry home through the fog.



## THE SCANDALOUS AD-TAX . . by David Cort

OVER THE FAT and smiling land of advertising (1957 volume: \$10 billion plus), a cloud no bigger than a politician's hat came scudding in November, 1957. Taking dreadful shape over Baltimore, it had before the end of the year terrified St. Louis, Kansas City and the whole state of Virginia; and it was still an untried baby.

It all began when Baltimore's Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., who has firm command of his all-Democratic City Council, looked

about for some new taxes to balance his city budget at a moment when he was also campaigning for the Democratic nomination for governor of Maryland. D'Alesandro is experienced, imaginative, and also impulsive. He slapped a tax on business inventories, to the special grief of the chemical-fertilizer companies. Then he proposed a tax on sewerage, a version of the old water tax.

Presumably in reference to the sewerage-tax proposal, the cartoonist for the great Baltimore *Sun* drew a lampoon of the Mayor outside a pay toilet. The impropriety was a little careless. There is a story, so far not pinned down, that a reporter heard

the Mayor say, "That cartoon will cost the *Sun* five million bucks." Since the remark fits too patly into the usual retroactive justifying legend, it can be taken with great reserve. It smells of newspaperman's bar talk, after the event.

Anyway, Mayor D'Alesandro suddenly had a new idea for a tax: a levy on advertising. The medium—that strange word means newspaper, periodical or TV-radio station—was to collect from the advertiser an additional 7½ per cent of the advertising bill, add another 2 per cent out of its own pocket, and pay these surcharges to the city. The thing had a stark revolutionary simplicity. For

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the first time, government had noticed that a lot of money was moving around without doing the people any particular good—and was, indeed, aimed at eliciting vastly larger amounts of their money. How much thought the Mayor put into what the money was doing, I do not know; but some of that can be supplied here, later.

Immediately, a thrill of sheer agony shot through the Baltimore business community. Admen, merchants, manufacturers and media men—incoherently muttering “Immoral!”—stumbled into battle stations. Their committee chairman, Wilbur Van Sant, harangued the quaking battalions: “The advertising-tax idea will spread like wildfire across the country unless it is stopped in Baltimore. We stand at the hinge on which this thing turns.”

Don John of Austria, stopping the Turks at Lepanto, could not have put it better.

THE BATTLE cries ran down the long lines. The Baltimore *News-Post* (Hearst), which sells 232,000 copies daily, called the proposed tax “a threat to the free press.” The Baltimore *Sun*, whose morning and afternoon editions have a combined circulation of 410,000 across the state, warned that the tax would drive business out of Baltimore. The Mayor, a *Sun* editorial declared, had been growing steadily “more and more anti-Baltimore-business.”

“Cry-baby nonsense,” the Mayor replied, unless the *Sun* had meant that “I am more interested in the average Baltimorean . . . than in adding to the already swollen profits of big business, of which the Sunpapers are a most prosperous part.”

The hand-to-hand combat was joined at a six-hour public hearing which the Mayor disdained to attend. Here it developed that the media men were too proud or too shy to argue their own case frankly (revealing a basic, vulnerable vanity in journalism that deserves closer examination). The merchants were no more articulate than usual. The admen had to carry the attack. Apart from the theory that less Baltimore advertising meant less Baltimore business, the argument ran that

advertisers would switch to national magazines and outside-Baltimore TV-radio stations, such as Washington’s.

To this a city councilman answered, “Advertising rates have gone up continuously in the past ten years, but I notice last Sunday’s *Sun* had 280 pages.” A city witness calculated, “On a \$2,000 page ad in the *Sun* the tax ostensibly is \$175. But the advertiser is in the 52 per cent federal tax bracket and the 5 per cent state tax bracket. After tax deductions the actual net cost of the tax on that page would be only \$65, which won’t buy enough space in the *Sun* to cover a package of cigarettes.”

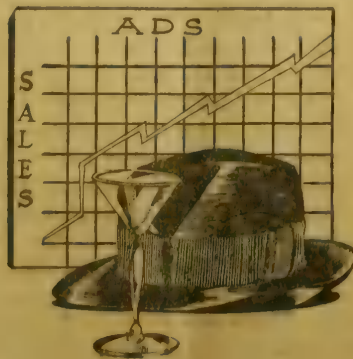
Actually, the businessmen’s sense of outrage seemed merely verbal and shallow; the real, unexpressed horror, as at a sacrilege, was reserved for the 2 per cent tax on the media.

The businessmen had found an odd ally: labor lawyers who argued that the tax on advertising might destroy some unspecified jobs.

The Mayor, even in absentia, seems to have sensed the dynamics of the situation, as given here. He proposed to reduce the advertiser’s tax from 7½ per cent to 4 per cent, but he left the medium’s tax at 2 per cent. The admen were not at all consoled. One said, “[We] were interrupted and insulted . . . It was an inquisition.” For the battle at the hearings had been a disaster. The Mayor’s men had done most of the talking. The spirit of Don John of Austria had not kept its appointment. The Turks had taken Baltimore.

Next day the Baltimore City Council approved the tax on advertising, to take effect January 1.

In the following days, I noticed



with interest that the average citizen had never heard of the Baltimore advertising tax, but that a mention of it could bring a publisher, TV manager or adman to quivering attention. The episode was esoteric, though it should have been of concern to citizens everywhere.

The invective against the tax was all in trade publications: “dangerous and stupid,” “foolish,” “utterly and completely ridiculous,” “utmost danger to the whole economy,” “direct violation of the freedom of the press guaranteed by the United States Constitution.”

By the time the tax became effective on the first of the year, fifteen suits had been filed in Circuit Court by Baltimore’s two newspapers and three television stations, as well as several of its leading merchants. The suits contend that the new taxes are unconstitutional, arbitrary, discriminatory and in restraint of trade.

The word “immoral,” freely used in the early invective, has been dropped as a description of Baltimore’s tax bite. (Anagram fans at least should notice that the word, Baltimore, is an anagram of Moral Bite.) Yet ultimately the legality of a tax on advertising must coordinate itself with the general morality of advertising in the life of American media. And this, as promised, will now be examined, in case Mayor D’Alessandro scamped it.

LOOKING at American media coldly, one must sooner or later come to the naked definition that they represent a “throwaway” culture. They are primarily a come-on to sell consumer goods, giving away entertainment and information incidentally, for nothing or less-than-cost, like handbills thrown on one’s doorstep.

TV and radio are, of course, “throwaways” in the literal sense. The same is all but literally true of the ten-cent chain-store magazines such as *Woman’s Day* and *Family Circle*, which have their own distribution system. It is essentially true of the fifteen-cent Baltimore *Sunday Sun*, with its 280 pages, and of most other great newspapers.

What is not so clearly realized is that the glossy mass-magazines are “throwaways” too. The average pro-



duction cost of a *Time Inc.* mass magazine is forty cents per copy, *Life* somewhat more, *Time* somewhat less. *Life's* circulation income (subscription 5,000,000, newsstand sale 1,000,000), is under thirteen cents per copy. The other mass magazines are selling at similar huge deficits. They are obviously not in the business of selling magazines, except incidentally. If that were all they did, they would all go broke overnight.

What is their primary function? It is, of course, to publish advertisements.

The operation might be described as merely renting the manufacturer of a commodity the magazine's subscription list and newsstand outlets for one mailing. But that would not describe what is happening. The magazine actually rents out its reader's faith in its editorial morals to Procter & Gamble or General Motors. To prove it, the magazine even binds the advertiser's sales pitch in with its own editorial matter, and delivers the combination as a package called *Life* or *McCall's*.

TV and radio even let the advertiser dictate the nature of the editorial matter.

THE primary commercial function of the magazine, newspaper or TV-radio station is thus to make a sales-pitch. The preliminary jugglers and pretty girls are only to attract the crowd; the entrance fee, if any, is only to keep out the cheap skates who aren't worth talking to.

The consequent massive and lavish throwaway culture of America must inspire some awe. It dwarfs Rome's bread-and-circuses or the hope of heaven or communism's wildest Utopia. This one is here, all for nothing or next to nothing.

The temptation is strong to agree with the Baltimore admen, to say "so what?" and to "fall asleep counting your blessings." Much of the free entertainment is very good, even by cash standards. And when it is very bad, the people quickly tire of it. Why tax the geese laying these beautiful gilded eggs?

First, the operation is flagrantly taxable. Ultimately, government will not be able to resist it.

Second, the throwaway culture is

rapidly destroying its last remaining non-throwaway elements: books, theatre, movies, night clubs, non-broadcast sports and many intellectual magazines. Gresham's Law, or a variation, seems to be at work.

Third, it is probably dangerous and anti-social for anything to pretend that it is doing one job, and actually to be doing something different and opposite. A free press is a noble ideal, but a press that is merely free to the consumer is not what was meant by the flexible word "free."

A hired, gratuitous press cannot be, in the original sense, wholly free. A small example can be given. One year certain Detroit cars had an innovation that had the dazzling feature, if one steered first left, then quickly right, left, of going completely out of control. The idea of suing the manufacturer, lately revived in Congressional hearings (*The Nation*, April 13, 1957), under the Restatement of the Law of Torts, did occur to a few people. The press did not report these suits. People not bright enough to think of suing were not helped by the medium they depended on for moral information about their world. I know some people still scarred by that year's carnage.

Fourth, the free entertainment looks wonderful, but has little nourishment and less flavor. For all its mock heroics, it adds little to the people's thought or conversation. The talk gets progressively worse or dies entirely as all eyes glaze on the television set.

THE corruption of the press by advertising hunger has been the subject of investigation for the past year by the International Labor Press Association. Labor is concerned about its own press. It doesn't like the boast that "an advertisement in the labor press is an automatic recommendation to the reader." It likes even less the racketeer blackmailing of businessmen into paying for a full-page ad saying, "Greetings from a Friend of Labor."

The taxability of a particular medium can most easily be tested by the question: Which is the means and which the end—advertising or editorial matter? If advertising is

the real end—as financially it overwhelmingly is—one can see no objection to Baltimore's tax on advertising.

But there are differences among media. For example, *Family Circle*, at 10 cents, and *Good Housekeeping* at 35 cents, have about the same number of readers and charge about the same for a page of advertising. Yet *Good Housekeeping* gives a good deal more editorial value. If ad rates mean anything, the advertisers seem indifferent to which of them makes a cheaper editorial effort; all the advertisers want is a shot at so many readers. This sort of cynicism suggests to me that I am actually the last man in the business to realize that the throwaway culture is already here. I feel stupid.

To determine whether any particular medium's advertising income is a means or an end, simply compare it to circulation income. If advertising income is the greater, it is an end.

It would be good to have a tax that encouraged the great, hardworking newspapers (such as the *Baltimore Sun*) to do still better by their readers.

THE PREDICTION that the tax on advertising would "spread like wildfire" from Baltimore proved a brilliant piece of prophesying.

Almost at once, an alderman in St. Louis announced that he would introduce legislation for a similar tax. The Advertising Federation of America rallied its members against the new outbreak and at last account was doing well, "cooperating" with the city administration to find other sources of revenue. The threat flickered briefly in Kansas City. There was a rumor, unconfirmed, that the San Francisco City Council had written Baltimore asking for facts about the new tax. And then, at the end of the year, the Mayor of Norfolk, Virginia, proposed that the new tax be applied to the whole state of Virginia by the legislature. Actually, everybody was waiting to see how the anti-tax suits made out in the Baltimore courts.

One nightmare was in the back of everybody's head. What if New York City should get the idea?



## The Writer as Nag

Herbert Gold

THE STORY is told about that charming and gifted woman, Mary McCarthy. An old friend, meeting her in the street, asked, "How are you feeling these days, Mary?"

"Fine! Wonderful! I'm writing a story against X, and I'm writing a story against Y, and I have a whole novel planned against Z."

This particular anecdote may or may not report an actual encounter, but it usually can be counted on to produce a sickish grin among Miss McCarthy's faithful readers. Certain appropriate items of apocrypha find a privileged station in the ante-chambers of history, such as the story that Napoleon read *The Sorrows of Werther* during his Egyptian campaign. At any rate, a number of contemporary writers put unwanted lines of fret between the eyes of their friends — these lines mark out the bull's-eye. Scolding and nagging, shrilling gossip and morality, some writers publicly strip the still warm bodies of their former lovers. They rifle psyches, crying shame at imperfection of soul or maudlinity of rhetoric. Holding a mirror at their own noses, they claim that nature is ugly. Even when we do not know the people concerned in their work, we feel something obscene in the process—though we may read with the rapturous guilt that we would take to a literate *Confidential*.

Tentatively (that is, with open hostility) let us challenge the literary hex-mongers.

Is it a vulgar puritanism that asks a writer to respect his life by not turning it directly into commerce?

A writer of fiction must write about what he knows, and there is a sense in which every book is au-

tobiographical, including the bank-book. But also there is knowing and *knowing*. In real fiction the identifying marks are altered in the imagination, and sometimes altered so deeply that the author himself is not conscious of modeling his characters on living individuals. Amazed and agape, he is taken on the high marvelous ride of a story into the heavens of possibility. The word "novel" means "new." The novelist pleases himself by playing with absolute freedom, like God, and makes a new world of atoms and ribs. His people are the more actual for being unjustifiably invented.

Sometimes. When the imagination sings at its best.

This describes the writer who uses what he has, and has something to use, and thus tells secrets that he does not even know.

But there is this other sort of writer, who reminds us of the scavengers who tear down old buildings in order to re-use the rusted plumbing and the bruised bricks. They may make emergency housing, but it lacks solidity and cannot be trusted. The writer as scold cannot bear to let his sleeping dogs lie. Friendships, love affairs, rivalries do not fade away; they are punished and promoted into wood pulp. This writer plays out in his work the universal failing of insisting on having the last word. Homeward bound with his troubled pride, he laments, recalls, justifies, distorts, chortles over what he might have said—and avoids the crisis of imagination. For the sweet risks of art he substitutes the belly-patting pleasures of self-congratulation and admonishment of others. He can gossip and punish and be rewarded for a job of public wrecking. He is a peculiar champion at dismantling, demolition. Why peculiar? He is both victor and battle historian in wars known only by his report.

All fiction tries to tell "true" stories—true to the author's eye and judgment of his world, true to the possibilities of his fantasy, true in specific emotional, intellectual, even anecdotal details of experience. The novel of manners reflects the gloss of a time; the metaphysical novel tries to tell the "Truth" about the way things Should Be. Rumination is the writer's chief occupational delight, and he ruminates in the pastures of his experience.

Very well. Even the malicious roman à clef has magnificent classical models. *The Possessed* began in a satire on Turgenev, although Dostoevsky rapidly departed from his original scheme in order to secrete painfully original work of mastered experience, i.e., created fiction. We no longer think of Turgenev as the superficial liberal of *The Possessed*; we read about Tolstoy's hysterical women as hysterical women, not as his wife. Surely our unease before the contemporary caty novel will be soothed by time and distance. Under the eye of eternity, we will all sleep at peace and the monuments to our lives will be judged more for what they say to those unborn grandchildren of ours than for what they say about us.

NEVERTHELESS, it would be hubris, that wild pride which leads a writer to believe that libraries are temples, to forget that we exist in the here and now and shall exist only in the immediate tomorrow. Today and tomorrow, the stew of gossip and malice and moralizing craft, passed off as a story, should make us judge harshly both the writer and ourselves as readers. Are we taking up a novel or an apology? Is a story properly a weapon? At what price does a novelist deal from the bottom of the stacked cards of his life, flub the ducks in the shooting gallery of his career, wash his dirty linen in public print? (Let the many metaphors of this last rhetorical question stand for indignant protest.)

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I would like now to point out, first, a couple of the psychological variants of the backfence fiction and, second, to suggest what provides its special charm and special poison for the reader, be he in the know or not.

The most successful contemporary example of the kiss-and-tell story is the serial begun as *The Company She Keeps* and still continuing. The general line in most of Mary McCarthy's cautionary tales can be expressed as follows: "Harken, reader. These other guess-whos are ugly, comical, foolish. I am unhappy and confused, but sensitive, sweet, beautiful and fine-souled beneath it all. See how I am hurt by the world."

Another popular practitioner is Leslie A. Fiedler (the sport is not an absolutely feminine one). He has not yet given us a novel, but his stories over the past ten years, first mainly in *Partisan Review* and now in *Esquire*, propose the following scheme: "Pay close attention. Those other guess-whos are ugly—and so am I! They are comical—and so am I! They are foolish—and so am I! But only I am also exclusively I, tormented and tormenting." And there is a special somber note of tenderness for the very neurotic hero of such a story as "Pull Down Vanity" (*Partisan Review*) or "Nude Croquet" (*Esquire*). It is that exacerbated egotism which is sometimes called "self-hatred"—a love which turns to devour itself, but self-love nonetheless.

THESE two examples (others can be made available upon request) are both those of prominent literary figures who have given signs of considerable yearning toward inventiveness, particularly in criticism. If not creators of important imaginative criticism, they have at least written fanciful commentaries on other writers. Indeed, Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of a mythical Mark Twain seems to be fiction of a higher order than any of his stories. Why, then, do these writers produce an ingroup anti-fiction in which their friends or enemies are slightly veiled and they themselves keep skipping about, moodily soliloquizing like stage managers hoping to be chosen for Ham-

## Anacreontic

(from the Greek)

Quickly, boy, get a bowl of wine,  
Water jug, and a daisy chain.  
Crown me then with the victor's wreath—  
I've been wrestling, and once again,  
Cupid is underneath.

DAVID RATTRAY

let? Why not come right out and perform explicit autobiography? (Miss McCarthy very prudently seems to have taken this suggestion some time before it was made; her last book is labeled a memoir.) Why claim the privileges of fiction while ignoring its responsibilities, chief of which is to be joyous?

IN THE nag-writer there seems to be both a fatigue and a consequent resentment of the imagination. An obsessive concern with the private assertiveness of a hurt soul leaves no room for the lazy freedom of fantasy. The past is alive in the here and now as unresolved conflict, as irresolute tic; the resources of the imagination are consumed in self-justification; the imagination as liberal pleasure and inquiry into all possibilities of the evidence of the past is mistrusted. Such a personality mobilizes itself in a permanent war economy, with consequent efficiency in manufacturing weapons and inefficiency in the more gentle basic research of pleasure, love, chance. Imagination as imagination cannot survive continual bombardments of shame.

The reductionism of Mr. Fiedler's essay on *Huckleberry Finn* (Huck and Jim were guilty lovers, exactly as *Moby Dick* is the story of Ishmael's sordid passion for Queequeg) and the explosive, entertaining, and often shrewd bitchery of Miss McCarthy's theatre criticism both confirm and console their authors as fabricators of fiction. Mr. Fiedler has repeatedly confided to print his boredom with the contemporary novel.

Blame for the popularity of commercial gossip-mongering in the form of pseudo-fiction is not the writer's alone. Readers who experience the delicious shiver of knowing or suspecting that real people are being cooked up with moral gravy must share in the guilt. It has been sug-

gested by social psychologists that gossip serves as a surrogate for intimacy in a time when real intimacy is difficult. Probably real intimacy has always been difficult; surely gossip has always been a necessary social leaven. The illusion of closeness in our wide, busy America is sought in many ways. Our concern with baseball, an intrinsically boring sport, probably has to do with the generation of material for conversation. Most of us do not play baseball; we may seldom even watch it; but we can signify our general good will and involvement with others by asking, "How are the Dodgers doing today?"

A magazine like *Confidential* serves the same longing to participate, selling trivial data about people who maneuver spectacularly in our fantasy lives without existing in our daily experience.

The scandal of the keyhole novel provides the same thrill, with the addition in America of a strong addiction to morality. The writer tells all; the writer also scolds. Transgression, punishment and absolution are wrapped into one neat package, and labeled art. Before the dangerous reality of the invented novel, a reader may be shocked into new evaluations of human life on earth. But before the strip-tease of the gossipaceous, inside-dope novel, there can be plenty of happy parlor talk about how well so-and-so has been bawled out. Unhappy lovers, caught in the act, are prodded with astonishment by superior peepers who think for a blessed moment that they have never been fools in love.

THUS the writer puts something over on his enemies and vindicates himself, as we would each like to do for real in life. He can return to the party and try it over again. He can remake history by careful plucking and combing in a mirror that is not a mirror. He has the last word.

But does he? Perhaps there is a revelation beyond the exposure of secrets, beyond the nagging dissection of pretense, even beyond the revelation of habits in contravention—a word after the final showdown with the old friend. Here we stand before the twin gates of charity and expectation, that devotion to



life which distinguishes the great novelist from the foible collector. The clenched hobbyist who catches the butterfly in his net only to pin it against a page is still very far from sharing the secret of the butterfly's shimmer and high flight. Ultimately his monument is one to industry and anger, and an anger and industry located only in the aggressive, acquisitive soul of the pursuer.

As Nelson Algren remarked of a lady who told of her love for him in a novel, "It's a case of violating her own privacy."

The highest creative art leaves

off with nagging, scolding, moralizing, gossiping. So does the highest criticism—let me conclude with an apology by confession. Mea culpa! But just this one more, please. "The truthseeker is without pity, but the sensual man sorrows for others." This is hard gospel truth, though incomplete. The truthseeker is without pity; the sensual man sorrows for others; but the one who sorrows only for himself and no other is neither a truthseeker nor properly sensual. He shall be rejected by the great stamp in the dead letter office of history: UNKNOWN HERE.

confronting the deepest and bitterest truths of the South, but rather begins, as it were, to change the subject. Faulkner, for all his provincialism and downright silliness, has zeroed in again and again on the heart of darkness.

SUCH considerations notwithstanding, it is interesting and, finally, encouraging to see how the motif of integrity within defeat and disillusionment in Warren's poems chimes in with what we find in the work of Robinson and other, more recent Northern writers. Moreover, what he is doing coincides in its fashion with some of the exploratory, political, and tradition-hunting poetry of the twenties and thirties. If he is no revolutionary, if he slams no doors, he at least opens them to the outside world. Taking up from such elegiac regionalists as Davidson and Tate, he shakes up hard-set attitudes in the process of altering their perspectives.

It is no disparagement of the latter writers as poets to note that poems of Warren's like "What Was the Promise That Smiled from the Maples at Evening" and "Walk by Moonlight on a Small Farm" do alter and widen those perspectives, and that such a piece as "Founding Fathers" is actually a small, very quiet departure from Rebel patriotism. For one thing, the Southern locale is somehow transcended in those poems; their South is closer to the rest of the world than had hitherto been apparent; the tragic memory of a region becomes that of mankind at large, rather than an excuse for special pleading. If Warren's poetry is a bit relaxed in muscle and a bit over-anxious to compensate by indulgence in the bizarre, the raucous, and the near-mawkish, there is still a gain in an important kind of resilience: a refusal, against the tangible evidence, to accept the irrevocability of the tragic disappointment of all hope. The refusal is symbolized by the way in which, at the center of each of his two large groupings of poems in *Promises*, Warren places a child and the hopes that ride on it:

And think, as you move past our age  
that grudges and grieves,  
How eyes, purged of envy, will follow  
your sunlit chance,  
Eyes will brighten to follow your  
brightness and dwindle of distance.  
From privacy of fate, eyes will follow,  
as though from the shadow of  
leaves.

The poems, indeed, are filled with children: perhaps the bravest gesture yet of Warren, the anti-sentimental critic. Against the betrayals of the past—betrayal of need, of vulnerable

## Out There in the Dark

*PROMISES: POEMS 1954-1956.* By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. 86 pp. \$3.

**M. L. Rosenthal**

HARDLY a major poet, Robert Penn Warren is nevertheless always an absorbing one. In verse as in prose he is a great yarn-spinner, a weaver too of portentous fancies that will pass in campfire-light as large profundities. He can sketch out a boldly evocative description, or alliterate you as echoing an alliteration as any man living:

Goat droppings are fresh in the hot  
dust; not yet the beetle; the sun  
beats.

And if you let him, he can conjure  
up as thrilling a shudder as ever you  
felt on first reading *Dracula*:

*Out there in the dark, what's that  
horrible chomping?*  
Oh, nothing, just hogs that forage  
for mast....

All these talents combine to make Mr. Warren a gifted "literary" balladeer, one who seeks to graft sophisticated emotional and psychological dimensions onto the folk-narrative forms he employs. The poems are at one time corrosive, at another touching; sometimes they strike deeper, toward tragedy; almost always they strive to catch a complex mood and attitude, brooding and embittered yet punctuated here and there by a painfully awkward bleat of optimism. That bleat is all that remains of the innocence and idealism they would celebrate—it is a bleat for human possibility, amid a world of grunts, growls and bloody chomplings.

But human possibility, as presented here, seems all but inaudible and invisible. Observed reality drowns it out,

and the book is dominated by pieces like "School Lesson Based on Word of Death of Entire Gillum Family" and the seven-part "Ballad of a Sweet Dream of Peace." Both poems are grisly and highly colloquial, with "comic" notes midway between Caldwell and Faulkner, and with a touch of Ambrose Bierce to drive the horror home. We are again reminded of Bierce in the cold-blooded memories of the old Confederate cavalry captain of "Court-Martial." This poem "justifies" the evil in reality: not only is it impossible—Warren seems to argue—for even the best-intentioned man to escape the touch of evil, but it is also impossible for him to avoid living by it and practicing it with full knowledge. Warren's explanation: "The world is real. It is there."

So brooding a sense of the world's dark intractability is hard to shake off, even for a writer as high-spirited by nature and as wistfully eager to see daylight as Mr. Warren. The book is suffused with nostalgic lugubriousness—reminiscent of Edd Winfield Parks's weeping anthology of Southern poets—but also with that deeper, more dangerous motif of irrevocable loss of identity which we dare not call obsession but which is struck with such determined repetitiveness by so many Southerners. But its locale is sometimes foreign, and Mr. Warren has been in touch with the wide world of varied human experience and of the intellectual life in ways that Mr. Faulkner has not. One can see the liberating and liberalizing effect of his wider-ranging mind in many of these poems. This is not to deny that he lacks a final power which would enable him to tear loose from regionalism and its fixations in the most effective way. He does not break through by



hopes, of rightful expectation of love—the children stand out as images of promise. Largely through them, and because of his own openness (perhaps also because of his desire to maintain rapport with the wide circle of readers

to whom he has become accustomed), Warren has turned a few degrees away from contemporary cultural and political stereotypes, and toward a newer, more adventurous vision of the world he has inherited.

## Law, Sin and Private Behavior

**THE SANCTITY OF LIFE AND THE CRIMINAL LAW.** By Glanville Williams. Alfred A. Knopf. 350 pp. \$5.

**REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES AND PROSTITUTION.** Cmd. 247. Her Majesty's Stationery Office, London. Five shillings.

### Graham Hughes

ONE OF the most disappointing features of the Labor Government's term of office in Britain after the war was its utter indifference to the reform of the substantive criminal law. It effected considerable improvement in penal procedures, but showed no inclination to attack the anachronistic bundle of punitive laws in fields where minority clerical ethics still dominate a secular society.

It is, therefore, especially encouraging that in the last few years public circles in England have been increasingly willing to lift the lid off this greasy pot and at least revolve its contents with lively discussion. In the case of homicide, the brilliant report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment was at last partially crammed down the maw of a reluctant government and enlightened opinion was rewarded with the certainly moderate but nevertheless vastly welcome Homicide Act.

Now England presents us with debate on even tenderer topics. In *The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law*, Dr. Glanville Williams, the Cambridge jurist, has plunged his dialectic lance into the most suppurating ethical boils on the body of the criminal law. He succeeds in letting out a vast quantity of putrid nonsense and leaves behind him a healthy aura of antiseptic.

Dr. Williams' book deals with suicide, infanticide, euthanasia, abortion, sterilization, artificial insemination and contraception. The author, as the legal public has known for a long time, combines extraordinary legal learning and

analytical power with a wide range of interest and information in the social sciences. To these talents he adds a facility for lucid and compelling exposition, and the result is a book of unfailing stimulation and appeal.

The central thesis is this: that the taking of sentient life is inherently revolting to the conscience of civilized man and is rightly proscribed by religion and by law. But this eminently proper position has been unnecessarily extended into a prohibition against the taking of all life in any circumstances (always excepting in time of war or as punishment for crime), and has been further ludicrously stretched to cover the suppression of potential life and the artificial initiation of life. The criminal law of England and America has long given up any express profession to punish sin. Sinful conduct should come under the authority of the criminal law only when it contains an element of social obnoxiousness. But where is the social harm of artificial insemination, which brings maternity to those who want it and who might otherwise be unable to achieve it; of voluntary sterilization or contraception which avoid maternity for those who are ill able to bear it; or of euthanasia which brings death to those in agony who earnestly desire it? Let those whose religion condemns such practices always be protected in their liberty to abstain from them, but also let the living mores of the majority prevail over the dead hand of sacerdotal casuistry.

THE author is at his best in demolishing the celebrated "thin end of the wedge" argument so often triumphantly proffered by those who oppose change in the criminal law. Once we meddle with human life for the best motives, they tell us, we may soon end by meddling for the worst motives. It is true that many good principles have been sadly perverted in application. As Dr. Williams points out, the movement for eugenic sterilization was gravely weakened by the objectionable aims and motives of the Nazis in their sterilization laws. But, as he also points out, the "wedge" argument is logically a

reason for abstaining from all activity. It is also an argument which has reverberated down the ages in stubborn attempts to cling to every legal barbarity from disemboweling for treason to the imposition of disabilities on Jews and Catholics. It can seriously be doubted that any deliberate relaxation of the criminal law in modern times has ever led to socially injurious consequences, and yet every such mollification has been attended with prophecies of catastrophe.

DR. WILLIAMS' attack on the entrenched moralities of the criminal law is supplemented by the recent report of the Wolfenden Committee, a British Home Office committee, on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution. The report significantly discriminates between crime and sin and holds that the duty of the criminal law is not to meddle in the private lives of citizens except where this is necessary to preserve public order and decency. The difficulty about homosexual practices is, of course, to discover the state of public opinion on what is offensive or injurious. Indeed the Committee admits that it failed to discover an unequivocal public opinion in this area, and its conclusions were presumably reached by a spirited guess at how great a relaxation of the present law the public would stand for.

The Committee comes up with a main recommendation, for which reformers have long clamored, that acts of homosexuality committed in private between consenting adults should no longer be criminal. It is difficult to see what other conclusion could be reached. The law on this point is at present in England haphazardly applied at the discretion of local police chiefs. Where it is enforced rigorously it leads to police snooping of the most distasteful kind; it is always a fertile breeder of blackmail. It saves no one's person; it protects no property; it does not even shield the public from offensive displays. It clearly does not in any way deter the offender from pursuing his inclinations. And yet it carries the mark of felony and a theoretical maximum penalty of imprisonment for life.

But, although private consenting acts between adults was the main issue which caused the establishment of the Committee, although such a proposal was universally expected, and although the Committee was so firm in its advocacy, the British Government has not seen fit to introduce legislation to implement this recommendation. Law reform gets few votes and may lose many. The steam of indignation which the Wolf-

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enden Report has generated in the columnists of the more primitive English newspapers has presumably scared off legislation for the moment. But it is unlikely that it can be long delayed.

THIS vigorous public debate in England on the state of penal sex laws should provide fresh ammunition for the reformers of the criminal law in America. The United States has taken the lead in the field of eugenic steriliza-

tion, but in most other instances its sex laws are even more dismally archaic than those of England. In Britain contraception is at least legal, and adultery and fornication are not crimes. Dr. Williams says that some American state laws on contraception are "scarcely credible" to a foreign lawyer. The comment could be appropriately extended to a great portion of our laws of sexual offenses, which are most lamentably in need of enlightened examination.

## LETTER from BERLIN

William Weaver

*HABEN SIE EIN* English libretto? asked the elderly gentleman sitting next to me in (West) Berlin's *Städtische Oper*, my second night in the city.

I answered him, in English, that I hadn't; but we settled for my giving him a quick briefing on the opera's plot. It was *Idomeneo*—not exactly easy to summarize sensibly, but I did my best. As is customary among Americans meeting on foreign ground, we exchanged names, professions, home towns and the rest. He was a doctor from New York, traveling with his wife and sister-in-law; he didn't like opera, but was game to see anything once, and following this train of thought, he asked me: "Have you been to the East Sector?"

"I was over there this morning," I answered casually.

Really! He looked at me, wide-eyed, as if I had said: I just flew in from Omsk. "I wanted to go over there today—we had a hired limousine," he said, "but the ladies were afraid. But we're going tomorrow, though," he concluded triumphantly, "our travel agent told me there are regular tours going over there. A tour ought to be safe."

In spite of my lofty casualness with the doctor from New York, on my arrival in Berlin I had been just as ignorant of the protocol of going over to the "other" city and I had been just as nervous of doing so, until some newspapermen, friends of mine, had assured me it was all right; and even then I was reluctant to go over there by myself.

It's hard to describe the difference—physical and emotional—between the two parts of Berlin. Imagine, in the first place, that the center of New York has suddenly been shifted to Brooklyn, that Manhattan is in semi-enemy hands and is half-destroyed. The subways run normally between the two boroughs, but there is no telephone connection. Manhattan newspapers cannot be bought in

Brooklyn, and vice versa. If a man living at Prospect Park wants to know what's playing at Radio City Music Hall, he has to take a subway into Manhattan to find out (changing some of his Brooklyn money beforehand, so he can pay his fare back from Rockefeller Center in Communist currency).

But this is an inadequate parallel. What you feel in Berlin is that the East Sector is the beginning of *their* territory. Walking along those gloomy, usually deserted streets, you have the shudder of being on hostile ground; and though you see people going in and out of shops, hear radios playing, smell food cooking, you can't help remembering stories of people disappearing, leaving no trace. Even the simplest operation—buying a newspaper, asking a direction—becomes an act of bravado.

My first experience did nothing to allay this feeling. With a German friend, I took a taxi to do some errands, after which, we said to the driver: "Now take us to the East Sector, please." He answered that he didn't like to go over there, and made us take another cab.

"He probably fled from over there—or maybe his papers aren't in order," my friend said laconically, as we changed cabs. I felt uneasy, but determined, as we rolled down Bismarckstrasse toward the Brandenburger Tor. On our left was the ruined Reichstag; we stopped for a moment, a soldier said something to our driver and waved us on. We crossed the unmarked boundary, and immediately I saw other soldiers, dressed in what I recognized with a shock as the same green uniform the Wehrmacht had worn fifteen years ago—when I had seen it last.

To me and, I suspect, to most members of my generation who grew up on Penguin New Writing and the thin imported volumes from the Hogarth Press, Berlin meant Isherwood and Sally

Bowles. But it was impossible to fit them into the picture that unrolled before me: an Unter den Linden where the linden trees were no thicker than my forearm; a Friedrichstrasse, looking like a war-destroyed, abandoned suburb, with only a few dingy buildings here and there; and finally, the one completely rebuilt street, the Stalinallee. This is a long, broad avenue in pure Moscow-modern style, with tile facades and weirdly dainty balconies hanging from huge but unimposing buildings that look more foreign than anything I have seen in Europe. I was relieved to get away.

The next day I had lunch with an American music critic who lives in Berlin and gave him my first impressions.

"I know," he said, "sometimes when I get off the subway over there, I feel as if I were coming out of a time machine that had taken me back to 1947."

During lunch, he gave me a list of music and record shops over there where I could find Russian and Czech records and scores. "They're about the only things you're allowed to buy," he added. "If you don't have a visa for the East Zone, you can't buy any consumers' goods, any food or anything."

I realized the significance of this information the next day when, after a morning of tramping around to find the shops he listed, I felt hungry and tried to buy a cup of coffee and a roll. They asked for my documents, and shook their heads.

MY shopping had been a curious adventure. My first stop was the Czechoslovak Pavilion where, with photographs of party leaders looking down, a group of a dozen or more English soldiers, from God knows where, were crowded around the record counter, consulting the catalogue and trying to speak German with the girl in charge.

"Hey! Tschaikovsky's good, ain't he, sir?" one of the Tommies asked the officer. On being reassured, the soldier pointed to *Swan Lake*. "I'll take that."

The catalogue was fascinating, packed with obscure works by Dvorak, Smetana, Janacek, Fbich and other Czech composers. And—this was before East German currency was bolstered—the prices were fantastically low; I found myself buying all sorts of odds and ends.

After the ease with which I bought my complete *Dalibor* (Smetana) from the Czechs, I looked forward to other rare treats from the other shops, but as I began looking around, I found reactions varied very much from one store to the next: some would allow me to buy records, but not books; others, books



but no records. I was anxious to buy a hit by Eisler, *Ami Go Home* (in English in the original), but the shop where I found it insisted that foreigners weren't allowed to buy records.

The last store on my list was *Das Internationale Buch*, a Russian-run establishment off the enormous Alexanderplatz. As I crossed its windy expanse a sound-truck was blaring music, between commercials; not—I noted wryly—Eisler's hit, but an old Helen Morgan song called *Mean to Me*.

The pictures in *Das Internationale Buch* were of Lenin and Marx. And the salesladies were speaking to each other in Russian as I came in. I was happy to observe that their German wasn't much better than mine. The shop had a pleasant, Dickensian gloominess about it; the records were in dark, walnut shelves and there were bookcases on the other walls, heavy library tables at several points, displaying charming Chinese scrolls and calendars.

As I pored over their catalogue, my saleslady lighted a cigarette in her long amber holder, her wrist jangling an assortment of gold chains and bracelets. I settled on some Prokofiev pieces—just to try her. She handed them to me. Then I bought some Kabalevsky, some Dargomisky airs. No trouble at all.

"Have you any scores?" I asked, and she pointed to a pile of them. I picked out Tchaikovsky's *Mazepa*.

Finally, I decided to look over the books. They were in various languages, including English. The works of Dreiser, and London, and Shakespeare. Also several novels by Howard Fast. I picked one up. Apparently little Russians learning English have to struggle through Howard Fast the way I struggled through *Pecheur d'Islande* and *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. In the back of the book there was an elaborate glossary, explaining such difficult expressions as "big shot" and "on the up and up." I put the novel back; let the Russians worry about that, I thought.

The Russian woman put down her cigarette long enough to wrap up my purchases, and hand me my change with a cheery '*wiedersehen*.' I felt quite at home as I stepped out into the chill air of Alexanderplatz and headed for the subway. Still as we passed the underground boundary into the West, I felt a strange relief. At the moment you cross the border, the lights in the train go out for a few seconds; the brief darkness has a symbolic value. The lights seem brighter afterwards.

My last trip to the East Sector came a few nights later. An English musicologist and I had, with some difficulty,

secured tickets to the Komische Oper's production of Janacek's *Das schlaue Fuchslein*—a wonderful, touching fairy tale about human animals and inhuman humans, brilliantly staged by Walter Felsenstein, Germany's best director (he is going to La Scala this spring.) Opera in East Berlin is cheap and very popular; with the Brecht theatre, it is one of the few attractions that draw West Berliners over the border.

It was already dark when we came up from the subway to the surface. Our stop was *Stadtmitte*, the center of the city. As I turned up my collar against the cold, I looked around: a waste of vacant, rubble-strewn lots, the rubble overgrown with weeds. A few women, bundled in bulky, anonymous coats, their heads tied in shawls, were picking their way familiarly among the pot-holes. Everything was black and gray; it looked like a newsreel, not of 1947, but a few years earlier.

The opera was splendid. It would be easy to make generalizations about the audience and how dingly it was dressed—but even rich West Germans hardly measure up to New York ideas of *chic*. They all looked as if they had dressed in the dark. This, however, was an international public, quite different from the international public of the Festival back across the boundary; here there was an official Chinese delegation of some kind (they applauded with enthusiasm) and more than once I overheard others speaking Russian.

At the first intermission we were dying of hunger. To our delight, the opera's buffet did not ask to see our documents, so we stuffed ourselves with roast beef sandwiches, meat cakes and potato salad (delicious). Then we saw some caviar; also delicious. And finally I heard corks popping.

"Let try some Russian champagne."

The Englishman looked at me, astonished; both of us had been eating the two-mark chef's special (the music critic's plate, as somebody called it) for the past few days, afraid of spending our fares home.

"They're only East marks," I said grandly, as I ordered two *coupees*; they cost about twenty cents apiece.

"My turn," he said, as we drained them. "What's champagne in German?"

After the fourth round, I said, "I'm beginning to feel like a war-mongering, Western, bourgeois profiteer."

"Wait till the next intermission."

On the way back in the subway I could almost feel my hangover beginning. The light blinked out and on; we were back in the West. "The land of Alka-Seltzer," I thought, with relief.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE FIRST American showing, at Wildenstein's until January 15, of the work of Pietro Annigoni, said to be the most expensive portrait painter of our day; the exhibition of Thomas Eakins which will open at the American Academy of Arts and Letters on January 16; René Bouché's portraits of international celebrities which were on view at the Iolas Gallery during the month of November; and the group of portraits by Larry Rivers which hung until last week at the Tibor de Nagy, taken all together, bring up an old and troublesome question—when is a portrait a work of art?

The Annigonis are sumptuous and carefully executed. The painter demands, I understand, some thirty-five hours of pose. Their general manner is reminiscent of Holbein and of early Renaissance—the forms handsomely modeled in the round, the painting detailed and smooth. The medium, which is something of a mystery, is apparently a water-thinned tempera emulsion applied

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between layers of varnish or resin. The surface of the smaller works is glossy and mechanically perfect, like the hand-worked finish of an expensive car. The drawing is subtle, direct and skillful. The color is rich but not particularly interesting.

Annigoni's technical mastery is astonishing, but the results seem both ostentatious and servile. He does not attempt to prettify his sitters; he is too sound a draughtsman for that. He flatters nonetheless by attributing to his sitters an intense emotional life. He neglects their real and possibly less showy character to depict them as if possessed by sentimental memories and amorous anticipations. The most striking example of this is in his portrait of the present Queen of England, posed on a hill against the sky, her eye illuminated by the light of love, like any actress in a singing movie.

THOMAS EAKINS was technically much less competent. As a portrait painter he was incomparably more manly. As one can see in the forty-six pictures on display, his work is very uneven. The painting is heavy and laborious. His handling, learned under Gérôme at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, with its opaque darks and loaded and somewhat greasy lights, has little ease. Details are often overworked at the expense of the general form and pattern. The pictures are often over-large, their empty compositions incredibly naive. (Witness the portrait of Riter FitzGerald, an amiable life-sized gentleman seated in a huge square canvas three-quarters filled with books in bookcases.) The landscapes and many of the genre pictures have quite wonderful color, but the greater number of the interiors, with their heavy shadows and dull tones, convey the unhappy impression of having been painted at night by gaslight. The painting is forceful; it is not handsome. One thinks of Eakins as an industrious and clumsy man, hampered by the limitations of an inferior tradition, but who by the force of his stubbornness and honesty arrived at painting unforgettable pictures.

Certainly the portraits are unforgettable. There is no stylization whatsoever of the subjects' character, no attempt to make them more winning or comely. They are given no artificial grandeur. The men are heavy, ugly and pleased to be painted. Walt Whitman appears as what he most probably was, a perfect likeness to the king in *Huckleberry Finn*. The women are more interesting—serious, strong, competent, seen in the round. Their portraits are

among his most successful pictures—*Katherine*, playing with her cat, *Miss Amelia C. Van Buren*, *The Pathetic Song*—fine portraits and fine painting as well. But even in his inferior pictures he kept his professional dignity. He tried to please no one but himself.

THE painting of René Bouché is witty, brilliant and civilized. He is more acute than Annigoni and more superficial than Eakins by the very nature of his sitters, who — Georges Braque, Jean Cocteau, Mlle. Chanel, Mme. Claude Alphand, Christian Dior, Truman Capote, Aldous Huxley, *et al*—are princes and princesses of the international world of fashion. Bouché's color is brilliant, his paint thin and fluid, his execution nervous and accurate, in the soundest virtuoso tradition of our time—straight from the Fauves, from Van Dongen, Bérard and Dufy.

The canvases are large enough to give the painter ease, but not unwieldy. The arrangements of the sitters against their characteristic background—Chanel at home, Dior at dinner—could not be more ingenious or successful. But the most striking thing about these portraits is that the sitters are presented from the outside. We see them as if at an afternoon party—well-dressed, self-possessed, amiable enough and at their right age. The painter has kept his distance. This complete detachment is the work's greatest elegance. The limitation this attitude imposes on the painter's vision is also perhaps its weakness.

Perhaps not. Bouché's sitters belong to a class known to publicity and to the stage as "the big time." The distinguishing mark of this class is a firm and easily projected personality, recognizable and uniform, without visible reticences or contradictions. It is evidence of Bouché's strength that he has been able to present the fabulous masks of these perhaps most mythical creatures of our time without either adulation or resentment. It is also evidence of his sensitivity that he occasionally allows himself to reveal more—as in his portrait of Cocteau, where one may glimpse behind the mask an aged and embittered eagle.

Bouché's painting method is improvisation. The pictures are done directly from the subject in two or three sittings, and not retouched afterwards, the only preparation being a sitting or so of rapid pencil drawings whose purpose is to introduce the model to his painter. With Larry Rivers improvisation is carried still farther. There is no preparation, whatsoever. The sitter is painted directly on the canvas in a series of sketches, in full color. The successive

sketches are not superimposed as is ordinarily the case in painting, where each day's work corrects or completes the work of the preceding sitting. Instead they are spread over the canvas in the manner of an album leaf. The individual studies are never carried to completion, but the conjunction of their various details presents a kaleidoscopic and surprisingly convincing image of the sitter. (Particularly successful in this are the two portraits of the artist's son, *Stevie in a Plaster Cast* and *Stevie on Crutches*, each with its seven or eight unfinished depictions.) The canvases are relatively large to give room for this multiplied image. The colors are light and gay, the great areas of exposed ground serving to define the general picture tone. The line quality is less sensitive and less expressive than Bouché's, the pictures more anecdotal and private. They present a history of the painter's relation to his sitter rather than a formalized resemblance. But they are in no way hermetic; they are only incompletely stated. Their very incompleteness gives them a charm and a continuing interest that more labored work might not possess.

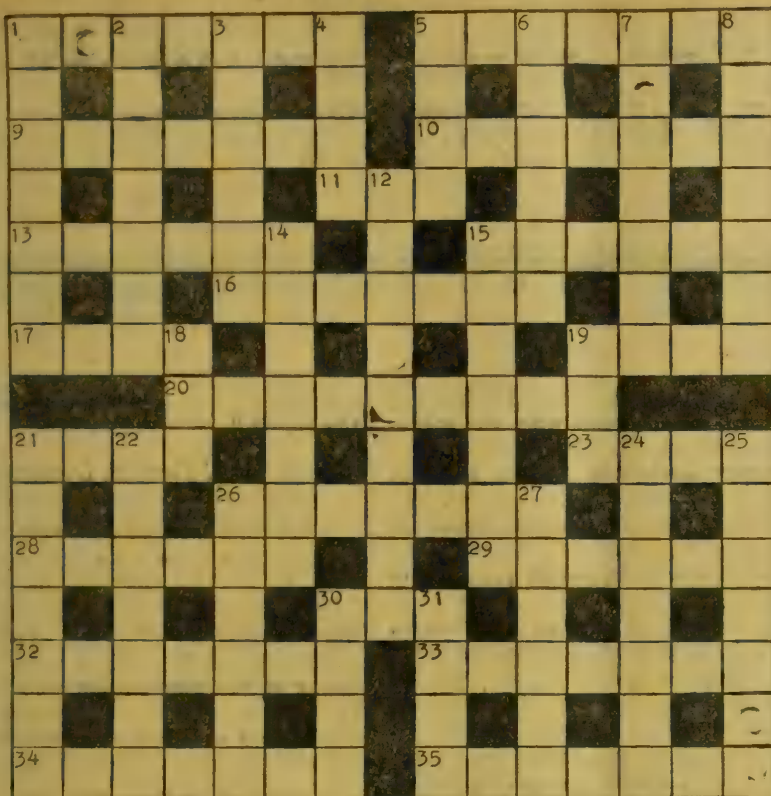
THE four painters here are strikingly different in character. The works of Annigoni are above all rich, of Eakins honest, of Rivers spontaneous, and of Bouché intelligent. But what could be the particular quality which would give survival value to work whose only theme is a human resemblance?

It might be that quality in the painter himself which combines professional pride and moral responsibility. The unique aim of the painter's training has been to teach him to see. This ability constitutes his professional qualification. He can see better than anyone else and what he sees is what the world of his time looks like. If his portrait is to be a respectable professional performance and capable of interesting a later time, it must depict what the painter sees, not what the sitter imposes. Any concession, any flattery, any undeserved attribution of charm, beauty, majesty, what you will, however reassuring it may be to a client, lessens the portrait as a work of art. Because, in the long run, a work of art presents only the likeness of its maker. This is why the painting of Annigoni, in spite of his superb technical mastery, remains modish and frivolous, and why the work of Eakins, a provincial painter schooled in what was probably the worst tradition of painting the world has ever known, is impossible to forget. As a professional, Eakins was a proud man.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 755

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1, 5 across, 13 and 30 down The demand for a scintillating performance is usually followed by some doubt as to proper make-up. (7, 7, 6, 4)
- 9 Not necessarily helped under the free medical plan. (7)
- 10 Behaving like the listening public. (7)
- 11 Held a session at the beginning of the week-end. (3)
- 13 See 1 across
- 15 In Romansch, is this "rock"? (6)
- 16 Quenched. (7)
- 17 Given by light fish, alternatively. (4)
- 19 Broods over the radio and television, perhaps. (4)
- 20 Regulation covering the faulty drain is a single time. (9)
- 21 See 23 across
- 23, 21 across, 5 down, 4 down, and 31 down Therefore the Speedwell should be good! (4, 4, 4, 4)
- 28 Vis-à-vis the lining. (6)
- 29 An overwhelming rush. (6)
- 30 All directions but north unite. (3)
- 32 Might be highly placed in naval circles. (Or is it the watchword associated with a Roman cave?) (7)
- 33 With the head turned, treating with regard a point of structure. (7)
- 34 Sixteenth century laureate. (7)
- 35 One might not appreciate their becoming too attached. (7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Does one like to give things away

- like an old sheet? (7)
- 2 In a sluggish manner. (7)
- 3 Boiler, perhaps. (6)
- 4 and 5 See 23 across
- 6 Call up to see where tears form. (6)
- 7 He lost the title in 1914. (7)
- 8 Clergy, nobles, and commons. (7)
- 12 Is the Declaration right in this? Such things can be diverted! (9)
- 14 Discharging. (7)
- 15 The hunter tries not to be in a sort of decline, sort of! (7)
- 18 A hot note? (3)
- 19 With my following it's rather worse for a body. (3)
- 21 Part of a quiet supper might be rather loud in Cambria. (7)
- 22 Miss about to behave like sugar! (7)
- 24 Rather awkward, this! (7)
- 25 If you have one talent, you might have many. (7)
- 26 Perhaps made of mesh, with locks inside them. (6)
- 27 The way the opponents may foul up a pass? (6)
- 30 See 1 across
- 31 See 23 across

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 754

ACROSS: 1. 26, 6, 21, 23, 27 and 7 FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST, YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM; 5 SHADOWS; 9 LEERS; 10 BESMARED; 11 IMPASSIVE; 12 DEMES; 13 SLEDGES; 15 TRANCES; 17 ABCCESS; 19 ARSENIC; 25 DRAGONETS; 28 ABRIDGE; DOWN: 1 FILLES; 2 FREE PRESS; 3 BASES; 14 NUBBINS; 5 SUSPECT; 8 SADISTS; 14 GREATCOAT; 16 CONTAINED; 17 ARCADIA; 18 STYRENE; 19 APHASIA; 20 CADENCE; 22 ERATO; 24 HOMER.

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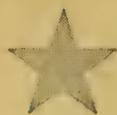
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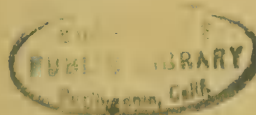
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by GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH



# LETTER to BULGANIN

[At the same time that Mr. and Mrs. Corliss Lamont posted the following letter to Premier Bulganin, they mailed a similar appeal to President Eisenhower. The Lamonts, long-time advocates of American-Soviet understanding, have made two extended visits to the USSR. They wrote one book, *Russia: Day by Day* (1933), in collaboration. Mr. Lamont is also the author of *The Peoples of the Soviet Union* (1946), *Soviet Civilization* (1952) and other books. He was chairman of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship (1943-46). For many years he has been active in defense of civil liberties. He is now a Lecturer on Philosophy at Columbia University.—Ed.]

January 18, 1958

The Honorable Nikolai A. Bulganin  
Premier of the U.S.S.R.  
The Kremlin  
Moscow

Your Excellency:

In your New Year's message to President Eisenhower you spoke eloquently of "the great, ardent dream of humanity—to create a firm peace on earth." Yet today the continued threat of a third world war that could annihilate mankind creates universal fear and darkens our hopes for the future. Despite many disarmament conferences over the past decade and now fresh attempts for substantial East-West negotiations, little real progress has been made toward disarmament in either nuclear or conventional weapons.

Repeated discussions on the part of the American, British and Soviet Governments have failed to achieve agreement for a cessation of hydrogen-bomb tests. Yet the continuance of these tests, with their cumulative effect in increasing radioactive fall-out, constitutes a grave menace to the health and genetic soundness the whole human race.

Since there appears to be slight prospect at present for an international pact to halt H-bomb tests, we urge, Mr. Premier, that your nation take the initiative and stop further tests of this sort on a unilateral basis, for a temporary period of at least one year.

Such a step would catch the imagination of mankind and be a great dramatic action that might break the international stalemate; it would give an immense stimulus to disarmament and the abolition of nuclear weapons altogether; and it would help make successful any serious East-West negotiations that took place after the Soviet Union's cessation of H-bomb tests. We can also hope that the American and British Governments would follow the example of the U.S.S.R., thus paving the way for a formal agreement on the matter with the Soviet Government.

It does not seem to us that the Soviet Government and the Soviet people have

anything to lose by suspending H-bomb tests for a self-enforcing trial period. In fact, this proposal is clearly in the self-interest of both the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. Both countries, we understand, are already amply equipped with H-bombs for military purposes. In any case, we do not think that either country intends to launch a military attack on the other.

We write to you as individuals who for twenty-five years have been active in work for international peace, and American-Soviet understanding and cooperation. Today we note sadly that these aims are still far from being fulfilled. We make this earnest appeal to you, Premier Bulganin, in the spirit of Albert Schweitzer's Declaration of Conscience, because we desire above all things to have our children and grandchildren, the American people and the Soviet people, and indeed all humanity, live in a peaceful world free from the burden of armaments and the dread of extermination. We are convinced that if the Soviet Union took the lead and halted H-bomb tests, it would mean a great advance toward peace. And all the peoples of the world would surely applaud your Government.

We have sent a similar communication to President Eisenhower concerning United States policy and are enclosing a copy for your information.

Sincerely yours,

CORLISS LAMONT

MARGARET I. LAMONT

New York City

## LETTERS

### The Lions of Wrath

Dear Sirs: I should like to reply to Samuel J. Beck's letter (*The Nation*, Jan. 11, 1958)—not, I may say, that Mr. Rexroth's piece (*Vivisection* of a Poet, *The Nation*, December 14) needs defending, nor that Mr. Rexroth isn't capable of saying so himself.

As it happens, I got the same letter Mr. Rexroth did, from the Institute of

Personality Assessment and Research, two single-spaced pages of the dizziest jargon I have seen for a while, inviting me, fare and expenses paid, to California etc., and a fee, etc., so they could watch me interact, etc. I'm afraid I thought

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## EDITORIALS

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### Cold Cash and the Cold War

The President's budget carries a heavy charge of political dynamite that, if ignited, could disrupt the broad bipartisan coalition that has consistently supported cold-war policies and budgets in the past. Last year's budget threatened to touch off a revolt in business circles largely because the President had failed to cut domestic programs as heavily as George Humphrey and other advisers had recommended. But business was still good and the Administration was able to put down the revolt without too much difficulty. For one thing, the other major interest groups did not join in; agriculture aside, the cutbacks in domestic programs were not severe; moreover, many major groups benefited directly or indirectly from military appropriations. By now, however, conditions have changed: the business outlook is clouded, there is no prospect of a tax cut, and military appropriations will be increased.

Faced with this situation, business interests are assailing the budget because it does not cut enough from domestic programs, while non-business interests are outraged that any cuts at all should be proposed. The new budget, it will be noted, proposes the first retrenchment in "welfare state" programs since the Roosevelt Administration set most of them in motion. School children, the needy aged, the blind, the mentally retarded and the totally disabled are all called upon to make major sacrifices for national defense. Federal aid to school construction, a "must" last year, has been abandoned; there will be no new "starts" in water-resource development; less will be spent for hospitals, housing, public works, rural electrification, vocational education and many other items. In the military budget, the emphasis has been shifted in a way that will ad-

versely affect particular industries, unions, commodities and communities. The President has cut back the older, conventional programs in favor of missiles, for which new appropriations are up by approximately the amount that manned aircraft appropriations are down. But missile construction requires fewer workers and less "metals" than aircraft; and while the aggregate amount appropriated may be larger, it will be shared by fewer companies. Subcontractors will be adversely affected. Textile and other "soft" industries will be hit by the cutbacks in conventional military procurement items. Thus, the new budget will increase the number of particular grievances at the same time that it steps up the volume of general protest. The disgruntlement over continued high taxes, for example, is general. And who is not appalled by a budget which allocates \$47.3 billion or 64 per cent of the total, to national security costs?

*Time*, in a relaxed comment on the budget entitled "Gain Without Pain," concludes that "the average man who is not an Indian or a farmer is likely to feel a fresh pang of cold-war sacrifice only when he buys a 5c stamp." But satisfaction with the budget will not be determined merely by the size of the tax bill; the volume of unemployment, the behavior of the stock market, the redistribution of defense contracts, cutbacks in domestic programs that vitally affect the well-being of particular regions and communities, and many other facts, are also relevant. An Associated Press survey (January 12) notes that despite the sputniks, the American people "face 1958 more worried about cold cash than the cold war"; "there is no universal fear" but there is "a clamor for change in foreign policy." Of those interviewed 54.7 per cent feel that a change is needed.

In a word, we have at long last reached the point



where we cannot have both guns and butter—not to mention more guns and more butter—without a sharp increase in taxes or sacrifices of one kind or another. Last year the discontent was largely confined to business and financial circles; this year it promises to be sharper and more widespread. The political implications of all this are clear. A fight over this year's budget could foreshadow the dissolution of the coalition of interest-groups that, whatever their differences, have enthusiastically supported cold-war policies for the last decade.

## Cold-War Diehards

To the extent that the coalition of interests supporting the cold war is shaken, the prospects brighten for a politics of peace. These prospects would be bright, indeed, if the Democratic Party were prepared to break with its cold-war past and chart a bold new course. But diehards continue to dictate Democratic pronouncements on foreign policy. Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson's bitter and arrogant attack on George Kennan, which was promptly endorsed by Mr. Truman, is merely the latest striking confirmation that the Democrats are still committed, officially at least, to the rigid, unworkable formulas of the cold war. The European critics of Mr. Dulles will be pained to note that Mr. Kennan's views have been repudiated by Mr. Acheson in the name of the Democratic Party. With one or two exceptions—a mild protest by Senator Humphrey and an editorial in the *New York Post*—no voices were raised to challenge Mr. Acheson's right to speak for his party. As this attack makes clear, the Democratic criticism of Mr. Dulles is primarily directed at the man and his methods (see: Geoffrey Barraclough's article p. 68), not at the stated objectives of his policy. Nor is this surprising. Mr. Dulles did not fashion the policies he pursues so doggedly; their course was set in the postwar period by Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson, with an assist, at the outset, by Mr. Kennan. Mr. Kennan now frankly concedes that some of the assumptions on which he based his famous "containment" paper were erroneous and, as the Reith Lectures make clear, his thinking is responsive to new happenings and developments. But Messrs. Acheson and Truman remain committed to the dogmas of 1947 and 1949; if it were their decision to make, the tempo of the cold war would be accelerated. The Democratic Party cannot respond to the large and growing demand for a new policy so long as its pronouncements on foreign policy are dictated by men who persist in the delusion that, from a position of strength, peace can be dictated on our terms.

## Hypnopaedia

Last month the board of supervisors of Tulare County, California, approved a sleep-teaching program designed, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*,

"to inculcate prisoners at Tulare County's Woodland Road Camp with the principles of moral living." Each night, as a prisoner falls asleep, a microphone hidden beneath his pillow whispers, at hourly intervals, a ten-minute inspirational message on goodness which closes with the words, "I am filled with love and compassion for all, so help me God." The initiator of this remarkable proceeding is the county's public defender, John Locke, whose seventeenth century namesake was the author, appropriately enough, of a book called *Thoughts on Education*. To encourage prisoner participation, which is on a voluntary basis, Mr. Locke is now seeking permission to grant each participant two days a month "good time" probation, plus an additional two days for those who "manifest results in their behavior."

Clearly, the future with which Aldous Huxley dealt in *Brave New World* is overtaking us with awesome rapidity. In this book, a gentleman who bears the title of Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning, assures the reader that hypnopaedia, or sleep-teaching, is the greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time. Recalling the error of early experimenters, who tried to make hypnopaedia an instrument for developing the intellect, he warns: "Moral education ought never, in any circumstances, be rational. There must be words, but words without reason."

## Those "Top-Secret" Reports

Now another top-secret report has become a matter of national notoriety. A staff of over a hundred men, including thirty ranking scientists of the Operations Research Office of Johns Hopkins University, worked three years to prepare a sixteen-volume survey, known by the code number R17, which deals with the subject of active defense. On the understanding that nothing would be revealed "directly from the report," the Army authorized one of its authors to comment on it. This scientist—Dr. Thornton Page—made several points that relate to matters of vital public concern. He said, for example, that the scientists who worked on the report do not believe in great expenditures for bomb and radiation shelters; a point of diminishing returns is soon reached with any passive defense system. Even active defense systems, which offer better returns, soon become obsolete. But the top-secret Gaither Report—which has received even wider comment—stresses the importance of bomb and radiation shelters. What conclusion is the public to draw from this conflicting expert testimony?

Perhaps the Administration is correct in its insistence that top-secret reports should retain this classification. But if the Administration cannot prevent "leaks" or put a stop to "limited" comment, then it might be a good idea to release both R17 and the Gaither Report if only to halt their exploitation by Pentagon politi-



cians. Nowadays the best way to insure a good press for a report is to give it a top-secret classification and then leak portions of it or authorize limited comment. No one can check the authenticity of the portions leaked or determine if the limited comment is negated or qualified by undisclosed portions. "Top-secret" is rapidly coming to mean: "intended for widest possible comment through controlled channels."

## Mixed Judgment

A striking example of the numbing effect that prolonged exposure to the cold war is having on democratic thought was offered recently by a United States District Court judge in Detroit. Judge Ralph Freeman, reversing the decision of the Selective Service Appeal Board, declared that a college student, Peter Horst, was a

valid conscientious objector and should not be punished as a draft dodger. Young Horst belongs to no religious group—the customary basis for claiming exemption on grounds of scruple—but was able to produce witnesses to the depth and sincerity of his convictions.

In releasing him, Judge Freeman paid service to the now little-observed principle that a free man is the servant only of his own conscience. But he also took occasion to denounce Horst's views, saying, "There would be nothing left for us—not even a way of life—if his opinions were shared by all men of his age." Since a theologian, testifying for Horst, had declared that "love is the central force in his life," and since Horst took the position that his convictions prevented him from attempting harm to any man, it looks as though Judge Freeman, while defending the Bill of Rights, has shied a rock at the Sermon on the Mount.

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## Idiot's Orbit: Cold War in a Lunar Age.. *Stringfellow Barr*

BY THE LIGHT of two moons—the old, familiar one that always used to rhyme with June, plus the remaining Red one the Russians launched—I have been studying both Messages to Congress on the State of the Union: the one from Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas and the later one from President Eisenhower. Moreover, with so many moons and messages circling about, I have been taking advantage of the unusual supply of moonshine to run through a batch of clippings on my desk. All of them deal with public reactions to our national crisis and especially our educational crisis, a subject in which I have been keenly interested for some thirty years. The clippings convince me that, as several original speakers have put it, this is America's finest hour and an hour which calls for sweat and toil if we are to avoid another hour of blood and tears. It is these concise summaries of our problem that strike me most as I thumb through my clippings. If not all of us

seem to keep our feet on the ground while discussing this problem, we may surely be pardoned: in his Message on the State of the Union, Senator Johnson aptly points out that "the ground beneath us when we last met has largely been swept away."

Raising his sights, and thereby elevating the problem, Senator Johnson also points out that America must secure "the ultimate position . . . of total control over earth that lies somewhere in space." I believe that if the Pentagon can secure this control, we shall have gone a long way towards securing that situation of strength in the cold war that intermittently eludes us. One quality I like about both Senator Johnson's message and the President's is their elevation of tone, though they achieve this elevation by interestingly divergent means. The President habitually deals in extremely high moral principles and thereby avoids the destructive controversy that he would risk arousing if he came down to cases, so to speak; and Senator Johnson calls us to conquer control of outer space rather than nibble at the problem here on earth—where, in any case, it has become well-nigh insoluble, at least by military means.

This soaring method of solving our problems is, if I may be excused an apparent piece of jingoism, worthy of the American Eagle; and it is also worthy of what might be called This Lunar Age. The same lunar quality characterizes much of the comment before me.

Thus, while CBS News admits that "we may have to change the climate of American society" and even "restore some of the attitudes and values of our Founding Fathers," Captain Howard T. Orville, the chairman of the Advisory Committee on Weather Control, is quoted as saying, according to *The New York Times*, that "if the Soviet Union should win the race for global weather control, the results could be even more disastrous than nuclear warfare." We therefore face, I judge, the double problem of changing the climate both figuratively and literally; and there ought to be enough toil and sweat in that assignment to keep us on the jump to an extent that would amaze the Founding Fathers. But then, this is indeed our finest hour and even, I gather, an hour of challenge. It is certainly, as Vice President Nixon declared in a ringing speech to the American Football Coaches Association — a group, incidentally, that is responsi-

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ble for much that is finest in our higher education and that is decently paid, to boot—it is certainly “no time to get out the crying towel or throw in the sponge.”

And Mr. Nixon assured the coaches that under the leadership of President Eisenhower the American people would not be allowed “to become smug, complacent and overconfident.” This last statement has so reassured me that it is only through deliberate patriotic effort that I can maintain the sense of urgency that I am constantly being urged to maintain, as my contribution toward the Cold War in a Lunar Age.

ONE reason this is a time, so to speak, to try men’s souls is that with the Gaither Report still under lock and key, for fear that voters like myself might panic if we read it; with Mr. Hagerty assuring me, in effect, that there is nothing in it to cause panic; and with Joseph Alsop suggesting darkly that it would scare me to death—with this complex situation we face, there is a feeling abroad that almost anything could happen. Even something good. For example, I may wake up some moonlit night, restlessly turn on my radio, and learn that the Pentagon has simply skipped the moon and placed an expeditionary force on Mars, led quite possibly by Senator Johnson as Chief Muttnik. Then, instead of the Russians looking down on us from the moon, a thing I constantly dread, we would be looking down on the Russians, since—at least from a purely terrestrial point of view—the moon is low-down stuff compared with Mars. On the other hand, Senator Johnson might be declared psychologically unfit to make the journey: a leading psychologist has suggested that Eskimos or Buddhist monks might make good crew members and that a person with mild schizophrenic tendencies might be effective as a one-man crew, but probably not as a team member.

That anything could happen is reflected by the clippings before me. I have already quoted a weather expert as saying that if the Russians grab control of the weather before we can grab it, the results “could be” more disastrous than nuclear warfare.

The mild schizophrenic “might be” a better one-man crew of a space ship than a Buddhist monk; but I as a voter have no assurance that a Buddhist monk “might” not run rings around a schizophrenic at the very moment when a sense of urgency was most needed. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce stated on January 3 that any Administration proposal to aid scientific education was “likely” to be hiding “the same old meddling government in a spanking new space-age dress.” Note that this is likely but apparently not certain, so far as the Chamber’s thinking has gone to date. Two days later *The New York Times* lent editorial support to a school-aid bill and declared that “Every thinking citizen obviously has the responsibility of helping to meet the challenge posed by this great need.” Well, I am a citizen, anxious to meet challenges responsibly; and I think that I am thinking. But there are so many things that “could be” and “might be” and “may be” worth thinking about that I feel a little at a loss. Again, General Gavin says that “control of the surface of the moon may be of tremendous importance to the Western world in the foreseeable future.” See? It “may be,” although General Gavin seems uncertain; and his uncertainty paralyzes me as a citizen when I try to act responsibly. Admiral Rickover says it is “almost” too late to overcome the Soviet lead in weapons of modern warfare; but he doesn’t say how much time I have left. And even Speaker Rayburn: “I think the situation in the world makes it so that we are in a struggle for survival or may be at any time.” “Or may be”: there is that gnawing doubt again, and my resultant indecision.

Every three weeks or so, I mention my bewilderment to my barber, a character named Alfredo. Al came over here from Sicily when he was a kid and is cheerfully confident that the Lunar Era cannot last. “Let ’em talk,” he says. “It’s an election year.”

“But what would you do?” I asked him the last time I got a haircut.

“First things first,” he said, “like the President says. Leave the moon be. We got a lotta jobs down here, like I got your hair to do. See?”

“Would you recognize Red China?” I demanded.

He stood back and half closed his eyes and studied my hairline judiciously.

“How many Chinamen Red China got?” he asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe six hundred million.”

“Better reco’nize ’em,” said Al. “They’re down here.”

“What about disarmament?” I said.

“Whatta Russia say now?”

“She claims she wants to cut down arms if we will.”

“O.K. Tell ’em: Come on in here and shut the door behind you, and let’s talk about it. Us and them, we’re both down here.”

“Without first demanding evidence of good faith?”

“Don’t do that!” he cried, with genuine alarm. “Russia just say: How we know you ain’t lying too? No, take their boys and our boys off and shut the door. By the way, how we doin’ with our Allies?”

“Not so well. They want us to negotiate.”

“Sounds good,” said Al. “Don’t it?”

“But they’re scared of Dulles. They’re scared Dulles will just pretend to negotiate.”

“Could we get Eisenhower to fire Dulles?”

“I don’t think so. Dulles is so moral. And the President is very moral, too.”

“Well,” said Al, “that’s a tough one. I’ll have to think about that one. Is there more problems?”

“Unemployment is growing,” I said, “and if we start disarming, it’ll grow faster. Also, Indonesia may go Communist. So may a lot of other countries, where the government hasn’t got enough money to get things in motion.”

“Ain’t we helpin’ ’em? Ain’t the U.N. helpin’ ’em? I thought we was both helpin’ ’em.”

“Well,” I said, “we Americans mostly give them weapons. If we help them develop their economic production, they say we interfere with the way they do it. They say we try to line them up against Russia, too.”

“Well, let ’em get help from U.N.”

“The U.N.,” I said, “can’t help much. The poorer countries have



tried to get the U.N. to take over the problem, with every country contributing. They've tried for nine years. But how can we Americans contribute that much to the U.N.? We need all our funds to defend the poorer countries against Russia. We need our funds for weapons. They claim we could do the job cheaper by not trying to do it alone and they believe Congress would see the point. But then Dulles wouldn't have all that economic aid to back up our policies."

Al sighed, lathered my hairline around the ears, and murmured: "So we're back to Dulles. And yet, if we got all those Asiatics buildin' dams and roads, wouldn't they be a market for our goods? Wouldn't that help make jobs here for the unemployed?"

"Yes," I said, "it would; but I think Dulles prefers it this way. Of course, federal aid for schools would open up jobs, too; but Eisenhower has to balance the budget."

I paid Al and left. He had sounded so reasonable; but that could be because he was less well informed than Dulles. Besides, is there time now to be reasonable? It is later than we think. As General Groves stated in December, "We must always keep ahead. We must be like the pioneer in the Indian tales of James Fenimore

Cooper who keeps ahead of the Indians pursuing him from page to page or he's done for. . . ."

It is this page-to-page, science-fiction quality in the present Great Debate that makes it so hard for me to follow what is said. Besides, my mind is too crowded with images, images of things I have seen and heard and smelled, wandering about South America and Africa and Asia, observing projects of economic development, talking with prime ministers and peasants. I tend now to see the world through their eyes and not through those of Secretary Dulles. If I too may steal a phrase, I do not recognize the world Secretary Dulles thinks he is dealing with. Nor, I note with cold comfort, do our military Allies. But when I turn from those images to the three decades I have spent in college teaching, and the one decade I spent in college administration, then I listen with horror to the talk of crash programs in mathematics and science when there are so much more important reasons for teaching these subjects for all four years in every liberal arts college. If only we could exploit the rise of the Red Moons to get our educational house in order. And to finance it seriously for the first time, but especially to get it in order.

This morning's *Times* carries two front-page stories that strike my eye. One of them states that President Eisenhower's budget message includes "a dramatic request by the President for funds to deal with military developments that cannot now even be imagined" — "push-button weapons," the *Times* surmises. An adjacent column announces cuts in health, welfare and education: reportedly the plan is "to cut back to a 50-50 matching of federal funds with the states on assistance to the needy aged, dependent children, the blind and the totally disabled." I had wondered who, when the chips were down, would make the sacrifices Mr. Eisenhower called for. And now I am wondering whether, instead of manning our space ships with Buddhist monks, who are very scarce in America, we could not persuade some of these needy aged and dependent children to volunteer. The Russians have already tried it on the dog. And the needy aged and dependent children can hardly feel very much wanted here. We shall, of course, need the Eskimos to man listening posts in Alaska and Canada. As for "the persons with mild schizophrenic tendencies," these might — provided they get decidedly worse — enter our public life.

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## FUND-RAISING II:

# ONE DRIVE—OR MANY?.. by J. L. Pimsleur

UNITED FUNDS are the center of a bitter controversy involving some of the largest segments of the national fund-raising industry. To many communities, the United Fund is the most sensible approach to the industry's critical problem: the multiplicity of campaigns and the duplication of costs and of effort they entail. But several of the most important national philanthropic agencies are convinced it represents a

threat to their income and to their autonomy.

The issue has been sharpened by what the *Wall Street Journal*, in a survey covering a score of cities, last week called the "darkening prospects" for philanthropy in 1958. The current recession, falling market prices and rising sputniks are combining to discourage donations, fund-raisers fear. The smaller the pie, the sharper is likely to be the competition for slicing it. "The giving public," says the *Wall Street Journal*, "frequently is caught in the crossfire of the battle between groups who

conduct independent campaigns and the combined drives, such as United Fund and Community Chest." And the competition between fund-raising agencies is not restricted to money; it is nearly as acute in their quest for volunteers.

The first United Fund was established by Detroit in 1949. Since then, the idea has spread rapidly; today, more than 1,200 funds have been organized, most of them on a city-wide basis, but some including suburban areas (several of which cross state lines). At this writing, only New York and Los Angeles, among

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major cities, are without a United Fund either in being or planned for the immediate future.

Despite this rapid growth, United Funds today account for only a small portion of the total annual philanthropic intake. In 1956, for instance, philanthropy raised a total of \$6.1 billion; the United Funds' share was \$247,000,000. This is partly because United Funds are never truly united; they rarely include—as theoretically they should—all the local and national agencies operating in the community. Most important, in this connection, is the attitude of the national agencies. Their cooperation—or lack of it—with the United Fund idea may determine the ultimate shape of philanthropy in this country.

Cooperation was at its height several years ago. No fund was truly united even then; the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, biggest and most successful of the health agencies, never permitted any of its 3,000 local affiliates to join a federated drive, and does not do so today. Up to 1955, however, all other large national agencies operated on a permissive basis; i.e., where a United Fund complied with national quota plans, local affiliates were permitted to join. But that year the American Heart Association, about half of whose chapters had joined local federated drives, prohibited any further joining. And only a few weeks ago the American Cancer Society, which had also been cooperating about 50 per cent with United Funds, ordered all its chapters to withdraw under the threat of revocation of charters.

THE UNITED FUND tries to be exactly what its name implies—a single fund-raising campaign on behalf of constituent agencies which then share in the proceeds on the basis of fixed quotas negotiated beforehand. In practice, the directors of a United Fund, aware of the special position of the national agencies, usually accept any reasonable quota requested for a local affiliate.

United Fund supporters argue that the enthusiasm generated by a single, community-wide campaign, conducted once a year, will raise

more money than many individual drives. At the same time, each member agency is relieved of the cost of its own money-raising, the over-all campaigning cost is reduced, and the ultimate beneficiaries of every agency get a bigger share of the philanthropic dollar. Fund advocates argue, too, that the United Fund makes possible the elimination of the occasional "racket" which plagues the fund-raising industry; and it also stimulates administration efficiency within each agency, since all budgets must be submitted to a central reviewing committee. Finally, it is argued, the United Fund eases giving for the average citizen, who no longer has to choose among dozens of causes whose relative worth he has neither the time nor the facilities to decide.

#### HOW REALISTIC are these claims?

Pittsburgh "went united" in 1956. This first drive went "over the top" by 13 per cent; every member agency received more than its quota when the money was distributed. The year before, under the multiple-campaign system, only six of 129 organizations conducting drives were able to meet their quotas. Moreover, fund-raising costs were held to 4.1 per cent, compared to about 8 per cent the previous year.

But Pittsburgh's United Fund was by no means united: Polio, Cancer and Heart conducted independent drives. All three suffered. Cancer and

Heart were offered allocations totaling \$460,000 to join; going it alone, their total take was much less than that. Heart reached only 60 per cent of its quota, raising about \$50,000 less than it could have gotten from the United Fund. As for Polio, its income dropped 25 per cent, losing \$75,000 in corporation contributions.

Critics of the united drive in Pittsburgh maintained that its initial success was due to the "upper echelon" of the business community, which had taken a leading part in its formation and were therefore determined not to let it fail. "Wait," said the critics, "until next year." But reports just in from the 1957 united drive indicate that it has again gone "over the top," even though the over-all goal was set at a million dollars more than in 1956.

United Funds have not been uniformly successful; towns such as Greeley and Grand Junction, Colorado, and Travis, California, have tried and abandoned them after unsuccessful campaigns. Most experts agree the failures, when they occur, are due to inadequate planning and leadership. And the successes, according to independent testimony—and, in many cases, the irrefutable statistics—far outweigh the failures. Polio, for instance, has raised an average of 90 per cent of its goal for the last five years—an excellent record. But, during the same period, United Funds raised 97 per cent of their goals. Fund-raising costs for united drives run consistently less than 5 per cent of income (with none of the costs charged to member agencies). Polio averages 11 per cent of income for fund-raising; CARE, an organization with a consistently outstanding low-cost record, averages a little more than 7 per cent.

FORMER New York State Senator Tompkins, chairman of a legislative committee on philanthropic organizations which pioneered anti-rackets legislation in 1954, asserts that "United Funds are considerably more efficient than individual campaigns, mainly because they avoid duplication of fund-raising costs." David M. Church, executive director of the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, a non-profit member-





ship organization of professional fund-raisers, has said: "There is little doubt that United Funds are operated more efficiently. They attract the top leaders in most cities. Business executives, unless they have a personal interest in a particular cause, are primarily interested in serving the entire community rather than a single agency." Mr. Church's point is important: a successful fund-raising drive requires generous donations of time and effort, as well as of money, from the civic and business leaders of a community.

Organized labor joined management and officially endorsed federated fund-raising in 1956. "AFL-CIO members," labor's policy statement asserts, "are concerned that their freely given contributions be used to the maximum extent for the purposes for which they were given. It is an established fact that multiplicity of fund-raising campaigns is wasteful of both a community's resources and manpower. . . . Federated fund-raising based on sound community planning and budgeting will assure effective and intelligent expenditure of America's voluntary health and welfare dollar."

WHY, IN THE face of all this evidence, do some agencies persist in their lone-wolf policies? The most important of the reasons advanced is money; and no matter which way the statistics may seem to point, an adroit interpreter can make them look as if they point the other way. *Fortune*, in April, 1956, in a story on the Pittsburgh federated campaign, quoted Walter J. Kohler, former governor of Wisconsin and chairman of the American Cancer Society, as saying:

Our units have been both in and out of the United Fund and our experience is a common one; where we conduct an independent drive, our support grows three times as fast as when we are in federation. . . . Between 1949 and 1956, money raised for Cancer by the United Funds increased from \$150,000 to \$300,000 in Michigan, but in neighboring Ohio money raised by independent Cancer drives grew from \$100,000 to \$1,300,000.

Governor Kohler, in these figures, compared the results of drives in

## Ten Commandments for Wise Giving

*The following guide to intelligent giving was adopted at the 1955 and 1956 meetings of the National Conference on Solicitation, held in Cleveland, Ohio.*

1. Inform yourself on the principles of the soliciting organization and the facts concerning its activities.
2. Remember that legitimate solicitors and agencies do not use high-pressure methods to force you to give before you are able to make inquiries.
3. Always ask a solicitor for identification.
4. Never agree to contribute in answer to a telephone call. Always ask for a formal letter accompanied by an annual report.
5. Never pay in cash. Pay by check.
6. Remember that you are not under obligation to buy any merchandise that you did not order. Nor are you under obligation to contribute to the organization which sent the merchandise, or to return the items. But do not use them.
7. Get positive identification before contributing to church, civic or benevolent groups.
8. Get proof that your donation is deductible if you are seeking tax exemption.
9. Be forewarned that a fancy string of names, flashed to impress, is no indication that the sponsors know that their names are being used.
10. When in doubt about a soliciting organization, call your local or national contributors' advisory and reporting service (if there is none in your community, inquire at the local Chamber of Commerce, Better Business Bureau, or similar organization).

Northern Michigan with all of Ohio. Not included in his calculations was Southern Michigan, where Detroit alone gave \$711,398 to Cancer through its United Fund—more than twice the amount Kohler mentions as coming from Michigan. Moreover, the totals given for the independent drives are *gross* figures, from which fund-raising costs must be deducted; United Fund allocations are net. "Between 1952 and 1957," according to the United Community Funds and Councils, "United Fund allocations to the American Cancer Society increased 70.7 per cent. One-quarter of the reporting cities gave Cancer an increase of at least 50 per cent over what it had been making on its own."

Actually, no expert has ever made a definite statistical survey to determine how money can best be raised for Cancer—whether through independent campaigns or United Funds. The American Cancer Society has no quarrel with federated fund-raising in principle. It even admits that a consolidated effort may be best for the community. But it insists that federation is not best for Cancer. The association leaders cannot prove it, but they believe it. Theodore Adams, publicity director

for Cancer in New York, sums up his organization's position: "Our business is to put ourselves out of business. The faster we are all out of a job the better we'll like it. We simply believe our goal will become a reality sooner if we remain completely independent and self-sufficient."

Other organizations feel the same way, either because they believe in the superior dramatic appeal of their cause, or because they have greater faith in their own fund-raising techniques—whether these be Muscular Dystrophy's telephons, or Polio's importing of flowers, dancers and singers (all expenses paid) from Haiti.

THE independent-minded national agencies have a list of grievances against the United Fund concept, most of which—but not all—touch on the hard-core problem of income. The major grievances, together with the replies of United Fund supporters, follow:

1. *Local splinter groups in the United Fund eat away at the funds of the larger groups.*

Why should local agencies be considered splinter groups? Since they are entirely local in character, from what did they splinter? Most of



them pre-date the national agencies. Many of them carry the direct service load for patient care that national agencies fail to perform—rehabilitation, out-patient clinics, hospital in-patient care, home nursing service, etc. The performance of such services leaves the national agencies freer to perform their cardinal function: research.

It is interesting that local agencies are accused of being splinter groups when there exists a multitude of national agencies each directed at a specific disease, rather than at developing a comprehensive health program. And even within this specialization, there is considerable splintering: fifteen agencies are operating in the field of blindness, five in cancer, three in muscular dystrophy, two in polio, etc.

2. *The United Fund destroys the autonomy of the national agencies.*

But the United Fund, says the United Community Funds and Councils, is not a policy-making organization. The final decision on program rests with each individual agency, and its board of directors adopts a budget with this program in mind. There is then negotiation

with the United Fund on the agency's quota, or allocation. Where changes in program are indicated, policy decision still rests with the agency, which is free to leave the United Fund at any time.

3. *The man in the street is satisfied with independent drives; it is big business which insists on United Funds to save executives' time and money.*

Community after community—industrial and residential, metropolitan and rural—have endorsed the United Fund. United Fund and Chest campaigns now cover a total of 102,000,000 persons. In these cities, 27,000,000 adults contribute to their federated campaign. This is an indication of the widespread support which the United Fund has won. Endorsement has come not only from business, but from labor groups, civic organizations, medical associations and many other bodies.

4. *Information and education are easier to spread when they concern a single cause rather than a package.*

Non-partisan health educators say that a segmented approach to health, agency by agency, is not in the best interests of sound educational prac-

tices. A recent survey by the Harvard University School of Public Health declared:

The multiplicity of voluntary agencies, with their separate campaigns and programs, constituted a major barrier to the acceptance of in-plant health education activities and created highly-charged negative attitudes in a majority of management and union respondents. . . .

5. *Eliminating an agency's fund-raising program results in a loss of its volunteer leadership.*

Experience over the years has proved that an agency need not lose its volunteer constituency by joining United Funds. The Boy Scouts and YMCAs are examples. It is simply a question of using the volunteers in connection with the agency's program instead of for fund-raising—surely, in a way, a more constructive job. Volunteers should be used for developing and carrying out the agency's education program, in working with the press and other media, as staff assistants in clinics, etc.

*NEXT WEEK: What is the ultimate solution: private philanthropy or government welfare?*

## MORE THAN DULLES MUST GO.. by Geoffrey Barraclough

THE WORLD has made up its mind that Mr. Dulles must go. The historian (and the present writer begs leave, in this instance, to speak as historian) may well feel more cautious. What he knows of the immediate and distant past will lead him to doubt whether the removal of a single individual, taken alone, is likely to make much difference to the course of world events; he may even wonder—if he stops (for instance) to compare Eden and Macmillan—whether a change for the worse is not sometimes more likely than a

change for the better. In any case, he will be impressed by the strength of tradition, the power of routine and the impetus of an administrative machine moving along a set course. He will, in short, think that the system is more durable than the man; and that, unless the man and the system are so closely identified—as in the case of Metternich—that the one falls with the other, a mere change of personalities will not produce a new direction.

NEVERTHELESS, in this case, I believe world opinion is right: Dulles must go. It is true that if opinion is merely seeking a scapegoat for the sputnik scare and the revelations of Russian superiority in intercontinental missiles which have followed—and this has certainly counted in the

American revulsion against the "Dulles line"—it is right for the wrong reasons. No doubt, a statesman who sets out to follow a policy of military strength, and then turns out to lack the basic elements of military strength, is riding for a fall. But the operative reasons go deeper and are more imperative. The first is that there are good grounds for holding that Mr. Dulles and the Dulles system are too closely identified for the one to stand without the other. The other two reasons can best be seen by comparing the cases of Metternich and Bismarck. When Metternich fell in the revolution of 1848, his system had already cracked apart; his fall was the result of the collapse of his system. When Bismarck was dismissed in 1890, it was because of the basic change in conditions which

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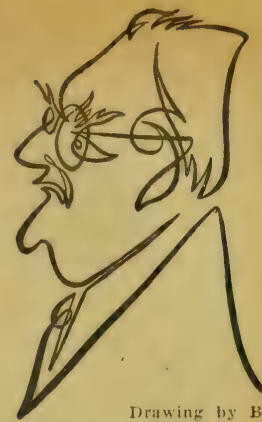
made Bismarck's system an anachronism. Both reasons are operative in the case of Mr. Dulles. I suspect that the verdict of history on Mr. Dulles, in the earlier part of his career as Secretary of State, may be less harsh than the denunciation of some of his new-found critics; but his policy has been overtaken by events and there is no future in it. As for the vaunted "Dulles system," its cracks and fissures are more visible today than its cohesion.

THERE is an element of tragedy in the whole story. Mr. Eisenhower, when first elected President, came to power as a man of peace. It was not simply a question of "getting the boys home" from the Korean War. Undoubtedly, he had the ambition of going down in history as the President who led the world out of the *cul-de-sac* of the cold war into a new era of disarmament and concord. Today, with Eisenhower broken in health and politically discredited (at least from the world view), we seem as far away from this object as ever; and the President is practically the only person left who, for reasons of misguided loyalty, has failed to realize the extent to which this parlous result is Mr. Dulles' personal responsibility. From the Summit Conference of 1955 onwards every opportunity for *détente* has been not "let slip" (as is often said), but almost deliberately rejected. When in March, 1955, Harold Stassen was appointed Special Assistant for Disarmament, with Cabinet rank and direct access to the President, it looked as though President Eisenhower had at last taken a decisive initiative to break through the deadlock. Everyone knows how, step by step, Mr. Dulles undermined Harold Stassen's position, until finally he was brought under State Department control. One result was the sudden collapse of the promising disarmament negotiations of 1957.

A couple of months ago Chalmers Roberts put together in the *Washington Post* a formidable indictment which has remained unanswered, and is in fact unanswerable. Time after time, as Mr. Roberts showed, President Eisenhower has been willing to negotiate on major issues with Rus-

sia, but was dissuaded by Mr. Dulles. In October, 1953, it was he who brought to nothing Winston Churchill's call for a summit conference. It was he, again, who last year blocked the visit to Washington of Marshal Zhukov. In October, 1956, at the time of the Hungarian rising, he rejected the proposal to withdraw two American divisions from Europe in exchange for a Soviet withdrawal of the two Russian divisions stationed in Hungary. In 1955, after Dr. Adenauer, in his address at Harvard University, had urged the United States to take the initiative at Geneva in negotiating with Russia for controlled disarmament, Mr. Dulles came out with the now famous thesis that "you cannot base a security system on a joining of forces with those whom you do not trust." From that time forward, "do not trust" became the keynote of American policy, and it would be easy to compose a veritable doxology of instances where Mr. Dulles has stepped in to thwart all progress toward a *détente*. None was more notable than his intervention in May last year, after President Eisenhower had revived the world's hopes by welcoming the Russian plan for a neutral zone in Europe. Soviet proposals, the President announced, would be received "very sympathetically" and studied "very earnestly." Within less than a week Mr. Dulles had poured cold water on the whole project. Communist promises, he said, in a refrain that was now becoming all too familiar, "were not dependable"; there had been "no government decision." Mr. Eisenhower, it was evident, had spoken out of turn; we were back where we were.

AND SO on *ad nauseam*. If circumstances never changed, it might not be so serious. But circumstances have changed, and will continue to change. Intercontinental ballistic missiles, intermediate-range ballistic missiles, nuclear warheads, nuclear submarines have raised the stakes and in the months to come will raise them to still dizzier heights. For this reason alone, Mr. Dulles has become a liability we can no longer afford. In addition, his policy in the last two years has failed, even by his



Drawing by Berger  
Secretary Dulles

own standards, to bear fruit. The notorious Eisenhower Doctrine (really Dulles Doctrine) for the Middle East was such a fiasco that even the word seems now to be taboo. "Peace through strength" and "negotiations from strength" have a hollow, mocking ring in the sputnik age. And now, as a final stroke, Mr. Dulles' handling of the NATO Conference has brought America's European allies to the verge of rebellion. All present indications point to the conclusion that, unless Mr. Dulles goes, the Atlantic Alliance is on the way out, not perhaps today or tomorrow, but long before the gap between Soviet and American progress in military technology has been closed.

THE question is, what are the alternatives? Even if Mr. Dulles agreed under pressure to negotiate, no one any longer would have confidence in his conduct of negotiations. Europe, if not America, demands a clean break. But merely to get rid of Mr. Dulles is no solution, and if the anti-Dulles movement develops into a personal vendetta, it will get us nowhere. Looked at from this side of the Atlantic, it must be said that a good deal of recent U.S. criticism appears to spring more from political partisanship than from new ideas. It is neither my business nor my intention to enter the fray of American party politics; but from a distance it is not easy to discover what new alternatives the Democratic Party has to offer. In any case, we should certainly be no better off if the only



result (as some forms of American criticism tend to suggest) were for the policy of strength to be pursued with redoubled vigor by new men with new measures.

On the other hand, indications are not wanting that the Administration itself contains personalities, more receptive to Mr. George Kennan's ideas, whose attitude to the current international situation is different from that of Mr. Dulles. It may be too late, for a variety of reasons, to pin hopes on Mr. Stassen. But, unless all information is wrong, Mr. Herter, whose undoubted abilities have been sadly neglected since he took over as Under-Secretary of State, is ready to follow new and more positive lines. We need not fear, when Mr. Dulles goes, that the "Dulles system" will drag on, like a ghost, behind him.

Even so, the issue is even wider than the direction of United States policy. The swelling demand for Mr. Dulles' resignation, the growing impatience with his "messianic complex" and his crusading zeal, which seem to stand as the major obstacles to a peaceful evolution, are the expressions of a crisis of leadership which affects the whole Western world. Similar issues face England, France and even Germany. In England, the Conservative Government is visibly crumbling; no one would bet on the length of life of the Gaillard Government in France; and though Dr. Adenauer's popularity in Germany seems beyond doubt, the vote which returned him to power was given to the architect of German recovery and prosperity, and not to the exponent of a stonewall foreign policy. Everywhere a change

of direction is expected. And yet even the present European leaders are out of tune with the Dulles line, as was shown by the irritated State Department reaction to Macmillan's proposal for a non-aggression pact with Russia and Gaillard's call for a summit meeting. What is certain is that those who succeed Macmillan and Gaillard and Adenauer will be even less sympathetic than they to the Dulles line, and less inclined to go through the motions of keeping in step. What we are faced with is not merely a change of Secretary of State, but a turning-point for the whole Western world. But the personality of Mr. Dulles is the dominating factor, which sets the tone; his departure is the key to the necessary relaxation of tension, and that is why it is imperative that Dulles should go.

## BORIS MORROS: Hero of a Myth . . by Fred J. Cook

A PUDGY, bull-necked man in his sixties now strides across the American scene, a figure more glamorous than the secret agents manufactured by the facile pens of a Helen MacInnes or a Graham Greene. He is Boris Morros, musical "prodigy" and composer, "famous" Hollywood producer, "fabulous" American counter-spy, a man who says that he sacrificed \$2,000,000 of his own money and went broke in hair-raising secret service for his country.

The Boris Morros whom all the mass media have combined to present to the public is both hero and oracle: an amateur spy who found in deep-felt patriotism the almost super-human courage necessary to outfox the professional masterminds of Russian secret intelligence; a counter-agent so astute that he penetrated to the heart of the international Soviet espionage network and fathomed

the innermost secrets of the Communist power-struggle.

These two worlds of Boris Morros now dovetail into a public issue. The glamor of the patriotic counter-spy garbs the words of the oracle with an authenticity that it seems almost un-American to question. When Boris Morros solemnly tells a Congressional committee that Marshal Zhukov will overthrow Nikita Khrushchev and seize supreme power, America believes—at least until the very opposite happens. When Boris Morros says that the Russian menace embraces more than communism, that it is a Pan-Slav plot to dominate the entire world "on a scale more ambitious than Hitler's," presumably Boris Morros speaks with the certainty of inside knowledge.

All of this raises legitimate questions. Can Boris Morros possibly be as good as he sounds? Is everything he says to be believed because he says it?

Morros burst on the public scene last winter when a federal grand jury in New York indicted Jack and Myra Soble and Jacob Albam as the king-

pins of a Soviet spy ring in this country. Morros, it was disclosed, was the key government witness against them, and hints of a cloak-and-dagger thriller seeped into the press.

This sensational revelation rocketed into the headlines on August 12, 1957, after the Sobles and Albam had pleaded guilty. Then, in a carefully staged press conference in the U.S. Attorney's office in New York, the incredibly colorful Morros was brought to center stage, a modern Nathan Hale.

IN A formal statement, Morros revealed that he had been a secret agent for twelve years—until his activities finally placed him on "the very suspect" list of the Russians. He had had "contacts" with the Russians, he said, ever since 1935, when he went back to his homeland to visit his ill mother. "I told my aged father at that time that if anything happened to my mother I would try to bring him to America to live with me," Morros said. "My father is now ninety-eight years old and resides in California."

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*FRED J. COOK, who has written notable articles in The Nation on the Hiss and Remington cases, is a crime reporter on a New York metropolitan daily.*



He explained that in 1943, after his mother's death, he succeeded in getting Russian permission to bring his father to this country. "From the time of my father's arrival, overtures from the Russians started and developed to such a phase that in 1945 they asked me outright to become an active agent for them," he added. "I went straight to the FBI and reported what had happened. I was told to agree to the Russian proposals and make my contacts, which I did."

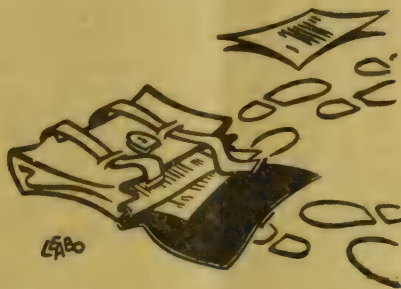
In a personal interview that added details to the formal statement, Morros told the story of a colorful life. Facile in nine languages, he "gushed" as he spoke, reporters noted, and he acted out his role like a Hollywood producer taking over a story conference. He had been, he said, a musical child prodigy in Russia; he had studied under the best masters; he had composed the well-known *Parade of the Wooden Soldiers* and had scored the music for almost 400 movies. He had been a producer himself, filming such shows as *Tales of Manhattan* and *Carnegie Hall*, but his patriotic service as a counter-spy had interrupted his career, had cost him \$2,000,000 in earnings, had left him bankrupt.

IT IS instructive to contrast these statements with later disclosures, especially with Morros' own final version of his adventures, contained in a two-part serialization in *Look* magazine. The *Look* saga, written with Bill Davidson, makes it clear that Morros' contacts with the Russians began two years earlier and lasted two years later than he had originally said; that for a good part of the fourteen years from 1933 to mid-1947 Morros, either willingly or unwillingly, did the Russians' bidding; and that, unlike the spontaneous patriot he had pictured himself to be in the August 12 press conference, he actually furnished the Russians with "fronts" for their far-flung espionage network here and abroad.

"The web tightened in 1936, after I had moved to Hollywood," Morros writes in *Look*. He explains that a man named Edward Herbert, who spoke with a thick Russian accent,

came to him and said he was going to travel in Germany to organize anti-Nazi work and that he needed a cover: "... Some kind of affidavit to show I am working for an American firm. Could you give me an affidavit saying I am a talent scout?" Morros obliged. To make the pretense look good, he even wrote phony business letters to "Herbert" in Germany, and on one occasion, when he had fallen behind in this correspondence, he was soundly berated by some unidentified Russian agent.

Yet Morros did not go to the FBI at this point. Nor did he go to the FBI when he subsequently learned that the transparently phony "Her-



bert" was actually Vassili Mikhailovitch Zubilin, an attaché at the Soviet Embassy in Washington. "Sick with worry about my father," Morros writes, he played ball with Zubilin and finally got his father out of Russia, though Zubilin warned him in advance that he would have to pay for the favor. The payment demanded was more "talent scout" affidavits.

Morros says that he then pointed out that he was no longer with Paramount Pictures and so couldn't supply such documents; but Zubilin countered by saying: "I notice that you also own a small music-recording company. Let's expand it into a big company, and my people can travel all over North and South America as agents of the firm."

THE INTENT was obvious, but still Morros didn't go to the FBI. He simply began to keep a diary. Quotes from the diary, as used in *Look*, make it clear that, in mid-December, 1943, when Morros got a telephone call from Zubilin to go to New York, he promptly went and just as

promptly fell in with Zubilin's plans for the financing of the "big" music company.

The financial backers, according to Morros—who says he met them through Zubilin—were Alfred Stern, an American millionaire, and his wife, Martha Dodd Stern, the daughter of a former American ambassador to Berlin, William E. Dodd, author of *Through Embassy Eyes*, a best-selling account of the early days of the Hitler regime. The Sterns, denounced now by Morros, have been indicted by a federal grand jury and have fled behind the Iron Curtain, but there was no hint of such an outcome when Zubilin and the Sterns and Morros met to plan a bigger Boris Morros Music Company in mid-December, 1943.

Zubilin told Morros that Stern was going to invest \$130,000 in the music firm. Morros adds: "Zubilin told Stern that he wanted to place agents in the United States and in South America. He said he would help Stern pick the agents—men of high intelligence who spoke several languages—but that it would be the job of Stern and Martha to supervise them."

A MORE explicit statement of a devious purpose could hardly be imagined. By Morros' own account, it is obvious that he must have known, that any child must have known, that the expanded Boris Morros Music Company was a blind for Soviet espionage purposes. Yet Morros went along with it. His only explanation is: "I must admit that I was taken in by the prospect of getting \$130,000 capitalization (and 25 per cent of the profits) for a business in which I had originally invested only \$6,000." The good business deal, it would seem from Morros' own account, weighed more with him at this point than patriotism.

The following spring, on March 20, 1944, Morros got another telephone call from Zubilin, and in response to it, went dutifully to New York. Zubilin took him to a restaurant and introduced him to Jack Soble. Zubilin explained that he had just been promoted to the rank of general and was returning to Russia. "From now



on, he said, Soble is to be my new superior," Morros wrote in his diary. Since Morros never quite admits that he was actually a member of the Russian apparatus at this time, one feels tempted to ask: "Superior in what?"

Soble is less reticent. Now serving time in federal prison for his espionage activities, he, too, has written a spy thriller. In this literary effort, prepared with the aid of Jack Lotto of Hearst's International News Service, Soble writes:

Every producer in Hollywood would have laughed me out of his office if I had ever tried to sell him a movie script like this:

A record and publishing company called "the Boris Morros Music Co." of Hollywood and New York lines up such talented and popular recording artists as Hoagy Carmichael, Bob Crosby and Frances Langford.

Hit records like *Rum and Coca Cola* and *Chattanooga Choo Choo* are produced and sold.

But the entire operation is a "blind" for a widespread Soviet espionage network. Bosses and "salesmen" are Russian intelligence agents.

Crazy as it sounds, the "script" would be an exact portrayal of the activities of the company I was appointed to supervise for the Kremlin.

The stars, of course, had no way of knowing that they were being used as attractive window dressing for an outfit organized to be a clearing house for spies throughout the United States, Canada, Central and South America.

Soble explains that, after the company was formed, the Sterns and Morros began to quarrel, and that finally the rift became so bitter that he, Soble, went to California, examined the music company's organizational setup and told Morros to dissolve it. "Morros didn't like the idea when I told him to shut down in the spring of 1945," Soble writes. "Stern demanded the return of his \$130,000 from Morros, who didn't want to give the money. Under pressure from me and lawyers consulted by Stern in California, Morros paid back \$100,000."

The Sterns told Soble that they felt Morros was unreliable. They said they had sent a warning about him to the Soviet Embassy, but Morros' action in paying back the

\$100,000 evidently impressed the Russians "because they allowed him [Morros] to remain in the ring as a courier," Soble writes.

Morros doesn't put it so bluntly. In *Look*, he says merely: "From 1945 to 1947, Soble kept coming to me to induce me to be reconciled with the Sterns or to provide *another business front for espionage activities.*" (Italics added.)

MORROS now became worried. To the disenchanted analyst of his story, his deep soul-searching seems to have come several years late in the game. After all, by his own account, he *had* provided covering letters for Zubilin in 1936 (in fact, he even quotes Zubilin as telling him that these letters saved his life); and he had let the Boris Morros Music Company be used as a front for Soviet espionage for about fifteen months from December, 1943, to mid-May, 1945. None of these involvements had stirred the patriotism in Morros' soul and sent him to the FBI; but, in 1947, simply because Soble kept pressing him to do again what he had already done, he suddenly realized: "God, I cannot get out."

Under the date of July 14, 1947, Morros confided in his diary: "I finally realized today that I cannot carry it on any longer. I have felt in my soul that nothing has happened so far, but it was a bad beginning and it may lead to bad things." One wonders how Morros could be so certain in his soul that nothing had happened during the fifteen months that his music company provided a convenient cover for Soviet agents. What were the Russians doing—marking time all those months? Obviously, one isn't supposed to ask such questions; one must simply be happy with Morros that nothing had happened, thrilled that Morros now went to the FBI. There, he says, he learned to his great surprise that the FBI knew all about him. They knew about the music-firm front; they had even had an agent sitting in the New York restaurant watching his introduction to Soble. The FBI suggested that Morros become a counter-spy, and he agreed. His notation for this momentous day, July 14, 1947, concludes: "Today is like the

Fourth of July—the day of independence for me."

There followed the ten-year career of Boris Morros as a counteragent. He funneled the FBI information about the Sobles and Albam. He spelled out the involvement of the wealthy Sterns. He made repeated trips to Europe and went behind the Iron Curtain to meet the masters of Russian intelligence. He discovered that Jane Foster Zlatovski, a former OSS employee, and her husband, George Zlatovski, a former Army intelligence officer, were in reality key Russian spies in Europe. The Zlatovskis, largely on the information he supplied, have now been indicted, but have holed up in France, fighting extradition.

ALL OF this would seem to indicate that Morros, after he did go to the FBI, was a counteragent of considerable value, but the shading of the picture is indubitably different in many important respects than the larger-than-life hero canvas presented to the American public by Morros in collaboration with the U.S. Attorney's office last August. And the shadings, of course, are all-important to an America that now listens to Boris Morros on the lecture platform or is told on television that here is a man who sacrificed \$2,000,000 to be a patriot.

Even the distinguished *New York Times* accepted without question the price tag that Morros put upon his services in the August 12 interview. Yet a little independent researching would have cast some doubts upon this element of his story. For the plain truth is that Boris Morros twice had been through bankruptcy; that his Hollywood film-producing venture had been a financial failure; and that, just before he became a counterspy, he was harassed by a flock of law suits.

Morros' first bankruptcy took place in 1923 shortly after he came to this country. He listed \$15,600 in liabilities, no assets. On January 28, 1930, Morros filed a second bankruptcy petition in New York courts. This time he listed liabilities of \$13,666.19. Again, no assets.

In September, 1945, some twenty months before he entered the service



of his country, Morros formed Federal Films, Inc., in Hollywood. One of his firm's gaudiest productions was *Carnegie Hall*, which cost a fortune and drew little at the box office. As a result, the Security First National Bank of Los Angeles foreclosed on the film company, which went out of business. On November 14, 1946, some eight months before Morros went to the FBI, a man named Joseph Steiner sued Federal Films for \$497.39 in wages. And Carnegie Hall, Inc., sued the film company and Morros for \$8,123.02, obtained a judgment, found a Morros bank account with \$50 in it and promptly placed an attachment against that.

This legal history would seem to indicate that Morros never had \$2,000,000, either in bank balances or potential earnings, to sacrifice on the altar of patriotism—unless, all these years, he has been holding out on his creditors. A vigorous press might have been expected to leak some gentle hint of this to the public, but today's press is obviously more beguiled by myths than by truth. Even when a bit of the truth is presented to it on a silver platter, it prefers to ignore the unwelcome guest and to cling to the fairy tale.

THE BIT of truth was served up by America's largest and most responsible news-gathering organization, the Associated Press, in mid-September, 1957. In a series of three articles written by Bob Thomas from Hollywood, the news service tried to relate the Boris Morros legend to reality, but in New York at least, the articles were generally shunted into newspaper morgues instead of into the live columns of the newspapers where the public might see them.

This seems a pity, for Thomas' series did give quite a different picture of Boris Morros from the one that had been presented under the aegis of the U.S. Attorney's office. For instance, Thomas reported: "He [Morros] did not write *The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers*, as has been claimed. It is credited to Leon Jessel. He did not compose and conduct hundreds of movie scores, as he also declares. His only big studio job



was as head of Paramount's Music Department, a supervisory post."

Morros' claim to have been a musical child prodigy and a prolific composer didn't quite tally with the picture that a fellow worker in the Hollywood vineyards gave Thomas. "His job was to find the right people for the right job—composers, orchestrators, etc.," this informant told the AP reporter. "He never composed or conducted, though often he would stand behind the conductor and keep the beat. He was very creative and brought to the studio some fine artists like Leopold Stokowski, Gladys Swarthout and Kirsten Flagstad.

"He was afraid of nothing artistically. He even conducted a program at the [Hollywood] bowl himself. He got by all right because he knew the basic beats. He also dreamed up a weekly musical program from the studio on radio Sunday mornings."

Of the films produced by Morros, Thomas reported succinctly: "None prospered at the box office."

Morros' career as a producer, according to Thomas, got off on the wrong foot. His first independent venture was *Second Chorus*, starring Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard and Artie Shaw. Despite this wealth of talent, Thomas reported, the picture "was a turkey. A stinker. A bomb." Everybody knew it, and nobody wanted to be connected with promoting the thing. So Morros himself decided to take it on the road. This was a decision that posed difficulties. For, while it might be easy to get press photographers and city editors interested in Paulette God-

dard, how was one to stimulate the appropriate journalistic curiosity about Boris Morros?

An astute Hollywood press agent solved the problem by lathering his release with reverse English. "One of these days," he wrote editors, "your door will be darkened by a happy little monster by name of Boris Morros. . . . Morros is a fantastic Russian with as humpty-dumpty an accent as ever tumbled from a swinging mouth. He is built like a bass drum, has no neck, and the back of his head is so straight he can slip off a collar without unbuttoning it. His shirts resemble Aurora Borealis struck by lightning; his neckties are tropical sunsets by a reckless artist. . . ."

Having whetted editorial appetites with this description, the publicity man prudently warned against letting Morros know the nature of his advance publicity. The press cooperated, and Morros returned from his nation-wide tour literally loaded down with clippings—and blissfully ignorant of the billing that had inspired them.

SUCH is the other Boris Morros, the Boris Morros that the American public does not see. Only occasionally and inconsequentially has his halo slipped. Walter Winchell and Dorothy Kilgallen have published some tart comments that indicate they are not completely fascinated with the hero image, and if one hunts hard enough, one sometimes finds, buried in the obscure back pages of the newspapers, little one- or two-paragraph items that seem a bit at variance with the official portrait.

On September 3, last year, for example, the United Press crashed through with a few short paragraphs from Vienna. Morros, in testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, had accused Dr. Heinrich Spitz and his wife of engaging in atomic espionage for the Russians while living in New Mexico. Dr. Spitz in Vienna "denounced the accusations as 'absurd' and 'infamous lies,'" the United Press said. It added that Dr. Spitz declared he "never had anything to do with atomic research [and never] was in contact with Soviet spies." On October 17,



the Associated Press reported from Los Angeles: "Boris Morros . . . was sued yesterday for separate maintenance. Mrs. Catherine Morros alleged cruelty in her Superior Court suit and said Mr. Morros had failed in recent years to provide support for his own father." *The New York Times*, which had its own one-paragraph story on the suit, added: "In addition to an unspecified amount for maintenance for herself, Mrs. Morros demanded return of an undisclosed sum of personal funds she says she contributed toward the support of her husband's father."

Such obscure items cause not a single hitch in the stride of the Boris Morros who swaggers across page one. Take, for example, the furore that resulted when Morros appeared before the House Un-American Activities Committee and foretold the international diplomatic future. The Associated Press told the story in a dispatch from Washington dated August 31, 1957. It began: "Counterspy Boris Morros foresees the fall of Soviet Communist Party chief Nikita S. Khrushchev

within the next eight months. He predicts that the successor will be a military dictatorship headed by Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov." Representative Francis E. Walter (D., Pa.), chairman of the House committee, was the authority for this statement, which presumably was based upon Morros' secret testimony. The AP dispatch continued: "Morros . . . also was quoted as testifying that individual Soviet spy organizations, formerly operated by a variety of Red government agencies, have now been consolidated into one super-agency under the Red Army directly responsible to Marshal Zhukov." This shift of power into the hands of the military signaled acute danger to the West, Representative Walter solemnly declared.

In the light of subsequent developments, one might almost be tempted to think that this Morros prediction represented a monumental blooper, for in less than two months, the very reverse of the forecast came to pass: Khrushchev hatcheted Zhukov, and it is only because they do things a little more humanely in Russia these days that Zhukov did

not lose his head. But did this simple development show that Morros—and the House committee—had been wrong? Of course not.

One major American news agency resolved the entire contretemps very satisfactorily in a Washington dispatch on November 2. "The Russian power showdown between Nikita Khrushchev and Marshal Georgi Zhukov, which Khrushchev has won, was forecast two months ago in a document issued by the House Un-American Activities Committee," the agency reported happily. It went on to point out that Morros had said "the emergence of Zhukov into the highest Soviet echelon meant Russia was rapidly becoming a military dictatorship." And it added: "It [the earlier story] said Zhukov could become a rival to Khrushchev." The little fact that Morros and the House committee had picked the wrong winner somehow didn't get mentioned in this citation of accuracy.

Obviously, in America today, it's the myth that counts—and an infallible, heroic Boris Morros is the most fascinating myth in a generation.

sleepy

## PEOPLE to PEOPLE . . by Dan Wakefield

SHORTLY AFTER Soviet Russia launched the earth satellites, Charles E. Wilson (G.E.'s, not the former Secretary of Defense) told the congregation of the First Baptist Church of White Plains, N. Y., that our answer to the fear of the unknown sputnik is "this understanding of people to people."

The remark may seem a particularly incoherent sample of a language best referred to as Administration-ese (under constant development by its originator, Dwight D. Eisenhower), unless it is explained that Mr. Wilson is now president of a government-initiated and privately-run foundation known as "People to People, Inc."

This organization was launched

at a special White House conference in September, 1956, with declarations by our President and Secretary of State that the whole problem of world peace was really up to The People. John Foster Dulles briefly reviewed the world challenge and said, "In all of this the question of whether or not we succeed depends not primarily upon what government does, because government only deals with some of the superficial aspects of this problem." President Eisenhower put it this way: "Today, we have this problem that I have stated: that of creating understanding between peoples. . . Governments can do no more than point the way and cooperate and assist in mechanical details. They can publish certain official documents."

The President of the United States having thus assured those present

that he is actually the operator of a giant mimeograph machine, real responsibility was turned over to The People. The results seem to prove beyond question that Alexander Hamilton and H. L. Mencken were right.

At the White House conference were leaders from all fields of American life, who promptly set to work to form People to People, Inc. There were soon established forty-one committees (Advertising, Public Relations, Foreign Affairs, Books, Magazines, Insurance, and Civic are a few) and innumerable subcommittees (the Hobbies committee is out in front with sixty subcommittees) headed by distinguished and successful men and women from all walks of life.

The response to the challenge has, of course, varied among the chair-

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.



men of the different committees, but the remarkable common denominator seems to be the power of People to People, Inc., to bring out the worst in every man. In an article on the organization's program last spring in *The Reporter*, William Harlan Hale reported a bit of the history of the Writers' committee, headed by William Faulkner. Mr. Faulkner, in his role as committee chairman, sent out a letter to the leading writers of America asking for ideas, and listing a few of his own which might serve as a guide. The Nobel Prize winner's ideas for furthering world understanding were as follows:

1. Anaesthetize, for one year, American vocal chords.

2. Abolish, for one year, American passports.

3. Commandeer every American auto. Secrete Johnson grass seed in the cushions and every other available place. Fill the tank with gasoline. Leave the switch key in the switch and push the car across the Iron Curtain.

4. Ask the government to establish a fund. Choose 10,000 people 18-30, preferably Communists. Bring them to this country and let them see America as it is. Let them buy an automobile on the installment plan, if that's what they want.

Responses of the writers included the following suggestions and comments: "Free Ezra Pound!"; "Abolish Literary Agents!"; "Futile! We are Barbarians anyway."

For periodic reports of its goings on, People to People, Inc., quickly started a four-page monthly newsletter called *People to People News*. It carries in terse dispatches with a multitude of underscored words the activities, accomplishments and plans of People to People, and is perhaps the most depressing monthly publication in America today.

OUR efforts to promote America abroad and offer an alternative to Russian ideology include the following activities reported by the *News*:

Last November, People to People sponsored two young Germans on a forty-day tour of the United States via a sports plane. The two visitors, Peter von Eckardt, West German newspaper correspondent, and Curt Heidenrich, former Luftwaffe fighter pilot, spoke to more than thirty dif-

ferent groups. At Wounded Knee, South Dakota, they were adopted by the Oglala Sioux Indian tribe.

In February, 1957, the Hobbies committee, which is one of the most active arms of the People to People enterprise, had sent "information kits" to hundreds of hobby groups, and mailed out 10,000 People to People pamphlets. The subcommittee on stamp collecting began contacts between stamp clubs in the United States and abroad: affiliations were made between the Evanston, Illinois, Philatelic Society and the Philatelic Society of Bath, England. At Regis College, Massachusetts, Sister M. Fidelma, curator of Cardinal Spellman's stamp collection, urged a girls' club to send postcards to students in other countries. "Similar activity," said the *PP News*, "has created a run on international cards so that many post offices are temporarily out."

In March, 1957, the Sports committee sent 4,000 pounds of baseball equipment to foreign lands.

Robert Christenberry, former Republican candidate for Mayor of New York City and head of the Hotel committee of People to People, Inc., brought together local leaders and American residents in the Dominican Republic and, as a result of this experience, suggested in the *March News* that P. to P. committees be set up in each foreign community which has a substantial number of American citizens. Mr. Christenberry's friendly interest in the leaders of the Dominican Republic was not referred to in an item appearing in the next month's *News*, under activities of the Labor committee, which cryptically reported: "Aid for Freedom Fighters. For example: Hungarians, Dominican Republic refugees."

In August, it was announced that the Sports committee was sending "bowling literature" overseas.

In September, the first anniversary of People to People, the *News* reprinted President Eisenhower's statement of the organization's purpose: "to build the road to an enduring peace."

In October, it was reported that Mrs. Charles Caskel of Worthington, Minnesota, received the Officer's

Cross of the German Order of Merit for her work on affiliation between Worthington, Minnesota and Crailsheim, Germany. News of ceremonies of "town affiliations" are a recurring topic in the People to People newsletter.

The town-affiliation idea has provided an excellent opportunity for Business to take part in People to People, and promote itself as well as good will. The *News* reported, for instance, that "In a 'unique presentation of French goods, services, and cultural manifestations,' Neiman-Marcus Co. of Texas is leading Dallas in Salute to France. One event is launching of town affiliation with Dijon, France. Other highlights: fashions, textile exhibition, art show, collectors' displays, food and entertainment. Many French notables are coming."

That same month, "A Satsuma vase valued at \$1,250 was presented . . . to Seattle by sister city of Kobe, Japan, as another step in their sister-city ceremonies."

THE sister-city ceremonies sometimes present problems, however. Mayor John B. Hynes and other Bostonians went to Rome for a mutual-salute ceremony which went off satisfactorily despite a Communist Party attempt to embarrass them and their hosts. The *News* reported that "Mayor Hynes, describing a Communist episode for Boston newsmen, said he had been accused of hobnobbing with neo-fascists. 'It's so monstrously untrue it's funny [said Mayor Hynes]. I met hundreds of people and I wouldn't know a neo-fascist if I saw one.'"

The Insurance committee of People to People has drummed up wide support for the cause among insurance companies. The bulletins of many of these companies have endorsed People to People, often with inspiring messages. The *Weekly Underwriter* commented that "Insurance makes international friends." The *Badger Beacon* of Badger Mutual Life gave this reassuring people-to-people message: "Somewhere in the world someone wants you for a friend!"

The Cartoonists committee, which is preparing a comic book about the



United States for world distribution, has suggested that leading foreign cartoonists be invited to visit here. Cartoonist chairman Al Capp said, "If we can, by personal contact, change the European cartoon picture of the American, we will score a major and lasting victory."

In December, the *PP News* reported that "Tie clasps, as a gesture of appreciation, were presented by National 4-H Club foundation to two national 4-K [Turkish equivalent of American 4-H] leaders in Turkey. Presentation, in Bursa province, was timed to coincide with the arrival

of two American 4-H Club exchanges."

This is, as our President said, "a time for greatness." The ideological battle lines have formed, and we have rushed to the front a battalion of pen-pals and a brand new comic book.

## W. E. B. DuBOIS: Prophet in Limbo . . by Truman Nelson

This is the modern paradox of Sin before which the Puritan stands open-mouthed and mute. A group, a nation, or a race commits murder and rape, steals and destroys, yet no individual is guilty, no one is to blame, no one can be punished. The black world squirms beneath the feet of the white in impotent fury or sullen hate.

W. E. B. DuBois

HERE IS THE unmistakable wrath of a prophet; said yesterday, true today. We listened for it in the deep shame of our recent past to lift us above the brute realities of an American governor punishing the innocent and rewarding a guilty and bestial mob, putting armed troops in the service of its capricious inhumanity. Politicians have since resolved the crisis with counterforce; yet somehow along the way all principle was drained out of the solution.

We scarcely know where to look for the prophets. They are well-nigh obsolete. Being one thing to all men today is a superhuman task, for amplitude is the deadly foe of consistency. We don't sit under preaching any more. No longer can mystic fervor and exhortation make up for error, nor can the proclamation of an absolute make people see things not as they are, but in the shape of old prophecies. There are no more absolutes and yet the prophet has to move from certainty to certainty, break through to reality and then, on center, proclaim it to the world.

Dr. William E. Burghardt DuBois prepared for his calling as a child

of his age, which is of this age, of course, although his life span has been so great that it is only because the prophet has eternal life that we know that he is of our age and younger than we are because he is also of the next age and the next. He was born three years after the War of the Rebellion and under the Presidency of a man unusually sensitive toward white rights masquerading as State's Rights—Andrew Johnson. Time whirled him downstream to his abiding rock with perfunctory ease. He was of mixed blood in a country town in Western Massachusetts where the color line was manifest but not absolutely drawn. To the world he was a Negro, but he did not feel the sting of this at first because he was also poor and this was enough. Somehow, by the staggering economic travail of his mother, he managed to get a first-rate education. However, there are so many elements of the prodigious in this process that it is hard to rate it simply as an achievement; there are too many intangibles—fate, luck, what you will—to dwell on the Horatio Algerish rise of a poor Negro boy in a small town to the eminence of a graduate of Fisk, Harvard and the University of Berlin. He says himself: "It was difficult for me at this time to form a critical estimate of any meaning of the world which differed from the conventional unanimity about me."

So far he had proved nothing but that he was a prodigy. For all this had little to do with his real work, although he thought it had. He thought knowledge was power. It goes without saying (but it should be said at every opportunity) that

every Negro in America knows as soon as he is out of his diapers that he is the *Accursed Question*; the Problem settles massively on his young shoulders for life at the (let us say charitably) tenth personal encounter with a member of the white race. DuBois, like a young horse feeling his strength and destiny as a beast of burden, threw his whole weight into the traces with the thought that if he could just drag the wrongs of his people in a compact load down Main Street something would be done by the passers-by. He was at Harvard at one of her greatest periods. He fell under the influence of William James and got from him what he thought would be his ultimate direction: to put science into sociology through a study of his own race. In the slums of Philadelphia, he made monumental studies of Negro morality, urbanization, efforts for social betterment; of the Negro in business, in college, in grade school, in church, at work, in crime: 2,172 pages of scholarly fact and opinion. It made him famous. Platforms were opened to him. Congressional committees sought his testimony . . . voluntary and friendly, of course.

BUT FOR all the accuracy and devotion of this truth-seeking, it had slight effect on the daily reality of Negroes being lynched, murdered and starved. The truths were needed but they were not wanted; and the compiler found it easy to starve alongside the subjects of his case histories, suffering the spiritual hunger which is the frustration of the appetite for justice, as well as the physical variety. He then found an

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enclave of sustenance at Atlanta University, a Negro school, as a teacher.

A functioning prophet has to get hold of some great and creesive phrase, a thought that can ring out in sorrow and in anger and which can be reiterated all his life: in battle from the housetops, in ecstasy among his brethren, in solitude and despair with a succoring and replenishing life. Alas, what a fine thing it would be if thesis-writing could change the world! Our graduate schools would become the Parliament of Man.

What DuBois got hold of was this: *Most men in this world are colored. A faith in humanity, therefore, a belief in the gradual growth and perfectibility of men must, if honest, be primarily a belief in colored men.*

Anyone can see the enormous power of these thirty-two words over the 2,172 pages of thesis-writing. The credo begins with a rude shock to the dominant whites; it challenges their ethics, strips naked their hypocrisy, universalizes their religions and then puts them on their good behavior, tested by their own great shibboleth of "democracy." Every gift, every bravery, every defeat in DuBois flowered out of this. It brought him into his first great struggle.

DuBOIS did this and more: he attacked the great hero of his own people. It takes a brave Catholic to take issue with the Pope, a brave Jew to denounce or disown Moses; Booker T. Washington was both of these for ten million Negroes at the turn of the century. DuBois and Washington had a host of differences but the salient one was that Washington believed that the Negro's struggle out of the prison of his skin must be subordinated to dominant public opinion and that opinion deferred to and cajoled until it allowed a deviation toward better ways (he seems to be haunting the Executive Mansion today). During Washington's period as spokesman for the race, the whole body of Jim Crow caste laws was passed in the South, there were hundreds of lynchings yearly and murderous incidents and degradations; but the ringlead-

er's ideological emphasis was on Negro shortcomings, so that the onus was placed on the Negro himself. Andrew Carnegie made Washington a gift of \$600,000 for Tuskegee; other rich whites were generous.

DuBois, almost single-handed, shattered these golden chains. He crossed the water into Canada, like John Brown before him, to mobilize a program of revolt against voluntary segregation. The Niagara Movement is a book in itself; it cannot be summarized other than by saying it demanded *practical* equality as John Brown demanded *practical* abolition—the full and unequivocal equality of the Negro in all areas of the human condition. Now! At once! Why not?

DuBois was nearly inundated by sewer-pipe torrents of criticism from all sides, but he worked on in semi-secrecy to develop the mobilization and the next year, in one of the most moving organizational incidents in human history, the black men of the Niagara Movement met at Harper's Ferry and walked barefoot over the flinty roads in a pilgrimage to the site of the Engine House. They stood there, in the broad and southern daylight and with their bare flesh pressing on the spot marked by the sacrificial blood of the white man who had most plainly burned the poison of white supremacy out of himself and his children, dedicated themselves to a program of positive, non-violent action based on these truths addressed to the American Conscience:

We want manhood suffrage and we want it now, henceforth and forever. We want the Constitution of the country enforced: Congress to take charge of Congressional elections, the Fourteenth Amendment to be carried out to the letter and every state disenfranchised in Congress which attempts to disenfranchise its rightful voters. We want black boys and girls to know, to think, to aspire. We will get these things by voting where we can vote, by persisting, unceasing agitation, by hammering at the truth, by sacrifice and work. We do not believe in violence but we do believe in John Brown, in that incarnate spirit of justice . . . and here on the scene of John Brown's martyrdom, we reconsecrate

ourselves, our honor, our property, to the final emancipation of the race which John Brown died to make free.

This was DuBois in 1906. The date is crucial, for it was a time when Southern white attitudes were not as basaltic as they are now; it was the very date on which Alabama led the South by instituting the first legal Jim Crow car (C. Vann Woodward, in his immensely valuable research, has completely destroyed the sanctimonious myth of the antiquity of segregation). There was still time before the deluge, DuBois thought, to solve the American dilemma by implementing the amendments in the Constitution which guaranteed political equality to the Negro. In terms of the foot-dragging going on today, it may seem madness to have called for equality fifty years ago, but competent sociologists such as Kenneth B. Clark of New York City College are saying that the whole concept of "gradualism" in race issues is generally seen by its opponents as a sign of weakness and, furthermore, grants them time to mobilize, organize and intensify their opposition. It was *after* DuBois' call for full suffrage and rights, specifically when the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912 brought the Southern Democrats back to Washington in force for the first time since the War of the Rebellion, that the great tide of segregation swept to its high-water mark.

There is considerable evidence today that a speedy and forthright approach to racial problems is less likely than gradualism to result in bitter and prolonged opposition. It is not hard to believe that it might have been possible for Negroes, had they listened to true and not false prophets fifty years past, to have had their full rights long ago.

THE BIG FLAW in this crystal is that there was no NAACP then, but there wouldn't have been any NAACP today either, if it had not been for DuBois. None of the people in this great organization want contention over claims to foundership. Some say Oswald Garrison Villard started it. He was, perhaps, its first real functionary. Some say William Walling. The Association itself says





W. E. B. DuBois

Walling, Mary White Ovington and Henry Moskowitz laid the foundations, but anyone who has grieved at the plunging gulf separating the communication of black and white in this country today knows instinctively that no three whites, no matter how enlightened, could ever appear other than (in the words of the old Wobbly song) "condescending saviors" to the Negro people, unless and until some of their own folks entered the association on equal terms.

It was DuBois who fertilized this seedling and made it viable by leading into it the brave black men of his Niagara Movement. Oswald Garrison Villard, to his eternal credit, saw the *man* in DuBois and let him establish and operate *The Crisis*, one of the great agitational organs of world reform. It was great because it was not the stultified and broad-beamed expression of committee decisions, but struck out with the hard, sword-shaped convictions of

one man. The Association recognized its greatness when DuBois left this post, saying:

He founded *The Crisis* without a cent of capital and made it self-supporting, with a peak circulation of 100,000. He transformed the Negro world, created what had never existed before, a Negro intelligentsia. He gave a new orientation to the relationship of the black and white races. Without him the Association would never have been what it was and is.

From the towering and broad-margined plateau of his prophecy, DuBois could see Africa, the Negro homeland, where the black man really was the majority. At the close of World War I, a disaster he blamed on European rivalries over the exploitation of colored, colonial labor, he went to Versailles to take Wilson up on his pledge of self-determination to small nations. What about the small nations of Africa? he asked, and organized the first *genuine*

Pan-African Congress. From then on he was the acknowledged "Father of Pan-Africanism," founding and keeping alive the African Renaissance, seeking liberation from colonialism.

THESE words come easily, but only someone who has helped carry the uncompleted and imperfect instruments of an unpopular cause can appreciate the deadly boredom, the endlessly repetitious talk, the sour encounters of fund-raising, the "Father" of anything has to endure. The men for whom DuBois was demanding a place in the galaxy of sovereign nations had been little more than victims for four hundred years. A hundred million of their immediate forebears had been stolen into slavery by the whites they were being asked to emulate; whites who had ruthlessly destroyed their own ancient governments, industries and cultures. They had learned long before that there was no international conscience to which they could appeal. I imagine there was a great deal of contemptuous laughter in world capitals at the thought of Africans from the bush forming a more perfect union of their own.

DuBois held the first Pan-African Congress in Paris in defiance of the disapproval of the American Government. Through it the notion of a Free Africa was first projected into world politics. The second congress was held in London. He bore the expense of its preparation out of his own pocket, which contained the usual meager resources of an American scholar. He drafted a "Declaration to the World" which was endorsed by the delegates. Its message was that "The absolute equality of races, physical, political, social is the founding stone of world and human advancement. The doctrine of racial equality does not interfere with individual liberty; rather fulfills it."

At this congress, he tried to establish a permanent secretariat to keep Pan-Africanism alive until genuine political parties could put down roots in African soil. This he could not effect, but the third congress, held in London and Lisbon, attracted the presence and support of some significant names: Harold Laski, H. G. Wells, Ramsay MacDonald. The



fourth was held in New York. He had tried vainly to assemble it on African soil. The links he was forging so patiently were still not extensive enough to get a grapple hold on colonialism and begin to uproot it. The world was plunging into financial crisis. DuBois had to abandon all hope of establishing the ultimate African organization as the necessary contributions dried up in the common ruin of millions of black men and white. The fifth Pan-African Congress had to come nearly twenty years later, but its ideological structure was still firm and whole. George Padmore, the historian of the Pan-African movement, writes that it was a personal triumph for DuBois, who "brought to the deliberation a freshness of outlook that greatly influenced the final decisions, the implementation of which is already shaping the African Continent."

One of the secretaries of the Congress was Kwame Nkrumah, who went on from there to become the black Prime Minister of the new sovereign state of Ghana. Nkrumah says, "It was this fifth Pan-African Congress that provided the outlet for African nationalism and brought about awakening of African political consciousness." Ghana yesterday, tomorrow Nigeria, French West Africa and the Cameroons, all guided along the road of non-violent revolution by the founding stones of DuBois, instead of being forced by the whites into tragic Mau-Mau-ism. And who can tell, perhaps the grand idea of human equality may penetrate into Mississippi, U.S.A.

DuBOIS has been rewarded as this country nearly always rewards its prophets. He was arrested—as Thoreau was arrested, and Theodore Parker and Garrison, Phillips, Samuel Gridley Howe, Bronson Alcott, Abner Kneeland, Frank Sanborn, T. W. Higginson, Ezra Heywood, Benjamin Tucker, Sacco and Vanzetti. The charge made against DuBois was that he was an agent of a foreign power. He was acquitted. But the same man who had been equated with Franklin and Jefferson by Henry Steele Commager in his *Men Who Make Up Our Minds*, described

by John Gunther as "almost like Shaw or Einstein . . . in his field," who was given the most eloquent praise by Van Wyck Brooks, Eugene O'Neill and others of like calibre, discovered after he had been fingerprinted, handcuffed, bailed and remanded for trial, that a terrible blight seemed to settle over his virtues and his powers. He found himself virtually excluded from the press and publishing; found that he was in exile, shut off from the main channel of American life which he had so generously purified and deepened in his long lifetime. Not only exiled, but entombed: he could not get a passport to go abroad and express himself.

It must be said that DuBois has been arrogant and made some critical misjudgments. Don't ask me when. I am an intemperate man myself. My explanation is that we ordinary men who bruise easily and do not suffer fools gladly, and *all* prophets, are constitutionally wrong-headed and arrogant. Garrison and Phillips drove with the whiplash of their vituperation every middle-of-the-roader out of their faction of the anti-slavery movement. Theodore Parker was the most hated man of his time among his brethren of the cloth. Perhaps this is the best thing about them, and the element which might have saved the radical movement in this country from its present chaos and futility: the ability to make something monolithic about dissent, instead of the other way around where a thing is said to be monolithic because there is no apparent or permitted dissent and it suddenly falls to pieces like rotten cheese. DuBois was just wrong-headed enough fifty years ago to reverse the direction of a race and demand full equality as a minimum when most Negroes were learning how to be quiet enough not to be lynched.

His own excuse is less flattering. He says:

My leadership was a leadership solely of ideas. I never was, nor ever will be, personally popular. This was not simply because of my idiosyncrasies, but because I despise the essential demagoguery of personal leadership; of that hypnotic as-

cendancy over men which carries out objectives regardless of their value or validity simply by personal loyalty and admiration. In my case I withdrew sometimes ostentatiously from the personal nexus, but I sought all the more reeterminedly to force home essential ideas.

He is arrogant enough today, after suffering this blight six years ago, in his eighty-third year, not to crawl, to breast-beat, to cry *mea culpa*, and so get himself fumigated, deodorized and acceptable, but rather to sit in solitude, waiting for the American people to rehabilitate themselves in relation to *him* instead of the other way around. This is the way it has to be with prophets. He is in solitude, but not in silence. He is working, and let this be an example to the fearful men of this cardiac age to whom death lurks conspiratorially in the shadow of every peak of tension, emotion or commonplace effort. He has just written a trilogy on Negro history to complete his life's message. The first volume appeared in 1957; the others are to appear this year and next. He is nearly ninety and has endured every variety of abuse, accusation and infamy, and all this with a nature sensitive to an extraordinary degree; endured it for his color, his religion, his politics and most of all for the sheer, cursed unchangeability of his *self*.

TAKE a long look at this man. Historians and text-book writers have a way of making his kind invisible and hanging their laurels on political accidents. I know just how they do it. There is evil and a man challenges it and in the ensuing struggle people find themselves involved, willy-nilly, on his side. And they suffer for it and blame him for calling attention to the evil and in a generation or so he has been transformed into the evil itself.

But this does not have to be. Someday the people in this country will demand that their own records be set straight, and alongside the political accidents, the Presidents and Senators, will go the enduring and usable truths of the American Prophets. Among these Prophets will be W. E. B. DuBois.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Writer Fights Back

Gerald Sykes

MORE is written each year on the shotgun marriage between literature and psychology, but most of it appears in academic and technical publications which few people ever see. Recently William Phillips collected an anthology, *Art and Psychoanalysis*. (See Herbert Marcuse's review, *The Nation*, May 16, 1957.) Both scientists and literary men contributed, among others Sigmund Freud, Erich Fromm, Ernest Jones, Theodore Reik, Fritz Wittels, Thomas Mann, William Empson, William Barrett and Edmund Wilson.

An outstanding feature of the book is the new dignity claimed by the writer for himself. If he once cringed before the indictments of psychoanalysis, if he once meekly concurred in the medical opinion that he was not normal, he has now changed his tune. Both Mr. Phillips and Lionel Trilling make this very clear in *Art and Psychoanalysis*. After recalling that Freud himself in later years moderated his attitude toward the artist, Professor Trilling finds neurosis as prevalent among scientists and businessmen as among writers, and says of the poet, "what indeed suggests nothing but health, is his power of using his neuroticism. He shapes his fantasies, he gives them social form and reference." And Mr. Phillips ends his introduction with "maybe some day the neurotic artist will become a pillar of society."

This is pretty far from what the psychoanalyst Otto Rank wrote in 1932 in *Art and Artist*:

If [the neurotic] seeks his salvation in artistic creation, instead of in the development of his personality, it is because he is still in the toils of old art-ideologies. . . . Artistic creativity does not, after a point, favor the personality but impedes it, since it forces upon the artist a professional

ideology which more and more penetrates the human self and finally absorbs it.

Freud in his early work regarded the artist as an escapist, a neurotic who sought to flee from unpleasant reality by means of "substitute gratifications." He was always heavily respectful of art, however, and wrote: "Unfortunately, before the problem of the creative artist, analysis must lay down its arms." At the age of seventy he acknowledged that literary men had preceded him as discoverers of the unconscious. He never went so far, however, as Mr. Phillips in readmitting the writer to normal society.

There are similar implicit reservations in the statement of his disciple, Franz Alexander, who wrote in *Explorations in Psychoanalysis* (1953):

The naked unconscious, as it often appears in contemporary art, is not a suitable way of communication. It must go through the prism of the organizing portion of the personality, the conscious ego, in order to become meaningful. The artist eventually will emerge from the surrealist detour through the depths of the unconscious with a new constructive message which he cannot express in this era of doubt and confusion.

This is not quite as drastic as Rank's statement, but it amounts to much the same thing. It may not say, "Writers, stop writing!" but it does say, "Writers, don't expect to write anything good at a time like this." Such counsel is naturally intolerable to writers, who have been hearing it or something like it ever since the Golden Age, and so we come upon essays by Leslie A. Fiedler and Stanley Edgar Hyman, the former appearing in *The Sewanee Review* and the latter in *The Armed Vision*, which indicate ways in which the writer may actually write better because of the new techniques put at his disposal by anthropologists and psychologists. Professor Hyman

finds "endless vistas" for better criticism, and Professor Fiedler finds hope even for the poet.

"A final way back into the world of Archetypes," he writes, "available even in our atomized culture, is an extension of the way instinctively sought by the Romantics, down through the personality of the poet, past his particular foibles and eccentricities, to his unconscious core, where he becomes one with all of us in the presence of our ancient Gods, the protagonists of fables we think we no longer believe. . . . We cannot get back into the primal Garden of unfallen Archetypes, but we can yield ourselves to the dreams and images that mean paradise regained."

SINCE THE "archetypes" of C. G. Jung are praised and used by Fiedler, it should be pointed out that Jung believes that the writer's chief problem is that of energy. Most writers, he says in *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, are dismal failures as human beings because their energy has been foreclaimed by their talent. Genius imposes a discipline of its own which may mean a shocking life but a good book. The writer, knowing that he has only so much energy to spend, quickly learns to channel his into words, not deeds. Therefore we frequently witness the spectacle of a monster who has written a masterpiece because he put his oomph at the disposal of a "collective unconscious" that disregards personal fulfillment. On the other hand, he has the profound satisfaction of serving mankind by tapping common sources of myth, poetry and spiritual reactivation.

This brings us to some of the central problems of the writer today. Does he need psychotherapy, and if he believes he does, how will he stand up under it? Will he lose his demon or reinforce it? Must he be content with paving the way for the "new constructive message" that Alexander hopes for, or can he come through, as Fiedler believes, even

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here and now? If he is about to become a "pillar of society," where will he discover the double energy required for good citizenship and intensity of craft? Does this demand a metaphysical initiation as well as a psychological one?

The questions are familiar, and the answers must of course be given separately by separate persons. But a pattern is clear enough in all this discussion: the psychologists show occupational skepticism and the writers show occupational hope. If not hope for the world they live in, at least hope for their own capacity to survive in it—and no more neurotically than anyone else. Their works may not please the scientist, but then, they say, the scientific taste in literature is usually rather old-fashioned. And meanwhile they are writing, and an increasingly complex world demands their interpretation.

A STORY about Thomas Mann seems relevant, because it dramatizes the kind of reversal of public position that many writers now hope to achieve. It might be called "Who's Neurotic Now?" It concerns his early autobiographical novelette *Tonio Kröger*, which deals with a writer who did not fit into his native town in northern Germany. Tonio was fond of his school chum, Hans Hansen, but even as a boy he realized that he could never compete with Hans in robustness or acceptance by the world. As they grew up, it was only natural that the beautiful Ingeborg should prefer the strong, normal Hans to the frail, neurotic Tonio.

When he became a man Tonio went south to Munich, worked hard, and won success as a writer. Then he made a lonely return to his old home in the north. He went on to Denmark for a sad holiday and there saw Hans and Ingeborg at a dance. He looked through a window and saw them, as gay as ever, in the very center of the fun. His childhood fears were realized: Hans had got everything he wanted, while Tonio merely looked on.

The story caught the world's imagination. Hans and Tonio became famous as symbols, respectively, of health and neurosis. It was translated into many languages, and its

author became rich, famous and "senatorially robust." Then he received the Nobel Prize. To celebrate the occasion he wrote a tiny volume called *A Sketch of My Life* (1930).

There is a passage in that little-known book which has been overlooked. I sometimes wonder if Mann

himself fully appreciated its irony. He wrote of early poems "inscribed to a dear friend, the one who as Hans Hansen in *Tonio Kröger*, had a sort of symbolic existence, though in real life he took to drink and made a melancholy end in Africa."

Aside from its frank attempt to

## Boom

SEES BOOM IN RELIGION, TOO.

*Atlantic City, June 23 (AP).—President Eisenhower's pastor said tonight that Americans are living in a period of "unprecedented religious activity" caused partially by paid vacations, the eight-hour day and modern conveniences.*

*"These fruits of material progress," said the Rev. Edward L. R. Elson of the National Presbyterian Church, Washington, "have provided the leisure, the energy, and the means for a level of human and spiritual values never before reached."*

Here at the Vespasian-Carlton, it's just one religious activity after another; the sky is constantly being crossed by cruciform airplanes, in which nobody disbelieves for a second, and the tide, the tide of spiritual progress and prosperity miraculously keeps rising, to a level never before attained. The churches are full, the beaches are full, and the filling-stations are full, God's great ocean is full of paid vacationers praying an eight-hour day to the human and spiritual values, the fruits, the leisure, the energy, and the means, Lord, the means for the level, the unprecedented level, and the modern conveniences, which also are full. Never before, O Lord, have the prayers and praises from belfry and phonebooth, from ballpark and barbecue the sacrifices, so endlessly ascended.

It was not thus when Job in Palestine sat in the dust and cried, cried bitterly; when Damien kissed the lepers on their wounds it was not thus; it was not thus when Francis worked a fourteen-hour day strictly for the birds; when Dante took a week's vacation without pay and it rained part of the time, O Lord, it was not thus.

But now the gears mesh and the tires burn and the ice chatters in the shaker and the priest in the pulpit, and Thy Name, O Lord, is kept before the public, while the fruits ripen and religion booms and the level rises and every modern convenience runneth over; that it may never be with us as it hath been with Athens and Karnak and Nagasaki, nor Thy sun for one instant refrain from shining on the rainbow Buick by the breezeway or the Chris-Craft with the uplift life raft; that we may continue to be the just folks we are, plain people with ordinary superliners and disposable diaperliners, people of the stop'n'shop 'n' pray as you go, of hotel, motel, boatel, the travelers of no deposit no return and please adjust thy clothing, who will give to Thee, if Thee will keep us going, our annual Miss Universe, for Thy Name's Sake, Amen.

HOWARD NEMEROV



apotheosize himself (and vindicate himself at the expense of a former hero), I think Mann's sketch is significant of a craving that lurks in many a writer's bosom, especially today when a sinking but prosperous society has developed a vested interest in the maintenance of the arts—the craving for dignity. Mann, who became as conservative as a Swiss banker in his carefully rehearsed public appearances, speaks of it openly as his mainspring. There are present-day colleagues of his who might make a similar confession, if they did not still fear that awful word "bourgeois." It is not money alone that draws so many of them to the academy, nor the status they talk so much about. They now covet the cozy spot being vacated by a demoralized gentry. They want their kids to be respected in a way they were not. It is therefore imperative that they remove the psychologists' smear. (Especially in view of the wackiness they have been observing in the psychologists themselves, the insensitiveness, lack of imagination, etc.)

The best way to achieve their ends is to attack their defamers, which is

why even such cautious writers as Phillips and Trilling have moved out of a defensive crouch. It is hard, however, to shake off a transference, and the *Partisan Review* mind that they typify has always been authoritarian. Our anti-intellectuals, middlebrows, roughnecks, and junior Rimbauds have an easier time getting up from the horsehair couch; they never settled down on it. But what they say can be fairly pointless when they don't face the problem. (See Dr. Samuel Beck's letter in rebuttal of Kenneth Rexroth's "Vivisection of a Poet"; *The Nation*, January 11). As our age becomes more conscious, writers may find it easier to pass between the world of will and the world of idea—a passage which they have always made in classic times of full-blooded, felicitous expression. They will then be able to bear the full shock of scientific attack and still come back and pour out the passion and imagery that are their justification. They will be sufficiently bilingual then to *think* in the new Latin which science is slowly providing for our new Dark Ages, but still *write* poetically in the vulgar tongue.

selves, but the vast majority, who are really on the defensive.

In interviews taken in every section of the South, Dykeman and Stokely communicate the deadening sense of hopelessness involved in the segregation of the races, a hopelessness which stems from an awesome waste of wealth and human resources and which has made a torpid mass out of a large section of the deep South. It is at this level that the Dykeman-Stokely book helps remove some of the legends and pretexts. It is not only a matter of a Negro child going to a public school unmolested; it is also a matter, for instance, of the second biggest killer in the South—pregnancy; Negro pregnancy. Five times as many Negro women die in childbirth as do white mothers, and part of this story may be explained by the fact that there are approximately 850 hospital beds serving the white population (per 100,000 in 1954), as against 102 hospital beds for Negroes. With respect to hospital facilities for childbirth, there are per capita more than six times as many bassinets available for white mothers as there are for Negroes. When you realize that the "white" facilities are well below the national average, you'll understand what racial segregation really means. The "massive resistance" fellows talk about "mongrelization" but at another level the problem is really—an earlier death.

HARRY ASHMORE, the embattled editor of the (Little Rock) *Arkansas Gazette* has produced a brilliant and important work. It is only a handful, and you have the impression that the publishers inadvertently omitted "to be continued." Because Ashmore has laid the foundation of what may well be the definitive work on the South in transition: the overthrow of agriculture as the dominant way of life; the tremendous industrialization; the coming of the Northern branch-managers, and the beginning of the end of the two most important features of the twentieth century South—racial segregation and the self-perpetuating political hierarchy. This is the point of Ashmore's penetrating analysis: the South was waiting for leadership, and the leadership never materialized. Ashmore discusses this in terms of the great "calm" that settled over the South after the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954; "the other shoe had finally fallen." This "calm" was not lost on the Southern newspapermen, and three governors in widely-scattered state capitals gave precisely the same answer. The "calm," they said, was deceptive; the people

## Communiques from Dixie

### NEITHER BLACK NOR WHITE.

By Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely. Rinehart & Co. 371 pp. \$5.  
AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE. By Harry S. Ashmore. W. W. Norton & Company. 189 pp. \$3.50.

#### Harry Golden

"MY GOD, the niggers are in," was the stifled sob of a white woman in Little Rock, as she watched the front door close on the first few Negroes ever to enter Central High School.

But why this cry of abject despair? Why should a workman from a nearby plant, without taking the time to change his overalls, rush over to the campus of the University of Alabama and shout: "Kill her, kill her," as the Negro student Autherine Lucy took that long walk toward the "admittance" door? Why should a middle-aged wife of a taxi-driver in Charlotte, North Carolina, harass the 15-year-old Dorothy Counts, the lone Negro student admit-

ted to the Harding High School? The woman kept shouting encouragement to the white teen-agers around her: "Spit on her, children, spit on her."

Why?

Only the Southerners themselves can tell us. The reporters and the writers for wire services and national magazines could cover only the "spot" news, the "sensations," but the Southerners—without deadlines—can give us a clue, if not "the answer" itself.

Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely, a husband-wife writing team, have made this valuable contribution to the growing literature on the racial problem of the South; a contribution enhanced by the fact that they are trained reporters and competent writers. What Dykeman and Stokely provide is a full description of the South's last convulsive shudder before finally accepting the Supreme Court decisions to end the legal segregation of the races. And it is significant that the authors write with confidence and good humor. They give the unmistakable impression that it is not them-

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were merely expressing a quiet confidence that their political leaders would somehow preserve racial segregation. This opinion was contrary to at least one of the known facts—ten Southern cities had initiated surveys and plans in compliance with the decision, but this preliminary work was abandoned when their state capitols sent word to stop the nonsense if they expected to keep intact their school-fund appropriations.

All of this relates to a tradition that political victory comes to him who "hollers Nigra" first—and louder. The late Senator Walter George of Georgia, at the end of a long and honorable career, found it necessary to introduce the Southern Manifesto: "...we regard the decision of the Supreme Court... as a clear abuse of judicial power.... We pledge ourselves to use all lawful means to bring about a reversal of this decision which is contrary to the Constitution...." But that was clearly not enough, and the elderly statesman had to give up without a fight rather than face the dreadful prospect of trading "Nigras" with Herman Talmadge. It is good that Harry Ashmore reminds the Southern Senators and Representatives who signed the Manifesto that they may have cut themselves off forever from any opportunity for "national" public service, like being confirmed for a place on the Supreme Court or for a seat in the cabinet of a Democratic administration.

PART of the terrible burden of being a "segregationist" is that it is *never* enough. You can be known as a "Free Trader," for instance, all of your life and that is all there is to it. But "segregationist" somehow does not stick to the bones; you must renew it with each political campaign and in every precinct; and you must renew it everlastingly with a new vigor, perhaps even with a bit of obscenity if the situation becomes desperate. It may comfort some people to know that Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, "Mr. Dixiecrat" himself, lost his first bid for the Senate, as recently as 1950, because he had decided that a more restrained campaign befitted a former Presidential candidate, but this is one area where you dare not rest on your laurels. It was simply a matter of Senator Olin Johnston shouting it first—and louder. Senator Thurmond's protestations that he was not really "soft on Negroes" came too late to catch up with Johnston's early lead.

And this is all that was involved in the Little Rock situation, which resulted in the Presidential order dis-

patching a regiment of federal troops to enforce a federal court order. Governor Orval Faubus, hopeful of an unprecedented third term, had heard that a prospective opponent was prepared to "holler Nigra" first—and louder. So the Governor called out the National Guard to prevent the nine Negro students from entering the Central High School to which they had been assigned by the local school board authorities.

It goes deeper than the mere winning of an election. It relates back to the woman who sobbed: "My God, the niggers are in." Somehow that woman feels that the Negro stands between her and social oblivion. The politician, for his part, fears that if the Negro were "taken away" from her, she would have to seek self-esteem elsewhere, perhaps even in the voting booth; in the voting booths by the hundreds of thousands, in the hope that maybe her own son might someday go to Congress. The politician also fears that if the Negro enters "caste" himself, the white man may not only vote by the new hundreds of thousands, but may also seek status within the labor unions. This is by way of parting the curtain for you to see a bit more than the play that is being performed for us.

One could wish that in this great book Harry Ashmore had added a paragraph to his observation that, despite the few incidents that have made the headlines, many Southern communities have integrated their schools without even the hint of a violence that had been promised by the "white supremacy" extremists. Perhaps the attitudes and the actions of the Negroes themselves have had something to do with this phenomenon. And phenomenon it is that some eleven million people, half of whom are semi-literate, haven't done a single thing "wrong." When a house is bombed they say: "Let's go to church and pray for the fellows who bombed the house." And the persistence with which they go to the judge with a new writ every Monday morning is a story that will someday make a proud chapter in the history of the South. Of course, *the South*, because this is a reflection of the humanism which is really at the base of the Southern culture; a humanism born out of Fundamentalist Christianity, and out of the Whig tradition of "public service," and out of the residue of agrarian populism; a humanism that produces Wilma Dykeman, James Stokely and Harry Ashmore.

## Max Lerner at Mid-Century

*AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION.* By Max Lerner. Simon & Schuster. 1035 pp. \$10.

**Norman Redlich**

IT BECOMES obvious after a few hundred pages that large sections of *America As A Civilization* mirror the views of other writers more than they do those of Max Lerner. Anyone widely read in the social sciences soon feels that he has "been here before." Rather than a fault, however, this is an inevitable consequence of Mr. Lerner's successful attempt to view American civilization in its entirety. No author can possibly offer fresh insight on every aspect of American life, and Mr. Lerner freely acknowledges his debt to others. His related method of submitting chapters to experts in various fields undoubtedly has made for greater accuracy, but it may at the same time explain the watered-down tone of so many sections, where the attempt seems to have been to obtain a synthesis of various viewpoints. Particularly is this true in the sections dealing with Amer-

ican capitalism and business, science, and class structure. Mr. Lerner's ability to fuse so many sources, and to interrelate them with his own ideas, is a feat of scholarly assimilation, but in the process the author frequently fades into the background.

Mr. Lerner does not believe in theories of history, so he cannot place America in a broad historical context. Nor does he seek to emphasize the dominant power of any one group or any one thought pattern. He writes:

But my own tendency throughout this book is to approach America in terms of its nature as a richly pluralistic society. The pluralisms I find in American stock and regions, in American loyalties, and the American character structure, in religion and the sects, in political and economic life, I find also in the class system and even in the ruling groups.

This frame of reference, together with its related idea of America as an "open-class society," helps to unify what might have been a rambling, disjointed work. Yet the parts still emerge as far more significant than the whole. The excellent

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chapter on the Life Cycle of the American, and the sections on Taste, Morals and Life Goals are remembered more for their particular ideas than for any relation to the pluralisms of American life.

What one misses most in *America As A Civilization* is the sting of incisive thought which readers of Max Lerner have come to expect. It is not that Lerner the Journalist has yielded to Lerner the Scholar, but rather that the scholar has too often yielded to the researcher. William Whyte's brilliant sections on aptitude testing and education in *The Organization Man* may seem unbalanced and non-objective, compared to anything in Mr. Lerner's book. Nevertheless, they revealed essential truths. Mr. Lerner's chapter on education, while it cites the slackness and the extent to which business ideas permeate our colleges, does so with a balanced detachment that dulls the author's main points. Veblen's insights into functioning capitalism, despite some obvious distortions, illuminate our thinking thirty-five years after they were written in *Absentee Ownership*. Lerner's more objective analysis of capitalism is sterile by comparison.

ALTHOUGH *America As A Civilization* is not dominated by a single thesis, its mood is consistent. It generates a feeling of satisfaction with the America that is and an optimism about the America that will be. It should be said in fairness that Lerner has not written an apologia for America, nor attempted to gloss unpleasant problems. His satisfaction and optimism come, not from what he includes or excludes, but from what he emphasizes. A few examples will illustrate.

In describing the American economy, Mr. Lerner indicates that we face serious problems, such as the concentrations of corporate power, their control over public opinion, and the possibility that the "big power structures . . . may prefer a continuing arms economy to the alternative of successive New Deals." He also recognizes the necessity for a more equitable distribution of wealth and for improvement in housing and other areas where poverty mocks our prosperity. But what gives his whole discussion a feeling of relaxed, detached optimism is his explicit conclusion that the basic economic problems of American capitalism have been solved. He feels that the New Deal created the technique to avoid the boom-bust cycle, that "so far as technical and economic problems are concerned, Americans have now adequate knowledge about how to stabilize their

economy; the real question is whether they have the political wisdom and the moral courage to take the necessary measures." His final question about the American economy reveals his basic attitude and fears: "America now has prosperity and is likely, unless there is a world catastrophe, to maintain it for decades at least. But where does it go from prosperity?" However interesting may be the problem of "Where does it go from prosperity," a New Deal liberal like Mr. Lerner has become surprisingly well-satisfied with America at mid-century when he feels that American capitalism has finally solved an economic problem which has eluded solution for close to 200 years.

He is also optimistic on radicalism ("Despite the low estate of radical thought during the Cold War era, an intellectual pattern so consistent through American history is likely to find renewal"); on class differences (" . . . the modes of life have tended to converge in a large category of middle-class living"); on the role of the military ("With all its pressures to conformity American society offers an unfavorable soil for militarism.").

Toward the end of his book, Mr. Lerner raises important questions about America's relationship to the nations and peoples of the world. I wish that they

had been explored further, because they touch on what are fast becoming the most vital issues of our time. In the world-wide competition with communism, Mr. Lerner feels that our greatest asset is not our technology but our democratic vision, our humanism, our concept of an open society. To export this open society "involves a refusal to foreclose the future against any economic doctrine or social system whether capitalist or Socialist, democratic or authoritarian, provided it stays within the spirit and codes of an open world society." Mr. Lerner recognizes that, in our time at least, America has neither been able to export such ideas nor to support the revolutionary dynamism which is moving many areas of the world. He attributes this failure to the fact that America "has allowed itself to be switched off from the main path of its development into the futile dead ends of the fear of ideas and the tenacious cult of property." But, true to his optimism, he concludes with the buoyant hope that America has neither forgotten its idealism nor lost its creative genius, and will demonstrate once again "the plastic strength that has shaped a great civilization."

Perhaps. But Mr. Lerner should have asked whether there might now be a basic conflict between American capi-

## Meditation

I grow more mellow, mellow one must be,  
Mellow as apples fallen under trees.  
One must be mellow, wrestle unity  
From out the beguiling chaos of our life,  
A whirlpool are the senses and their import nice.  
To be master of all those segments,  
Those indivisible shatterings of parts,  
One needs mellowness, comforts, and the country.

I withdraw old theories, I differ with my old  
Philosophies. Money may not be the sixth sense  
But it is a tribute to the five.  
Fancy, sweet music when the spirit is tired.  
Fancy, sweet apricots when the body is weak.  
Fancy, strong pictures when the eye is lazy.  
Fancy, sweet salt within the bath of flesh.  
O fancy roses in a pasture grass.

I withdraw old theories, I scuttle  
The Rilke bark! I abjure poverty, famine  
(Flaubert spoke manfully, truly, of lying down  
With the leper, but did he live other  
Than at Rouen on a safe estate? He lay down  
With the bourgeoisie. Enough!)

I will lay myself down in a cottage at Woodstock,  
And write about the larks and fishes,  
Loaves and good dishes, and all things mellow.  
My breath catches here, in the cry of the city.  
Fountains, release me. Which is to say, give,  
Pay, replenish my flesh. Build me a dwelling.

RUTH HERSCHBERGER



talism and the dynamism which is driving underdeveloped people toward industrial progress. Perhaps the reason why we can no longer export our idealism is that in America it has been inextricably tied to capitalism, whereas in Asia the demand of rapid industrialization may call for social and political structures which can flourish only at the expense of American capitalism and its investments abroad. Rather than posing a dilemma, Lerner seems to imply that American imperialism and revolutionary Asian nationalism can function simultaneously.

As with many of the problems raised

in *America As A Civilization*, the question of our relationship to the rest of the world is made to appear close to solution and very much within our power to solve. Mr. Lerner does not trouble us with the seemingly insoluble, the apparent dilemmas, the problems that may be beyond our control as a people. It is this lack of tough-mindedness that makes an otherwise outstanding book so disturbing, for only through a frank recognition of the enormous challenges we face at home and abroad can the civilization which Mr. Lerner describes have the bright future which he so confidently predicts.

## Underdeveloped Americans

**PRISONERS OF LIBERATION.** By Allyn and Adele Rickett. Cameron Associates. 288 pp. \$4.75.

Donald S. Taylor

THE RICKETTS went to China in 1948 as Fulbright Fellows, studied Chinese history, philosophy and literature under both regimes and, incidentally, reported to our State Department and later to the British on conditions among students and other intellectuals. They were arrested by the Communist government in 1951 and very shortly confessed to their "espionage." The rest of their four-year imprisonment brought them gradually to accept the Communist view and to realize "the whole sordid rottenness" of "my character" (Mr. Rickett), "that I was selfish, arrogant, bigoted, and sly" (Mrs. Rickett).

Although they felt some physical duress early in their imprisonment, their aptitude for guilt made such treatment almost superfluous. The goading, nagging, bullying and sneering of their captors and fellow-prisoners, capriciously alternated with solicitude and small kindnesses, look at first like gratuitous sadism. It is not long, however, before the Ricketts cease to resent and, with an enthusiasm painful to observe, begin themselves to indulge in the methodical destruction of human dignity's last resort—a man's opinion of himself:

... Jeng Ai-ling [Mrs. Rickett's Cell Leader] suddenly asked, "What have you been thinking about the last couple of hours?"

Tears of self-pity welled in my eyes as I answered, "I've been thinking about all the terrible things the imperialists have done in China."

DONALD S. TAYLOR teaches English at the University of Washington.

January 25, 1958

Jeng Ai-ling exploded, "Filthy spy! You really have all the tricks!" She turned to Mei Chi-yün, "Just look at her, trying to gain our sympathy. She's running true to form." Then back to me, "You don't have a human heart at all. You've got a dog's heart, haven't you?"

Afraid that a denial would bring on a further accusation of obstinacy, I remained silent, head drooping.

"Answer me! You've got a dog's heart, haven't you?"

I nodded and replied in a tiny voice, "Yes, I guess I have."

"Ha!" shouted Mei Chi-yün. "That's a fine thing. Defiling your parents like that. If you're a dog, what does that make them? Really you have the character of a filthy spy!"

Just then the whistle blew. The two women looked at each other hesitantly for a moment and then Jeng Ai-ling said, disgustedly, "Get to bed. And you'd better think about your attitude."

The next two or three days were spent in a struggle to make me face up to those elements in my character which made me one moment cringing and fawning, the next obstinate and defiant. Over and over they resorted to the method of having me stand on the floor two or three hours

### For Rachel

How quietly dawn breaks,  
bird song shaken from a tree  
the only warning that the  
sentinel stars of night  
have been relieved and  
the window will be found  
frost orange.

BRUCE FEARING

at a time, hoping that this would stir me to take a serious look at myself.

After four years of such internal and external pressure, the Ricketts were tried, convicted, sentenced and deported. The book is evidence that the self-abasement has persisted.

SOME call this brainwashing. The Ricketts speak of thought reform and education. The publishers, with a wet finger to the winds of intellectual fashion and the jargon of the social sciences, talk of "group techniques strikingly similar to certain experimental techniques being tried in American psychiatry and penology." The book itself suggests something a little less irreproachably experimental and advanced. The Ricketts seem to have moved from conviction of sin to revulsion at self and, finally, to loss of self in something larger and unquestioned, something which absolves one from the painful, uncertain human necessity of making individual moral choices. It is not "group techniques" so much as something very close to another variety of religious experience.

Whatever we choose to call it, the Ricketts testify that it is working basic

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changes in the Chinese character, and they show that the heart of the process is "self-criticism." At the word from above that wrong has been done, all concerned set the self-critical and self-punitive apparatus in motion. The state becomes the stern parent, but the scrutiny and the punishment are left to the precocious child, much as though a father were to say, "Son, I want you to stand there in the corner until you realize what you've done wrong and then I want you to decide on some adequate punishment and carry it out thoroughly." If the child eagerly replied, "Yes, papa," and then went through the whole procedure with something like exhilaration, who would appall us more, father or child?

UP TO this point we may choose to be smug, but this painful book is, nevertheless, honest and useful. Because the bias is constant, naive and novel, we can learn from it much about Communist China. We can also learn much about the Chinese attitude toward us—of the well-founded distrust which will have to be candidly faced and overcome if the Chinese (or Asians and Africans generally) are ever to listen to us. Democracy, we shall have to learn, must be lived, not sold.

More painful still, *Prisoners of Liberation* is strong evidence that democracy has been merely sold here at home and, further, that the Communists are passing us, not only in science and technology, but also in our dearest, most sacred chicanery—our salesmanship. Although much of the book is straight reporting of the Ricketts' exchanges with Chinese intellectuals, interrogators, judges and fellow prisoners, these two highly-educated Americans manage between them less than five full pages in defense of what they now call "Western bourgeois democracy." And even here the defense is petulant, ignorant, frighteningly superficial—not much more than could be picked up by a mediocre student in a high school civics or "Americanism" class. The cloud of witnesses to the dignity of the free individual from Milton to Fromm have said nothing, apparently, to the Ricketts. Could it be that these voices were never heard?

There was in the Ricketts a political, social and moral hunger, and the Communists, though they may not have fed them on the best bread, did not offer them a stone. Social morality, for instance, came to the Ricketts in prison with the force of a new and powerful concept, at once distinguishing Chinese communism from, and setting it above,

"self-centered" American democracy. "Our study discussions," writes Mr. Rickett, "provided us with a yardstick to measure the rightness or wrongness of our actions. The yardstick was basic socialist morality. That is to say, what is best for the greatest number of people in a specific historical context determines right from wrong." It was, for the Ricketts, only a step from this to acceptance of the People's Government of China as the repository of final truths about the common good, and only a step further to the self-revulsion just sampled.

But where does the guilt lie? If we cannot teach ourselves a social morality

based on the dignity and freedom of the individual, if we cannot bring this morality more rapidly into practice, if we can champion democracy only by exchanging slogans and epithets with the Communists, then why struggle? The value of *Prisoners of Liberation* lies not in its indictment of the Ricketts or of the "education" they underwent, but in its indictment of our own education, even that of our intellectuals. Greater emphasis on science and engineering will not touch this failure. If our citizens can say no more for democracy than the Ricketts said, then democracy has become inert and valueless for them.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS did well to have his long one-act play, *Suddenly One Summer*—preceded by a short one, *Something Unspoken*—produced at the new York Playhouse. (The two plays are billed under the general title, *Garden District*.) The plays will engender a more sympathetic reaction in the intimacy of an off-Broadway theatre than would have been likely in the greater market.

Not that the plays are negligible. Both plays, representing marginal efforts by a leading dramatist, merit our attention. Though the longer and distinctly more interesting play has about it the fascination of a cleverly contrived horror story, its purpose is more ambitious. Yet I cannot help feeling that it is a transitional piece—an incisive dramatic summation of certain phases of the playwright's thought. It says in somewhat camouflaged symbols what Williams has said elsewhere, notably in *A Streetcar Named Desire* and in one of his short stories.

There are two main threads of meaning in *Suddenly Last Summer*. On the one hand, Williams presents a pure person who is victimized and confined to an insane asylum for daring to tell a truth abhorrent and inimical to the powers that be. (This symbolizes the artist in our time.) The wealthy Southern lady of the play plans to have the poor girl's brain operated on, to extirpate from her mind the memory and knowledge of what she has witnessed. This is a more lurid image of Blanche du Bois' history in *Streetcar*.

Then there is the story the girl tells about the wealthy lady's son, an effete

"poet," reared in the hothouse of his mother's home, a super aesthete, a weakling and a pervert. (Why must all homosexuality in the theatre always be ascribed to the influence of over-possessive mothers, and why must homosexuals be effete? There are a great many vigorous and creative ones—in the world.) The boy in the play is destroyed by the evil he has fostered: he is literally consumed, eaten, by a ban of starved little monsters—the delinquent poor of a Spanish beach resort. That is the second symbol—a retributive one.

Williams, it seems, has been made morbidly conscious of the horror and violence of certain of his plays. Has it not occurred to those who find fault with him on this score that some of the greatest literature—Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Strindberg, Dostoevsky, etc.—has been far more violent? There is no reason why the blackest violence, cruelty, disease and dismay should not be the subject of drama. What is important, in this area as with other subjects, is the content and ultimate significance of the violence. If critics cannot tolerate unpleasant subjects in contemporary plays, they should disqualify themselves as critics; and if an author feels obliged constantly to apologize for his absorption with the material of his experience or feelings when they are generally harsh, he must despair of maturing as an artist.

Many people who were shocked by *Orpheus Descending*—most of which is characterized by a real pity for people who live in what we recognize as a socially violent environment—are far less troubled by *Suddenly Last Sum-*



mer because it is basically abstract and far less real than any of Williams' former plays, except the frankly allegoric *Camino Real*. The present play is undoubtedly very well written—is that anything new for Williams?—and compactly constructed. But there is no character with anything like the richness of Blanche or Kowalski or a number of the minor characters in *Orpheus Descending*. The new play is a product of a general concept and shrewd theatre technique rather than of living experience—except possibly that of the author's experience, suddenly last spring, with the critics. It is therefore melodrama, a recapitulation in sensational terms of themes which have been far more vitally expressed in the author's previous work.

The play is well acted, and so, in a lesser degree, is *Something Unspoken*. This is a sketch of a strange tie between a woman who compensates for her affective frustrations by collecting provincial honors and by stupidly exercising power over another woman too defenseless to find a means of resistance in their arid world. The play is very slight but not without a meaning which extends beyond its fable. Hortense Alden and Ann Meacham play their leading roles well, and Alan Nixon is very good in a well-drawn bit part. The setting by Robert Soule and the lighting by Lee Watson for the long play are notably good; the whole evening is well managed by its director Herbert Machiz.

SINCE I wrote here of Eugene Ionesco's *The Chairs*, which I saw in London last June (*The Nation*, July 6, 1957) and which is being presented for two weeks

at the Phoenix in the identical production admirably directed by Tony Richardson and acted by the delightfully remarkable Joan Plowright (of the original cast) together with Eli Wallach who does a splendid job, I shall do no more than declare my enthusiasm for this short play.

What Ionesco achieves here is the creation by simple but extremely ingenious means of a sense of the loneliness, the torment, the aching inconsequentiality, the crushed tenderness typical of the ambiance which produced existentialism. Symbols are employed, but they are piquant symbols, fresh and entertaining in themselves. The play is very funny and ineradicably sad. I do not share the author's view of life, but because he is an artist and a master of a novel theatre language I applaud him. The setting for *The Chairs* by Jocelyn Herbert, influenced by certain trends of modern art, is subtly right and inconspicuously effective.

Companion piece to *The Chairs*, *The Lesson*, is a sort of macabre farce in which Joan Plowright again appears with charming results. It is a less consummate play than *The Chairs*, but it too has its brilliance. Like *The Chairs*, *The Lesson* is said to be a parable which illustrates man's inability to communicate with his fellow man. That may be so. I also see in *The Lesson* a satire on the lunacy of certain types of learning. I do not insist on this, however, for both plays suggest several ideas—none of them "arithmetically" exact. This ambiguity intrigues rather than irritates me. For I am often inclined to agree with Cocteau's quip, "In art every value which can be proved is vulgar."

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S first two weeks on the podium of the New York Philharmonic brought a breath of fresh air into Carnegie Hall, and an unmistakable flutter of excitement. Part of the excitement was due, of course, to his appointment as the orchestra's chief director next season. That, plus his reputation as a composer, pianist and dashing guy drew standing-room-only crowds, and if my eavesdropping was accurate, many of the customers were people, young and old, who had not previously been symphony fans.

All this was to the good. But more pertinent was the fact that Bernstein

brought to bear on his first performances some qualities of mind and of musical spirit which intimate well for the future of the Philharmonic and its artistic tone. As a minor innovation, he rearranged the orchestra's seating pattern, changing its acoustical relationship to the hall and its aural texture. Then he imposed upon the orchestra his own conception of what an ensemble should sound like—a conception that seemed to fall somewhere between the balanced, mat-surface sound of the Boston Symphony, and the sleek, massed, chrome-plated tone of the Philharmonic as it has formerly sounded. The en-

semble seems smaller, but more sentient. When it needs to make noise, it can produce a great plenty. But it is not eternally constrained to hardness and gargantuanism. By leaving air-spaces between the inner strands of sound, and by thinning down the strands themselves, the fabric of the orchestra has been lightened and considerably sensitized.

Among the works played on the first two weeks' programs, those in which I felt that Bernstein showed his individuality the most clearly, were Strauss's *Don Quixote*, which occupied the principal position in the first week, and Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, which opened the program on the second Thursday evening. Shostakovich's *Piano Concerto No. 2* and David Diamond's *Symphony No. 4* were also played, but they fall into another category and I shall speak of them later.

*Don Quixote* is a very difficult piece. All the Strauss orchestral works are difficult, and conductors love them be-

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cause, in addition to being masterworks in their genre, they make a fine splash, providing patent evidence of a director's technical skill. I was not surprised, therefore, to find this work on Bernstein's first program, particularly since I knew that he had studied at the Curtis Institute where Fritz Reiner, a Strauss specialist, had been a teacher. But I was surprised at the clear-eyed and iconoclastic reading Bernstein gave the work. Gone was the velour of *dix-neuf cent*. Gone was fat and flatulence. What came forth was thoroughly rejuvenated Strauss, a composer who possessed such virtuosity that he could spread on colors with the palm of his hand, a fingertip, or the edge of a razor-blade and make them mix or stand clear as he willed. The score of *Don Quixote* was as clear to my ear as if I had been reading it with my eyes. It was acrid, angular, violent, intensely contrapuntal — all the things Strauss must be. But, beyond this, it was *modern*. The plush of Victorianism, which even Reiner allows to remain upon this music, was scraped away, and I

kept thinking that here, finally, was a period piece being released from its period limitations.

With Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, Bernstein adopted a different posture. Here, the scale was kept small. No instruments were dropped from the orchestra, but the frame of reference was reduced in size as surely as it is reduced in the theatre when a curtain is lowered half-way between the proscenium and the stage floor. The opening *Allegro Vivace* was taken at an unusually lively clip. How it escaped the feeling of hurry, I cannot explain. But it was not hurried; the nuances of accent, the tiny stresses which lift a fragment of theme to the level of consciousness, were accomplished with such elegance and élan that they pricked the heart with unsentimentalized beauty. The final *Saltarello* was a veritable frenzy — a Mendelssohnian frenzy—but a frenzy nonetheless. The slower movements of the *Symphony*, although sensitively and thoughtfully interpreted, were frailer in impulse. I suspect that slow, classic-romantic movements are not at present Bernstein's strongest suit. I also suspect that six months with his own orchestra will change that situation.

NOW, to speak of the newer works played on these programs. There was, first of all, David Diamond's *Symphony No. 4*, which was last heard in New York ten years ago, when it was played by the Juilliard orchestra. The work was splendidly read, but a total disappointment. In comparison with the composer's later *Sixth Symphony*, which the Boston Symphony played here last season, this is sheer drivel. I suppose it represents the inevitable genuflection that a composer makes, in his beginnings, to the style prevailing at his conservatory. But I could not find a single salient passage among the miles of bland, aimless melodies and harmonies.

Shostakovich's *Piano Concerto No. 2*, while certainly one of his less arresting works, was several cuts above the Diamond. Written for the composer's nineteen-year-old son, a pianist, it has a charming first movement in which the little, ingenuous tunes seem almost programmatically affectionate and playful, as a son might seem to his father. From their intellectual content, though, it would seem that the son was about ten or eleven, rather than nineteen. The second and third movements are quite vapid, but Bernstein, as soloist-conductor, carried the work off with zip enough to make it relatively painless, even in its weak moments.

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

that if they were really as interested as they made out to be in my being CREATIVE, then they ought to just take some of that money they've got to light Bunsen burners with and send it along to me to be CREATIVE with. (CREATIVE: you know, like a chemist or an executive.) I sent the letter to a few friends, for the laughs.

If only I'd had Mr. Beck's letter to explain to me that all this is really in the cause of Science. To remind me that Science and Art are different, and that while Art must be forgiven its temperament, because of the great truths it . . . you know . . . any activity that can call itself scholarly and can slip under the heading marked "Science Says" is in the interests of Humanity and all. Obviously this is why Mr. Rexroth's article will be a "bracing shot in the arm to the anti-intellectualists" — this did puzzle me at first, till I realized that Mr. Beck, the Assessors, and the Science Says-ers are the "intellectualists," of course. Gee, Mr. Beck. You can be so convincing, so broad. You remind me on the one hand of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and on the other of an image of Blake's (if you and the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research haven't got going on him yet, let the suggestion be my contribution to Science for this year) about the "horses of instruction." The lions of wrath, Blake said, are wiser. Still, these horses, let's be fair. They have their horse's mouths, presumably. And their horse's—oh well, Mr. Beck claims a taste for poetry, no doubt he knows about metaphor.

W. S. MERWIN

Boston, Mass.

### Who Has the Power?

Dear Sirs: What folly to say that, with sputnik, the preponderance of military power has passed to the Russians! The balance of power, if we ever had it, is lost all right. But the Russians haven't gained it. Such a preponderance exists only when one state can, by war, enforce its will upon another. But modern war—as both Eisenhower and Khrushchev have acknowledged—means mutual suicide. Can you force a dead adversary to do your will—especially when you are very dead yourself?

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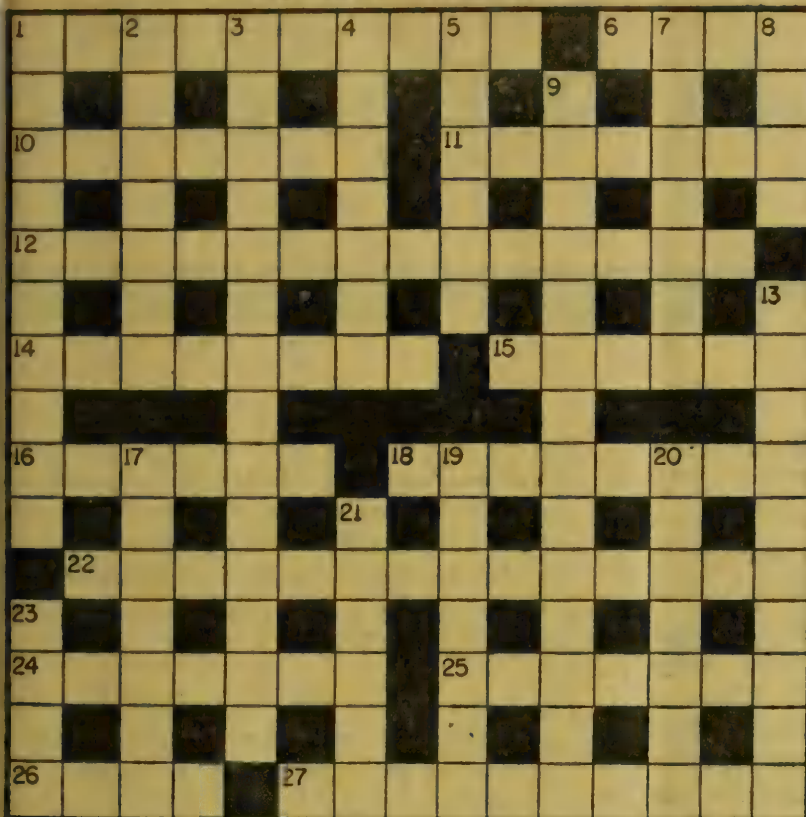
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 756

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Might prevent one wave from breaking over another. (7, 3)
- 6 and 8 down What happened after detailing operations? The field may have been left thus! (8)
- 10 Warning put in back, inside the engine. (7)
- 11 Rather unadorned but fruitless 13, following 14, but not in art. (7)
- 12 Can mica and 25 combine to make it? (7, 7)
- 14 Run it as a foreign product? (8)
- 15 She has trouble following the sort of men you can catch this way! (6)
- 16 This could be the real thing! (6)
- 18 Rates met by a union man, perhaps. (8)
- 22 Sort of square car that takes some convincing to hook up. (As you might say, it's audible to the ear.) (14)
- 24 A topic a cook might be familiar with. (7)
- 25 Concerning subsequent behavior of the teller? (7)
- 26 See 23 down
- 27 The way teams get equal ranking? (4, 2, 4)

## DOWN:

- 1 The open carriage crashes in the airplane, leaving quite a hole. (4, 6)
- 2 The number of workers who live in? (7)
- 3 It might be rather pertinent to air this construction in the light of

judgment. (14)

- 4 Travel to the brook with a gangster, perhaps. (7)
- 5 They no longer go with excursions! (6)
- 7 Molasses keeps a century and a half in wood! (7)
- 8 See 6 across
- 9 Stormy, in a local way, and enormously large. (14)
- 13 Brought down by a famous American cutter. (6, 4)
- 17 Related to one who might 15 the game. (7)
- 19 Go, when engulfed in off-green? It implies much too much if you do! (7)
- 20 His name might be on your book list, too. (7)
- 21 You can't get to talk a little bit without having something like salt. (6)
- 23 and 26 Is it unreasonable to find the left side of the check produced? (8)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 755

ACROSS: 1, 5 across, 13 and 30 down TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR; 9 TREATED; 10 AUDIENT; 11 SAT; 15 SCHIST; 16 EXTINCT; 17 HAYS; 19 SETS; 20 ORDINANCE; 23, 21 across, 5 down, 4, and 31 ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL; 28 FACING; 29 DELUGE; 30 SEW; 32 LOOKOUT; 33 EDIFICE; 34 SPENSER; 35 LEECHES; DOWN: 1 TATTLER; 2 INERTLY; 3 KETTLE; 6 INDUCT; 7 KIDNEY; 8 ESTATES; 12 ALIENABLE; 14 EXCUDING; 15 SCENTED; 18 SOL; 19 SEA; 21 WAFFLES; 22 LACTONE; 24 LOUISH; 25 SHEKELS; 26 SNOODS; 27 DEFILE.

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# **THE NATION**

**FEBRUARY 1, 1958 . . 25c**

## **PROGRAM for a CRASH**

*by Carl Dreher*

## **THE LOADED MISSILE DEBATE**

*by Frederic W. Collins*

## **JOYCE AND HIS BROTHER**

*by Frank O'Connor*

## **AUSTRALIA'S EXPLOSIVE NEIGHBOR**

*by C. P. Fitzgerald*



# LETTERS

## Kerouac vs. the Professor

Dear Sirs: I was interested to notice in your article by Dan Wakefield (issue of January 4) the second of two fairly malevolent attacks on Jack Kerouac, the writer who has been showing those who have a leftover life to kill that they can goof off instead with better results for the vital statistics.

It seems to me not well taken to compare a visiting professor of highway literature confronting an audience in his hitch-hiking togs with an English professor who ostensibly discusses what he feels instead of what he sees. It seems to me not exceedingly well taken to compare Kerouac unfavorably with this professor, when Kerouac ostensibly gave up a varsity football career at a major university because he felt it was trivial. Does Wakefield believe the faculty is more important than football in an American university?

It seems to me not well taken to compare this professor's taste for Greek philosophy with Kerouac's for narcotic and other visions, in view of Socrates' own debt to inner experience, let alone the Greek predilection for mysteries and other less dignified phenomena.

It seems to me dubious to point with pride to a poet who is making academic life his life—or is there some new tolerance for poets there? My poet friends tell me that this poet runs on three cylinders—teacups, small furry beasts and fountains—for his image stock.

I suspect that, as he admits, some of Wakefield's disgruntlement rests on the \$1.25 charge for beer at the grogshop where Kerouac was appearing.

JOHN MONTGOMERY

Middlebury, Vermont

## Psychosis Psychologicus

Dear Sirs: In regard to Samuel J. Beck's didactic homily to Kenneth Rexroth in your issue of January 11, Mr. Beck is all wet and Rexroth is all right on the *psychosis psychologicus*.

People who habitually write such obscene stuff as, "Our way of conducting research is to invite selected subjects to come to the Institute House for a period of two or three days, and there talk with members of our staff, participate in a series of experiments and psychological tests, and meet and interact with a number of other persons selected on a similar basis," (whew!) deserve to have their mouths washed out with soap and be walloped on the

Monroe. That is all that Rexroth did. I would be more impressed with Mr. Beck's defense of careful observation if he had noted that Rexroth called Dr. Jones "a badly self-deluded thaumaturgist" for Jones's belief that he could change history by couching down Hitler, Stalin, et al. This is fatuous and megalomaniac (who does Jones think he is, Cleopatra?), and Rexroth's bark was not unmotivated. Certainly a man must be allowed to say, "Jung!" when he's got a mouthful.

Mr. Beck's dichotomy of the scientific and poetic modes of knowing is a bit too quaint and pat. Only his parochial, positivistic view of science permits him this elegance. There is much more to the intellectual contact with reality than detached voyeurism and descriptive analysis. Even some American psychologists are aware of the difference between knowing a concrete human person and knowing physical processes and abstractions. They do not all confuse "Thou" and "It." If it is yourself you are looking at with a scientific glass, Mr. Beck, it is not yourself you are looking at.

And let Mr. Beck stop kidding himself about the difference between the poet's and the academic psychologist's power of expression. The poet's advantage is not merely technical, a matter of "skill," like that of the advertising, publicity or propaganda writer. The difference is ontological, not merely psychological; a matter of grace, not of face. The poet says more because he is more, or becomes more. Why not admit it?

SEYMOUR CAIN

Waukegan, Illinois

## Lewis Browne Biography

Dear Sirs:

The letters and a biography of the late author, Lewis Browne, are being prepared for publication. Should you have correspondence or any subject matter relating to the life of this author your material will be of vital importance in aiding this task. Such records will be kept in confidence and returned if requested. Address me at 3751 Northeast 29th Avenue, Portland 12, Oregon.

(MRS.) REBECCA BROWNE TARLOW  
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## Missing the Boat

Dear Sirs: The Rockefeller Report's 15,000 words are devoted to frightening us into concentrating more, sacrificing more and spending more on that arms race which has resulted in the

creation of atomic bombs and thus put "all the nations of the world in dire peril." The report is not a plan. It is a panic reaction.

What really threatens all life is the use of atomic energy in weapons. Any nation possessing nuclear weapons will use them in any situation it chooses. The use of hydrogen bombs and new equally deadly biochemical weapons must be prevented. This can be done only by eradicating war.

EUNICE BURTON ARMSTRONG

Scarborough-on-Hudson, N.Y.

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## EDITORIALS

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### Mosquito Men

Every day it becomes clearer that the basic failure of the Eisenhower Administration consists in a failure of imagination. In the President, the American people have an immense asset: a leader of world-wide prestige, of universally-acknowledged good will, a man with a passion for peace. Yet what kind of ideas is he fed? What advice does he get? In his State of the Union message, he suggested the possibility of scientific cooperation between the U.S.A. and the USSR in the field of malaria control. A good suggestion; nothing wrong with it; but the control of mosquitoes and malaria must be seen in perspective.

As we go to press, a joint British-American scientific communique is expected on the feasibility of taming the hydrogen-bomb reaction. Every major power is engaged in substantial research, shrouded in secrecy, directed to this end. There is no doubt whatever that success would represent one of the most momentous victories in the history of science. If fusion reaction can be made to produce power, mankind's fuel problem will be forever solved and, with it, the problem of radioactive wastes. The British-American communique is expected to state merely that scientists in both countries now accept the fusion of hydrogen atoms as a practical possibility. A gigantic effort is needed to realize this goal; vast sums will be required; far-flung organizational activities must be articulated. "The nature of the problems being faced, the time it will no doubt take to solve them, and the importance of the goal to be won," Richard F. Post, the brilliant University of California physicist, writes in *Scientific American* (December, 1957), "are compelling reasons to hope for international cooperation in

research." Why didn't the President invite world-wide cooperation to this great end? Malaria is one of mankind's scourges; its conquest is a worth-while goal. But to talk in terms of controlling malaria when the possibility of solving the world's fuel problem is imminent, is to ignore the kind of suggestion that might fire the imagination of people everywhere. To make matters worse, we act as though even our mosquito-malaria proposals were half-hearted, not to be taken too seriously. For example, it was only on January 18, as a kind of after-thought, that Mr. Dulles got around to naming a scientific adviser to the State Department after permitting the office to remain vacant for more than four years. It was only on the same day that he announced resumption of the practice of naming scientific attachés abroad, after permitting the program to lapse for two years.

What is lacking in Washington is not so much Presidential leadership as an imagination equal to the times.

### Foster the Magician

On the eve of Mr. Dulles' appearance before the National Press Club, the clamor for his removal was never louder; even Alf Landon and the *Kansas City Star* had joined the hue and cry. Now there is an effort to make it appear that Mr. Dulles won a fresh vote of confidence by his brilliant performance on this occasion. "Dulles Stars At Bat," headlined *The New York Times*, "Dulles At His Best," echoed the *New York Herald Tribune*. By all reports, Foster the Magician was in fine form, producing rabbits out of his hat, cards out of his sleeve and birds out of his hair. But the applause was for the performance, not



the act; the audience always applauds the prestidigitator when he turns in a skillful show. One of Mr. Dulles' dazzlers—designed to divert attention—took the form of a proposal to appoint "some kind of international commission" to study the problem of regulating outer space. On this we could negotiate with the Russians from now to eternity. Next came the slick device of hurriedly throwing out a palpable distortion and then racing on to other subjects before the audience senses the hoax. Owlsh eyes blinking, the suggestion of a smile about his lips, the Secretary earnestly assured this audience—notoriously alert and hard to fool—that the Soviets had refused to carry out the agreement "reached in Geneva" on German reunification. But the Soviets, of course, did not agree to the reunification of Germany at Geneva; they agreed to consider reunification in the context of a general European security arrangement, which is quite another matter. Then came the trick of creating an illusion of truth by presenting a solid, substantial proposition minus the truth with which it should be matched or paired. Thus three bitter, biting paragraphs about the difficulty of negotiating with the Russians, but with no mention of the fact that the State Department has just concluded four months of successful negotiations with the Soviet Ambassador on cultural and scientific exchange missions. By all accounts, these negotiations were conducted with relative ease and dispatch.

Familiar as his tricks were, the Secretary's performance was first rate, and naturally the audience applauded. But the applause does not mean that Mr. Dulles is off the hook. On the contrary, popular pressure for top-level negotiations is mounting; the general agitation for new ideas, new initiatives, fresh programs has not subsided. Whether he knows it or not, time is closing in on the Secretary.

## The Fatal Defect

One passage in Mr. Dulles' National Press Club speech merits special comment. "Perhaps the greatest weakness of the Soviet position," he said, "is that it does not seem able to disengage itself from the partition of Germany and the suppression of the independence of the nations of Eastern Europe." The nature of this weakness was not explained, but it is obvious enough. To the Russians, and for that matter the Czechs and the Poles, the specter of a reunited, rearmed Germany is frightening. One way of dispelling this fear, and also of encouraging the Russians to release their grip on East Germany and the satellites, would be to neutralize a reunited Germany within the framework of a security treaty. This is the essence of Mr. Kennan's present position. The solution of the problem of the satellites, he maintains, is dependent upon the solution of the German problem itself; and the German problem cannot be solved on the basis of a reunited, rearmed Germany

allied to the West. In a word, Mr. Kennan is willing to help the Russians solve their dilemma by finding a safe way for them to disengage themselves from a partitioned Germany and the East European nations; Mr. Dulles is not. The Secretary wants to maintain cold-war pressures all along the line in the expectation that the Soviets will either surrender or collapse. This is not a policy; it is a fixed position. Mr. Dulles confidently expects—his confidence was voiced anew at the National Press Club—that the Soviet system will collapse from "a fatal defect," defined as its inability to win the hearts and minds of the younger generation.

Quite logically, therefore, Mr. Dulles does not intend to relax tensions if he can avoid it. With him it is not a question of whether the terms are favorable; negotiation on basic issues would be a mistake on any terms. You don't negotiate with an opponent who is suffering from "a fatal defect" and is certain to collapse—if not next week then within "a decade or a generation," as Mr. Dulles blithely puts it. Basically, this is also Mr. Acheson's position, as the liberal Democrats are beginning to discover to their embarrassment; in fact their problem, at the moment, is to "disengage" themselves from Mr. Acheson. "The fatal defect" in the Dulles-Acheson position, then, is just this: that it is based on an assumption which the experience of the last decade does not sustain.

## Heritage of Darkness

The spectacle of self-censorship has about it some of the slapstick humor of a man fighting his way out of a paper bag. The current issue of *Intellectual Freedom*, a newsletter put out by the American Library Association, contains some rare examples of this misdirected frenzy: NBC and CBS, embarrassed by the word "darkie" in songs by Stephen Foster, will substitute a neutral term when broadcasting these classics, *except* that when the ditty in question is a state song, the original wording will stand; in the future, animated cartoons of "Three Blind Mice" will make it clear that the small rodents only *pretend* to be blind, and the cow who jumped over the moon will be shown without an udder (the kiddies will have to figure out for themselves where the milk comes from); the New York Public Library recently withdrew its name from a television show on the horrors of war, saying that, as a public institution, it could not participate in "sensitive areas."

These examples of 'social daintiness would make a horse laugh, but later in the pages of the bulletin comes related information of a bleaker sort. A national survey of 2,500 teenagers, recently completed by Purdue University, has been published as a book—*The American Teenager*, by H. H. Remmers and D. H. Radler (Bobbs-Merrill; \$3.75). Among other expressions of opinion, it found that 60 per cent of present youth approves of



censoring books, movies, television and radio; 40 per cent thinks that the concept of freedom of the press is unimportant; 25 per cent would permit search and seizure without a warrant.

We are not born with the love of freedom; we begin to learn it at our mother's knee (if the reader will permit this coarse, though pungent image), and we grow up to fight for it only if our elders have taught us that this is a fight we may never avoid. Children raised in dark submission will accept the dark as their heritage.

## The Ghost of Basil Zaharoff

There is something indecent in the spectacle of the missile makers, representing companies up to 90 per cent dependent upon military contracts, pressing their wares upon Washington in public hearings. Do they truly speak for the national interest, or are their perceptions of the national peril heightened, perhaps, by certain venal considerations? But these are blunt men, these missile builders, cast in the great American "get-things-done" mold; and they would no more dream that others might doubt their motives than they would

of doubting their own. They lay about them with the finesse of a Thor bursting in its launching pad. "Shoot 'em, drown 'em, put 'em in jail," says Roy T. Hurley, Curtiss-Wright, of government bureaucrats who delay contracts. Donald W. Douglas of Douglas Aircraft complains of the "time-consuming, agonizing process of waiting for official decisions." We wonder if the temper of either Mr. Hurley or Mr. Douglas would be improved if the Administration suddenly turned very efficient and—click, click, click, just like that—made decisions in favor of Lockheed Aircraft. Lawrence A. Hynald, of Hughes Aircraft, bemoans the fact that budget questions dictate the military programs. "I am willing," he says, "to pay whatever it takes." With cost-plus contracts, why not?

Elsewhere in this issue (see page 95), Frederic W. Collins raises the ghost of Basil Zaharoff in describing the "stacked" testimony taken by the Senate's Preparedness subcommittee. How different, this hearing, from the last major Congressional probe of the munitions industry, when the missile builder was the villain! All this is part of a world that is turning the corner toward madness, as Carl Dreher vividly demonstrates in his article beginning on page 91.

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## PROGRAM for a CRASH... by Carl Dreher

AROUND THE TIME of the first World War, Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador to the United States, remarked that while insanity was comparatively rare among individuals, in the affairs of nations it was the rule. His own government was a shining example. But the after-effects of national *Grössenwahn* were still relatively benign, forty years ago. Even Hitler succeeded in murdering only some six million Jews, perhaps twenty million Russians, a paltry few hundred thousand Americans and Britons, and some miscellaneous millions here and there. The Fatherland was promptly rehabilitated, as after World War I, and once again principally at American expense. Thus the consequences of the *Furor Teutonicus*, and its patriotic equivalents

in other lands, could be accounted easily bearable as late as 1945.

With the systematic application of modern science to weapons, those pleasant days are gone forever. Unable to afford warlike psychosis in the grand manner, the nations have been forced to substitute technological war for the real thing. Happily, no such compulsion in the general direction of reason has been imposed on internal policy. The official American doctrine has been that (1) we were in mortal danger from Sino-Soviet aggression; (2) we were invincible. In politics, Janus-faced premises of this type often yield useful results. This one provided up to \$40 billion a year for armaments, which in turn stabilized the American economy while helping to keep the Russian standard of living at a level where American corporations could advertise that it took a Russian mechanic 1.37 hours to earn a loaf of bread, while an American mechanic required only 2.98 minutes. It also revived a political invention

which some call a witch hunt and some call security, but which, by any name, offers a politician the surest and cheapest way to get himself re-elected, or elected to higher office.

When the sputniks shattered the second half of the proposition, the policy-makers were thrown back on the first as the sole remaining means to keep the citizens in a salutary state of admiration for the great military and business leaders who were keeping the totalitarian hordes more or less at bay, and to induce them to sacrifice for a continuation of this state of affairs. Many molders of public opinion declared that the sputniks were no less than a second Pearl Harbor. Those of the policy-makers who were also working politicians had the job of dredging up not only sacrifice, but votes. The Republican argument was that we were nearly invincible and could soon be really invincible once more, if we made up our minds to sacrifice real hard. The Democrats, on the other

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CARL DREHER spent many years as an engineer before he turned to writing. His latest book is *Automation*, recently published by W. W. Norton.



hand, implied that the Republicans should have made us sacrifice hard in the first place, in which case we would of course never have lost our invincibility.

BE THAT AS IT may, the weaponry so far achieved requires only a mild degree of aberration on the part of the contenders. When things are put on a crash basis, as virtually everyone is agreed they must be, hardened political psychiatrists will turn pale, and, if they know a little engineering physics besides, burst into tears. A preview of what is in the works was given by Dr. Edward Teller before the Preparedness subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee last December. The role of the "father of the hydrogen bomb" was that of the actor in a white laboratory coat, representing Science, who holds up the bottle of painkiller before the television audience. Not that it was the good doctor's purpose to soothe, quite the contrary; just the same he was selling a bill of goods. He began with some kind words for the Army, Navy and Air Force (he forgot the Marines), and then proceeded to tell the citizens that everything done so far was childlike and they must gird themselves for some real technological prodigies. Our radar-warning systems, for instance, reportedly built at a cost of \$18 billion, are unable to detect missiles. They are, therefore, a mere stopgap. We must develop intermediate- and long-range missiles en masse and in haste, and in the meantime rely for our salvation on the Strategic Air Command, which can be seen on our radar scopes and also on the Russians'.

Then there is "passive defense." Blast we can't do much about, but we must construct shelters against fall-out and fire. We must equip everybody with radiation meters, store two years' supply of food out of range of probable targets (yet readily available to those who survive the blast, the fall-out and the conflagration). We must stockpile materials for rebuilding industry. We must disperse and strengthen our air and missile bases. We must plan and orbit space platforms. We must build submarines which can furnish

stable but elusive submerged platforms for launching missiles — although unhappily most of the Soviet Union's seacoast, for the greater part of the year, is under ice rather than water. We must change the public's attitude toward eggheads. Of course we must continue testing nuclear bombs. We must explore our continental shelves for valuable minerals and vegetables, for the Russians will surely be exploring theirs, and, if we don't watch out, ours too. We must spend more on basic research. We must revamp our system of education. We must resume air-patrolling the Atlantic. We must control the weather. We must take big risks. And so on, within the limits of security; as to nuclear propulsion of rockets and aircraft, Dr. Teller declined to testify in open session.

"This is the most interesting two hours and a quarter that I have spent since I have been in the United States Senate," said Senator Leverett Saltonstall reverently. Probably also the most expensive.

IT WOULD BE rash for an outsider to criticize the proposals of a scientist with a Q-clearance, one to whom his adopted country, and indeed all mankind in the freedom-loving republics, monarchies and dictatorships, are so deeply indebted. Nevertheless there are certain principles of engineering and politics which Dr. Teller may be overlooking.

Shelters and passive defense generally are a case in point. The truth is that civil defense in the nuclear and missiles age is a joke (see *Our Stupid Civil Defense* by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, February 9, 1957). Evacuation has been given up: traffic hardly moves in New York City in the normal evening rush hour, even without an ICBM coming over in thirty minutes. (That's assuming we detect it as it leaves the launching pad.) There is no guarantee that shelters, which would cost between \$10 billion and \$50 billion, depending on which committee you are tuned in to, will work any better than evacuation.

The common man isn't crying for shelter. He acts as if he knew it's only a showcase war and nobody's going to drop anything on him. Con-

trasted with this apathy of the ordinary citizen, the real-estate interests have strong feelings in the matter. They are not encouraging hair-brained schemes for upsetting patterns of urban living, driving more business to the suburbs, and perhaps raising local taxes, since the federal government's tenderness for the rights of states and municipalities makes it unthinkable that it will stand the entire cost of such expensive appurtenances of modern living.

In short, there will be no shelters except the lobbies of existing buildings, subways, etc. But Dr. Teller shouldn't take this too hard, for the fact is that the Russians haven't done even that much, and seem to have no intention of doing anything whatsoever.

One of the few things Dr. Teller failed to recommend was the anti-missile missile, or contra-missile, or missile-killer. However, General Maxwell D. Taylor, seconded by the retiring Lieut. Gen. James M. Gavin, is an ardent supporter of this defensive weapon which, if it works, should achieve almost as much popularity as Elvis Presley or Alan Freed. General Taylor is willing to stake \$6-7 billion on an experimental missile-killer program. Allowing for the depreciation of the dollar, this is about equal to the entire federal budget for 1931.

Although General Taylor was promptly slapped down by the Air Force, the missile-killer rose from



*Our Complex Civilization*



its ashes and gives promise of becoming a fetish second only to the missile itself. James Reston wrote in *The New York Times* on January 5 that the No. 1 problem of American policy-makers was to honor their commitment to negotiate with the Russians, but "without risking the possibility of stopping the arms race at a point highly favorable to the Soviet Union." Specifically, this danger is that without testing we can't produce the missile-killer which, somebody has told Reston, is "in a promising state of development."

Again, I do not wish to argue with gentlemen so rich in classified information, judgment and the gift of tongue — although I never could figure out how Gavin, a first-rate paratrooper, got to be such a genius in research and development. But let us look at the problem from an old-fashioned, unsophisticated engineering standpoint, which may have some residual utility in that it differentiates between publicity and technology and doesn't try to launch everything at once. So viewed, the facts appear to be that the IRBM is already operational in the Soviet Union and will be operational in the United States in a year or two, while both these wellsprings of culture may achieve an operational ICBM in a matter of two years, quantities being unspecified. But the missile-killer isn't in the calculable engineering future. It may emerge from its chrysalis some bright morning, but don't rely on it. Its successful operation involves, among other things, getting early warning that a hostile missile is plunging down on the target, and due in ten to twenty-five minutes, at a speed which may be as high as 15,000 mph. That should be feasible, but then the complications begin. The flight path of the oncoming missile must be computed and the missile-killer projected in such fashion that the two will meet at a point where the resultant explosion will not destroy the target (or an alternative target) as surely as the missile alone would have done. All this must be worked out not merely for a single missile, but for a barrage of unknown number, for it cannot be assumed that the enemy will obligingly send over a single missile for

test purposes, nor that he will shower us with nice, clean hydrogen warheads. Moreover, according to a conjecture by *Aviation Week*, it would require ten to twenty missile-killers to kill one ICBM. Multiple contra-missile installations would have to be spotted around industrial areas, and the proper ones to meet ICBMs arriving from any direction, more or less head-on, would have to be automatically pre-selected.

If all this is in a "promising state of development" when we have not yet learned to orbit satellites and our



ability to launch long-range missiles still leaves much to be desired, strange things indeed are happening behind the security curtain. Appropriately enough, the Air Force has named its missile-killer (co-conceived by Convair and RCA) the "Wizard." It will have to be just that to accomplish its mission.

MISSILES AND contra-missiles are, of course, only one lap in an endless race. If we survive missiles, the "conquest of space" will become just as imperative as missiles seem now. Among the experts on space are the members of the Democratic Advisory Council, which warned: "Let us not fail to understand that the control of outer space would be a military fact of the highest importance." Senator Lyndon Johnson, the Presidential hopeful from Texas and Dr. Teller's sponsor, pictured the United States in grave peril from recent advances in rocket and space science, with "the apparent aim," in the words of *The New York Times*, "to set a tone of crisis and urgency" for the second session of the Eighty-fifth Congress.

In this aim the Senator was un-

doubtedly successful, but he never made it clear where inner space ends and outer space begins, much less where outer space ends. It is certain that there is a good deal of space up there. The space between the earth and the moon may not be inner, but neither is it very outer. Gravitationally and spatially, moon and earth are a pitiable pair of celestial dwarfs, one even more puny than the other. Yet a sphere with a radius equal to the distance between the earth and the moon contains roughly 50,000,000,000,000,000, or 50 quadrillion, cubic miles. In this sizable volume a few hundred space platforms would not crowd one another, and even when somebody puts up the first space platform his title to space will remain a bit clouded. So far nobody has put up anything but a sputnik with a dead dog in it.

In his pre-Presidential State of the Union address, Senator Johnson said, "From space, the masters of infinity would have the power to control the earth's weather, to cause drought and flood, to change the tides and raise the levels of the sea, to divert the Gulf Stream and change the temperate climates to frigid." This sure would be bad for Texas, if they can do it. The Senator added, "The meaning is, to my limited view, quite clear." We must get up there before they do. But just how, having got there, will our masters of infinity cause drought and flood, freeze Yalta instead of Florida, and perform all these other apocalyptic marvels the man of destiny fore-shadows so confidently? The meteorologists have had scanty success, so far, in controlling the weather over a single county. Maybe Johnson knows something they don't know, but this is awfully big stuff he's throwing around.

THERE ARE not only technical problems in planning a multiplicity of crash programs, but social and economic ones. Only a few months ago there was a hue and cry for a crash program in engineers and scientists. It was absolutely necessary for national survival that we should graduate 70,000 engineers a year. Why 70,000? Because the Soviet Union was said to be graduating



something like that number. It must be obvious to every patriot that if the Soviet Union has done something or may do it, we must do it too. Provided, of course, that it involves weapons. If not, we must *not* do it.

ACTUALLY, when the shouts for engineers were raised, we were already geared to get more of them, perhaps more than we could use profitably—and *profitably* is the word, for nobody hires an engineer unless he thinks he can make money on him. The fifteen pages of display advertising in the financial section of the *Sunday Times*, offering fledgling engineers everything but a seat on the board of directors, were having their effect. Last fall the *Newsletter* of the Alumni Association of the City College of New York reported that 50 per cent of the entering freshman class would study engineering. CCNY is a poor man's college, but the same shift may be expected elsewhere, if not in the same degree. But in the meantime the advertising dwindled to a few pages and most of the big ads were for sales managers. At the annual meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in December, fourteen experienced but jobless scientists and engineers rented a room at the Statler Hotel in New York and invited potential employers to interview them. A year earlier, about fifty companies had rented rooms for recruiters at the same convention. More than a thousand engineers were said to be unemployed in the San Francisco area. As *Fortune* noted, "The postwar 'shortage' of engineers has suddenly disappeared. The question now is whether it is gone for good." Even with increased defense spending in the offing, it appears that if they refrain from "stockpiling" engineers for cost-plus contracts, the armament manufacturers will be able to get by.

The output of scientists is likewise to be multiplied on a crash basis. For decades the United States has been short of creative scientists and never a murmur was heard in the mass media. Only when we fell behind the Soviet Union in missiles-engineering was the country thrown into artificial consternation and pro-

claimed to be in the gravest danger in its history. The alarm was shortly reflected back into basic science and the headlines burst forth: "Pentagon Lauds Basic Research," "President Asks Sharp Fund Rise To Meet Soviet Science Threat," "School Aid Bills To Stress Science," and so on. The dedicated egghead was hastily cast in the role of St. Christopher bearing the American sputnik through the perilous waters of publicity and restoring to his fellow-countrymen their confidence that if they were incinerated the Russians would get theirs only a few hours later.

Measures were also proposed to make American scientists palatable to the general population. Edward Teller, as we have seen, is concerned over the fact that he and his colleagues are not loved as they would be if, *mutatis mutandi* and God forbid, they were doing their stuff in the Soviet Union. Said Dr. Fred L. Whipple, head of our satellite observation system which, at this writing, still has only Russian satellites to observe: "Until the time comes when the Phi Beta Kappa has the same social standing as the football player, we are going to fall behind in our technological race with the USSR." This isn't going to be easy. Aside from the fact that the mores of a country are not changeable overnight, doesn't the football player have some claim to higher social standing when the stereotype of the Phi Beta Kappa is a scientist working on rockets? The football player puts on a good show and doesn't harm anyone except another football player, and then only when the referee isn't looking. Walter B. Cannon, Anton J. Carlson, Albert Einstein, were respected by the public, insofar as it knew anything about them, and even today Norbert Wiener, Herman J. Muller, Linus Pauling, Harold C. Urey (who did more than anyone else to persuade atomic scientists to work on the hydrogen bomb) are at least tolerated.

But these scientists are not besotted with self-righteousness nor dedicated solely to destruction. *Somebody* must be blamed for the making of weapons which, in moments when the plain citizen gives the matter

thought, must strike him as in the criminal lunacy class, even though we are never, never, never going to use them for anything but defense. The citizen isn't going to blame himself, and if anyone tries to hang it on him he can plead he hasn't had much to say about the whole business. Patriotism, reinforced by the FBI, forbids his blaming the government. He doesn't presume to blame the great corporations, for they are protecting him from the foreign devils and incidentally providing him with a job. Everybody has a shield to deflect anxiety-generated resentment except the poor scientist.

BY ALL INDICATIONS, the technological war will remain technological, for neither side can afford a hot war—not when both know that the launching, in earnest, of the first perfected missile means mutual annihilation. But the technological war has its fearsome costs, too.

Who is to foot the money bill? Of course, everybody will, but since there are more citizens in the lower middle-class than in any other, and since it is well known that the rich, with all their funds invested to provide jobs for the workingman and to protect the country, have practically no money left for taxes, it is necessary to persuade the common man that he should eat less butter. At the same time, however, it is necessary for the common Congressman to get himself elected. And only the common man, this jerk, can elect him. For the resultant schizophrenia, watch Congress as, with one eye on the Martians and the other on the jerk back home with a ballot, it regurgitates the President's budget.

We will develop other schizophrenic tendencies. The technological war is waged in defense of freedom; therefore freedom must go. Whoever heard of non-conformity in a national effort for survival? So the witch hunt must be sustained, if not against Communists (who can find one these days?) then against liberals who disagree that the cold war must be pursued more hotly simply because the Russians have been forcing their children to do their homework. Meantime, commit-



tees to inform the public on the nation's peril will continue to make top-secret reports which will be widely publicized. The committees enroll public-spirited citizens, mostly millionaires, who are willing to prepare long reports, or at least sign their names to what the executive secretary has written. Since these bodies are democratically constituted, they include, besides hereditary millionaires, self-made industrialists whose perceptions are sharpened by several hundred million dollars worth of military contracts which their

companies have undertaken, and a few embattled professors.

But eventually the corporations with the big contracts will find themselves bumping into controls, too. Crash programs must be coordinated; coordination could mean regimentation greater than during World War II. At this moment, many corporations are making more money now than they were during the war. If, then, the crash phase of the technological war takes on the economic and social characteristics of a shooting war, they may find themselves

losing profits as well as some of the freedoms for which they are fighting. Of course, in the nature of things, the rest of us will lose more; but as good Americans, we hide our doubts.

Thus do the winds of insanity blow in on us from outer space. Science is bent to destruction; values disappear in our desperate race to get ahead of the unreachable; prompted by pride and prejudice, envy and fear, we consume ourselves in programs that can end only in catastrophic crash. If we don't get killed first, we shall all go mad.

## THE LOADED MISSILE DEBATE . . *Frederic W. Collins*

*Washington*  
IT IS ALMOST paradoxical that the people of the United States, whose elected leader has tried so conscientiously to divest himself of his uniformed past, should now find themselves in danger of being swept in the direction of militarism. Ever since the Soviet satellites generated what was made to resemble a crisis in defense policy, militarism, abetted by the armaments industry and by well-meaning, if somewhat innocent, subjects of industrial discipline, has spoken to the people in a voice far stronger than that of their leadership. In the opinion-making process since October 4, the most significant volume of raw material has been produced by the witnesses before Senator Lyndon Johnson's Preparedness subcommittee and by the Gaither and Rockefeller reports. All this has added up to more spending for more arms. President Eisenhower, refusing to be stampeded, has made his far more moderate position plain in his State of the Union message and in his budget. But neither he nor any officer of his Government has yet made a case for *not* being stampeded which is as aggressive, as spectacular, as loud or as fervent as that offered by the zealots on the other side. The battle is not yet decided. It will be

decided in Congress, with some reference to public opinion. That opinion is still accessible to Mr. Eisenhower's influence.

AS THIS is written, the Johnson subcommittee is supposed to be winding up its hearings. Whether by design from the outset, or from some point after the hearings had started, Senator Johnson conducted a thoroughly lopsided inquiry. The imbalance is evident in the array of witnesses and in the sum of the testimony. The military, who want more money and more missiles, and industry, which also wants more money and more missiles (but please, boss, let's not cut off airplane production too quick) made the witness chair their occupied territory. The President had one outright defender; those who think that even the President wants to spend too much on the military, none. Mr. Johnson avoided any overt partisanship, but as a guide toward objective truth in a vital area of controversy, the hearings might as well have been conducted by Basil Zaharoff.

At one point, toward the end of the inquiry, the count of witnesses stood at thirty-nine. They could be classified as follows: three scientists, thirteen military men, nine civilian officers of the Executive Branch, twelve aircraft-industry executives, and two people dressed like plain citizens.

Two of the scientists were Dr. Edward Teller, who does not reject identification as "father of the H-bomb," and Dr. Vannevar Bush. Both have distinguished accreditation as scientists. Both, also, have an irrepressible itch to monkey with high politics and government. Dr. Teller was for more missiles and more nuclear submarines, and Dr. Bush thought that one way to get them would be to establish a new military policy-planning board comprised of civilians and retired or retiring officers.

The thirteen military witnesses were so voluble that their testimony defies tight summary, but its nature was such as to cause Yates McDaniel, Pentagon correspondent of The Associated Press, to speak of "what some sources are beginning to call 'a revolt of the generals.'" He could have added "admirals."

THE LIST OF civilian officers of the Executive Branch was topped by Secretary of Defense McElroy. He was on the President's side. But many of the service secretaries and second-echelon officers of the service departments openly carried an offensive in behalf of their branches against the Department of Defense and the White House. Most of them could justifiably be lumped with the "revolting" brass-hats.

The industry group, to no one's surprise, spoke in behalf of industry.

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The temper of its testimony was indicated in a remark volunteered by Roy T. Hurley, of Curtiss-Wright. Senator Johnson was complaining that little men in the budget bureau could hold up money approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and appropriated by Congress. Mr. Hurley was quoted as suggesting: "We should shoot 'em or drown 'em or put 'em in jail."

The two civilian witnesses were Nelson Rockefeller and David Sarnoff, chairman of the RCA board, who was a member of the panel which produced the Rockefeller Report.

The testimony of the military men and the industrialists was devoid of reference to the international political context within which the Executive Branch must form policy. It assumed one frighteningly simplified national purpose: Beat the Soviet Union in an arms race. No witness questioned this purpose, or sought to find out what would be gained even if we finally achieved this goal.

The nature of the hearings betrayed an inclination to intrude upon Executive areas in a fashion better suited to a Committee on the Conduct of the War than to a legislative body. Mr. Johnson thought that maybe Congress would have to step in to force the Defense Department to increase production of B-52 bombers (Mr. Eisenhower's budget had decided otherwise). Running through almost all the testimony is the implied assumption that the Executive

Branch can't be trusted to make the right decisions.

WHAT OF THE earnest men who prepared the Gaither and Rockefeller reports, which by all accounts are as alarming in their implications as anything to which the military testified? Officially, the reports were prepared independently; but it is easy to make a case for a disingenuous conspiracy. Some evidence of an "interlocking directorate" can be found in the principals and staffs responsible for these reports. The business interests of some of the leading participants could be construed as pointing to self-interest as their motivation. In both instances, the source material—the testimony and the documents—was the same. Nelson Rockefeller can be assumed to have ambitions to be Governor of New York. And after that?

Despite these various circumstances, knowledgeable judgment in Washington rejects any imputation of wrong motive to the signatories of either report. If their motives must be guessed at, it can be supposed that they acted as a group of frustrated Eisenhower internationalist Republicans and thwarted internationalist Democrats who have persuaded themselves that the nation is going to hell in a hack because of a collapse of leadership on Mr. Eisenhower's part. The sophisticated verdict pronounced against them is that their judgment just isn't very good, and that they shock too easily.

To assume wrong motives on the part of the Gaither Committee is to credit a labyrinthine plan for self-flagellation to Mr. Eisenhower, who appointed it. The committee's function was to provide a confidential, high-class vetting job on policy. Its members, or some among them, committed very grave error indeed in leaking the material to the press. They may have aborted a highly promising evolution of Administrative procedure toward the use of reputable and informed "outsiders" to make confidential critiques of Executive performance. They must plead guilty to the sin of believing that in their special case the end justified the means, and that their estimate of how the national interest should be served ought to override the President's estimate.

But if the motives of the Gaither and Rockefeller groups were essentially high-minded, the practical result of their activities is to weight the scales in favor of the more-money, more-missiles company of less disinterested men. True, it is not their fault if the President is not providing an adequate counterweight, but by rushing into print, they hardly gave him a chance. From the President's standpoint, hope exists that the very exaggerations of Rockefeller *cum* Gaither *cum* Johnson will provide a subtle self-refutation as the public considers the case. But it would help if the President would take the stand not merely to assert, but to argue his case.

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## What Killed the Town Meeting? . . . by John Guy LaPlante

MASSACHUSETTS is abandoning one of its most hallowed institutions. The town meeting, which as every graduate of Civics 1 knows, gave every man his say and his vote, was the most democratic government since the *agora* of Pericles' Athens. Yet in the last four decades, forty towns throughout the Commonwealth

have felt impelled to scrap tradition and go modern.

Careful to exercise the caution traditional of New England, these forty set about searching for a government that would avert the old evils, but one which would fit nicely within the traditional framework. What they hit upon was the *limited* town meeting.

This is an assembly in which elected representatives—or town-meeting members, as they're called—meet as

a deliberative and legislative body. A town divides itself into precincts, the precincts elect members, and these meet once or more a year to appropriate money, enact town laws and transact other business. One expert on home-town rule in the Bay State put it another way: "It's a compromise between the impossibility of a town meeting open to all voters in a large town and reluctance to depart radically from the traditional form of government."

JOHN GUY LAPLANTE is on the staff of the Worcester (Mass.) Sunday Telegram.



Most communities effected the "compromise" only after painful soul-searching. The town meeting was solidly rooted in Massachusetts long before the Boston Tea Party. It governed every community until 1821, when the second constitutional amendment permitted towns of 12,000 people to become municipalities. Historians and political scientists exulted in it as a splendor of nineteenth-century New England; it brought fame to the state as a land of political enlightenment.

Yet in the larger towns change was inevitable. The town meeting failed to function. Public business had slowed down intolerably, citizen interest had palled, often only the most desperate press-agentry could make the old government work.

Town after town read the same newspaper stories about itself; only the details were different. Here's what Athol, an industrial community of 12,000 people on the picturesque Mohawk Trail, read one day:

ATHOL—Despite a dramatic effort by the Fire Department, last night's second town meeting session failed to attract a quorum and was adjourned until Friday.

The Department staged a fake fire at Town Hall, complete with a general alarm sounded on the warning system, screaming sirens, roaring engines and flashing lights, in an attempt to attract townspeople to the building.

Readers in Southbridge, a tree-shaded community with most of its 18,000 people engaged in the manufacture of cutlery and eyeglasses, found that their town officials were more resourceful:

SOUTHBRIDGE—Selectmen last night forced a temporary adjournment of meetings of the Woman's Relief Corps, the American Legion Auxiliary and the standing committee of Elm Street Congregational Church in order to obtain a quorum of 150 voters at a special town meeting.

... Moderator Rosario S. Normandin had his anxious moments while the ... roundups were in progress. He pleaded with those already in the hall not to leave.

Despairing of ever getting a quorum without going through successive adjournments, Southbridge not

many weeks later got its voters to authorize cutting the quorum from 150 to 100 voters. One hundred voters in a town of 18,000 people!

Fake fires, voter roundups, repeated adjournments, smaller quorums, the glib talk of door prizes—these tell of Massachusetts' struggle to put up with a government designed for the era when the state was a collection of small agricultural communities whose affairs could be decided at occasional public meetings.

WHEN time changed the economic base of the towns, the cry went up for a new form of self-rule. Town after town felt it had to modify its government; although some of the smaller towns are determined to plod along in the old tradition. Charlton, a sparsely populated town in the rolling hills of southern Worcester County, is one of these, content to conduct meetings even without the formality of a quorum:

CHARLTON—Ten voters in sixteen minutes last night approved transfers [from one departmental account to another] totaling \$4,966.

And so, small-town democracy becomes perfunctory, with townspeople leaving the door wide open for a few officials and town employees to take over the conduct of government.

"It seems that the larger a town grows, the less interest people take in Town Hall matters," is the explanation one newspaperman gives. "Apathy is what's killing the old town meeting. As the town gets larger and the problems of government become more remote, townspeople find it easier to turn on the TV set, go to the movies or for a drive with the family—do almost anything—rather than attend a dreary town meeting."

Others suggest that people don't attend because they don't know enough about the matters being considered. These may range from buying a new pick-up truck or putting in new curbstones to licensing pawnbrokers or setting motor-boat traffic rules at a local lake. Such questions are first considered by a town board of review—usually called the finance committee or the advisory board. It recommends to townspeople

how to vote on them. Sometimes voters blindly follow the board's recommendations. This leads some to complain, "Hell, we're just rubber stamps for the finance committee. Why bother going?"

Dismayed, frustrated, the larger towns found it imperative to try something new. They appointed study committees which presented one variation or another of the limited town-meeting plan to the state legislature. The towns then petitioned for an enabling act—there is no home rule in Massachusetts. When the legislature gave its blessing, townspeople voted on the plan at referendum.

The legislature has tried to make the transition easier. In 1931 it drafted a standard form of limited town-meeting charter. Though few towns have embraced this charter whole, it whetted interest. In the next eight years, sixteen towns got special acts through the legislature.

ALL THE existing charters contain certain provisions: the limited town meetings are open to the public, all members serve without pay, all voters may attend and speak (though those who are not members may not vote), and all towns have retained the referendum as a veto. It's noteworthy that most of the towns which have accepted limited meetings are large enough to petition for city charters. Conservative as always, they elected to make only the minimum departure from cherished tradition.

Like most innovations, the limited town meeting is under continual fire. A general complaint is that too many members are elected.

The Massachusetts Federation of Taxpayers Associations, a private group interested in promoting efficiency and economy in government, found some years ago that most limited meetings had more than 200 members. One had 326, another sixty-three. True, democracy demands that there be as many representatives as possible, enough to represent every shade and hue of public opinion. But the more members the voters have to elect, the less discrimination they exercise. Often they know only three or four candidates in their precinct and vote for others simply to com-



plete the list. The number of candidates at times just equals the seats. A half-dozen votes can elect a member. Occasionally so many members are called for that candidates must be drafted. So it was recently in Shrewsbury, a residential town on the periphery of Worcester, the state's second largest city:

SHREWSBURY — Town Clerk Ernest Tosi last night announced the names of 100 town meeting representatives elected Monday.

Ten of the candidates were *writ-ins*, necessary because an insufficient number of candidates filed [nomination] papers.

Others complain about members-at-large—town officials who serve by virtue of their office, presumably to advise and guide the others in technical matters. Often they are state legislators living in the town, or the town clerk, moderator, treasurer,

chairman of the school committee or similar officials. Most towns have them in the belief that they will give the meeting the benefit of their special knowledge and experience. But combine a large number of members-at-large and a small quorum—some meetings have quorums smaller than a majority—and a town writes *carte blanche* for rigged, packed meetings.

Few people are blind to the deficiencies of the limited town meeting. In concept, it is unquestionably inferior to the town meeting. Townspeople no longer decide; they delegate others. Often those elected lack ability or enthusiasm. Opportunities persist for minority groups to run Town Hall. And for those to whom romance and tradition are important, the limited town meeting is a poor substitute indeed.

Yet town after town of 6,000 popu-

lation or more (smaller communities must continue the traditional town meeting, according to the state constitution) is being converted to the new way. Every town contemplating the change suffers the same inner conflict, the same agony. So it was in Athol last year. The traditionalists could not bring themselves to discard a government—a way of life, really—that had been in use since the town was incorporated in 1762. Others, equally proud of their community's history, argued that when a special town meeting has to be adjourned time and again because of a lack of voters, as Athol had had to do so often, then a new government is essential. Their argument won the day; the townspeople voted for a limited town meeting by 1,715 to 992. And indications are that many more towns throughout the state will do so.

## Australia's Explosive Neighbor . . . *by C. P. Fitzgerald*

*Canberra*

TO THE WESTERN world, pre-occupied with the problems posed by sputniks, disarmament, NATO and North Africa, the sudden crisis which has arisen in the Western Pacific over the Indonesian claim to that part of New Guinea which is administered by the Dutch seems a tiresome irrelevance, a side issue—and, to put it frankly, a nuisance. To Australians, who are responsible for the other half of New Guinea, the situation is charged with potential dangers which they fear are not appreciated elsewhere: a crisis on their immediate borders which puts their whole foreign policy in Asia to a sharp test. The Indonesians, for their part, see the question of "Irian," as they call New Guinea, as the supreme problem of the nation, the solution of which is imperative, and the failure to find the right solution disastrous.

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Since this Indonesian assessment of the matter is not at all accepted elsewhere, it is worth considering on what grounds it is based and why such importance is attached to a territory which all agree to be inhospitable, largely uninhabitable and of very slight economic value. The Indonesian position can be succinctly stated. The country claims to be the successor state of the Netherlands East Indies—just that, no more, no less. It is not a nation founded on unity of race or religion, but a political entity which owes its existence to the transfer of Dutch sovereignty in the former colonial empire of the Netherlands to the native inhabitants, who formed the Indonesian Republic to inherit this empire. Because West New Guinea was a part of the Netherlands East Indies, West New Guinea must be a part of Indonesia. The question of which people inhabit the territory is irrelevant. Eastern Indonesia is in any case racially distinct from Java; so is Borneo; so is much of Sumatra.

Moreover it is claimed that in the final treaty by which Indonesian

sovereignty was conceded, the status of West New Guinea was defined in terms which implied that it, too, would pass under Indonesian rule. The treaty did not transfer the territory outright. Instead, it stipulated that within one year the territory's status would be fixed by negotiations which were to be held between the Netherlands and Indonesia. The Indonesians claim that the delay was provided merely to give the Dutch time to make arrangements to get out; the Dutch on the other hand, claim that no such conclusion was implied, and that as the negotiations did not result in agreement, they are entitled to stay. The Dutch argue that if the Indonesian claim was correct, there would have been no reason to defer the transfer of West New Guinea any more than that of any other part of the Netherlands East Indies. The Indonesians admit that the deferment was a concession on their part to gain their major objective: immediate freedom in the main islands of the archipelago.

Indonesia thus claims that the Dutch presence in West New Guinea



is a remnant of "colonialism"—that hated regime of the past—and is evidence that the Dutch have not renounced their former empire in good faith, but are biding their time to recover some or all of it. The Dutch regard this charge as absurd and malicious. Failing to attain the withdrawal of the Dutch by negotiation, or by resolutions passed at the United Nations, the Indonesian Government has recently begun a campaign of pressure upon Dutch interests (which had remained the chief economic force in Indonesia) in the rest of the country. Dutch shipping, plantation estates, banks and businesses have been "taken over." It is officially stated that none of these enterprises has been either confiscated or nationalized; in effect, they have simply been seized by Indonesian organizations, some of which appear to be very far from official bodies. Volunteers have begun to enlist in irregular formations pledged to liberate West New Guinea from Dutch colonial rule.

THE Australian attitude to all this, and it is an attitude shared by the majority of the public as well as by the Government and political parties, is one of bewildered exasperation. There is here a very general belief that the agitation to regain West New Guinea was deliberately fanned by the Indonesian Government to distract public attention from its own serious shortcomings, and to restore unity to a state badly shaken by many constitutional crises. These crises arise from the tension between Java, the rich and populous metropolitan island, and the outer islands, which are less developed, less populated and often of different racial composition, but which produce the main export commodities needed to sustain the economy of the whole country. The outer islands have demanded a larger share in the revenue which they earn; they dislike the domination of Javanese politicians in Jakarta; they are conservative, religious (either Moslem or Christian), and fear the power of the Communist Party in Java. They have found leaders in their local military commanders and have set up administrations which are, in



fact, autonomous, though not constitutionally so.

Aside from their belief that the agitation for recovery of "Irian" is purely a political trick by President Sukarno and his Government, a classical expedient of the dictator who is in trouble at home, Australians also advance other grounds for denying the Indonesian claim. West New Guinea is divided from East New Guinea, the Australian half of the island, by a border drawn along a line of longitude which has never been demarcated on the largely unexplored ground it covers. The line cuts across native tribes and follows no sensible ethnic or geographical division. If the Indonesians take over from the Dutch on the basis of this line, the island will be arbitrarily divided and its future as the home of a united Papuan people jeopardized. Australia aims to bring up her Papuan wards to be "brown Australians," a free, democratic, English-speaking people. Indonesia would introduce her Malay language, her own different, Asian culture, and irreparably divide the Papuans. How long, moreover, ask the Australians, would it be before Indonesia started to claim East New Guinea on grounds of affinity of race, contiguity and other usual nationalist arguments?

It is, of course, true that the Dutch in West New Guinea offer to Australia not much more hope of a final solution to the problem. Holland is very far away, her interests in the country slight, her administration sketchy, and her policy toward the natives does not accord well with that followed by Australia. The Dutch have used Indonesian settlers as clerks in their administra-

tion, employ Malay as the common *lingua franca*, and have not produced any settled or comprehensive policy for the future advancement of the Papuan natives. These shortcomings have undoubtedly played into the hands of the Indonesians, since they have tended to create in West New Guinea a small, but important, class of Malay-speaking natives and half-breeds who are culturally assimilated to Indonesia. Australia would prefer the Dutch to teach English and match their native policy with her own, but so far the Dutch show no sign of going along with the idea.

AUSTRALIAN opposition to Indonesia's claim is also much influenced by strategic considerations. West New Guinea not only adjoins Australian New Guinea, but lies very close to the mainland of Australia itself. Australians, watching with great anxiety the turmoil of Indonesian affairs, the growth of the Communist Party in Java (where it won a sweeping victory in municipal elections), fear that the Indonesian state may soon either dissolve into a chaos of warring islands or undergo a Communist revolution directed from Java. In either case, the security of Australia would be gravely affected; civil war in Indonesia would open the road to Communist intervention on behalf of one side or another; a Communist revolution would bypass SEATO and outflank the whole system of alliances which Australia supports as her front-line defense in Southeast Asia.

Indonesians claim either that these fears are unreal, the work of Dutch propaganda, or (somewhat inconsistently) that if the New Guinea problem is not settled to Indonesia's



satisfaction, they will become only too real—and that Australian policy is driving Indonesia into the arms of the Communists. In Australia, the fact that her Allies—the United States, even Britain—do not seem to appreciate the importance of the problem, and have taken an attitude not far from neutrality, is most disturbing. It calls into question the whole value of the SEATO system. Australia is virtually pledged to assist the Dutch to repel an Indonesian attempt to take the territory by force. Australian public opinion would overwhelmingly support such action; indeed, it would force a reluctant government to undertake it. The risk of a minor “Suez” in New Guinea is not wholly unreal. And the fear that in such an event Australia would not receive support from her Allies is very real.

Yet there remains a factor which is perhaps underestimated in Australia: the Indonesian gift for avoid-

ing extreme action. This peculiar characteristic has already modified the apparently irreconcilable differences between Java and the outer islands. These islands are, in fact, autonomous, but their leaders, technically rebels, come to Jakarta for negotiation, and President Sukarno freely and safely visits the centers of “rebellion.” This is not the kind of “civil war” with which we of the West are at all familiar. There is no doubt that, to some degree, the Indonesian Government has used the problem of West New Guinea to cover up its own mistakes and enlist support for its policy. But it is also true that there is deep feeling throughout the country on the issue; that, if the government neglected it, others would seize upon it; and that, however unreasonably, the Indonesian people continue to fear the Dutch and suspect their motives. Such fears and suspicions are as much facts and factors in a political

problem as the legal rights and strategic aspects.

A solution which Indonesia rejects in public, but might agree to as a compromise, is that West New Guinea be placed under the administration of the United Nations with an international civil service in charge.

This is a solution which is not much liked in Australia either, where the somewhat ill-informed, tactless and unrealistic interventions of the commissions sent to East New Guinea by the U.N.’s Trusteeship Council have produced a bad impression. If any such U.N. administration is to take charge of the country, the choice of the administrators will be difficult, and must satisfy the Indonesian fear of “colonialism” and the Australian suspicion of “anti-colonial” propagandists. It seems, nonetheless, that if a local but dangerous conflict is to be avoided, some such arrangement will have to be imposed.

### **FUND-RAISING III:**

## **TOWARD a NEW PHILANTHROPY . . by J. L. Pimsleur**

THE TWO PREVIOUS articles in this series have shown that private philanthropy, highly competitive and wasteful in its fund-raising tactics, is consistently running behind the country’s growing health and welfare needs. But there are reasons to believe that even the elimination of multiplicity of campaigns, with all its attendant evils, would not alone solve the problem. Philanthropic funds are not only *collected* badly; they are also *spent* unwisely.

Leo Perlis, director of community services of the AFL-CIO, sums up this essential flaw in the phrase, “agency budgeting instead of functional budgeting.” What this means is that under our present philanthropic setup, the various health and welfare agencies submit their budgets to the community, instead of the

other way around. This is true whether the agency is raising funds independently or through a United Fund or Community Chest. In the end, what the community gets for its philanthropic dollar is not necessarily what it needs, but merely the sum of what each agency is prepared to give. “Philanthropy suffers,” says Perlis, “from an excessive agency-mindedness which makes impossible any over-all planning. At best, the community’s needs are inadequately met. At worst, the agency’s prime interest becomes how best to raise money, not how best to spend it; what’s good for the agency sometimes becomes more important than what’s good for the people it is supposed to serve.”

The same flaw, so apparent at community level, is also apparent at the national level. We have already seen that the budgets of the big national health agencies bear little relation to the country’s needs; the

National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, for instance, raises and spends fifteen times as much as the National Association for Mental Health, although the incidence of mental illness throughout the country is incomparably greater than that of polio (*The Nation*, January 18, table on page 45). The unhappy truth is that an agency’s ability to raise money is as much, or more, a factor in determining its budget as the need for its services.

Clearly, then, consolidation and over-all planning is required at national as well as community level. In addition to other reasons, there are impelling *scientific* considerations for such consolidation, especially in the health field. In connection with Boston’s first United Fund drive last year, the Medical Foundation of Greater Boston issued a significant statement:

Leaders in the health and medical profession in the United States have

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been suggesting the need for a broader approach to the problems of health research, focusing attention on the over-all maintenance of health rather than the treatment of disease, attempting to discover the "common denominators" of various disease groups. . . .

We owe a special debt in the United States to the voluntary health agencies and in particular to those organizations that are concerned with one or another of the specific disease categories. . . . It is no derogation . . . to say, however, that the time has come to initiate more comprehensive community programs of health and research than any of them alone are capable of undertaking. Such programs, to be successful, ought to fulfill two basic requirements: (1) they should concentrate their resources on research concerning the fundamental nature and characteristics of all disease and the relationship between different disease groupings; (2) they should solicit financial support from the community on a broad front, rather than a traditional disease-by-disease basis. . . .

IT IS with this background in mind that Perlis argues the need for a National Health Fund—a kind of United Fund at national level. The organization would coordinate the programs of the individual national health agencies; overhaul outmoded budgeting practices "to meet the needs of the people, rather than the needs of the agencies"; replace hundreds of separate publicity campaigns with a single national drive; and, finally, allocate funds on the basis of nation-wide need as established by objective criteria.

"The big agencies, of course, will argue passionately that centralization of philanthropic effort would undermine the system of free enterprise," Perlis says. "This is a fancy way of saying that they fear the loss of some of their 'sovereign' rights in budget-making. For a national fund to work, organizations like the polio foundation would have to grow mature enough to say, 'Let's allocate a little more for mental health, or arthritis, even if it means a little less for ourselves.' The fund, according to my plan, would be directed by a central budgeting committee comprising representatives of busi-

ness, labor, professional fund-raising bodies, health and welfare agencies, the U.S. Public Health Service and other government representatives. The fund would cooperate with community United Funds throughout the country."

BUT EVEN AN optimum reorganization of private, voluntary philanthropy could not meet the basic health and welfare needs of the American people. It is estimated that 300,000 Americans die unnecessarily every year because, while the skill to save them is available, the money isn't. Sickness and disability cost the nation 4.5 million man-years of work and at least \$27 billion in cash annually.

The financial cost involved in wiping out these deficits is too big for voluntary, private philanthropy to handle; and the voluntary agencies would be the first to admit it. Perlis put it this way: "The job of conserving our most important natural resource, national health, should be basically a government responsibility. Sooner or later it will become necessary for the American people, through their democratically-chosen government and with their own tax funds, to undertake a program of comprehensive health insurance. No amount of name-calling by the opponents of such a step will either eliminate the need, or deny the validity of meeting the need in this fashion."

But even if the government assumed its full responsibility for providing an adequate health and welfare program, voluntary agencies would still be necessary, according to the majority of experts. "If voluntary agencies did not exist," Perlis insists, "it would be necessary to invent them. To abandon the spirit of voluntarism is to abandon the spirit of America." Beyond the ideology involved, many experts agree that there are a series of practical and compelling reasons for the maintenance of private, voluntary philanthropy. Here are some of the most frequently cited:

1. Voluntary agencies, more flexible than government bodies, can supplement government in pioneering experimentation and research,

and can respond more rapidly to emergencies.

2. Voluntary agencies, properly coordinated within councils of social-welfare organizations, can do an invaluable job of planning and social action which government agencies traditionally find difficult.

3. What some social workers like to call character-building organizations, such as the Scouts and the "Ys," should always be on a voluntary basis and should never be replaced, in a free and democratic society, by government-controlled Hitler *Jugends* or Communist *Komso-mols*.

4. Voluntary agencies play an important educational role, often arousing public opinion in support of social and health legislation. Without them, the federal government never would have undertaken health research, for instance. Today 80 per cent of cancer research is done by the government.

5. Finally, voluntarism keeps alive the spirit of good neighborliness and mutual help.

GO-IT-ALONE fund-raising has consistently failed to meet needs; agency-oriented United Funds and Community Chests, while an improvement, are still not the answer. National health agencies complain that federated community drives are incapable of judging fairly national needs. But, according to the report of the Medical Foundation of Greater Boston, the national agencies themselves fail to take a truly national view. The solution seems to lie in some sort of coordinated national health fund, operating in accordance with the principles laid down in the Boston report. The fund must be run by *voluntary* givers and command the cooperation of the national agencies.

As for the relationship between private, voluntary philanthropy and government welfare programs, recent history would indicate that the government's activity in the areas of health, welfare and education is in inverse ratio to private philanthropy's ability to do a job. If one day government takes over the job completely, it will be private philanthropy's own fault.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Joyce and His Brother

*MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.* By Stanislaus Joyce. Viking Press. 266 pp. \$5.

**Frank O'Connor**

THE MODERN storyteller does not like action. He seems to feel that there is something slightly vulgar about it, like belonging to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; your modern storyteller is a contemplative. He prefers the method of analogy and antithesis, of comparison and contrast. This was James Joyce's method, and now, by the publication within a year of his own collected letters and his brother's unfinished autobiography, he has been submitted to it.

"The counterfeit presentment of two brothers" is a delight to the literary critic. Undoubtedly, Jim was the more brilliant of the two; Stannie ("Maurice" of *Stephen Hero*) makes no claims to genius. Or even to good looks, for, though he admired Jim's face, his own, neatly divided into two compartments, is reminiscent of a filing cabinet. His father called him Jim's "jackal," and he was made aware that Jim's friends thought him a nuisance, a mere echo of his brother. To Jim himself, he was "quite commonplace and uninteresting." (So at least Stannie read the evidence.) "It is terrible to have a cleverer older brother," he wrote in his diary at seventeen with a wisdom far beyond that age. But he did have character, and there is a moving passage in his autobiography that describes his sharing of a home with a father and two brothers who were all drunkards. He continued to worry about Jim's drinking, followed him to Trieste where he too taught English, lent him money and tried to keep him sober. With his outspoken personality Stannie naturally got into trouble with Mussolini's gang,

*FRANK O'CONNOR is one of the great contemporary Irish storytellers. His latest collection is Domestic Relations.*

but when he sought for sympathy from his brother in Zurich all he got was a curt "I'm only interested in style." Stannie was interested in conduct, not in style, and he disliked *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, apart from the fact that in the latter he was ridiculed as "Shaun the Post," the virtuous brother. After their quarrel Jim offered Stannie a copy of *Finnegans Wake* which was curtly refused. Then Jim died, and the remorseful Stannie began to see virtues even in *Ulysses*. Stannie was nothing if not modest.

But modest only in relation to his brilliant brother. Toward ruffians, and concentrations of ruffians—like his father, Mussolini, the Jesuits and Irish nationalists generally—Stannie was arrogant and contemptuous. Not without some justification. He was justified in his boyish claim that, though he had modeled his life on Jim's, he was no imitator. "Jackal" is the last word one would use to describe him. He was much more like a good Irish setter, rousing the game for a brother he thought cleverer than himself. According to his own story the game roused in *Stephen Hero* and *Dubliners* is largely his, and the curious thing is that, though I pooh-poohed these claims to Richard Ellmann when he told me of them, a single reading of this autobiography left me convinced of their truth. There is real malice in the two early books—malice against a drunken father, against Ireland and against the Catholic Church—and malice is an endearing human quality that becomes all too rare in Jim's later work.

THE portrait Stannie gives of his brother in youth is one that I, at least, could never have deduced. What he stresses is Jim's gentleness, good humor and consideration for his awful father. That also I think is true, but true less of Jim as he really was than as he appeared to the excited eyes of his younger

brother, for Stannie's nature was ablaze with passion and hate. We all know the central episode in *Ulysses* when the proud young artist, Jim, refuses to kneel at the bedside of his dying mother. True Believers have spoken of it in the same tone of hushed reverence as Rilke uses to speak of Cezanne's refusal to attend his mother's funeral, though Joycean atheists like myself have continued to feel that never did any young man's backside so loudly call for kicking. But, as Stannie tells it, it is a very different story. Apparently he was there with Jim, and when their maternal uncle motioned them to kneel they *both* remained standing. Now I wonder if it was not possible that the presence of a younger brother who looked up to him so passionately made Jim ashamed of the gesture of conformity. Characteristically, as Jim tells the story, the younger brother disappears altogether; the guilt and Byronic remorse become his alone.

It is interesting too that in his later work Jim made no attempt to exploit the abominable scene when his drunken father said to his dying wife: "I'm finished. I can't do any more. If you can't get well, die. Die and be damned to you!" As Stannie tells the story we can understand that it was something to haunt the mind of any man, artist or not.

Forgetting everything, I shouted "You swine!" and made a swift movement towards him. Then to my horror I saw that my mother was struggling to get out of bed. I hurried to her at once, while Jim led my father out of the room.

"You mustn't do that," my mother panted. "You must promise me never to do that, you know that when he is that way he doesn't know what he is saying."

Is it merely an impression, or did Jim make no use of it because once again the strong, significant character is not his but his brother's? But there is no doubt in my mind that Stannie is right when he argues that a character is determined by his response to such scenes between his



parents, and that the real difference between Jim and himself was that Jim took his father's side while he took his mother's. It was a choice that put Stannie in the ranks of the O'Caseys and D. H. Lawrences. But it also goes to show that antithesis in the modern short story is a very simple-minded affair, for though Jim may have continued to regard Stannie as "quite commonplace and uninteresting" and Stannie may have accepted the judgment, it is quite clear that in their early years together Stannie forced something of his own character on the brother he loved, and induced in him a hatred of his father, of Ireland and of the Catholic Church which did not come natural to him; exactly as in later years he tried to induce hatred of fascism in him. Their later quarrel was caused by the fact that Stannie realized too late that he had misjudged his brother, and that Jim would never fight for any abstract cause, good or bad. It may even have dawned on Stannie that he had misjudged not only Jim but himself, for Stannie was one of those mother's boys, uncertain of themselves, who need what they believe to be strong personalities to express themselves through, though their own latent powers may well be as great as those of the personality they choose. Stannie reveals himself in this book as a very gifted man indeed, and—at least to an emotional man like myself—a more attractive one than his brother.

I AM NOT, of course, arguing that *My Brother's Keeper* is all sweetness and light. Stannie never realizes that being a mother's boy involves as great a distortion of the facts as does being a father's boy like Jim. Stannie loves women, worships women, because like Shakespeare's hero, he too had a mother.

I had one—a woman;  
And women 'twere they wronged.

He hates what he regards as Jim's lovelessness and quotes a Scottish Gaelic proverb which may or may not be translated, "as loveless as an Irishman." Knowing no Gaelic, he dismisses all Irish love poetry because the Irish word for "love" sounds like "gaw," which is as

though a native Irish-speaker like myself should dismiss all English love poetry because the English word for *grádh* sounded like "luvv." Logic is not Stannie's strong point.

But—and it is a big, big "but"—I realized after reading *Stephen Hero* that never again could I read *A Portrait of the Artist* with the same admiration, because the raw material (and how raw the damn thing is!) was so much finer than the finished article. Now, after reading *My*

*Brother's Keeper* I realize that I shall never re-read *Stephen Hero* without thinking first of that younger brother with the face like a filing cabinet and the big passionate heart. I can only regret that so modest a man did not live to enjoy the applause due to his artistry, and I hope my friend Richard Ellmann will make some amends to his angry shade by editing the unpublished diary with the same love and devotion.

## Mr. Joyce's Secretary

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE. Edited by Stuart Gilbert. The Viking Press. 437 pp. \$7.50.

Nathan Halper

THE WRITER of the *Letters* differs from the writer of the novels. Joyce's subject always is himself; but, for the novelist, no emotion is so intimate, no incident is so unseemly that it may not be revealed. The writer of the letters tends to the other extreme. When Wyndham Lewis mocked at his "genteel decorum," his "desire to keep up appearances," the reader of *Ulysses* had to wonder how—and where—such words could possibly apply. Now, on reading these, we can see what Lewis meant.

In the early letters, there are sometimes echoes of the youthful Stephen. But, by 1905, when he gets to Trieste, Joyce has stopped his phrase-making. He has a brand-new pose. He is, as Lewis says, a "quiet, very positive, self-collected Irish school-master." He "veils his arrogance with an elaborate decency beneath the formal calm of the Jesuit."

This is also Joyce. The Shem who wrote *Ulysses* is only one of his extensions. A proper Shaun is the equal and opposite reaction. If we wish to understand the Joyce who is both—and neither—Shaun is as essential as Shem. As one might expect, however, such a guarded fellow is a less interesting writer.

If the letters are duller reading, it is also partly because they are functional. When Joyce is dealing with a publisher, or talking about his ailments, or asking his Aunt Josephine whether it is possible for "an ordinary person to climb over the area railings of no. 7 Eccles street," the points are not without importance. Still they do not need the attention that

he gives to Mr. Leopold Bloom or 7 Eccles Street itself. And the places where he had a chance to spread himself (if a writer wants to, he can always find such places), Joyce chooses not to use.

He is the servant of his art, all he has is given freely. Yet this service is exhausting. Even Joyce can't always live on a plane so intense. If they are not art—if the letters are restricted to his immediate involvements—they do not need such labors. These letters are not composed in his capacity as writer. They are written, so to speak, by Mr. Joyce's secretary.

THIS is not to say that the writing is indifferent. The skill and care are always visible. There are flashes of virtuosity—but even the flashes are functional. They glitter, yet they leap the shortest way between two points. When he tells a funny story about Mrs. Joyce's mother, it will be because it helps his correspondent to understand what Joyce wants him to do for her. When he writes a parody of *The Waste Land*, he also tells Miss Weaver that he is in Rouen, where it is exceedingly rainy. If his goals are more ambitious, if he wants to bare his heart, if he wishes to explore the terrain of human relationships, or desires to enlarge on the nature of the universe—he will save it for his novels.

Thus, we should not blame him for failing to achieve what he did not try to do. (If the letters are limited, that is what he thought they should be.) Yet, we cannot help it. Willy-nilly, we compare him to those who, by their letters, become candidates for immortality. By their standards—even though they are not relevant—he is not overly impressive.

It is not merely that the letters themselves are limited. They limit everything on which they touch. When he talks about his writing, this also seems



to dwindle. He is mainly concerned with how many hours he's working, with his efforts to get published, with reviews, sales and royalties. When he discusses *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake*, it is primarily in terms of some pun that he's explaining or the technical problem that he has set himself in some passage. What we get here is the Artist in his aspects as the Artisan. If the reader did not know it, he would never guess that these books are humanistic, compassionate and passionate. They seem to be the barren, private and pedantic puzzles that his enemies have always called them.

IT IS no surprise that the critics, by and large, have thought the *Letters* disappointing. If they did not know the writer, they would have found them dull. Knowing that he is Joyce, they find them

even duller. It is no surprise—yet, knowing this is Joyce, they might have been less hasty.

It is true that there is no magic in this folder of functional messages. But—how can he change his spots? How can he mute that part of him that sings? How can he completely mask what lives and loves and laughs?

A man of Joyce's skill is almost able to do it. But a man like Joyce has so much more to mask. He cannot do it—quite.

If we did not know him, we would think finally that these letters are dull. But when we know that they are by Joyce, we can look at them more closely and see that he wrote them. The verve is there, and the vigor. The mask does not quite cover: here are the intimations, the moons of those effulgent suns.

## The Lower Education

*PURELY ACADEMIC.* By Stringfellow Barr. Simon and Schuster. 304 pp. \$3.95.

William Bittner

*PURELY ACADEMIC* is a novel that everyone should read, but for non-literary reasons. It is badly constructed—something like the second novel of a writer whose fifth will turn out to be publishable—and very few will understand even part of its implications; yet almost everybody will find it both illuminating and bitingly amusing. Mr. Barr has wrapped the disillusion of an academic lifetime in a dust jacket and thereby produced a literary tortilla that is corny but spicy. He has not exposed the worst in modern American higher education but has drawn an average of what it is now; and we should all read what he has to say because things are going to get a good deal worse. In fact, they have already.

The American fetish for college education has propagated so much fiction over the decades that for a long time the colleges have seemed to be imitating the college novels. If the recent exposed stories have as much effect as, say, *Stover at Yale*, they will do more than sputnik to emphasize our educational shortcomings. The first targets were the faculties, in books like Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe*; the barrage was widened to include administrators

and trustees in Howard Nemerov's *The Homecoming Game* (*The Male Animal* with more academic insights); Theodore Morrison's *To Make a World* added the foundations; and now this book spatters the entire educational pretension with the mudballs it richly deserves.

American colleges and universities have long been places where, in return for a diploma, the incapable and the indifferent are permitted to pay for intellectual facilities that one or two students and hardly more teachers are able to use. Rational and well-meaning animals, most people in universities deplore the situation, and occasionally handfuls of them make sporadic efforts to remedy it. They are invariably squelched. "This university," Mr. Barr has his protagonist say, "like others I could name, is intellectually bankrupt; therefore it should immediately raise a lot of money. We have lost our common purpose and we should instantly redouble our efforts. May God have mercy on us."

I believe that no factual account could show more clearly, more accurately and more effectively to what depths our higher education has fallen. The best of the occasional reforms that are warped into the educational machine—to their destruction and its degeneration—are symbolized by his comment on the elective system: "A college student chooses his courses for one of three reasons: either he likes the professor, or he likes the hour the course comes at, or he thinks the course is not unreasonably difficult. There is no use kidding ourselves about this. No undergraduate

gives a damn about what subject he is studying if only these three claims are satisfactorily met."

Mr. Barr chose to describe the average university—a small private Midwestern outgrowth from a denominational college. If he had shown one of the educational mushrooming operations, like those that not long ago were vocational schools or two-year junior colleges, no one would have believed things could be that bad—except, of course, people who have seen them from the inside. Yet these academic bucket shops, run by promoters, staffed often by unqualified and sometimes frankly senile former public-school teachers (who work full time on a "part time" reduced salary), and peopled with students who have been rejected by every other kind of institution, are the ones that will grow fastest as the war babies come of age. This, however, is the only facet of our university system that Barr left out.

HIS scheme is ingenious, even, if he has too much material to fit it. First he reveals the faculty as dull, quibbling, uninspired hacks. Next come the administrators, beside whom the teachers seem wonderfully respectable. The students "live in a mild euphoria," unbroken by the lectures they sit through without hearing, the books they do not read, the ideas they repulse, since these might jar them from their respectable spectatorism. Yet this whole sordid institution soars to heights of intellectual integrity in comparison with the board of trustees. As we glance from group to group in these layered scenes, we begin to see the flaws of each group reflected in every other. They are all conniving and egocentric, and the topsy-turviness of the whole setup is emphasized when a teacher observes that none of the trustees are listed in *Who's Who*, a mild honor that, we suppose, all the professors have achieved.

Education as Mr. Barr presents it—and remember, that is better than it actually is—turns out to be a dull ceremonial. Its rituals, from faculty meetings and classrooms to commencement exercises, are the spiritless mimicry of a culture that lacks respect for matters of the intellect but is ashamed to say so. One of the defeated characters in the book, a man who is chronically drunk when he is not trying to revise the curriculum, is "trying to figure out why French schools educate and American schools don't. He distinctly recalled that French schools did, but he could never remember why." The answer lies in our society. Because these are the schools we want, Mr. Barr implies, they are the schools we deserve.

WILLIAM BITTNER is Lecturer in Literature at the New School for Social Research, but he has had considerable experience in "academic bucket shops."



## Second Impressions

Robert M. Wallace

WITH this column *The Nation* begins a regular monthly coverage of paperback reprint publishing. The field is now enormous, and growing fast, and the purpose here will be to select and group books in such a way as to give the reader a grasp of the distinguished work being made available.

### The Russians

A THIRD paperback edition of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* (Signet, 75c; others in Modern Library, 95c; abridged, Dell, 50c) is being published simultaneously with release of the movie. The Signet volume has a good introduction by Manuel Komroff, who also freshened the Constance Garnett translation.

Dostoevsky's other chief novels, *The Idiot* (95c), *Crime and Punishment* (95c), *The Devils (Possessed)* (\$1.25), are in paperback—all in new translations by David Magarshack (Penguin); the complete *Crime and Punishment* is also in the Modern Library (95c), and an abridgment is due this month (Bantam, 50c).

Critical background to the novels is provided in *Dostoevsky* by Nicholas Berdyaev (translated by Donald Attwater, Living Age, \$1.25) and *Freedom and the Tragic Life: A Study in Dostoevsky* by Vyacheslav Ivanov (foreword by Sir Maurice Bowra, Noonday, \$1.45). Ivanov introduces an examination of Dostoevsky's "mystical realism" with a discussion of the "novel-tragedy" as the only art form adequate for expression of Dostoevsky's vision.

*The Hedgehog and the Fox* by Isaiah Berlin (Mentor, 35c), a study of Tolstoy's view of history, is an illuminating companion to *War and Peace* (Penguin, 2 vols., \$3.50; abridged, Dell 50c, and Bantam, 75c). Also now available: *The Kreutzer Sonata* (Modern Library, 95c) and *Anna Karenin* (Penguin, \$1.85).

Ivan Turgenev's *A Sportsman's Notebook* (Compass Books, \$1.45), a profoundly, directly human book, should be better known. Its twenty-five sketches had a nostalgic origin in Turgenev's recollections of his feudal estate Spaskoye; a penitential origin, perhaps, in recollections of his mother's degrading treatment of the family's serfs. But

*A Sportsman's Notebook* is without the sentiment or fanfare of its contemporary, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. What it says and even more urgently suggests is conclusive, "incendiary," as Emperor Alexander's advisers correctly warned him. Yet its tone is anecdotal, almost casual, tacitly skeptical in Turgenev's way.

*The Captain's Daughter and Other Great Stories* by Alexander Pushkin (Modern Library, 95c), contains a pleasant short novel and several shorter stories by the Byronic poet of the generation preceding Tolstoy, Turgenev and Dostoevsky.

### Anthropology

A VARIED clutch of books in anthropology can now be found on the paperback racks. *The World of the Inca* by Bertrand Flornoy (translated by Winifred Bradford, Anchor, 95c) combines history and anthropology to recreate the life of the Incas before and after the Spanish conquest. There are many photographs and pen-and-ink sketches, and Flornoy has a gift for evocative detail. *Noa Noa* (translated by O. F. Theis, with an introduction by Alfred Werner, Noonday, \$1.45) is Paul Gauguin's journal of his first "fragrant" escape to Tahiti. It says very little about painting, it marks no year of change, but it is a charming literary equivalent of the artist's Synthetism (his paintings are reproduced in *Gauguin*, Pocket Library of Great Art, 50c) and puts forth an amateur's account of Tahitian nature worship. This topic, incidentally, is discussed more professionally in *Primitive Religion* by Paul Radin (Dover, \$1.85). Dr. Radin emphasizes the economic factor in aboriginal religions more than do most of his colleagues, but he covers the usual material thoroughly in a readable style. His *Primitive Man as Philosopher* (Dover, \$2) adds an alternate interpretation to Gauguin's version of the Tahitian creation chant. Dr. Radin's contention that primitive philosophy is often subtle and complex is less revolutionary today than it was when he first published the book thirty years ago, but the new edition profits from an added chapter, "Methods of Approach." Here, among other things, Radin argues that all languages are adequate for philosophical statements.

This point is made more fully (and disinterestedly) in two important and engrossing books on linguistics, *Culture, Language and Personality* by Edward

Sapir (University of California Press, \$1.50) and *Language: A Modern Synthesis* by Joshua Whatmough (Mentor, 50c). Sapir, primarily an anthropologist, was one of those who formulated the positions of today's broadly-based linguistic study; Whatmough adopts, confirms and extends the procedures which have established linguistics as a science considerably different from nineteenth century philology.

### Ancient World

*The Roman Way to Western Civilization* by Edith Hamilton (Mentor 50c), based on ancient literature and itself a literary accomplishment, creates a convincing picture of public and private life and shows how, in spite of early utility, "The old virtues were completely inadequate for the new day."

*The Twelve Caesars* by Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus (a new translation by Robert Graves, Penguin, 95c), was originally almost current history. It is still excellent reading, both because of Suetonius' style and because he recognized the historian's interpretive duties.

*Etruscan Places* by D. H. Lawrence (Compass Books, \$1.25), is a personal record of Lawrence's visit to the Etruscan towns of central Italy, evoking Lawrence and an almost living shadow of a civilization, before later discoveries provided more substance to go on.

### Miscellaneous

*Modern Music, a Popular Guide* by John Tasker Howard and James Lyon (Mentor, 50c), revised since the 1942 original, illustrates with musical quotations and explains, not so much recent music, as departures from convention, especially since Debussy.

*Are Men Equal? An Inquiry into the Meaning of American Democracy* by Henry Alonzo Myers (Great Seal Books, \$1.45), traces the doctrine of equality through American history, relying heavily on literature, and concludes with the author's own estimate of "The Meaning of American Democracy."

*Arms and Men: A Study in American Military History* by Walter Millis (Mentor, 50c), traces and analyzes the technical, scientific and political developments of the last 175 years which have brought about the hypertrophy of the military establishment, befogged its function and obscured its shape as a social institution.

*The Creation of the Universe* by George Gamow (Mentor, 50c), the third volume of his cosmological trilogy, favors the hypothesis of a "beginning" universe and surveys knowledge of cosmogony clearly but without condescension. Profusely illustrated.

ROBERT M. WALLACE, a member of the English department at the University of Alabama, conducts a weekly review of paperbacks over the Alabama Educational Television network.



# MUSIC

## Lester Trimble

ELEVEN years, almost to the day, after its last production of an American work, the Metropolitan Opera presented the world premiere of Samuel Barber's *Vanessa*. The venture was a handsome one and, in a professional sense, a thoroughgoing success. How it could have been otherwise, I don't know: the librettist, Gian-Carlo Menotti, whatever one thinks of the music in his own operas, has yet to make a major theatrical mistake, and Barber has long since proved himself an adept at the art of vocal writing and a sensitive composer with respect to languages. And yet, the proof of any pudding comes with the spoon. An opera is not just a solo song, and neither good prosody nor a fine libretto can guarantee a functioning musical drama. *Vanessa*, however, is just that. It lives; it moves; its characters and its scenes are credible, emotionally interesting, and memorable. Judging by my own reaction, and by that of the opening-night audience, I would say the work has every chance of remaining in the repertory for a long time. Withal, I have some reservations about it, which I shall go into shortly.

The story of *Vanessa* is simple and cleanly etched, a bit afflicted with *la luxé* and faded rose-petals, but a solid framework for a nostalgic, romantic opera. Vanessa, a Baroness in an unnamed northern country, has had a fruitless love affair, years before, and has returned to her palatial country home, shrouded all the mirrors, and settled down to a forbidding existence with her ancient mother, the Old Baroness, and her niece, Erika. When the curtain rises, she is momentarily expecting the return of her lover, and hoping for an end to her years of waiting. Anatol enters, and it is soon made evident that he is not her lover, but her lover's son. Anatol *père* has died, and the young man is out to marry a fortune. Either Vanessa or Erika will do. The latter he seduces and makes pregnant on the first night; the former he woos with ice-skating and other daytime diversions. In the end, having offered himself definitively, if cynically, to Erika, he is refused. He marries Vanessa and the two of them leave the country house forever. Erika re-shrouds the mirrors and settles down for a reliving of her aunt's former life. Her final lines, if I remember correctly, are: "Now it is my turn to wait."

All of this, save the incredible, out-of-character ending, is firm operatic stuff. Vanessa is presented as a person-

ality of unique and intriguing qualities. Erika, a bright-minded, modern girl, is immensely attractive and convincing as she operates, to her own disadvantage, between the cynicism represented by Anatol, and the egoistic romanticism embodied in Vanessa. Even the Old Baroness is interesting: she will speak to no one except Erika, and by opera's end, she has excluded Erika as well, for the girl has brought about a miscarriage of Anatol's child, an act which is anathema to the old lady.

DRAMATICALLY, then, *Vanessa* is more than extremely effective: it is engrossing enough to make the almost three and a half hours of its progress seem brief—briefer than most repertory operas of lesser duration. What, therefore, are my reservations?

Just these: I regret that Barber, despite the tastefulness and the meticulous professional polish of his music, was not able to present in it an individual personality. He avoided every cliché and vulgarity to which a composer with a conservative, eclectic idiom is laid open. But, on the other hand, he did not present a recognizable, personal style. Every measure of the music had a smooth, urbane gloss, but beneath the surface fumed the dynamisms of other composers. It is perfectly valid to ask the question, in a case like this, whether a contemporary composer dare seek a convincing idiom by probing the cracks and crannies of earlier, romantic styles. Deliberate eclecticism, as it exists in Stravinsky, seems a tenable premise, for there, by virtue of original genius, the composer is able (in most cases) to hold his chosen model up for viewing without weakening or contaminating the texture of his own thought. But the eclecticism which presents itself in so much of the contemporary American and British operatic output seems to be a product, not of such keen thinking and a fresh viewpoint, but of a conviction that if the composer just muddles around in the idioms of Puccini, Strauss, or Wagner—or even worse, in the no-idiom of the Broadway-Hollywood-folk-tune-classroom axis—sooner or later, by the simple accumulation of mileage and the passage of time, an original and dynamic language will appear. I do not believe that it will ever happen.

I should not forget to mention that the production of *Vanessa* was as staggeringly luxurious as anything the Met-

ropolitan has done. The sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton could not have been more opulent; the cast could not have been more elegantly directed in their stage department (Menotti staged the work); nor could they have sung more tellingly. Eleanor Steber, as Vanessa, was a veritable, heaving dynamo, and the other members of the cast, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, Giorgio Tozzi, George Cehanovsky and Robert Nagy, were every inch up to her in quality. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted and, as he loves to do with a new score, dug deeply into it and sent fireworks shooting high.

UPTOWN, on 55th Street, the New York City Ballet, in the last few days of its season, gave the premieres of two more Balanchine ballets: *Gounod Symphony* and *Stars and Stripes*. The first of these employed as music Gounod's execrably weak *First Symphony*; the latter had a score deftly whipped together by Hershy Kay from march tunes and melodies by John Philip Sousa. Each was, in its own way, quite fascinating.

For *Gounod Symphony*, Balanchine summoned on stage a huge corps of dancers; so huge, indeed, that I wonder whether he was thinking of the City Center stage as he choreographed, or of some large platforms that the company may encounter in their coming overseas tour. Basically, his point of departure was the 19th century, and Karinska's costuming emphasized this to such an extent that the dancers seemed less like human beings than like tinted sea-foam, wafting here and there in elegant phrases, or lining up in sweetly poised, static borders. Behind and around them hung the darkly green and heavy sets originally designed for *Lilac Garden*. Possibly they were used for reasons of economy, but their choice was unfortunate. For, in addition to making Karinska's over-sweet costumes seem downright cloying, they drastically diminished the impression of visual space just when space was at a premium. Regardless of this, however, the fetching qualities of *Gounod Symphony* were on view. They did not, as one first supposed, make the ballet a piece of immediate or "easy" appeal. Like most Balanchine creations, it had a hard core of original, inventive thought, and its almost passive emphasis upon pose, the fluctuation between staticity and movement, did not make it quite the bon-bon that the costumes made it seem.

In *Stars and Stripes*, Balanchine again loaded the stage, this time with corps



of uniformed bandmen and their counterparts, majorettes. Everybody marched, high stepping and high kicking like the Rockettes; jocular salutes were flung about like handfuls of pennies; ranks leaped high and explosively through opposing ranks. And, at the end, while virtuosity still ran rampant, unexhausted, what should rise up behind the company but the biggest, gaudiest, wavingest American flag you ever have seen! In one of the *Campaigns* into which the ballet was divided, Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise were given a *pas de deux*, classical in form, breathtaking in its difficulty and brilliance, and downright touching in its healthy-chested, strutting, self-confidence. Without doubt, the duet of *Liberty Bell(e)* and *El Capitan* is the ballet's high point. But the whole of *Stars and Stripes* is a marvelously inspired spoof. Heaven help the fair name of the United States, though, if it is taken seriously abroad.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

WILLIAM GIBSON'S *Two for the Seesaw* (Booth) is one of those simple, pleasant plays that obviously belong in the theatre, since they are almost always highly popular. They are the bestsellers of the contemporary stage. No one should cavil at their success. But, I confess with some reluctance, they interest me very little.

The play's sentimental subject holds the seed of a serious theme: this makes it "respectable." A lawyer from Omaha has left his wife because he harbors the feeling that he had been "bought" by her family, that life had been made too easy for him by his well-placed father-in-law. We are told very little else about this marriage—except that the wife is about to marry a more grateful groom. Lonely and wretched in New York, the Nebraska lawyer picks up a little Bronx girl who suffers from ulcers and frequent unemployment. She is a sweet waif, with pathetic ambition as a dancer, sustaining her life through affairs in which she is generous hostess to unworthy males.

The lawyer takes up with this girl, seems to be seriously in love with her (he assures her that she is a "gift"), tries to "straighten her out"—though she is on the whole a far more substantial person than he—is tempted to marry her but finally returns to his wife whom he presumably still loves.

The little liaison has perhaps saved his life and, I hope, taught the girl that lawyers from Omaha are no more reliable than bums from the Bronx.

If my account of the play's plot has a certain facetious slant, it is because there is little more to the play beyond what I have noted except a series of gags—some of them cute, some of them funny—all of them as "typical" as the story itself. The play, in short, is a conventional tale without real characters, cemented by jokes and that sense of recognition which is the recognition of clichés and thus supposed by many playgoers to represent a modest realism.

The one positive value in the play is the discovery of a charming actress, Anne Bancroft. I say this although her characterization of the Jewish girl from the Bronx is far too insistently and constantly characterized. The intonations are right, but such a girl should not be all intonation. I once saw a performance of an American businessman by an English actor in London which I described to my English guest at the show as having the accent of all our forty-eight states. Miss Bancroft, who, besides possessing a touching and lovable personality, really can act, plays her part as if she contained the Bronx in every fiber—which is false.

Henry Fonda is always effective in parts like the Nebraskan of this play, because he is relaxed, concentrated, efficient and honest in the sense that he never does more than is needed and is thus able to suggest more humanity than is present in the writing.

The play is a hit and will run for a long time, not only on Broadway but in every stock company and summer theatre all over the country for years to come.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

KNOEDLER'S has on display until February 8 one of the finest exhibitions to be seen here in several years—the principal part of the collection from Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum. This exhibition is being run as a benefit for the museum. A portion of the show will later be sent to the Ringling Museum in Sarasota for a memorial exhibit in honor of its former director, the late A. Everett Austin, Jr. It was during Austin's directorship at the Atheneum that the major part of these works was acquired.

Austin was a man of taste in the 18th

century sense of the word. He knew not only what to admire but how to buy, and whether he bought for himself or for his museum, it was to get something he himself valued and desired. Museums and collectors are often tempted to purchase relatively uninteresting pieces because of their educational value as characteristic works, or their investment value as rarities. Austin never was. His pleasure lay in buying pictures, not adding names. He chose what he considered the best, not the most expensive or the most characteristic examples, so that his acquisitions, valuable as they may be as names, have even greater intrinsic value.

Half of the forty-two pictures on show were Austin's purchase. Most of the rest were acquired by Charles Cunningham, the museum's present director, with an equal discernment and in the same spirit. They range from Piero di Cosimo (a mythological subject) to Loren McIver (a front view of a taxi in the rain). There is a monumental and melting St. Catherine of Bernardino Strozzi with the most luscious paint, and an equally luscious portrait by Salvador

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Rosa of his mistress as a Sibyl; two *Piazzetta San Marcos* of Guardi, one the sketch, the other the painting done after it; a moving and realistic Zurbaran of *St. Serapion* fainting in chains; a fine Rembrandt of a young man, probably his son Titus; and a wonderful, small, *Boy with a Hat* by Sweet's; a Goya, in his best decorative manner, of two women conversing; one of the finest Copleys I have ever seen—a *Mrs Fort*—kind, intelligent, distinguished, like a Chinese goddess of good manners; a Harnett in the richest Victorian color

of a dueling pistol and a news clipping; an early Whistler, a *Coast of Brittany*, in an unexpected style and unchanged colors; a Monet of the boardwalk at Trouville; a very touching Toulouse-Lautrec of Jane Avril walking home from the Moulin Rouge after work; a witty Miro and a good Klee. Nor is this all of them. Everything is in admirable condition and if there is an inferior picture in the lot I could not find it. Altogether it is probably the finest collection any of the smaller American museums possesses today.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

ON THE screen, *Bonjour Tristesse* assumes a stature of decadence that it did not have, for me at least, in the novel. Perhaps deliberately, it looks like a picture about people who destroy themselves by imitating Hollywood's notion of fashionable behavior. In this context the technicolor Riviera sunshine, the grease-paint tans, the *Playboy* costumes, the arrogant bad manners and the attenuated, twitching sexiness become morbidly appropriate. I suspect that director Otto Preminger means us to find these people sad and charming; fortunately for his art, he has turned out a pack of unimportant but genuine monsters.

David Niven, an actor so specious that he never seems to throw a shadow, fits effortlessly into the part of an aging seducer who protects his fear of

impotence behind an incestuous chumminess with his daughter. His inability to project more than a smile and a good tailor becomes here the essence of characterization. Jean Seberg, who was entirely lost as Shaw's St. Joan, is entirely at home as a girl frozen by the debauchery of her elders. She moves as though imitating her director's off-camera gestures—and very likely that is just what she is doing. But it is also what Mlle. Sagan's heroine would do. Deborah Kerr, as the "good" woman who threatens the pasteboard decadence of the other two, is the shocking flesh and blood of the movie. She is a much more ponderable actor, and she conveys enough integrity to sustain a neurosis. Of course the imponderable wraiths destroy her.

By taking *Bonjour Tristesse* quite

seriously, by giving it all the glamor that Hollywood conceives of as romance, Columbia Pictures has turned out a fable on the rewards of phoniness.

*THE GATES OF PARIS* is a gentle tragi-comedy, one of those brooding "neighborhood" tales that breathes out the smell of Paris. It tells of how two local ne'er-do-wells—a misanthropic ballad singer and the bibulous big-baby son of an old crone dealing in second-hand clothes—hide a dangerous, Yankee-style gunman in a cellar. Not that they admire criminals or find this specimen particularly appealing, but because his momentary helplessness feeds their desire to be of some use to someone. His presence is romantic and threatening, it breaks the boredom of shiftlessness. Unfortunately, the classy gunman is also authentically nasty, and when the daughter of the café owner becomes a part of the conspiracy, the game turns dark and tragedy brushes these innocents.

This is very well performed in the sentimental realist manner that is now a recognized French movie style. Pierre Brasseur and Georges Brassens are a witty pair of scapegraces, Dany Carrel is sweetly spicy, Henri Vidal is a cold fish with teeth.

René Clair directed the picture with perfect control of the whimsicality and small, exact embellishments that make the style so appealing to yearning Francophiles. It seems too bad, though, that Clair should now bother to do what so many directors can do about as well. The man who could create the wild, surrealist wit and the satiric bite of *Le Million* and *A Nous La Liberté* should not be following so easily the familiar path of *The Baker's Wife*.

### Nursery Story: Modern Version

Children learn the first lesson of fear in the night,  
Hearing the clock talk as though to itself,  
The lost birds crying under the shelter of branches,  
The drip-drip of a water-tap, and something moving,  
That could be alive like a rat or a mouse,  
But inhabits the dark without reason.

Islanded in the night, the young and the sleepless hear  
The slight edge of the curtain twitching and shifting  
And rubbing the dark, the murmur of walls  
Where dimensions are hidden, and suddenly fear  
This absence of clear light, and the family of objects  
That can be touched by a finger:

Golliwog with gross eyes dead in a corner,  
Jack in the Box who murdered Jack Horner,  
Cinderella betrayed by the giant ogre,  
Sinbad the Sailor with the great Roc on his back,  
Sridently calling, and Tom the Piper's son  
Fleeing in fear from a grotesque father.

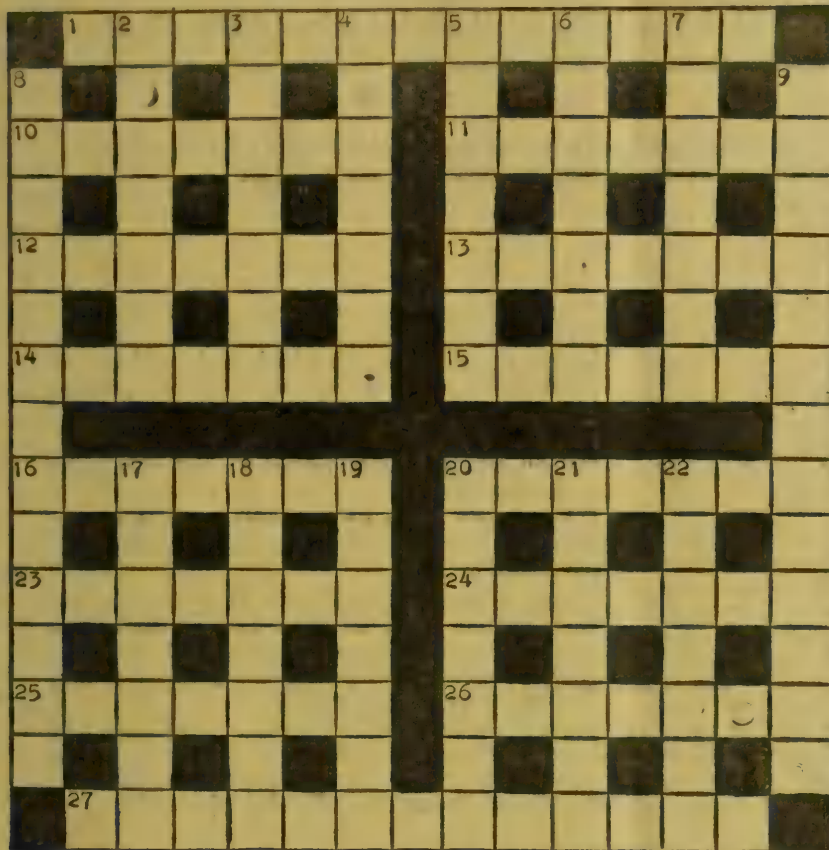
JOHN MONTAGUE

THERE has been such a lot of leering talk about the exceeding Frenchness of the Swedish *Smiles of a Summer Night* that I decided I might be missing something roguish and went to have a look. I'm afraid the Swedish recipe for naughty capers is a little heavy for my taste. The plot here is so complex that you have to parse it and the characters keep interrupting their transports to offer monologue parodies of German philosophy. The picture does abound in buxom girls who are rarely caught with all their clothes buttoned and the manufacturers of the story have certainly seen a great many turn-of-century French farces. But the point of view, with its tony conversation and tonier décor, has moved from the drawing room to the pantry, and wit is more than the spoofing of platitudes (if that is what the Swedes are doing).



# Crossword Puzzle No. 757

By FRANK W. LEWIS



- 1 Used to be applied to tar, but could be anti-sectional. (3-1-4-5)  
 10 This month, correspondingly, everything is put in. (7)  
 11 Nothing packaged could be so funny! (7)  
 12 Refrigerated grain? It crowns the composition. (7)  
 13 He came back in just less than a hundred with a trophy. (7)  
 14 O. Henry was surprising in these. (7)  
 15 Importune a debtor gone wrong in prison. (7)  
 16 People who return help in hotels? (7)  
 20 Censure concerning the strength of spirit. (7)  
 23 His appraisal is critical. (7)  
 24 Corrosive. (7)  
 25 To get 4 down in reverse is on bond. (7)  
 26 A task for the atomic physics queen of 1958? (7)  
 27 Can't get around the spirit every individual makes blameless. (13)

## DOWN:

- 2 Convinced the source is 27? (7)  
 3 Speech found in Ontario. (7)  
 4 Well, you certainly shouldn't have one! (7)  
 5 Got out of 15, perhaps. (7)

- 6 It's not exactly fair to be able to seem like Scipio, for example. (7)  
 7 A long time in the ranks for such a reputedly noble qualification. (7)  
 8 The record shows a Communist following with the first person on board hardly 27. (13)  
 9 Scarcely worthwhile in a trace, assuming I have an inclination to make it. (13)  
 17 Several hundred look on India's disturbance with scorn. (7)  
 18 Sometimes sweet, but related to mustard. (7)  
 19 Small hand pump. (7)  
 20 Like grapes, this is a sort of something pertaining to pottery. (7)  
 21 Not where hydrocyanic acid comes from. (7)  
 22 How one might have appliances delivered where Mary Dugan was. (2, 5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 756

ACROSS: 1 BATHING CAP; 6 and 8 STUBBLED; 10 MONITOR; 11 AUSTERE; 12 CENTRAL AMERICA; 14 AUSTRIAN; 15 EXMESH; 16 ENITY; 18 TEAMSTER; 22 TAUTOLOGICALLY; 24 TAIPOCA; 25 RELATER; 27 SIDE BY SIDE; DOWN: 1 BOMB CRATER; 2 TENANTS; 3 INTERPRETATION; 4 GORILLA; 5 ALARMS; 7 TREACLE; 9 ASTRONOMICALLY; 13 CHERRY TREE; 17 TRAPPER; 19 ENGORGED; 20 TOLSTOI; 21 ALKALI; 23 and 26 STUBBORN.

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In our society today, millions of men and women are bombarded with threats and admonitions about sex which leave them with a variety of feelings ranging from vague uneasiness to severe fear of apprehension.

All the forces of our culture serve to increase these guilts, and so, while we move toward enlightenment in many areas, we move backward in that area which is the most important of all our personal happiness—sex.

Rare is the psychologist who will risk his 'standing' by taking a truly forthright and affirmative position on sex.

Even rarer is the writer whose sense of logic is such that virtually every false moral must finally fall before it.

Combining these qualities with a lucid, picturesque writing style, Dr. Ellis has written a book which may make life easier for you and which will surely confound such prudes and puritans as may find their way to these pages.

Here is a book which, in the eyes of some who have previewed it, ranks as the most important contribution to our sex and health literature since the Kinsey Report was offered to the world.

During the last week in January, we will have advance copies of this remarkable book in our hands. We are inviting a limited number of readers of *The Nation* to preview the book.

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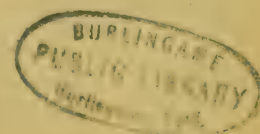
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# THE NATION

FEBRUARY 8, 1958 . . 25c



## DETROIT: The Day The Job Stopped

*by B. J. Widick*

## EARLY MARRIAGE

*by William Graham Cole*

## REBUILDING CITIES—and POLITICS

*by Jeanne R. Lowe*



# LETTERS

## Anti-Test Petition

Dear Sirs: On Christmas Eve, the American Friends Service Committee began a nation-wide petition campaign asking President Eisenhower to "cancel the nuclear-weapons tests" which have been scheduled for next April in the Pacific testing area. This appeal is made in the name of humanity and labels the tests as both "biologically destructive and morally indefensible."

Our fervent hope is that cessation of the tests would prove a "first realistic step" toward disarmament and peace. We hope to gather a million signatures.

Although initiated by the American Friends Service Committee, the petition is being distributed by other groups and by individuals. Copies in any quality may be obtained from the undersigned, care of the American Friends Service Committee at 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM BASNIGHT

Director, Peace Literature Service  
American Friends Service Committee

Philadelphia, Pa.

## Drama in a Library

Dear Sirs: A few days ago I read at our Free Public Library the article entitled *The Remington Case* [*The Nation*, December 25, 1957]. I was moved to tears. Terribly embarrassing for an old man (seventy-seven this month)—especially with those young high school students around!

I see the need for your kind of publication, devoted to justice, even in our free republic.

GUSTAVE SCHMIDT

Bloomfield, N.J.

## New Orleans Vignette

Dear Sirs: Punch Miller, trumpeter devoted to jazz for more than thirty years, dropped into New Orleans in time to catch the '57 Mardi Gras. From a job playing with a mixed group in a French Quarter art studio, he managed to scrape up a meager living (\$15-\$30 a week for a three-night stand) from a hat passed by devoted jazz lovers.

The art studio was well lit, feet were tapping to the lilting rhythms, and everyone was having a good time. But good times can't last forever. The New

Orleans police broke up the session on the grounds that the musicians were disturbing the peace. (It is interesting that Pat O'Brien's, the noisiest dive in New Orleans, is next door to the studio.) The musicians were herded to the police station in an integrated squad car, and a trial was set for the next night, the affidavit reading in part:

That on Thursday the 24th day of January 1957, at about 11:30 P.M., on 726 St. Peter St., one Thomas Valentine (CM), Eddie Morris (CM), Ernest Miller (CM), Joel Salter (WM), Charles R. Devore (WM), Donald Berg (WM) did then and there wilfully violate Ordinance No. 828 MCS Section 42-42 relative to disturbing the peace by playing loud music, all against the peace and dignity of the City of New Orleans.

CM stands for Colored Male, of course, and WM for White Male.

On the following Thursday, Punch and his friends took their seats among a bunch of ruffians, drunkards and sex offenders. Judge Babylon (the name is real) presided. Some of the Judge's words of wisdom: (To the Negro offenders) "Don't mix your cream with your coffee"... (To the white offenders) "These people want to be left alone; they pray differently, they dance differently, and they talk differently"... (To all) "You guys sure have sunk down low"... (To the Northern faction) "I've never seen no Northerner yet that didn't have baggy pants"... (To all) "You won't do it again if you know what's good for your health." The charges of disturbing the peace were dismissed.

Since the trial, Punch has had trouble making a living. Not having enough money to join the union, he is out of a job. His health won't allow him to do heavy work. He is in need of money. For further information, write to Ernest Miller, c/o American Music, 600 Chartres Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

ERWIN HELFER

New Orleans, La.

## TV Fraud?

Dear Sirs: The "Menace of Pay-TV," in your issue of January 10, was extremely well put. There is one aspect in the case against pay-TV which seems to be overlooked. When people were first solicited by the manufacturers of television sets to buy this or that make, what were the inducements offered? Who doesn't remember photographs or drawings of enthralled watchers gazing at

football games, prize-fights, dramas, comedy stars, etc.? These are what were promised, and millions of people purchased their sets accordingly. If that belief is now nullified, if the owner of a set must now pay an *additional charge* in order to have what he thought he had purchased, why cannot he sue the manufacturer for fraud?

FRANCES DUNCAN MANNING

Burbank, Cal.

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## EDITORIALS

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### Is Defense the Issue?

The issue, we are told, has been joined. The 1958 Congressional campaign will be waged over the question of defense; on this both parties are agreed. The Republicans will contend, of course, that national defense is in excellent shape; the Democrats will insist that it has been grievously neglected even with a \$40 billion military budget. But since it would be embarrassing to Senator Johnson if the issue were pushed too far, the Democrats will focus on the future, not the past. For both parties, of course, there is much to be said, politically, in making defense the big issue. Everyone wants to feel secure. No one is opposed to a strong defense program. And since the division between the parties on the issue is one of degree, not of substance, the campaign can be conducted in an amiable, bipartisan manner. Moreover, defense provides an excellent cover for weaknesses which both parties are anxious to conceal: for the Republicans, the weakness on farm policy, civil rights, foreign economic aid, Dulles, the failure to register any significant social gains, and other embarrassments; for the Democrats, the weakness on civil rights, the failure to come up with alternative foreign-policy proposals, natural gas, Little Rock, etc.

But will defense really be the issue in November? "They say things will be better in the spring," one of 300 workers in the unemployed lineup in Passaic, New Jersey, told a reporter for *The New York Times* on January 20, "But what do we do until spring?" A majority of the economists testifying before the Congressional Joint Economic Committee expressed doubt, last week, that the pickup in defense orders would counter the current recession. Only one of the six economists on the first day's panel thought the recession would be short-lived. "We're getting very close to the danger point," one of them testified; another denied that increased defense orders would "guarantee the results the Administration so hopefully expects." Others testified that *both* a tax cut *and* heavier spending were needed to reverse the trend. Even as the parties were agreeing that defense was the issue, it begins to be clear that economic recession is moving up fast as the unagreed-upon—and disagreeable—major problem.

Defense orders, of course, have become a kind of

public-works program, favored by both parties, so that a debate about defense touches obliquely on employment and related problems. Currently the Democrats, for example, want to build *more* B-52 bombers. The B-52, of course, is largely obsolete but, so the argument goes, manufacturing B-52s will create more jobs, dollar for dollar, than manufacturing missiles. Auto workers are not alone in becoming "surplus" (see page 116). Under Air Force sponsorship, electronic computer-machine tool combinations have been perfected which will drastically reduce the number of draftsmen and engineers needed in aircraft and missile construction. The first of these automatic systems is scheduled for completion early in 1958, and in the offing is a "design" machine that promises to reduce still further employment possibilities in the aircraft and missile industries.

The politicians can debate all kinds of plans to defend against perils real and imagined, but a new concern is abroad in the land and it stems from the knowledge that one out of every twenty U.S. workers is already unemployed, and worse may come. Viewing the unemployment lineup in Passaic, a factory manager told the *Times* reporter: "It carries me back to 1933 . . . We didn't have unemployment insurance . . . but we had lines like that—and people with problems like that."

### Gravediggers of the South

The graves of future generations are being dug in advance in Georgia. Some time back the state constitution was amended to provide for a "private" school system, publicly financed of course, just in case the federal courts might order integration. But the master strategists who prepared this legal defense-in-depth overlooked the existence of a state compulsory school-attendance law which requires each Georgia child between the ages of seven and sixteen to attend school. If not repealed, the law might be construed to require the "private" schools to admit Negroes. Belatedly, therefore, the legislature has been asked to repeal the law and, the logic of ignorance being inexorable, it will probably comply. But a host of new problems will then confront the embattled segregationists. School attendance, it is estimated, will drop by as



much as 25 per cent in rural areas. The number of teachers will be reduced. School construction will be curtailed. Illiteracy will increase. Georgia's share of any federal funds appropriated in aid of education may well be jeopardized. Slight wonder, then, that the suggested repeal of the compulsory-attendance law is meeting with more opposition than the original movement to amend the constitution. Teachers are furious. Social workers and church leaders are indignant. Labor is irritated. Business leaders and industrialists are anything but delighted with the prospect that now opens before them. And, of course, actual repeal of the compulsory-attendance law will produce more dissatisfaction than the debate over repeal. The South's segregationists are slowly, painfully discovering the logic of the struggle for power, namely, that having said A, they must say B and C and D, and so on through the alphabet. It's not trenches they are digging, but their children's graves.

## One-Crop Dictators

In more than the usual sense, the fate of Pérez Jiménez was decreed before he was born. Juan Vicente Gomez, first of the modern Venezuelan dictators, came to power in 1906. Jiménez was a small boy when the tyrannical Gomez, in the early twenties, imposed the pattern of foreign oil-exploitation upon his small nation that has held it in bondage since. In the book *Petroleum in Venezuela*, Edwin Lieuwen recalls the "open and shameless" fraud of the deals consummated with American oil companies at the expense of the Venezuelan people. He writes:

The dictator [Gomez] remained the idol of foreign oilmen to the very end. . . . Plainly, when the political dictator died in 1935, an economic dictator had already inherited Venezuela. Gomez' protege, the petroleum industry, was the new ruler. . . .

This distorted one-crop economy has remained Venezuela's albatross. Such profits as did not leave the country went into the pockets of the government and its friends, and to support a bloated military bureaucracy for which the country has no need. Today Venezuela's budget equals Mexico's, although it has but a fifth of the population. Visitors may be impressed with workers' buildings that have gone up in Caracas, but in the hinterland there is little to show for the vast revenues that the world's second greatest petroleum-producer has been earning. Not even the few civilian governments which Venezuela has had since 1935 have accomplished much in public works or social improvement. "The mass of the people in Venezuela today are poor, unhealthy, illiterate and live in the most primitive surroundings," writes Lieuwen. "The economy is shockingly backward."

How Jiménez, symbol of army power, could conquer

the country is explained elsewhere on these pages by Waldo Frank (see page 115). The reason why the revolt against him so quickly gained public support needs no elaboration here. But the question remains: will the overthrow of Jiménez lead merely to another Jiménez, or, at long last, to something different and better? As long as the country remains under the dictatorship of a one-crop economy controlled from the outside, the outlook for democracy is not bright. Venezuela is not the only nation facing this tragic dilemma.

## The Exchange of Hostages

Under the new Russian-American exchange agreement, approximately 500 Americans will visit the Soviet Union this year and the same number of Russians will visit this country. The list ranges from weightlifters and wrestlers to biochemists and composers. This is five times the number of exchanges for 1957 (not counting tourists), but it is still too small. Why not 50,000? We could finance an exchange of this magnitude simply by diverting a mere hundred million from the pampered missile-makers. The President has suggested that we should accept Russian students for a year of study whether or not the Soviets are willing to accept American students. But why should he be so cautious? Why restrict the offer to a year? And let's offer to admit Russian students at once—the more the better. Viewed as a purely educational program, the advantage to us would be clear: our aim is to impress Russians, just as their aim, no doubt, is to impress Americans.

But exchange programs need not be exclusively educational; they can be made to serve much the same purpose once served by agreements for the exchange of voluntary hostages. The ruthless use of *involuntary* hostages by the Germans in World War II has discredited the whole hostage idea, but the practice of exchanging *voluntary* hostages to guarantee fulfillment of treaty obligations was common in the Middle Ages, and proved quite successful. Admittedly it is a crude stratagem, but it provides a built-in guarantee of compliance; with such a guarantee, it is possible for two parties to negotiate even when they are divided by poisonous, mutual distrust. Today the exchange of a few prize hostages—unless they were top-ranking physicists—would not serve the purpose. What is needed is a massive exchange, sustained at a high level over a term of years, with the hostages constantly rotated. Eventually we might find it possible to abandon this pound-of-flesh sanction and proceed to bargain less grimly, with more confidence, about larger issues.

## Billy Graham's Fizzle

The final results of Billy Graham's "great New York crusade," as surveyed last week by *The New York*



*Times*, strikingly confirms the pre-crusade predictions in these columns of William G. McLoughlin, Jr., (see Billy Graham: In Business With the Lord, *The Nation*, May 11, 1957.) The *Times* article revealed what anyone—including ministers—who had examined the results of past big-city, high-pressure, "success-guaranteed" revivals could have known before.

The fact is that the New York churches spent \$2.5 million to publicize another failure. Graham added few, if any, new members to most of the cooperating churches; and those churches which received the greatest number of accessions were already the biggest in the city. After the first month of his campaign, Graham and his team were claiming that a greater proportion of the "decisions for Christ" was being made by persons unaffiliated with any church than in any previous crusade. But the *Times* survey showed that 64 per cent of those who made "decisions" were already members of the churches to which their decision cards were referred. Thirty-six per cent may be a higher proportion of "first decisions" than Graham usually gets, but he probably would be loath to admit it. What is more, the *Times* survey indicates that most of the 36 per cent did not join the churches to which they were referred. Hence it is dubious whether more than a handful of Graham's 56,000 "converts" (or "decisions") in Madison Square Garden have been added to any church roll.

Perhaps the most amusing fact to come out of the *Times* survey was that Graham, the great exponent of neo-fundamentalism, produced more converts for Norman Vincent Peale, the great exponent of neo-modernism, than for any other pastor in New York. The fact that Graham's converts thought they would feel at home under the pastoral care of the master of positive thinking should awaken many conservatives to the ob-

vious fact that Graham's revivalism offers them little assistance in their attempts to re-invigorate Protestant orthodoxy.

Lest Graham's supporters attempt to explain away the New York failure as an exception, interested ministers would do well to examine the results of Graham's 1955 crusade in Glasgow as surveyed by Dr. John Highet in the *British Weekly*, August 22, 1957. Highet conducted three censuses of church membership and attendance in Glasgow: one the year before Graham arrived, one a month after the crusade closed, and one a year later. He found that in the seven Protestant denominations, which contained 98 per cent of the Protestant church members in this city of 750,000, membership decreased from 203,430 in 1954 to 202,035 a month after the crusade ended, and then increased to 207,232 a year later. The church attendance, however, increased from 56,503 in 1954 to 67,078 a month after the crusade ended, and then decreased to 62,224 a year later. At best Graham could be credited with adding 3,802 new church members and 5,721 to the number of church-attenders in Glasgow. But the significant fact is that Graham claimed 52,253 decisions for Christ as a result of his Glasgow crusade, which means that only about 7 per cent of his alleged converts joined any church. It would be a good guess that if Highet were to make another survey today, he would find that both membership and attendance had decreased.

On the whole, Graham's New York crusade is about as convincing a demonstration of real religious vitality as the highly-publicized American sputnik was a demonstration of American mastery of outer space. Let a few more cold facts about the after-effects of a Graham crusade break the charm, and another episode in American revivalism will be history.

---

## EARLY MARRIAGE . . by William Graham Cole

THE OPTIMUM age for marriage in any society is closely related to economic factors. All men, regardless of culture, achieve sexual maturity at approximately the same age. But there is considerable variation in the level at which social maturity (i.e., the ability to assume the responsibility for a family) is achieved. The

WILLIAM GRAHAM COLE, chairman of the Department of Religion and Dean of Freshmen at Williams College, is the author of *Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis*.

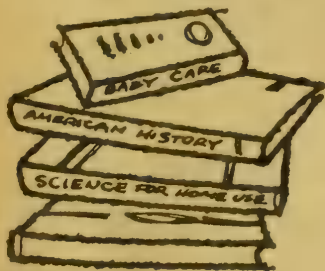
simpler the society, the smaller is the hiatus between these two milestones of development. In Polynesia, for example, any lad who can swim, fish and climb trees for coconuts is ready for marriage, and the nuptial ceremonial customarily takes place within a few years after puberty. In our Western society, on the other hand, with its increasing demands for education and training, the gap between sexual and social maturity has widened since the industrial revolution. When American society was primarily agricultural, marriages

tended to take place in the teens; during the first half of the twentieth century, the customary age pushed gradually into the early, middle and even late twenties.

Since World War II, however, there has been a clearly discernible trend, especially among the growing group of college students, to revert to early marriage. Many youths begin dating in the first stages of adolescence, "go steady" through high school and marry before their formal education has been completed. Many academic institutions,



where married students were virtually unknown before 1939, are now blossoming with entire villages of newlyweds. In some quarters, this phenomenon is greeted with the shaking of graying locks and the clucking of middle-aged tongues over the ways of wayward youth. It should be emphasized, however, that no natural law governs the calendar of matrimony, and customs do change. "The heart has its reasons," and perhaps youth is wiser in matters of love than age. We who are parents have little justification in opposing the early marriage of our children simply because we didn't do it that way. And those of us who are at



all sophisticated know that emotional maturity is no respecter of birthdays; it does not arrive automatically at twenty-one or twenty-five. Some achieve it surprisingly early, while others never do in three score years and ten.

What is called for is an attempt to understand what lies behind the drive toward early marriage, and to estimate its effects both on the individuals involved and on society as a whole. Any such assessment is bound to be somewhat subjective, and what follows makes no pretense at being a detached study of statistics. It represents only the observations of one who has spent nearly twenty years working with college students on several campuses. Other observers, with similar or even greater experience, will perhaps disagree, and their *caveats* are cordially invited.

There are, it seems to me, three major factors which are relevant to the problem. The first is, broadly speaking, cultural-historical; the second is psychological, springing in large measure from the character of the family constellation; and the third is moral.

The cultural-historical factor can best be introduced by looking into a symposium called *The Careful Young Men*, published in the March 9, 1957, issue of this magazine. Therein, sixteen distinguished teachers on sixteen different campuses across the country commented on the present student generation. The comments from small colleges and large universities, from private institutions and public, and from North, South, East, West and the Midwest, painted a surprisingly consistent portrait. The colors were uniformly pastel; this generation of students has no heroes, embraces no causes, professes no creeds, displays no great passions. The contributors to the symposium were not guilty, for the most part, of nostalgia, of yearning for "the good old days" of their own campus capers when, in the 1920s, they revolted against Victorian prudery or, during the 1930s, paraded political passion. Almost without exception, they admitted that they could understand the tepid temperature of today's students. Some even expressed admiration for the greater measure of maturity, of hard-headed realism, which this generation displays in comparison with their own.

IF THIS portrait of collective caution on the campus is accurate, and I believe that it is, it comes as no great surprise to anyone familiar with the cultural history of the modern age. We find ourselves in a sort of vacuum of the spirit which has been some time in the making. The faith of our fathers, or perhaps more accurately of our grandfathers, incurred a fatal infection in the Age of Reason. It managed to survive the crisis of the nineteenth-century conflict between science and religion and to stagger into our own time still alive, but scarcely able to walk. The current "religious revival" is more a sociological than an intellectual or spiritual phenomenon. It is simply one more evidence of the stampede to conformity, of the search for security. People are going to church and synagogue because it is the thing to do. But by and large "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." The multitudes who join the houses of worship today have little

profound religious conviction. They are pagans with a fringe on top. Nietzsche's announcement of the death of God was a trifle premature, but God is only barely alive for the majority of our generation. Our Judeo-Christian heritage provides no real faith, no power for living to any but a very few.

The substitutes for that heritage which satisfied previous generations have likewise been weighed and found wanting. Who can believe any longer in a doctrine of inevitable progress, in the essential goodness of man, in the boundless power of reason? The cataclysms of the twentieth century have swept away all the naive faiths of the nineteenth and eighteenth. The charred bones in the ovens at Buchenwald and Dachau are mutely eloquent testimony to human depravity, and depth psychology has made us aware of the primitive beast who lurks beneath the surface in all of us. Man's conquest over nature has brought him to the brink of self-annihilation. We know that sheer power is not enough; somehow we must learn how to use it, and at the moment there seem to be no teachers available — none, at least, to whom very many of us are willing to listen. Small wonder, then, that all creeds, all programs, all missions are viewed by the younger generation with suspicion and detachment. Small wonder that they are unwilling to leap before they look. They are the heirs of generations that loved unwisely and too well, who flung themselves at the stars and got hurt. They prefer to keep their feet on the ground.

ONE OTHER IDOL of the American past has been found by today's young to have feet of clay: the gospel of work. Previous generations looked for fulfillment and meaning in a job, whether it was as butcher, baker or doctor. The Protestant ethos of the sanctity of labor blended happily with the American dream, and men readily achieved a sense of selfhood and identity in office or shop or field. Life took on meaning and direction in earning one's livelihood, in working long and hard to better one's status and to boost one's chil-



dren a rung or two higher on the ladder to success. But today's generation has little sense of vocation, little eagerness to enter the highly competitive and obviously insecure "rat-race" of business, whose hazards have been so eloquently enumerated by William Whyte and David Reisman, so dramatically symbolized in such works as *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and *Death of A Salesman*. The *sine qua non* of success, according to the editors of *Fortune*, is willingness to sacrifice oneself on the altar of the corporation. The prospect is not beguiling for many young men.

NOW WHAT has all of this to do with early marriages? Simply this: the one remaining locus of meaning in life seems to be the home. The real goal of young men and women in the mid-twentieth century is to find the right mate, to make a good marriage and to rear happy and well-adjusted children. Few college students today are able to project any consistent adult image of themselves in vocational terms. They are rather at a loss to know what they will do to earn a living. But they *can* imagine themselves as husbands and wives, as parents. Arnold Toynbee has suggested that as the demands of military security and technological production increasingly reduce individual freedom in the years that lie ahead, it may be that man will once more turn to religion as a realm where the state can allow a certain latitude. Religion may serve as the escape valve of the twenty-first century as science did in the fifteenth and sixteenth. Today, however, the young generation views the *family* as an escape from the increasingly totalitarian demands of business and profession. Here, with the right mate, a man can be himself, delivered from the compulsion to conformity, the perils of depersonalization, the emptiness of Babbitty. The old saw about a man's home being his castle takes on new meaning.

If, then, marriage is man's chief end in life, the sooner it is entered, the better. And the precarious state of contemporary existence lends a note of urgency to the whole enter-



prise of self-fulfillment. There is a kind of "gather ye rosebuds while ye may" philosophy involved here, although for the most part it is unconscious and un verbalized. In these days of intercontinental ballistic missiles, and the ominous possibilities of radioactive fall-out, who knows how much time any of us has left? Therefore, the strong inclination to make the most of our borrowed time is thoroughly understandable.

THE SECOND factor I have called psychological. It stems largely from the lack of satisfying relationships in present-day homes of upper middle-class status. Anyone doing extensive counseling with college students today is repeatedly struck by the existence of tensions between student and parents. The tensions generally spring from one of two sources: either the parents are remote and apparently indifferent ("I can't talk to my father"), or they are over-protective and over-demanding ("My parents won't let me grow up"). This generation of college students was raised "by the book," or perhaps more accurately, "by the magazine article," and their parents have lived almost constantly with anxiety lest they do or say the wrong thing. These days, when a problem arises with a student, the dean or the faculty adviser frequently participates in a painful and embarrassing interview with one or both parents, who feel guilty and personally responsible. There is considerable apology and insecurity in parental confidences to teachers about their children. There is little

spontaneity and genuine, human warmth; a note of artificiality in many family relationships renders them hollow and unsatisfactory.

In the more fashionable and more expensive institutions of higher learning, one meets the products of suburbia and exurbia in large numbers. These present special problems. Their parents contribute generously to the statistics on divorce and remarriage; when this has happened, deep and abiding emotional scars are left on the young. In addition, the ex-urbanite father is likely to have spent the early years of his marriage "on the make," working long hours and sacrificing leisure time in the struggle for advancement. Usually the result is a certain distance between the breadwinner and the other members of the household. Occasionally the mother compensates, or even over-compensates, for an absentee father; but sometimes she, too, becomes involved in cultivating social contacts, leaving the children to the care of servants or baby-sitters.

A modicum of tensions between the generations is a normal part of the developmental process, at least in Western civilization. The young strain toward adulthood and independence, while the middle-aged loosen the leash with reluctance. But one gets the impression that today's tensions are beyond "normal" limits (whatever these may be). At any rate, the tensions are such as to prompt children to seek parent-substitutes. And the substitutes are sought not, as in former times, in the person of teachers (since all adults are suspect), but in dating partners, who assume the role of parent-confidant-confessor-arbiter. All secrets are shared, all hopes and fears aired, all actions and ambitions submitted for approval. The pattern of sporadic and casual dating characteristic of earlier eras cannot satisfy present needs, for those relationships were superficial. When the family constellation provides security, the children can afford to stay away from emotional involvement with their peers and are satisfied "to play the field." But where the family provides no emotional security, the need for some deep attachment outside the home becomes imperative,



Hence, going steady becomes the pattern at an early stage. The importance of the partner, in such an instance, becomes readily apparent when a liaison breaks up. The emotional effects are traumatic, and the victim often rebounds quickly into a new attachment. He — or she — cannot stand to be alone. Thus, the frustration of basic needs in the home of one's parents becomes the basis for a powerful desire to establish a home of one's own as early as possible. In those whose own homes have failed them, there is almost always a fierce desire to provide for their children what they themselves were denied.

THE THIRD FACTOR leading to the increase in early marriages is the moral one, which can be stated briefly. Dr. Kinsey has pointed out that, among males, the higher the level of education the lower the incidence of premarital intercourse. The figures vary slightly for women, but Kinsey's second volume is based upon a far less representative sampling, and is open to question at many points.

There is, among very many college men, widespread talk which would lead the casual listener to believe that virginity was virtually non-existent. But most of this is talk of the order of the penitent who was cautioned by his confessor that he was not confessing but bragging. The appearance of having had sexual experience is in contemporary society essential to both masculinity and maturity, two highly prized attributes. More careful investigation reveals that, in general, our college students are far more virtuous than they appear.

To be sure, the virginity is largely technical, since many of them have enjoyed all of the preliminaries of the sexual act, stopping short only of completion. College students recognize the dangers of conception, and are likely to avoid the risks. Sometimes the petting arouses passions which cannot be controlled, and the strongest resolutions are swept aside. This can lead, among girls, to a delayed menstrual period; the consequent anguish and terror in both boy and girl rebuilds the walls of

resolution. But the desire does not abate, and early marriage offers a happy solution. Now the conscience no longer troubles; society ceases to frown; and if pregnancy should result, no moral stigma is attached, though economic problems may loom large.

THE DIAGNOSIS now completed, it remains only to say a few words by way of prognosis. The only factor apt to change in the immediate future is the moral one, which may be strongly affected if a foolproof contraceptive device should be developed. As to the other factors, there are few signs of a more secure world, of a viable faith or center of meaning, and equally few indications of any basic improvement in the structure of the American home.

On the positive side, one must—as did the contributors to the symposium on *The Careful Young Men*—admire the honesty and integrity of our students in refusing to settle for second-hand solutions to the human predicament. They are far from cynical, and certainly they are curious, ready to listen, even eager for some world-view they can make their own. There is a clear interest in religion, as evidenced by enrollment in courses, attendance at conferences, lectures, etc. They will hear the salesman out even if they do not buy his product. The contemporary campus is reminiscent of the comment in the Book of Acts about the citizens of Athens: "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." Anyone who has a sensible and sincere faith to proclaim will find an audience among college students. Certainly there are worse goals in life than the desire to make a happy and satisfying home and to raise children who are loved and cared for by their parents. Insofar as this trend represents disillusionment with the worship of what William James called the "American bitch-goddess, success," one can only approve and seek to strengthen it. The values of suburbia are being rejected as superficial, and something far more substantial is being sought. Mere affluence and creature com-

forts are poor substitutes for satisfying personal relationships, especially within one's own family. The moral responsibility of today's students compares favorably with the irresponsibility of the "flaming youth" of the twenties. They want freedom, but they do not confuse liberty and license. They are lax by Victorian standards, but far less Bohemian than their counterparts of the years immediately following World War I. They want sexual outlet, but in marriage, not outside of it.

HAVING SAID all this, however, one must raise some grave questions. To begin with, many students are marrying as an escape not only from an unsatisfying home life, but from their own personal problems of isolation and loneliness. And it can almost be put down as a dictum that any marriage entered into as an escape cannot prove entirely successful. The sad fact is that marriage seldom solves one's problems; more often, it merely accentuates them. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether the home as an institution is capable of carrying all that the young are seeking to put into it; one might say, in theological terms, that they are forsaking one idol only to worship another. They correctly understand that their parents are wrong in believing that "success" is the ultimate good, but they erroneously believe that they themselves have found the true center of life's meaning. Their expectations of marriage are essentially utopian and therefore incapable of fulfillment. They want too much, and tragic disillusionment is often bound to follow.

Shall we, then, join the chorus of *misereres* over early marriages? One cannot generalize: all early marriages are not bad any more than all later ones are good. Satisfactory marriages are determined not by chronology, but by the emotional maturity of the partners. Therefore, each case must be judged on its own merits. If the early marriage is not an escape, if it is entered with relatively few illusions or false expectations, and if it is economically feasible, why not? Good marriages can be made from sixteen to sixty, and so can bad ones.



# VENEZUELA: Hour of Promise . . by Waldo Frank

THE DICTATORSHIP in Venezuela has been broken by the people and by the students of Venezuela; and all Americans are glad, although the price was bloodshed, and the tyranny of nearly a decade has caused irreparable suffering and loss. The horizons of South America (as distinct from those of Central America and the Caribbean area) are clearer than they have ever been. In the last two years, the peoples of four major republics have risen against military regimes as cruel as they were clumsy and inefficient; today, with the exception of General Stroessner (a Perón hang-over) in little Paraguay, every one of South America's states is being governed not by the sword of a military clique but by groups of men devoted to the proposition that the Americas shall be the home of free peoples—that *this* is the "new world" yet to be realized, with the way to it yet to be discovered.

Therefore this is indeed a time for rejoicing. But far more, it is a time for sober analysis and for creative planning. Pérez Jiménez is "out"; men of good will are "in," with few exceptions, from Mexico to Argentina. The people everywhere are learning that military juntas make bad masters, and are daring to express what they know against the guns of corruption. But the problem of building a workable democratic system for nations as complex ethnically, economically, culturally as America Hispana, is still unsolved; not a single one of the basic questions has been practicably answered.

As we welcome the return of the sun in Caracas, after Bogotá, Lima, Buenos Aires, let us therefore ask ourselves why for so long the sun has been hidden? What was wrong in Colombia, causing the people of Bogotá in 1948 to rise in hate against

their government only to sink at once into the grip of a worse one? What ignorance allowed brilliant liberals such as Presidents Romulo Betancourt and Romulo Gallegos of Venezuela to be trapped and destroyed by a group of willful soldiers? How for so many years, could conscious groups like the labor unions of Argentina be fooled by a demagogue and a charlatan, Perón and his theatrical Eva? Why were the people of all these countries, when they had elected legitimate representatives, unable to safeguard them? Unless such questions can be answered, the present promising hour in America Hispana will soon cloud over again. And before such questions can be answered, they must be stated.

THE PROBLEM is one, of course, which some of us have studied for many years; in this brief space I can do no more than name some of its principal facets.

1. The overwhelming complexity, ethnic and cultural, of the Hispano-American peoples, their geography, their intricate political past, make it clear why political-economic programs could not succeed which romantically imitated United States institutions whose sources and conditions were far simpler and quite distinct. The problem for America Hispana has been complicated even more by the world storms of the twentieth century, which imperiled the leisurely, organic growth of the Hispanic peoples, and by the huge magnetic field laid over the whole hemisphere by the United States—a force which has distorted the rest of America's normal gropings toward indigenous economic and political forms.

2. Democratic government rests on a balance of stabilized and self-conscious classes. Such classes have not been able as yet to mature in America Hispana. Business has been hampered by residual feudalism and overpowered by the North. Labor has been undeveloped and intellectually immature, not so much in theories as in practice. The peasant often belongs to a culture distinct

from the industrial and middle classes. These factors have made for a cumulative chaos, a weakness which left the military class as the one stable element, the one possible dominant over general disorder. The strength of the army therefore has lain in the structural immaturity of the new producing classes, together with the decadence of the older social forces: the landowners and the church hierarchy. And this strength of the army has been one which, feeding on weakness, perpetuates weakness even in itself.

3. The immediate cause of all Latin American dictatorship has been the army; the immediate beneficiary has been the army and its allies—among which American Big Business must be counted. These armies have not been needed for national defense. They have been turned, by ambitious and corrupt men, *against* the people. And the United States, professing to strengthen the hemisphere against communism (a threat that is non-existent), with more stupidity than malice has helped the tyrants to seize and to hold power against the people.

4. The republics of America Hispana need no army beyond a normal police equipped with weapons for preserving civil order. To give them tanks and planes is as suspect as it would be to arm the traffic police



Great Day in Venezuela

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of our cities with long-range atomic guns. This is a point I have made many times, and it has not enhanced my popularity with the national egos. I repeat it. During most of the nineteenth century, the United States relied largely for its defense on the British Navy; we had little more than a "token" armed force. In consequence, our military had no power; and—most important of all—we were solvent and free to invest our wealth not on obsolescent military establishments, but on rails and roads, on schools, on industries and the clearing of forests. America Hispana, with its lethally overloaded armies, is missing the chance that history now gives it to put its resources to work. If it does not profit by this blessing of circumstance to get rid of the huge economic burden and of the political threat of an armed officer class, its opportunity to share in the forming of a new world will have been missed forever.

5. I have said that the power of the army in the typical Hispanic republic is matriced in the weakness of the producing classes. Is it not futile, therefore, frontally to attack the army, which will presumably retain its comparative strength as long as the other groups are unstable and weak? In a social organism, no growth or change is unilateral or simple. The economic classes in

America Hispana are rapidly forming: semi-colonialism dwindles; labor becomes conscious; business aspires to independence; farmer and peasant are in deepening contact with the city, the university, the cultural forces. All this is healthy. And it has produced moments of health before this: in Mexico, in Venezuela, in Brazil and Argentina. But while this sound young life struggled to establish itself, the armies were there, holding and spreading their baleful grasp; watching for the moment of weakness or confusion to strike—as they struck against Gallegos in Venezuela, against Irigoyen in Argentina, against Haya de la Torre in Peru. Therefore, the army must be frontally attacked. This is particularly the task of the younger generation—above all, of the school, university and labor union, and of the uncorrupted lower clergy. While the theory of the "national army" is refuted, the economic classes must be nurtured to stability. And even the younger echelons of army officers can be won over.

THERE ARE indeed signs, as in Venezuela today, in Colombia yesterday, that this re-education of the military is under way. Soldiers in more than one instance have made themselves leaders of the theory of civil power. Lázaro Cárdenas of

Mexico is one illustrious example. There must be no delay. In every organic being, there is a time for growth. Neglected, it vanishes forever. The world is a storm of pressures upon America Hispana, threatening to blow the separate republics out of their true orbit. This is a force, if utilized in time, to help integrate the nations; if not, it will assist their disintegration. The republics must move toward economic union, toward some form of political federation which will render them strong yet keep them free. If the intelligentsia, cultivating their contacts with farmer and worker, make this destiny of America Hispana vivid and urgent, the archaic dictatorship of soldiers will be exposed; the psychological acceptance of this kind of regime which still persists from the past will be gone forever.

During the next months, groups of men over a vast territory will convene in their capital cities to study new methods for expressing and channeling the dynamic impulse which sent the students of Caracas, the workers of other lands, into the street against the venal guns of officers and bureaucrats. The "hundred years" of preparatory chaos, which Bolivar predicted, have past. They will give way to the beginning of national greatness for America Hispana or to definitive failure.

## Detroit: The Day the Job Stopped . . by B. J. Widick

*Detroit*  
THE RESTLESS NIGHT ends when the alarm clock rings at a quarter to six and its harsh sound breaks the uneasy sleep. Friday has arrived and in a few hours all the rumors and fearful questions will be replaced by the plain facts. Today, as everyone in the shop knows, events will answer the question plaguing him: who gets laid off?

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On the bus, the quiet, tired faces tell you that others haven't slept too well, either. There is little joking or jostling among the young workers. They know already. The older workers are still uncertain. Although the older men seldom say much—who likes to talk at an early hour?—today they seem even more reticent than usual.

In the factory, groups of workers, men and women, colored and white, cluster around the bulletin board where the seniority lists are posted. Someone asks the question which is preoccupying everyone's mind: "I wonder how far back they will go?"

The union has informed its membership that ten-year-seniority men might be affected—but (it was a big BUT) management has frequently changed its policies. Since the first rumor about a layoff started three weeks ago, anxiety and tension have increased daily. It has been difficult for the workers to listen to the union's plea, "We will have to wait and see." Now the plant seems almost relaxed. The waiting is over. Soon we will see.

It doesn't take long after the work whistle blows and the giant assembly lines begin their endless motion before the foremen pass out the week-



ly pay checks and in some cases the layoff slips. This is a blunder. The entire plant was given notice of layoffs twenty-four hours in advance, as specified in the union contract, but no layoff slips were supposed to be given out until mid-afternoon.

As a union official, you knew why the layoffs were coming—and their special nature. But how could you tell the people, already wearied by bad news since the '59 model had gone into production? "It looks like a bad year for autos. . . . We're headed for a recession. . . . That means short work weeks and more fights with the company on work standards." You were as tired of giving bad news as they were of receiving it. Could you tell them, in advance, that this layoff was different from those in the 1948 or 1954 recession, or those that normally occurred between model changeovers? This time, as you had learned, the badges were being taken away and the laid-off people cleared from the rolls. When the rank and file learned that, they would grasp the terrible significance of what was happening to them. They would know that once they left the plant, they would be lucky ever to see the inside of it again. Even if the 1959 models sold well next winter, only some of them would be called back—and that would be in December at the earliest. And today is January 17. Few could expect to find work in other shops, for the papers said that 120,000 workers in this area, mainly from the auto industry, were already drawing unemployment checks and in some cases supplementary unemployment benefits.

PATIENCE HAS its limits, and neither the foremen who must give out the layoff slips, nor the men who expect them, can wait. In spite of orders, by 9:30 in the morning the whole plant has the full facts. It seems that everyone with less than eleven years' seniority is being laid off and their badges taken away. Is it just your imagination that the assembly line seems inordinately quiet, despite the clang and rattle of machinery? Can a busy auto plant feel like a funeral home? It seems so.

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After the early morning conference with plant officials, it is time for the chief stewards to make the rounds and check manpower, work loads, correct mistakes in the pay-checks and answer questions. Ordinarily this is a matter of routine. But today the chief stewards have to force themselves to make their rounds. What can they say at a time like this? Who among them can answer the question they know is on the lips of all who are laid off: "What's going to happen to me?"

Sam, the young Negro militant with nine years' seniority, is the first to hail you. With a wife and three kids to support, he has barely spoken to anyone for three years. Now he asks: "What's this about the missile plant? Any jobs there?" The reply: "We've been told it is mainly for skilled and semi-skilled workers. Sorry, you'd have a tough time getting a job there." He stands for a minute and then says, "I know I won't be coming back here." What do you say? What does he do?

As you walk along the assembly line, you notice how few people turn around and say, "What's the news?" But "old man" Guy stops you. He is fifty-four, fortunate to get hired during the Korean war. Guy says, "I knew it was coming, chief, but I'm not as bad off as some. Just got myself now. My wife died and my son has grown up." He shakes his head. "I don't understand what the folks with kids are going to do." In a moment like this a lonely man thinks of others. It isn't very easy for him to do so, for who will hire a man in his forties, let alone in his fifties?

Karl, the big cushion man, is next. He had a job at Hudson's after

spending four years in the army and had accumulated five years' seniority by the time that plant folded. He started working in this plant at the age of thirty-five. Each year that passed made him feel more secure; by now he had accumulated nine years' seniority. Suddenly, seniority and security are both fading away. "It looks bad, doesn't it? I guess I won't be back." You nod and shake hands. He wishes you luck. What can you wish him?

There is no point in going back upstairs and seeing the gang on the second floor. Yesterday it was almost impossible to get away from them. They are young and bitter and full of hate. They are ready to take it out on everyone, including the chief steward, for he symbolizes the union and they are sore at the union "because it ain't doing anything." You learn the hard way that you can't argue against the feeling of doom and bitterness. But you wonder what will happen to the young widow with the two kids who had made a remark at the time of the 1954 layoff that you never forgot. She was a very nice person. "Don't worry about me. A good-looking babe always makes out."

One more individual stands out in your mind, an ambitious, self-educated man about thirty who had been hired in 1948. He had always seemed to get a bad break. First, he had a car wreck which hurt him financially. Then his father lost his job at Packard and never worked since that time. And now Russ was going to join the unemployed. What advice could you give him?

More questions loom in your own mind. How will these people pay their full Blue Cross, which is close to \$14, without the help of the union-company plan? How does it feel to lose ten years of pension rights after spending 103 days on strike to obtain the pension? How does it feel to be without health or life insurance? It will be only a matter of a few months before all these benefits automatically cease, once you are off the payroll. In these times, union gains seem to be built on quicksand.

A red-faced general foreman breaks into your thoughts. He is boiling mad. "Are you guys going to let them





get away with it? Isn't the union going to stop this? How far can they go?" These sharp words startle you, since he was once a very tough bargainer for management, taking pride in being a strong company man. Now he is slated for "voluntary retirement" and has turned into a shivering jellyfish. In the plant there are many like him, and you can easily tell who in supervision is getting the axe. The story is written on their faces. Even in the higher echelons, the old-line production men are being squeezed out, for the cutback is from top to bottom. Most are too well disciplined to speak what they think. They shake their heads sadly and tell you, "I never saw anything like this."

The mood of despair spreads throughout the plant. It is visible, at lunch time, in the company cafeteria and at the food wagons in the plant. Despair—and embarrassment. How do you eat your last meal together and say goodbye in these circumstances? How does one fight the depression psychosis that has left its permanent stamp on the mentality of the auto worker?

Production begins to slow down after lunch; by mid-afternoon it is falling way behind. Who cares? One

bright young man does. He is part of the crew from Central Office which is performing the cutback operation. These are the men who determined the size of the cut; they had analyzed the losses of efficiency; they were determined that this plant would be a well-paying, profitable factory. You study him for a moment. You notice that the mood of the shop escapes him entirely. The problems of its people, in management and on the line, simply do not exist for him. Cutting costs is his job and he is very good at it. He has no qualms about the human cost, since it isn't anything that he was taught in engineering school. When he talks to a production superintendent, his contempt for the man is barely hidden. As he turns to leave, the hatred of the production man for him is visible.

Finally the day ends at 3:15 when the line stops and the workers punch out. In five minutes the huge factory is as silent as a graveyard. You deliberately wait until everyone has gone and then turn back and look at the long, quiet line. You think of how it will be on Monday when new production standards go into effect, and something that Harvey Swados wrote comes back to mind.

That night you look it up in the August 17, 1957, *Nation*. In his moving description of life in an auto factory, Swados wrote:

Almost without exception the men with whom I worked on the assembly line last year felt like trapped animals. Depending on their age and personal circumstances, they were either resigned to their fate, furiously angry at themselves for what they were doing, or desperately hunting other work that would pay as well and in addition offer some variety, some prospect of change, some betterment.

They were sick of being pushed around by harried foremen (themselves more pitied than hated), sick of working like blinkered donkeys, sick of being dependent for their livelihood on a maniacal production merchandising set-up, sick of working in a place where there was no spot to relax during the twelve-minute rest period.

Who is worse off—the 2,000 men and women who walked out of the plant with fear in their hearts over the future, or the 5,000 who remained to face the degrading and brutalizing work that Swados portrayed so well? Whose is the greater tragedy, those who can't live the life of quiet desperation, or those who can?

## Rebuilding Cities—and Politics . . . by Jeanne R. Lowe

A STRANGE and promising phenomenon is taking place on the municipal scene. In the need for a broad attack on the nation-wide problem of urban decay, local politicians have found a great new vote-catching issue which has the support of major business interests and the approval of social-minded citizens.

Urban renewal, as the new concept is called, has brought into being a powerful new alignment of city forces and produced some interesting changes in municipal pol-

itics. The program gives the disenfranchised businessman who commutes from the suburbs a policy-making role at City Hall, neutralizes the political pressures of special-interest groups and elevates the strong, partisan mayor who espouses it into a position of statesmanship, above party strife.

Exhibit A of the new style of municipal politics at work is the city of Pittsburgh, where David L. Lawrence, dean of the "redevelopment" mayors, was returned to office last fall for his fourth term with the largest plurality in his career. In the dynamic "new Pittsburgh," the voters could plainly see the record of twelve years of extraordinary accomplishment: a galaxy of downtown

skyscrapers sparkling in smog-free air, hundred-year-old slums under clearance, a handsome new airport, new bridges and expressways, an expanding university, plans for a great new civic auditorium, \$1 billion worth of industrial expansion. In all, a fitting monument to a new kind of big-city boss.

When Lawrence first ran for office in 1945, however, he was seeking the keys of a dying city. Soot was so heavy in the air that office lights were turned on at noon and housewives had to wash their window curtains daily. Assessed valuations in the Golden Triangle, vital core of the city's tax base, had been declining at an average of \$10 million a year for the past decade, and big

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steel was pulling up its stakes. The big industries that remained could not attract executive talent willing to live in Pittsburgh. Even the wife of Richard Mellon, the city's most powerful businessman, had declared, so the story goes, that she would not stay in their grimy hometown. Community improvement efforts were stymied by quarrels among competing pressure groups.

There was one hopeful sign, though. In 1944, the new generation of Pittsburgh's industrial leaders, sparked by banker Mellon, had formed the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, dedicated to reversing the city's downward trend. The conference engaged skilled technicians who formulated a comprehensive program, but its execution required the exercise of public powers emanating from City Hall. The industrial leaders found an unexpected and willing ally in the Democratic state leader who had just been elected to the mayoralty, and they were astonished to discover that his political skill could further their civic-improvement plans.

Lawrence, who needed to overcome the reputation of political boss and the stigma of indictment charges falsely leveled against him when he was secretary of the Commonwealth, had run for the mayoralty on a new kind of platform. What Pittsburgh needed, he had declared, was leadership, not just management. The voters seemed to agree, and gave him a much more comfortable margin than his Democratic predecessor, who had just squeaked through.

But when the new Mayor proceeded to carry out his promises and helped expedite the sweeping development program of the conference, rival fellow Democrats cried "sell-out!" Certainly, Lawrence's alliance with the industrialists was a radical departure from depression-day politics, when denunciations of the Mellons and the Pennsylvania Manufacturing Association were the mainstay of every Pittsburgh Democratic politician's repertoire.

However, the new alignment was what the tired old city needed. Lawrence used the power of his public office to enforce an unpopular smoke-control ordinance and the

conference, in turn, helped beat down a threatened boycott of the city by coal suppliers and railroad interests. The conference asked the Equitable Life Assurance Society to finance the redevelopment of a fire-ravaged area, covering twenty-three acres, near the downtown business district, and the Mayor set up a new municipal authority to condemn and acquire blighted land for commercial redevelopment by private enterprise.

But Lawrence, powerful as he was, hesitated when the conference leaders suggested that he name himself chairman of this new redevelopment agency. However, when the conference got the Chamber of Commerce to advocate the unorthodox appointment, and the three Pittsburgh newspapers gave it their blessing, Lawrence could not refuse. For his vice chairman, he appointed Richard Mellon's right-hand man, Arthur Van Buskirk, who was a member of the Republican Party's national war chest, the Allegheny County Republican Finance Committee.

Under these circumstances, it was no surprise that, in the Democratic primaries of 1949, Lawrence's leadership should be challenged by a self-described candidate of the "little man." He accused the Mayor of sleeping with the Republicans, oppressing the poor people with costly smoke-control regulations, and siding against labor in a power strike. There was an unprecedented turnout in the party primaries that year, but Lawrence won handily and went on to carry the city by a plurality nearly four times greater than on his first try.

What has been accomplished by the powerful Lawrence-Allegheny Conference coalition, working with other public agencies and civic

groups, has become almost an American legend. Delegations from 300 cities in this country and abroad have made the pilgrimage to this redevelopment Mecca.

MUNICIPAL representatives are now beginning to flock to another community, the rejuvenated city of New Haven, Connecticut, where they can find another excellent example of the new style of politics at work.

A few years ago, this old New England community was suffering from a bad case of typical urban illness: middle-income residents fleeing to the suburbs, shopping centers drawing business away from an outmoded downtown center, traffic parking snarls, a deteriorating tax base, the spreading of slums and residential blight—and a public steeped in apathy. Sporadic efforts of business groups to do something found little support from the city's part-time mayors or from the economy-obsessed publisher of the city's two newspapers.

New Haven had no crisis like Pittsburgh's choking smog to rouse it, nor industrial and financial giants like the Mellons, Alcoa and Equitable Life to finance initial redevelopment projects. What it did have in 1953 was a shrewd and forceful young mayoralty candidate, Richard C. Lee, who recognized both the political potential and the risks of urban renewal, and knew how to organize community forces to support this radical cure. As a result of the bold, new program he has pushed for the last four years, the city's worst slum area is gone, \$150 million of rebuilding is scheduled or in the works, and faith in the city's future has replaced resignation.

Lee, a twice-defeated candidate for mayor who finally gained office





when he ran on the urban-renewal issue, has just been re-elected to his third term with the largest plurality any mayor has won in the history of Connecticut. The bipartisan city Board of Finance recently voted him a second salary increase to \$18,000 a year—more than the governor of the state earns. His own Democratic Party is so impressed by his vote-getting ability that he is their number one choice for the Senatorial nomination this year.

Albert M. Cole, administrator of the federal-housing program, has called New Haven's comprehensive urban-renewal plan "a model for the cities of America," and many mayoralty candidates in neighboring New England communities, who used New Haven as their model in last fall's campaigns, rode the redevelopment horse to victory.

But when Lee took office in 1954 and tried to enlist leading New Haven businessmen into a nonpartisan Citizens Action Commission, he met with skepticism and resistance. Persisting, he gradually convinced some influential citizens that slums were throttling the city's economy and that the federally-assisted redevelopment program could prove the cure. Carl Freese, a bank president who lived in suburban Hamden but made his living in the heart of downtown New Haven, agreed to serve as chairman of the Citizens Action Commission. Together they recruited its executive committee, a cross-section of the most powerful community interests—financial, industrial, retail, labor, religious, social welfare and education.

This privately-financed "citizen cabinet" meets monthly in the Mayor's office to make plans and review progress. Where united community support must be shown, the members carry the ball publicly. When Republican influence is needed in the state capital, they lobby for the New Haven program at Hartford, and if private persuasion of business interests is needed, they can be counted on, too.

As a second step, the C.A.C. and Lee created a 600-member commission representing all segments of the community. So carefully composed was it that, as the C.A.C. president

has said, "If anyone throws a rock at the program, they're bound to hit one of their own. We neutralized the opposition so that we could get on with the main job of rebuilding New Haven."

The new program moved slowly, though, and two years later, when Lee had to run for re-election, all he could show for the much-publicized Oak Street project—his most ambitious up to that point—were plans and models for redevelopment; the deficit-producing slum still stood. However, a week before Election Day, final Washington approval came through and eight-column headlines announced a \$6,651,765 federal loan and grant for Oak Street's clearance.

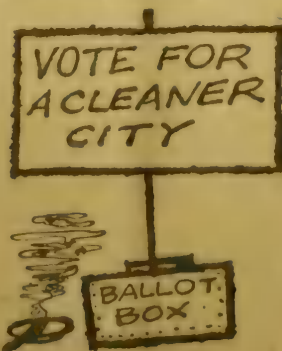
Lee won a record-making plurality that fall, and if any of the Democratic aldermen (the office is unpaid in New Haven), who had seen patronage jobs cut from the city payroll and out-of-town technicians brought in for the new program, questioned how they benefited, their doubts were dispelled by the election results. Thirty-one of the thirty-three wards sent Democrats to the Board of Aldermen. And by the time of this year's election, the results were visible for all to see—a \$10 million office building which the Southern New England Telephone Company is constructing on the site of the vanished slum, and a \$10 million expressway the State Highway Department is laying as part of daring and comprehensive plans for revitalizing the city's commercial heart. Four out-of-town developers, attracted by the new atmosphere in New Haven, bid against each other for the contract to build the new apartment houses which will soon rise in the Oak Street area. The winner paid over \$1,000,000 for the land.

At a C.A.C. luncheon in June, an \$85 million plan for center-city rebuilding was made public jointly by Mayor Lee and the commission's new chairman, Lucius Rowe, president of the telephone company. Although some merchants who will be displaced fought the plan and Lee's opponents took pot shots at the methods, cost and pace of the redevelopment program, they got nowhere. "My interest," the Mayor said, "is in the good of New Haven." The voters, as the election returns showed, agreed.

**IN LABOR-STRONG** Newark, New Jersey, another city where the new phenomenon has appeared, the Economic Development Committee, comprising eighteen top business and labor leaders appointed by the Democratic Mayor, Leo P. Carlin, and headed by the president of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, meets monthly in City Hall. There, with the Mayor (a former president of a Teamsters Union local) the group hammers out a many-pronged program for the city's revitalization.

In the center of Newark a dozen new buildings are up or under construction, all of them started since Mayor Carlin took office. There are new parking facilities and some of the city's worst slums are being cleared. A new \$3,000,000 YW-YMCA structure has been completed; a \$15 million medical center is in operation; middle-income apartments will soon be erected in the downtown area; and, in peripheral areas within the city limits, swamp land is being reclaimed for new industry. The City Council passed a housing code to force rehabilitation of salvageable but sub-standard homes, and in the Newark Museum is a panoramic preview (paid for by private business) of the new face the city hopes to have in 1966, the 300th anniversary of its founding.

Five years ago, though, it seemed that no force could reverse Newark's decline. "Nobody" lived in Newark, and while new plants and office buildings mushroomed in the suburbs, none went up in town. Rising taxes increasingly burdened the remaining businesses. Despite the ob-





vious advantages of a downtown location, the Mutual Benefit and Prudential Life insurance companies, the city's major employers, had taken options on suburban sites for their new office buildings.

Meanwhile, at City Hall, the five commissioners who then governed the community were busy with their individual empires. Responsibility for the various city departments was divided among them; there was no one to take the city-wide view.

A new municipal alignment was forged in a drive to replace this inefficient and graft-ridden "five-mayor" system with a strong mayor-city council form of government. The drive began in late 1952, when leaders of the state Americans for Democratic Action and the local C.I.O. joined in support of municipal charter reform. Their cause won the support of the local newspapers and of such businessmen as W. Paul Stillman, a bank president and chairman of Mutual Benefit. A citizens' committee for better government was revived and also helped.

Carlin, then a city commissioner, introduced a resolution for charter study which was turned down. But the reformers collected enough petition-signatures to have the question submitted to popular referendum that spring. Despite a well-financed opposition, the reformers won, and Carlin, the one commissioner who had supported them from the start, was elected Mayor in the spring of 1954. Unlike most cities, however, where a reform coalition dissolves once its goal is realized, in Newark the new grouping held together. It still had the long-range job of making urban renewal work.

The sudden stemming of the business tide to suburbia and the start of the downtown building boom swung on a dramatic decision by Paul Stillman of Mutual Benefit. Taking a reading of the new political climate, he persuaded Mutual's building committee of the wisdom of relocating downtown. He then called in a group of fourteen top businessmen to announce that the company had canceled its suburban option and would invest \$20 million on a center-city building program. Prudential, which had also given its

backing to charter reform, joined Mutual and announced its own plans for a mammoth downtown project.

Taking the advice of business and civic leaders, the Mayor appointed the Economic Development Committee, which works closely with city departments as well as with the independent, metropolitan-minded Greater Newark Development Council. He also transformed a citizens' committee for neighborhood rehabilitation into an official municipal commission. Last spring the Sales Executive Club of Northern New Jersey named Mayor Carlin its "New Jersey Business Statesman of the Year"—the first time the award has been given to a politician.

THE NEW PATTERN, with variations, is emerging in other cities. In St. Louis, business cooperates with municipal government through an organization called Civic Progress, Inc., which Mayor Raymond R. Tucker appointed when he took office in 1953. This group of twenty industrialists, representing \$6 billion and employing 250,000 workers, sold the public on a politically unpopular "earnings tax" and a \$110 million bond issue to pay for long overdue municipal improvements. Mayor Tucker was re-elected by a record majority last spring. In Cleveland, Mayor Celebrezze has the assistance of the Cleveland Development Foundation and a \$2 million revolving fund put up by fifty major industrialists to keep his slum-clearance program from bogging down. And in Philadelphia, where citizens' organizations have long concerned themselves with better housing and city planning, big business is now participating in Mayor Dilworth's redevelopment program with a \$250 million plan for improving the city's center.

But it should be noted that the urban-renewal issue is not always good politics. In Detroit, where racial tensions make housing an explosive subject, the issue of slum clearance was noticeably played down in last fall's mayoralty campaign. In St. Louis, the efforts of Civic Progress, Inc., and Mayor Tucker to sell a new city charter, urgently needed for urban-renewal projects, were defeated

by the combined opposition of labor, the NAACP and ward aldermen. They feared reduction of their influence in city affairs.

Critics can point out that redevelopment has failed to meet the urgent housing needs of middle-income and minority groups, and has actually increased the shortage of urban homes. Even its staunchest proponents agree that urban renewal is an imperfect approach, and that many city problems can be met only on a metropolitan basis.

Yet there are hopeful signs. In Pittsburgh, where housing heretofore has had low priority, the Allegheny Conference, in cooperation with labor and civic groups, has set up ACTION-Housing, Inc., to tackle this knotty problem. Further, the city has helped to establish a unique organization called Operating Staff Executives, which includes a top executive from each public and private agency dealing with development problems in Allegheny County.

Mayors, long accustomed to fighting their battles alone, are finding that their powerful industrial partners are giving them a new entrée into Washington. Some mayors, keenly aware that their new and distinctly non-military redevelopment programs could fall victim to the budget balancers or to the cold war, have already enlisted their new business partners to plead their cause before Congress and the Administration. Continued federal assistance is essential to the urban-renewal program.

To that urban muckraker, Lincoln Steffens, the new municipal alignment might have seemed somewhat questionable. But if Steffens were around today, he would see that the coalition of big business and politics, once responsible for "the shame of our cities," may be their best hope.





# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Politics and the Good Citizen

### SOVEREIGNTY: AN INQUIRY INTO THE POLITICAL GOOD.

By Bertrand de Jouvenel. Translated by J. F. Huntington. University of Chicago Press. 320 pp. \$4.50.

David Thomson

JUST WHEN the decline of political philosophy is being almost universally lamented, the Frenchman Bertrand de Jouvenel has produced a book that—despite its diffuseness and excrescences—has many of the qualities of a great work in political theory. With an urbanity, subtlety and persuasiveness that have been miraculously preserved by his English translator, M. de Jouvenel explores the modern implications of a free society under a democratic government. Regarding political science as “a natural science dealing with moral agents,” he examines the consequences of the fact that men live in society, and then the moral implications of those consequences. The course of his argument leads him to breathe new life into such terms, made empty by over-use, as “authority,” “common good,” “sovereign will” and “liberty.” It is a book that none interested in political theory can afford to ignore, and no review can do full justice to its nuances of argument, its intellectual stimulus, or its witty eloquence.

Its qualities can best be shown by posing an important current problem of political theory, not itself directly considered by M. de Jouvenel, applying his ideas to that problem, and discovering what illumination they can cast upon it.

Most of us are only too well aware, in 1958, that what happens in politics will affect us all, both immediately and ultimately. We know that the modern state is more active, doing more things that affect more

people more of the time, than any previous state; and that international politics contains possibilities of life or death for us all. What we cannot believe—and what no one can convincingly persuade us to believe—is that anything we can say or do as individuals is likely to have significant effect on what happens. The paradoxical outcome of power politics is to render all politics powerless; the irony of democracy in conflict with dictatorship is that its citizens feel scarcely less helpless than the subjects of a dictator. This feeling of helplessness, personal and even national, in the face of world conflict is the most striking feature of the present political scene. Any theory of current politics that does not confront it fearlessly is doomed to futility.

IN THESE circumstances, to exhort men in the manner of traditional democratic theory and the civics textbooks to make themselves good citizens by mastering the intricacies of politics is plainly no remedy. We run into the undeniable fact that for most men and women, preoccupied with being good parents or good workers, politics must necessarily remain an intermittent, marginal interest. The good housewife, who devotes so much of her life to bringing up her family in a good home that she falls into great ignorance of national or world politics, is not patently failing in her citizen duties or neglecting the “common good.” Any man’s resources of time, energy, powers of concentration and wise judgment are finite, and to wrestle with problems beyond one’s understanding (and probably beyond one’s control) may not be the most useful way to spend them. Nor has the obsession with politics that usually goes with political activism been proven to be a healthy element in a good society. To make everything else peripheral to politics is the very stigma of totalitarianism. The first

task of democratic political theory is to put and keep political activity firmly in its place.

If these are the elements of one great current dilemma, what help in tackling it do we get from M. de Jouvenel? He makes three suggestions that can be brought to bear. First, he suggests that society rests above all on a general expectation of performance and fulfillment that is not, as a rule, disappointed. Men and groups do, in general, conform to fairly regular and foreknown patterns of behavior. Mutual confidence, systematic social relations, normal ways of life in even the humblest sense, are nourished and sustained by experience that such expectations are indeed usually justified. Laws, decisions of governments, and other actions of public authorities presuppose such confidence, and in turn help to reaffirm it. They do not, in themselves, create it.

Seen in this focus, the central daily concern of the good citizen should not be politics as such, but rather the perpetual strengthening and reinvigoration, in all aspects of social and economic life, of these mutual expectations and this communal confidence that is the basis of society. In such a task politics remain an important form of activity, but one that is normally peripheral and can well be intermittent.

Secondly, M. de Jouvenel suggests a very important distinction between two types of authority, which he calls that of the *dux* and that of the *rex*. *Rex* lays down rules of conduct, enforces contracts, arbitrates disputes, provides the authority behind that daily co-operation of neighbors that constitutes normal social life. He is the guardian, rectifier, adjuster. But *dux* is dynamic—the *entrepreneur*, the activist leader, the promoter and instigator of action, the assembler of human efforts who induces men to follow him for specific ends, and commands their loyalty because they also will these ends. Leadership, whether in social or political life, is usually thought of as that of *dux*. But it is intermittent, disturbing,

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and in a democracy not necessarily the most important form of leadership, save in war. The rule and authority of *rex*, resting also on consent, reflect the essential qualities of neighborhood, continuity, social cooperation in daily life. Consequently, in obeying the behests of *rex*—whether as custom, laws, or the simple fulfillment of social expectations—the citizens may be contributing to the good life of a free society.

The two kinds of authority are often, of course, found combined in the same person or institution, and they often overlap and interact, just as social and political activity overlap. To insist that pensions paid in implementation of a national pensions scheme shall have their expected real purchasing power and shall not be corroded by inflation or economy cuts; or that agreements reached in industrial negotiations or arbitration are not infringed when found to be inconvenient; or that commitments undertaken internationally are both capable of being implemented and are then fully implemented: these are political issues which, being also ethical issues, are within the grasp of the ordinary citizen of good will. And this degree of control over events and policy—a determination of direction and spirit rather than of detail—is seldom unattainable by normal democratic machinery or parliamentary procedures. What the democratic citizen most needs from both *rex* and *dux* is a clear presentation of alternatives, so that he can make his choice between them, and this is the crux of effective leadership in a democracy. The present confusion of politics in the United States, Britain and France arises mostly from the failure (so far) of the party systems and leaders of these democracies to present such alternatives.

Thirdly, M. de Jouvenel sees in democracy "nothing other than the triumph, in the political order, of the presbyterian idea." He means by this that the older belief, that truth was beyond the apprehension of the ordinary individual and must therefore be in the keeping of the organized body of the church, gave way to the view that this organized body stood between the individual and

truth and that if "every mind is equally capable of grasping the same truths, then it is the business of all to pronounce on moral issues." Politics, in short, was subservient to ethics, and in that sense too was peripheral, not central.

That political action is inherently likely to be more effectual than social action is one of the commonest fallacies of our time. We forget the wisdom of Samuel Johnson:

How small, of all that human hearts endure,

That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Some of the deepest ills of society—the erosion of family life and a high divorce rate, widespread prostitution, a disturbingly high rate of suicide and violent crime, the growth of juvenile delinquency, dishonest labor relations—are ills peculiarly impervious to action by public authority. Despite the ever-expanding surface of contact between state and society, the state can do little to cure these ills other than by keeping up a system of public order that discourages them. Politics can be no substitute for ethics—a truth unfashionable but ineluctable.

Indeed, the action of public authority is so greatly affected by the spirit and habits of men within the society which it "governs," that it

might be argued that social action is more likely than political action to strike at the root of the most troublesome social ills. It is in his own family life and personal relationships, in his occupational organizations and business dealings, as parent, employer, worker, professional man, even more than as voter and citizen, that the good citizen shows his civic goodness. It is in these activities that he is most familiar with human needs, most likely to be sensitive and responsive to ethical demands, most likely to take wise decisions. If in these matters he is selfish, avaricious, and indulges in bad faith, then he is doing perhaps more to undermine a good democratic society than if he takes little or no part in direct political activities. If, on the other hand, he establishes and practises ethically good codes of behavior in these matters, he is all the more likely to judge correctly of major political issues when these come before him.

We suffer from the lack of a clear and articulated theory of the modern state and society, and part at least of the prevailing sense of helplessness springs from our resulting inability to see things in focus. It is the supreme merit of M. de Jouvenel's book that it helps to sharpen our focus.

## A Novel for Teacher

*SOME CAME RUNNING.* By James Jones. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1266 pp. \$7.50.

David Ray

THERE is probably no reason why fiction intended as eulogy in ardent dithyramb cannot succeed. However, this motive has wrecked James Jones's new effort. Within a plot which, in its basic relationships and themes, is a rewrite of *From Here to Eternity*, Jones attempts a worshipful promulgation of the ideas of his mentor, a Southern Illinois woman who has directed his writing for several years.

Jones met Mrs. Lowney Handy, a

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teacher of creative writing in his home town, when he returned from the army in the forties. She had worked out a detailed system for writing, and her enthusiasm forced Jones into the labor of his first book.

Mrs. Handy's system involves a discipline derived partly from army rules and partly from ideas she had found in her reading (largely philosophic or religious) over the years. A writer working under her tutelage, for example, has no breakfast, "because you think better that way." He is also forbidden to talk until noon, because Mrs. Handy has adopted the Eastern conception of the creative value of silence. Her students must write steadily until noon, then devote the afternoon to penitent physical labor, carrying out her comparison of writers to monks. They must also undergo a period of "copying" verbatim on their typewriters various works (by



Hemingway, Wolfe, Dos Passos, Raymond Chandler) that Mrs. Handy assigns. When employed on his own prose, the novice hands in what he has produced each day, and she goes over it with him, reinterpreting scenes or suggesting slants consistent with her views on psychology.

In this way, this strong-willed woman has provided Jones (and her other students) not only with a method of writing, but with an entire world-view, a way of interpreting his material. Her views on psychology and human nature (e.g., that women are "dominating") served Jones well in *From Here to Eternity*, both in the construction of an intensely emotional yet basically philosophical dialogue, and as a way of interpreting his characters dramatically. At the same time her spartan discipline kept him at the typewriter.

And now, evidently out of some sense of obligation, Jones has tried to embody Mrs. Handy's ideas in a permanent and dignified shape. In an article published more than two years ago on my experiences as a student of Mrs. Handy, I wrote: "Jones was re-educated daily from his choice of dramatic subject matter to ideas, usually strongly religious or philosophical, which Lowney decided he should write." At that time, *Some Came Running* was being written. I chided Jones for his dependence on Mrs. Handy, for I felt, then as now, that he is a good dramatic writer who cannot prosper as a didactic propagandist. I did not know, however, that Mrs. Handy's influence would result in converting a serious writer's novel into a eulogy of her life. With *Some Came Running*, Mrs. Handy has her teacher's dream fulfilled. Her student has written a book about her, acknowledging his indebtedness to her in a note calling the book a "collective enterprise."

IN *Some Came Running* Dave Hirsch, whose experiences parallel with painful precision those of James Jones for the past few years, is obsessed with love for Gwen French, who teaches at a local college and unselfishly assists the town's youngsters toward careers as great writers. She is a Christlike figure with a code of rules for success. One of her rules is that any involvement in sex can only end in tragedy for an artist. By marrying, committing suicide, enlisting in the army and "running off to Chicago" (various ways of fleeing her guidance or being trapped by other women) her students destroy their talents and bear out her theory that "sex was involved in the failure." Finally Dave, the most talented of her students,

is also trapped by sex. He turns to a piggish girl when Gwen, a conscientious virgin at 35, refuses his advances. Dave is then killed by the girl's first husband who suddenly reappears; the death is a rewrite of Prewitt's in *From Here to Eternity*, and illustrates the same theme of punishment for a rebellious eroticism.

Unlike her other students, however, Dave succeeds to a degree, for he leaves his novel for Gwen to clean up. Appropriately enough he recants, in a testament written just before his death, of the one instance in which he did not strictly follow her advice. He agrees that a section in his novel of which she disapproved should be cut.

Jones thus has worked out an allegory acknowledging the truth of Mrs. Handy's philosophy. The failures and deaths consequent upon ignoring her incitements to greatness are object lessons for heretics.

If, that is, you share Jones's estimate of Gwen. But few readers could possibly do so, and that is where the novel fails of its missionary purpose. On the basis of the evidence presented, Gwen emerges as a woman wallowing in a mire of philosophy while controlling the lives of all around her. They feel that she is more responsible for their books than they are: "I aint written nothin since I left here." She is always threatening to leave her students in order to write her own book. The thought horrifies them; they never suspect that they might be able to get by (and perhaps even write) without her.

While Jones lets Gwen ramble on for page after page, he suppresses considerable evidence for a more cogent insight into her personality. Toward the end of the book (page 1247), Gwen

considers the possibility that "she herself was responsible for Dave's death," flirting with an interpretation of her own conduct as destructive. Earlier, Dave presents a poem to Gwen:

"I am hungry," the young man said.  
"For what do you hunger?" the woman smiled.

"I do not know," he said.

"Come," she smiled, "and I will feed you."

And she took him to her bed where she poured ashes upon his head  
And laughed at his surprise.

"Ashes are good for you," she said;  
"They are full of minerals."

But this kind of evidence is over-ridden to enshrine Gwen as a messianic, infinitely generous mother figure with a key to the publishing kingdom.

Mrs. Handy's philosophy served Jones well in *Eternity*. Her faith in the tragic consequences of what we might loosely term sin (straying from commandments) was convincing when punishment also proceeded from bucking the U.S. Army. When it is nothing but an extension of her belief that sex ruins the artist, readers less religiously inclined are likely to be left perplexed, seeing such events as Dave's death as mere contrivance.

Mrs. Handy has been promoting books right along. Last year saw the emergence of first novels by three of her students, Edwin Daly, Gerald Tesch and Tom Chamales. Readers who suffered through these second-rate and derivative patchwork quilts (all born of long stints at "copying") have reserved judgment for Jones' long-heralded second novel. Perhaps now that Jones has written a monstrosity, the Handy system will be seen by its probationers for what it is.

## Undine

You were the shape of green in your glass garden,  
a quince, or quince on ripening trees  
such that the room turned with your voices.

The word was summer and the beach was green  
with green waters and pebbles like whispered words  
to roll in our easy summer mouths.

Under the lazuli sky you were summer given,  
gladly as the sea gives,  
gladly taken away in the end.

But of your color there was no end, no opposite  
to the glass vase image thick with summer  
of the lake, of the small white steamers, the white  
sails crossing before the island.

What shall I say? Who would believe me?

You were the shape of green in your glass garden,  
quince on ripening trees. You were the hall of mirrors  
in my dream of memories: night, *les illuminations*.

ERIC PEEFFER



# The Loss of Laughter

**GOGOL: A Life.** By David Magarshack.  
Grove Press. 329 pp. \$6.50.

**Jacob Korg**

THIS biography is the tantalizingly lucid portrayal of an enigma; Mr. Magarshack has struck off a vivid and exceedingly informative picture of a gifted neurotic. Gogol was a man who could observe and record external events with the precision of genius, but he was hopelessly incapable of knowing his own mind. He was a talented actor and reader, but when he became himself, his habit of stifling his feelings gave his acquaintances an uncomfortable sense that he was not really there.

Gogol's career began and ended with periods of self-deceiving innocence. Between these came the years when he used his candid awareness of actuality to write his great books. On arriving in St. Petersburg as a young man he confidently published a narrative poem he had written at the age of eighteen. Its failure brought him to his senses; he bought all the copies and burned them. After winning recognition with tales about Ukrainian life, he produced *The Government Inspector*, *Dead Souls* and *The Overcoat*, the handful of masterpieces that established realism in Russian literature.

It has always seemed unaccountable that Gogol should have felt the need to undertake a program of spiritual regeneration while he was still in the middle of such a magnificent achievement as *Dead Souls*. As one who had often suffered from the censorship of the Czarist autocracy, he seems to have tried to discipline his rebellious feeling by kissing the knout. He became the sort of chauvinist who could declare that Rus-

JACOB KORG is assistant professor of English at the University of Washington.

sians lived and felt more deeply than others, the sort of religious fanatic who dates his spiritual illumination from a bishop's blessing. It is clear from his letters to his friends that the energies which had gone into his art were now absorbed in feats of prayer and self-denial and in meddlesome moralizing. These letters reveal Gogol as a self-deluded Tartuffe, a traitor to his own genius. Both laughable and pathetic, this part of his life has the grotesque quality of a page from *Dead Souls*.

The spirit of Gogol's greatest works is "anger," without which he believed true expression to be impossible. Angry at the social abuses of Russian life, he tried to mock them out of existence. Mr. Magarshack explains the oppressive pitey of his last years as the result of his belief that laughter was not an effective social remedy, and that only direct moral teaching would effect the divine mission for which he felt responsible. Consequently, he looked back at each of his great works with disgust, and promised that the second part of *Dead Souls* would contain a spiritual revelation to atone for what he considered the inferiority of its first part.

But this revelation, like Gogol's health and genius, was destroyed by his religious mania. Convinced that the manuscript he had been writing for ten years was unworthy, he burned it. Afterwards he wept, said that it contained his best work, and tried to persuade himself that it could be rewritten from memory. But all he was able to do was to prepare himself for death.

Mr. Magarshack makes us feel the tragedy of all this. But his account of what is known about Gogol, because it is clear and plausible, also makes us feel forcefully that there is much about his odd spiritual development that remains baffling and unrevealed.

## Bucolic

Having enough plowshares,  
The best will in the world, and fat pastures,  
They beat the rest of their swords into shears.

The rewards of peace  
They reap! With each haired, maned, shag beast,  
As each tamed field, fattened for its fleece.

If, as of old,  
But with stuffed bellies, the shorn wolves seek the fold,  
It is only in winter, from the cold:

Whole days, when the snow is deep,  
They lie, pink and harmless, among the sheep,  
Nodding, whether in agreement or sleep.

W. S. MERWIN

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# THEATRE

## Robert Hatch

THE CRITICS of the daily press, almost without exception, have declared that *Summer of the 17th Doll* (Coronet) is not blended for the American taste. Its Australian accent, they say, is so exotic as to be virtually unintelligible. Still worse, the play is about some dim people whose circumstances are too remote from ours for the spark of sympathy to jump the gap. The New York theatre being the shopping center it is, this judgment will probably be fatal to Ray Lawler's play—unless the Theatre Guild membership is sufficient to keep it going until word of mouth comes to its rescue, as I believe it then would.

For *Summer of the 17th Doll* is a good play, a strong play that deals in fresh terms with a theme of almost universal application. And it is performed by a company whose wit and eloquence is not often surpassed in the Broadway neighborhood. I cannot account for the fretful bafflement with which it has been greeted. The Australians speak a kind of simplified cockney which no doubt sounds vulgar to ears trained on Michael Redgrave or Dame Sybil Thorndyke, but which is no more difficult to understand than the voice of Mississippi, one of our more popular stage lingoes. The only thing exotic about the circumstances of the play is that the men in it are sugar-cane cutters, who labor for seven months in Australia's tropical north and then come down to Melbourne for a five-month vacation, known, not very obscurely, as "the lay-off." There seems nothing in this to trouble the least flexible of playgoers, and surely the reviewers are not thrown into confusion because Australians celebrate Christmas with fireworks in the summer.

I suspect that what really strikes them as passing strange is the normality of the people Mr. Lawler has caught in his tragedy. It is a long time since we saw on the stage a working man who was not frightened by his own strange appetites, or an old crone who was not hiding a bloody axe in her bureau. We have been sensationalized by our playwright moralists and are puzzled by the suggestion that psychopathology is not the only road to human understanding.

The theme of Mr. Lawler's play is the wages of illusion—the more perfect the illusion and the longer it endures, the more shattering the price it finally

extracts. He chooses to work with the lives of very simple people who express themselves with an openness that is almost embarrassing in this era of oblique comment (clinical shoptalk is a form of emotional evasion). But the theme itself, Lord knows, is one we all recognize.

Two sugar-cutters have been coming south for sixteen years to spend the off-season with a pair of barmaids in a house owned by the mother of one of them. For both couples these reunions have been perfect, unchanging, inviolable recurrences of happiness—five months of heaven every year, as one of the girls describes it, saying that she would not exchange what she has known for any marriage in the world. But this is the seventeenth summer.

WITHOUT quite realizing what they were doing, the men and their girls have stylized and ritualized their relationship (one of the men has brought his sweetheart a kewpie doll each year—if you were wondering about the odd title). They have always exchanged the same jokes, eaten the same meals, drunk in the same bars, gone on the same excursions and parted with the same promises of love and renewal. Thus they have worked a miracle—they have made time stand still. This year, though, the tableau has been broken. One of the girls has married, one of the men has lost his gang leadership to a younger field hand; and though another girl has been found and all the proper forms have been observed, the well-loved ceremony will no longer work its magic. With the magic lost, they are lost entirely. As in any fairy tale, their youth falls from them in rags—there is no transition—they are old. They try to embrace, to comfort one another—but who can embrace, or speak even, over a gulf of seventeen years? They do what charmed lovers must always do when the charm breaks—weep, smile and turn apart.

I think this is a tragedy of substance and pertinence—at least I have no trouble translating it into settings closer than Australia and into contexts other than romance. Lawler has worked it out with admirable compassion and an expert understanding of the dynamics of the stage. He has no bizarre secrets to disclose, he is not dealing with extreme experiences, his people are strong and will no doubt

survive somehow. In these respects he may be unfashionable, but in deeper respects he is important and it seems too bad to dismiss him as a stranger from that odd country where people walk around upsidedown.

There is not much point in giving you the names of the actors (Mr. Lawler himself plays one of the men), for they are all Australians appearing here for the first time. They have been acting in this play for a long while—both at home and in England—and they now work together with a harmony and individuality that is magnetic.

ON HIS second visit to New York Marcel Marceau (City Center) might have been well-advised to show us one or two of the "mimodramas" with which he has entertained Parisian audiences. His style-pantomimes and BIP sketches are brilliant exercises in an exacting technique, but mime for the sake of mime becomes after a while a delight for cultists. The "master," as the program notes are pleased to call him, comes perilously close to the appeal of an acrobat—we applaud the difficulty of the turn. I would not be misunderstood: Marceau's repertory is shot through with ironic comment on human behavior, but the range of observation is not very broad and it does not cut very deep—our reach exceeds our grasp and the involuntary embellishments of our gestures betray the foibles of our hearts. These are valid statements and they lend themselves to wit; they also lend themselves to repetition and a preoccupation with virtuosity.

Pantomime is one of the basic devices of stage communication and our theatre is the thinner for having allowed it to recede in the curriculum. By isolating it and presenting it in pure and concentrated form, Marceau becomes an eloquent teacher of his specialty. In a similar way we might profit from a repertory of elocution, for our stage speech has become ambiguous, not to say sheepish. But in the end, such skills are valuable as they give power and freedom to the artists who master them. The mastery is not itself the point.

The titles of some of the "mimodramas"—*Praxitele* and *the Golden Fish* or *The Overcoat* (Gogol)—suggest an application of the art of mime to more substantial ends than occur in "Walking Against the Wind" or "BIP Has a Sore Finger."

THE DIETARY equivalent of *The Music Man* (Majestic) is a tunafish sandwich washed down with a frosted



chocolate. I eat this sort of thing when I am on the run, but I don't take the theatre on the run.

Meredith Willson's musical machine is bland, prettily tuneless, competently banal and entirely unnecessary. I don't understand why it attracted any audience at all, and yet its success is so great that just to have seen it is a mark of sophistication and success. Having exercised the ingenuity and paid the price necessary to get into the theatre, the audience will applaud its own taste and good fortune, and let it be known around town that it has seen pure beauty, embellished by Robert Preston (who is not at all bad). So the myth prospers and tunafish becomes a feast for the aristocracy of the expense accounts. Nothing succeeds like snobbery reinforced by indifference.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM is holding until March 16th an exhibit, subsequently to tour the country, of fifty-eight American paintings and sculptures. The general title is *Nature in Abstraction*. The works, for the most part by Abstract Expressionists, are colorful, noncommittal, scrupulously individualized and singularly unsurprising, being by the group shown in every Whitney show and in every issue of *Art News* and *Art Digest*. The greatest novelty lies in the exhibition's name, taken because—as Mr. John I. H. Baur, curator of the museum, explains in his preface to the handsome catalogue—these painters, without ceasing to be abstract, are now beginning to take their themes from nature.

Nature, according to Mr. Baur, has three categories, defined as “the tangible world of land and water, the intangible world of light, sky and air, and the eternal forces of generation, growth and death which make up the cycles of life and season.” The exhibition is accordingly divided into three sections, one for each of these aspects. The paintings displayed, however, seem uncomfortable in this impressive framework. As far as one can tell from the pictures themselves, only a few of the painters have subjects from nature, and those few are not really Abstract Expressionists. There is a Georgia O’Keeffe *From the Plains* with fat rumps of squatting storm clouds, a John Marin *Movement—Sea or Mountain, As You Will* with its play of mountain and valley, Karl Knath’s somewhat thin cubist reduction

of a *Winter Wharf*, Lauren McIver’s *Les Baux* and Joseph Stella’s *Spring*. A few others present some suggestion of natural objects arrived at, perhaps accidentally, during the course of painting, like Charles Schucker’s *The Tree* or Hans Moller’s *Forsythias* (an action picture with yellow spots) or the handsome *Composition: The Storm* by Balcomb Greene which seems to me, with the possible exception of the Marin, the most successful and convincing picture in the show. But most of the works connect with nature only by their titles. Thus the Peterdi (neat rectangular draggings of a square brush dipped in blue paint), the Gorki (which looks like a congress of amorphous monsters), and the Frankenthaler (a large non-repeat pattern in colors suitable for a bedroom chintz) fit section one, *The Land and the Waters*, only in that they are respectively named *Tidal*, *Waterfall* and *Lorelei*.

In section two, *Light, Sky and Air*, nature is indicated by two more storms; a hastily painted *Red Sky* and a *High Snow—Low Sun*, both in the athletic brushwork style; a *Flight into Morning* and a *Golden Dawn*, exercises in pointillism without forms or images, ■ *Ra-*

*diant Space* in primaries; a *Spring. Twelve O’Clock* in interlocking rectangles like an architect’s floor plan; ■ *Laureline* in grim black smears; and even a *Number 2*.

*Cycles of Life and Season* contains two *Februarys* four years apart; a *Drift of Summer*; a *Red Vine. Autumn. Dogtown* and two other *Autumns* both of ’56 but one in Vermont; a *Black Dahlia*, a *Dead Leaves*, and ■ large, vague, uncharacterized picture in shades of pink by Philip Guston with no name at all. However useful titles may have been in organizing the exposition, they bear so little relation to the pictures themselves that one is tempted to believe them subsequent and extraneous additions, and the part taken by nature to inspire the painting remains less than clear.

Nature, to a painter, is anything in the outside world he can touch or see. If he is to use nature as his subject he must clarify in visual terms the relation of this outside world to his inside self and attempt to describe this interplay to other people. Sometimes an abstract painter may take a motif from nature and generalize it into a comment on a particular style of painting or school of

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art. In this case he is using art history, not nature, as the subject of his work. Or he may attempt to arrive at some sort of general symbol for a class of natural phenomena.

Few of the painters presented in this exhibition try to do any of these things. Their subject matter appears to be for the most part a private emotion or an interior state. A subject matter as un-specific as this, suitable for music, is difficult to communicate in visual terms. Most people simply fail to discover what the picture is about. Since the subject matter is unidentifiable, the painter is driven to find some striking idiosyncrasy of hand writing, to distinguish his pictures from others. This found, his subject-matter can remain obscure, for his talent can then be judged by the memorability of his formula, and his inspiration can be measured by the beauty of his paint and by the size of his canvas.

Why, then, all this fuss about nature? Few of these pictures are about it: few of the painters have been trained to confront it. Perhaps "nature" here is being given some new meaning. One is almost led to suspect from Mr. Baur's text that the word "nature" is being re-styled against the day when "abstract expressionism" goes out.

THE Museum of Contemporary Crafts is showing through April 6 a beautifully presented selection of the works of Louis Comfort Tiffany. Tiffany was the most important and successful American decorator of the turn of the century working in the medieval style. The style derived, as did Pre-Raphaelite painting and Art Nouveau, from the Gothic revival of the early 19th century, and was distinguished by its insistence on handicraft—that is, hand work by artist-artisans—and by its modernization of the traditional grammar of ornament into contemporary and semi-realistic decorative forms.

Tiffany's stylistic framework, unlike that of William Morris and the earlier medievalists, was Romanesque rather than Gothic. His specialty was glass. His leaded glass windows were famous, the most extraordinary being a curtain made in 1911 for the stage of the National Theatre in Mexico City. His principal effects were unknown to the medieval tradition, effects such a imitation of oil paint obtained by firing the glass with transparent colored glazes. But his greatest novelty was the use of translucent marbled glass in a manner not unlike *collage* to supply modeling and to suggest natural textures. For folds in a drapery, clouds

in a sky or feathers in a wing, he would select a piece of marbled glass of accidentally appropriate pattern and back it with colored glass to give the tint desired. The process was expensive and elaborate. The results, if frequently harsh in design and vapid in sentiment, were always rich in color and varied in texture.

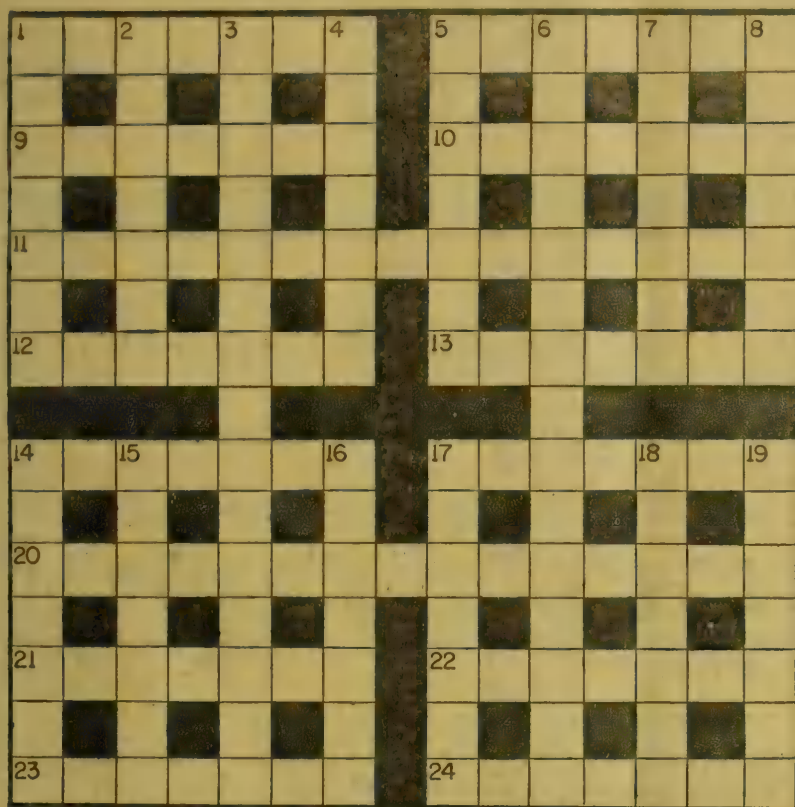
The present show has only one such window, an unimportant one without Tiffany's characteristic—and troublesome—late Pre-Raphaelite iconography. His great skill and invention in the manipulation of glass is better shown in the small objects—vases, cups, plates and tiles—done in what he called "Favrile glass." Their stylistic models are Roman, Saracenic or Art Nouveau. Sometimes colored patterns are fused and blown into the fabric of the glass itself. Some have the surface iridescence of old Roman bottles. Everything has the pleasant irregularity of objects made by hand; everything is as different as possible from the functional forms and unified textures of present-day design. The colors and textures are rich and intricate; the shapes often more decorative and exotic than useful or beautiful. To us they seem pre-eminently period pieces. Their spindly flower forms, their butterfly-wing colors and their Byzantine shapes and encrustations irresistibly call to mind some elaborate setting for Strauss's *Salomé*.

As in all the decorative work of the period, nature is constantly mentioned—a window like a grape arbor, vases like flower calices, ten bronze lilies intertwined into an electric table lamp, or a lamp which is a bronze tree trunk with a leaded glass shade of branches, leaves and fruit, a Tree of Knowledge for some library table. But just as in the Whitney show, nature is not the real subject of the work. Nor are the two exhibitions basically dissimilar. At the Whitney, the pictures' subject is private emotion, expressed by a spontaneous and unpremeditated use of paint. Here the subject is the evocation of a style, expressed by means of that greatest of all luxuries—hand work in a machine age. In each case color and texture are more interesting than content. And just as the medieval revival, of which Tiffany was a part, was a revolt in the art of decoration against the mechanical decoration and furniture of the industrial revolution, so in the same way this particular development of the Abstract movement can be regarded as a revolt—also perhaps in the art of decoration—against the dry, functional style of our own time.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 758

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Croons a variation about moon, perhaps. (7)
- 5 and 20 across Make a firm introduction with everyone but Edward? (With apologies, of course!) (7, 7, 8)
- 9 Certainly not written about a small part of Sputnik's progress! (7)
- 10 Give some thought about what still waters might do. (7)
- 11 This might be satiric, if open on a talking mountain, for example. (15)
- 12 But Lascars aren't all such bad fellows! (7)
- 13 You could probably only change one of these into copper. (7)
- 14 Not trig, but getting worse all the time. (7)
- 17 Cheese insect, but not for long! (7)
- 20 See 5 across.
- 21 Piggy! (7)
- 22 Poetically, unfold a flower which is diligent. (7)
- 23 Given a break, you might still appreciate them. (7)
- 24 Doesn't like to see such a large number getting badly set more than once. (7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Fall for the harvester, perhaps. (7)
- 2 Concerning a serious matter brought up about what the mechan-

- ic does to the engine? (7)
- 3 Whatever happened to industry in some countries? (15)
- 4 The way a little girl doesn't tell the truth, and goes out anyway? (7)
- 5 The particle that is left, or just part of it? (7)
- 6 Right may be with you, if you have it! (15)
- 7 Talk about quick? Write about the opposite! (7)
- 8 Eat nuts, and get poisoned by it. (7)
- 14 They are often followed with dinner. (7)
- 15 Do its wheels suggest at least one revolution? (7)
- 16 These might be regular gushers. (7)
- 17 Crates are not usually made from it, however. (7)
- 18 Shakespeare's five were full. (7)
- 19 One might expect European callers to appear this way at times. (7)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 757

ACROSS: 1 CAT-O-NINE-TAILS; 10 INSTALL; 11 CARTOON; 12 CORNICE; 13 PUCCINI; 14 ENDINGS; 15 DUNGEON; 16 INDIANS; 20 REPROOF; 23 ASSAYER; 24 CAUSTIC; 25 LIAISON; 26 MISSION; 27 UNIMPEACHABLE. DOWN: 2 ASSURED; 3 ORATION; 4 ILLNESS; 5 ESCAPED; 6 AFRICAN; 7 LEONINE; 8 DISCREDITABLE; 9 INSIGNIFICANT; 17 DISDAIN; 18 ALYSSUM; 19 STRINGE; 20 RACEMIC; 21 PRUSSIA; 22 ON TRIAL.

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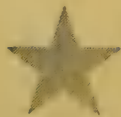
The **apprentice** Clurman read plays for Jed Harris, George Abbott, the Theatre Guild.

The **producer** Clurman was a co-founder of the Group Theatre.

The **director** Clurman was responsible for "Awake and Sing," "Golden Boy," "Member of the Wedding," "The Time of the Cuckoo," "Tiger at the Gates," "The Waltz of the Toreadors," "Bus Stop" — to name a few.

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**FEBRUARY 15, 1958 . . 25c**

**Arms Race:**  
**Count - Down for Disaster**  
*by Walter Millis*

**The FCC Inquiry:**  
**Tiger by the Tail**  
*by Ronald W. May*

**DOWN with the OTHER SEX**  
*by David Cort*



# LETTERS

## That Ad Tax

*Dear Sirs:* It seems to me that the irrelevant and generally amusing article on The Scandalous Ad Tax by David Cort (January 18 issue) failed to mention the single best argument against such a tax on advertising. This is that a tax which is readily passed on to the citizens of the community in which the tax is collected amounts, in effect, to a hidden sales tax. It is a tax paid, with interest, by the people who buy the things that are advertised in Baltimore media. [*Baltimore recently approved a tax on advertising—Ed.*]

Advertising agencies and media have served many odd purposes in the past, from selling Ike to publicizing National Tavern Month. They can even collect taxes in Baltimore, but the registered voters won't be happy about it when they find out!

The argument that advertising media are throwaways is beside the point—and only partly true. Even TV isn't completely free! In fact, the selectivity of media is closely related to the share of the cost paid by the readers. And taxing media will not change their character or improve their taste. Instead, the opposite should be expected, for the advertiser will have more, rather than less, to say about advertising policy if, when he uses a medium, he has to accept the responsibility for collecting taxes from its audience.

ROBERT C. GARRETSON

Cleveland, O.

## Anti-Segregation Fund

*Dear Sirs:* The Southern Conference Educational Fund is an organization of Negro and white Southerners devoted to ending segregation and discrimination in the Southern and border states. We are now taking part in the movement to increase the number of registered voters in the South, both Negro and white. On April 27, in Washington, we will hold a conference entitled "Report from the South," featuring talks by prominent Southerners on denial of registration and voting rights. We are also planning to circulate a Southwide petition to the U.S. Senate to modify Rule 22 to limit filibustering. We are already setting up Committees for Civil Rights Legislation, with a goal of one for each state.

All this is in addition to our usual work of informing people of the evils of segregation through conferences, pam-

phlets, petitions, seminars and opinion polls. What we can do is limited only by the amount of support we get from people all over the country. Contributions may be sent to Southern Conference Educational Fund, 822 Perdido St., New Orleans 12, Louisiana.

AUBREY W. WILLIAMS,  
President, Southern Conference  
Educational Fund

Montgomery, Alabama

## Exchanging Science

*Dear Sirs:* Why not have a Council of Heads of States meeting regularly—perhaps every one or two years? Also, there should be international scientific co-operation among nations. Isn't it silly for us to spend millions of dollars, and to waste our time, trying to discover what Russia and other nations know already—and *vice versa*?

ARMAND LOWINGER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Near Enough

*Dear Sirs:* Too bad that in your January 25 issue you did not place the editorial entitled Hypnopaedia alongside Mixed Judgment.

The first tells of the prison officials of Tulare County, California, placing secret microphones under inmates' pillows to sermonize while they were sleeping on the values of moral living. The sermon ended with the words: "I am filled with love and compassion for all, so help me God."

The second editorial reports that Judge Ralph Freeman of the U. S. District Court in Detroit castigated Peter Horst, a conscientious objector, saying: "There would be nothing left for us . . . if his opinions were shared by all men of his age." A theologian testifying for Horst had declared that "love is the central force in his life."

MORRIS YANOFF

Chicago, Ill.

[*Come to think of it, the editorial separating the above two was entitled Those Top-Secret Reports.—Ed.*]

## Tribute to DuBois

*Dear Sirs:* I wish to congratulate *The Nation* and Mr. Truman Nelson for the fine story on W. E. B. DuBois in your issue of January 25. It is a wonderful, though overdue, tribute to a great man who has fought valiantly through the years for the rights of all men in general, and for justice and equality for the Negro in particular. Progress has

been made in this field due to the efforts of persons like Dr. DuBois, but a great deal of work remains to be done. May he live and fight many more years, and may his vision of equality and freedom for all peoples in the world be realized during his lifetime.

My family subscribed to *The Nation* about thirty-five years or more ago. Now, it has become part of us. We just could not do without it.

FRIEDA (MRS. A.) KANNER  
Los Angeles, Calif.

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## EDITORIALS

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### Cutback on Peace

The Eisenhower Administration may be "waging total peace," but one would never suspect it. Over 75,000 people are engaged, in one form or another, in perfecting the Atlas ICBM. But the Disarmament Office, which last year was allocated \$530,000, has been reduced to \$375,000; the staff of forty is being cut in half, and Mr. Stassen is on the way out. Once he leaves, the cutback will be nearly total. For the State Department does not plan to augment its staff to continue the work of the Disarmament Office; the Defense Department has only one or two individuals working on arms control, and the Atomic Energy Commission has no one assigned to work on control of nuclear materials except those working on regular bilateral and international atomic-energy inspection programs. And this, according to Senator Hubert Humphrey, represents the total effort at the staff level of the Executive Branch assigned to secure progress on disarmament. But Senator Humphrey at the moment has little more influence with the leadership of the Democratic Party than Mr. Stassen has with the Administration, for the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament, which Senator Humphrey heads, will be dissolved on July 31. On peace and disarmament, "austerity" is the rule in both parties.

Ordinarily, in such a crisis, one might expect the foundations to back the cause of disarmament. Alexander F. Jones, executive editor of the *Syracuse Herald-Journal*, asks why the foundations don't support a great peace campaign which could be carried to "every capital and every corner of the world"? Alas, the Rockefellers are currently exhorting us to spend more for defense, not less. In practical terms, the organization of a campaign of the type Mr. Jones proposes might jeopardize the tax-exempt status of the foundation that undertook it, whereas the issuance of foundation-financed studies urging Congress to appropriate more funds for missiles is not considered to relate to "legislative activity" even when Mr. Nelson Rockefeller testifies as an expert in support of the recommendations of the Rockefeller Committee's report before a Congressional committee. No more than government can American philanthropy splurge on peace. It's irregular.

### New Mideastern Gambit

*Washington*

Officials in Washington are straining their eyes to find advantages for the United States in the fusion of Egypt and Syria into a single nation. It's strenuous exercise and may afflict its practitioners with a permanent squint.

At the moment of merger, Khaled el-Azam, Syria's Deputy Premier and Defense Minister, was about to form a new pro-Soviet political party. But one of the major provisions of the Egypto-Syrian marriage is the abolition of all parties in Syria and the creation of a national union such as exists in Egypt. Besides forestalling a new anti-Western party, the merger will ban the fellow-traveling parties which have been playing a big part in Syrian politics. Egyptian President Nasser is said to have been worrying lately about the growth of Communist influence in the area. Thus—so runs this thinking—liquidation of leftist political groups in Syria removes a force which might have undermined him.

Such reasoning so carried away some American authorities that one of them said Nasser may be doing more than the United States to check Soviet influence in the Middle East. They were sure that the new state's birth discomfited the Soviet Union. If it didn't, they ask, why did Moscow refrain from comment in the first days after the event?

It's too early to pronounce a definite verdict on all this and the State Department is right to have reserved its judgment. One can hardly reproach some department officials for wrapping a pink ribbon around this development after all the setbacks for American policy in the Mideast since 1956. However, they and other Western pundits may be mistaken in interpreting the merger as an anti-Communist success. The Russians are possibly less obvious than Washington analysts assume. Is Moscow's early silence really to be interpreted as a sign of melancholia? If the Russians considered the new state to be in their interest, would they necessarily broadcast their joy? Perhaps they have been ostentatiously unenthusiastic because they wanted this to happen. On occasion the Syrian Communists have been a nuisance to them. The Soviets stand to gain if they can harness an Arab nationalism



that is free of Communist "taint" as their instrument for penetrating the Middle East.

Further, if the Russians were really hostile to the Egypto-Syrian union, they could have banged their fist on the table—or perhaps just whispered in Damascus. As the principal customer of the cotton economies of Egypt and Syria, as purveyor of arms and suppliers of financial aid to both, when the Soviets speak their voice carries command.

As this is written, it isn't yet clear whether the little sheikdom of Yemen will join the new Arab state. It doesn't follow that because Egypt and Syria are republics, they will blackball monarchies from their club. They are more likely to welcome new members whatever their political system.

Yemen's entrance into the new state would have important implications. Above all, it would weaken the argument with the monarchs of Iraq, Saudi Arabia and Jordan that the Egypto-Syrian republic is intent on undermining their thrones. Indeed, Yemen's adherence would have significance out of all proportion to the little principality's size, population and resources. The country, lying astride the Red Sea, is strategically located. In its foreign relations, it has been gravitating toward the Communist bloc, having accepted Russian help and taken a \$20 million loan from Red China.

As to Saudi Arabia, King Saud has told Western ambassadors that he will abstain from publicly opposing the new Arab state. Privately, he fears and detests it. He remembers the Egyptian revolution which dumped King Farouk on the garbage heap and robbed landowners of their dominance. Saud and other feudal monarchs will scarcely be reassured if Nasser promises to respect the title of the Imam of Yemen and his heirs.

A crucial question now is what counteraction the new Arab state will provoke among Iraq, Jordan and Saudi Arabia. It may impel them to huddle together, perhaps

to form a close alliance of their armed forces. Lebanon can be expected to wag its tail and follow them. But neither Saud nor Kings Feisal of Iraq and Hussein of Jordan dare overtly to challenge the new Egypto-Syrian republic. To their subjects, Nasser personifies Arab nationalism. If they defy him openly, they would expose themselves to the charge of blocking Arab unity.

The merger bodes no good for Israel. Strategically, it means little, since the Egyptian and Syrian armies were already unified under one command. Politically, the consequences for Israel are more serious; the merger has joined two violent enemies of the Jewish state.

Mideastern diplomats in Washington are prophesying that the union portends a crisis in the Mideast this year. Egyptian-Syrian pressure on Jordan will increase. Economic and social difficulties inside the new state may tempt Nasser and his Syrian subordinates to seek aggrandizement abroad.

Jordan won't be the only nation in the region to grow more aware of Nasser's headlong drive for pan-Arab leadership.

## Whispered Heresy

In various forms, the notion is beginning to be voiced that a cut in arms expenditures might be one of the most effective economic accelerators. Most often the notion is stated negatively, namely, that increasing defense expenditures is no longer, if it ever was, the best means of stimulating economic activity. Upping arms spending by \$3 billion promises to have little effect in a period of general business decline; \$3 billion in an economy of \$400 billion provides only a mild acceleration. Wide notice, too, is being taken of the fact that defense expenditures, as planned, will call for fewer men both in the military services and supporting industries. These considerations have prompted the thought that an agreement to limit armaments would merely accelerate what may well be a long-term trend. From this thought stem the faint, tentative suggestions that disarmament, if it resulted in a decline in tensions, might actually stimulate trade and commerce. "Progress toward disarmament," writes George Shea in the *Wall Street Journal*, "would reflect a more mutual trust among nations, which could strongly stimulate business and confidence. . . . It is conceivable, therefore, that disarmament, if ever really achieved, might open up a new phase of expansion the whole world over." Whistling in the dark? Wishful thinking? Perhaps. But economists cannot measure the effect of a gradual dissipation of fear and distrust on general economic activity in today's new international economic environment in which a "revolution of rising expectations" is sweeping former colonial areas. Is threat-of-war tension really the most powerful economic accelerator? Is it so for all sections of the economy? Or merely for industries

### NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL ISSUE

*Mid-Winter Book Number:* This will be featured by three articles on Edmund Wilson. The authors are Richard Chase, professor of English at Columbia University and author of *The American Novel and Its Tradition*, among other books; Robert Cantwell, novelist and biographer, among whose recent works is *The Land of Plenty*; and Robert Spiller, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and co-author of *A Literary History of the United States*.

*Harvey Swados on Leisure:* The author of the novel, *On the Line*, visits Akron, Ohio, and reports what happens when industrial workers win what amounts to a four-day week. What do they do with their time?

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directly affected? And what if a percentage of disarmament savings were to be turned over to a U.N. agency for world economic development? So heretical that it can as yet only be voiced in whispers, the idea seems to be spreading that monstrous arms expenditures constitute a hindrance to economic recovery.

## "The Space Business"

The battle for control of outer space is on—in Washington's long corridors, that is. As a bureaucratic bonanza, nothing quite like the exploration of outer space has come along to excite the passions of the empire-builders since the atom was split. Armies are moving into position for the battle which lies ahead. A group of scientists headed by Dr. James R. Killian is preparing a report for the President on both the scientific and military aspects of what he refers to as "the space business." In the Senate, a bipartisan effort is being made to establish a special committee to study and report on "all aspects and problems relating to the exploration of outer space" by June 1 and, in the process, to settle the question of civilian versus military control. As with atomic energy, it will not be easy to separate the civilian from the military aspect. Moreover, the long struggle to establish the principle of civilian control of atomic energy should remind us that nothing should be done, under the whiplash of "urgency," to prejudge the new issue. In matters of this sort, priorities establish precedents and precedents are difficult to reverse. And yet so great is the assumed urgency that there is a grave danger that unfortunate precedents will be established. For while committees are studying the problem, the Secretary of Defense has been given control of outer-space weapons development, which is tantamount to a *de facto* grant of jurisdiction. Unless this action is reversed, and promptly, the Pentagon will have staked out a firm claim to outer space, in jurisdictional terms, by the time the committees report. It seems absurd to associate the idea of "squatter rights" with outer space, but the Pentagon is full of bold and ambitious bureaucrats. For the time being, therefore, the control of outer-space explorations should be firmly retained in civilian hands, the more so as the United Nations may ultimately assert jurisdiction.

## Thinking Big

Two recent reports on the auto industry assure us common consumer folks that the car manufacturers are doing what Madison Avenue refers to as "Thinking Big"—so "big" in fact that the last boundaries of logic have been far outstripped. One report, in the *Journal of Commerce*, informs us that "Auto manufacturers are holding production of cars to 20 to 25 per cent below the levels of the same period of last year, but thus far have

not been able to keep inventories from rising. Scheduling production of around 1.5 million cars for the first quarter, or 500,000 a month, the industry has apparently been adding to inventories at the rate of 75,000 to 100,000 cars a month." The stockpile has been estimated currently at 800,000 cars for the industry.

But have no fears. The men at the top are thinking big—as witnessed by the following report in the *Wall Street Journal* that was published within a day of the report mentioned above, with a headline promising that: "A Tough Plastic May Help Detroit Outdate New Cars Even Faster." The story goes on to say: "A new concept in car styling—radical changes every year rather than every two or three—is under close scrutiny among auto makers, and a little known member of the prolific plastics family eventually may bring such a concept closer to reality." The new plastic is known as "epoxy resin," and can be used much more cheaply to make the dies for new models at a faster rate.

Our cars run too fast and are made too fast; we make too many, and they are outdated too fast. But don't worry—we can do it all faster still, and in greater quantities. That, of course, is "Thinking Big."

## More Gravedigging

Southern segregationists continue to dig their own graves a little deeper (see editorial comment in last week's issue, p. 109). Having gerrymandered the Negro population of Tuskegee outside the city limits, the Alabama legislature has now gone one step further and made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for the gerrymandered Negroes to incorporate a new community of their own. Thus the legislature of Alabama has put itself firmly on record against segregated communities! And lo! a new problem has arisen: surplus government freeloaders in Tuskegee. For now that the community has been reduced in size, cuts in the city payroll are clearly in order. No matter how much they legislate, prevaricate and procrastinate, the segregationists only succeed in complicating matters for themselves. It's time they gave up. (For earlier comments on Tuskegee, see *The Nation*, October 12, 1957; January 4, 1958.)

## The Thrill of Advertising

It is rumored in the bars where admen meet that Buick (annual advertising budget, \$22 million) fired the Kudner Agency after twenty-two years because, at the close of the Patterson-Jackson prize fight last September, the TV announcer switched in the commercial so quickly that viewers were unable to tell for sure who had won the decision. It is also rumored that Kolynos (annual budget, \$300,000) has dropped the Gray agency because its president admitted in a TV interview that he brushed his teeth with a brand put



out by another client. (We asked a friend in the business what he would say if faced with this poser. His answer proves that admen have to be as quick as carnival barkers: "I'd say I use all the well-marketed brands, to test consumer acceptance.")

These poignant anecdotes have the sort of neatness that assures wide circulation, but they are only the little triggers that set off the big explosions. One of the least appreciated services that Madison Avenue offers the nation's corporations is its availability as a whipping boy. When business is good, the product gets the credit;

when volume slips, the agency has lost its punch. This way the client flips a coin with two heads and the midtown restaurants grow wealthy feeding prospects. Right now, sales are off on a wide front and about 100 accounts, so the trade believes, are looking for new agencies to handle their annual \$175 million. Of course, not many agencies are equipped to handle accounts of that size, and in effect it will be a game of musical chairs. But someone always gets left out in that game, which presumably is what is meant by the thrill of advertising.

## Arms Race: Count-Down for Disaster . . . *Walter Millis*

THE FREQUENT question: "Has there ever been an arms race which did not end in war?" is scarcely answerable, since before the latter part of the nineteenth century there had never been an arms race in anything like the modern sense. There had, of course, been earlier instances of competitive arming and fort-building in peacetime, but the deadly modern competition in armaments is essentially a product of the technological revolution in warfare (in turn a gift of the Industrial Revolution and the coming of the age of steam), which began to become prominent only after the Franco-Prussian War. It was the longer time required for the design and production of the new weapons, the necessity for elaborate advance mobilization and strategic planning imposed by the speed and volume of rail transport and telegraphic communications, which began to produce the huge standing and instantly ready military systems, developing competitively against each other with relatively little regard for contemporary political or economic issues.

The modern concept of the arms race scarcely entered the international consciousness until 1898, when the Czar of Russia issued his famous appeal to suspend the competition,

by that time well developed. Those who prepared the documentation for the ensuing Hague Conference could find nothing in the diplomatic record bearing on the idea beyond a suggestion, tossed out by the British Prince Regent just after Waterloo, that peacetime military forces should be regulated by international agreement. By 1898, however, the notion that the "progressive development" of armaments was not only loading the peoples with insupportable financial burdens, but would probably end in the war which the armaments were supposed to prevent, was taking shape. "It appears evident," as the Czar's ministers put it, "that if this state of things were prolonged, it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm it is desired to avert."

The Russians proposed a thoroughgoing attack upon the problem, not only through an experimental freezing of then-existing force-levels and military budgets, but through halting the scientific and technological competition which even in that day was seen to be one of the worst sources of the disease. In a manner prophetic of our own efforts to deal with the atom and the ICBM, they proposed to prohibit the use of "any new kind of firearms whatever and of new explosives, or any powders more powerful than those now in use," and to "restrict the use in military warfare of the formidable explosives already existing." They wanted to ban the submarine (then only in embryo) and all forms of aerial bombardment.

It was easy then, as so many times later, to point out that the aggressively expansionist but technologically backward Russians were simply trying to defend their gains while restraining the competition. The other powers readily found this kind of problem so "very difficult" as to be insoluble; nothing could be done, and the European arms race swept on to end "inevitably" some fifteen years later in the "very cataclysm" which had been so accurately predicted. It not only "ended in war"; the sober post-mortems after 1918 made it clear that the race had been in itself an important cause—perhaps the most important single cause—of the disaster. The rapid rebuilding of the Czar's own military establishment after its collapse in Manchuria; the really pointless Anglo-German naval rivalry; the competitive Franco-German army increases, had produced the over-grown, oversensitive and hair-triggered military establishments which rendered the 1914 crisis unmanageable by diplomacy or statesmanship and so made the resultant cataclysm literally "inevitable." The "classic" pattern of the arms race itself leading direct to war had been established.

But after 1918 the arms race was not really revived (though publicists in the inter-war years often talked as though it had been). In the grim and impoverished morrow of the First World War, the conditions for it did not exist. An incipient Anglo-American-Japanese naval race was wisely canceled, so far as the Ameri-

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WALTER MILLIS, author of *The Road to War and Arms and Men* (just republished as a paperback), is one of the country's most acute students of the political aspects of modern war.



cans and British were concerned; while the Japanese, confronted by the two others, prudently withdrew their challenge for the time being. The statesmen who labored so long and so ineffectively in the League of Nations disarmament conferences were not trying to halt a race, but to prevent one. They were trying to balance the tired and static military systems of the victors of 1918 against the developing military ambitions of the powers for whom 1918 had represented a defeat. Even when Japan at the end of 1934 claimed her privilege to denounce the naval limitation treaties and Hitler in 1935 tore up the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty with the declaration that German rearmament was already under way, no arms race immediately ensued. Not until the Munich crisis of 1938 did France and Britain make a serious effort to regain the relative military power which they had lost; the United States did not start in earnest to re-arm until the Allied catastrophe of May, 1940.

AS the Second World War was ending, there was some reason to hope that it might lead to a military stabilization of sorts, comparable to that which appeared after 1918. The hope was destroyed on August 6, 1945. It is fair to say that the most unsettling element of World War II had been the long-range strategic bomber—of necessity carrying its terrors directly against enemy civilian life and the industrial and transportation resources upon which they, like the enemy armies, depended. This was military power in a new form, terrible in its implications, against which defense was difficult, and hard to fit into the kind of rough balances which had been possible at times with the conventional forces of fleets and armies. But its performance, while often significant, had been on the whole disappointing; so long as it was armed only with TNT and incendiary weapons, it labored under severe limitations and might conceivably have been confined within the framework of conventional war, restricted to strategic theories less dreadful and less unmanageable than those which its advocates were



perforce obliged to adopt. Unhappily, with the Hiroshima bomb, the power of the long-range bomber was suddenly expanded by a factor of from two thousand to twenty thousand. This destroyed all calculations which might have been drawn from the experience of World War II. It meant that unless something could be done, the strategy of mass extermination must dominate the whole modern war problem and (since the United States then held a monopoly of the weapon) that a race in the new armament was inescapable.

The United States with her Allies tried to do something. They made the famous gesture of the Acheson-Lilienthal-Baruch plan, which looked to the complete elimination of atomic energy as a military weapon and its development for peaceful purposes under an ironclad form of international control. Stalin's government is still castigated in this country for its rejection of the plan; and the President, in his recent letter to Bulganin, could still speak as if it were only the inexplicable recalcitrance of Moscow which has condemned the world to the present "balance of terror." Yet at the time the Baruch-U.N. plan was offered, many were sure that the Russians could not and would not accept it; some even wondered whether the United States could do so.

IF ONE TRIES to look through the eyes of Stalin, it is not difficult to see why the plan was fated. The United States, believing itself to hold monopoly control of an almost absolute military weapon as well as of a newly-discovered energy source of immense significance, was offering to yield both into the hands of an international authority in which the

United States would have a permanently dominant influence, while both Russia and her Communist international system would be at a permanent disadvantage. The offer was surrounded by conditions as to inspection which might seriously imperil both the internal power of the Communist dictatorship and its political freedom on the world stage. It was clear that the United States would make no actual surrender of the military power until the Soviet Union had demonstrated its loyal acceptance of what was a Western solution of a problem now common to both great systems. Stalin may or may not have realized how enormous would have been the gain, for the Soviet Union no less than for all other powers, if nuclear weaponry could once and for all have been abolished. In other respects, the offer was unattractive by comparison with the alternative, which was simply to wait until the Soviet Union had also grasped the Promethean fires, and then use them to bargain on equal footing for their control and elimination. Moscow decided to wait.

Had the positions been reversed, it seems highly probable that the United States would have done the same. Today, when the Soviet Union seems well "ahead" of us in ballistic rocketry, we make gestures about the mutual control of "outer space," but put our true reliance on renewed efforts to catch up, so that the bargaining—if any—will be equal. Stalin's position in 1947 was doubtless much the same as ours is now. He had every reason to trust our protestations that we would never initiate a preventive war, so he had plenty of time; just as we show, if not by our words, then by our actions—programs and projects that will take years to bring to effective results—that we think the same thing. He may have known that he would not have to wait long, just as we feel that we are behind the Russians in rocketry by only a few months or maybe a year.

The Baruch plan, after all, was rooted in the assumption that the United States possessed a great and dread secret which others would certainly unravel but only over the course of years. Herein lay a moti-



vation that would secure acceptance of the plan—or so we thought. The assumption may have been mistaken. Russian science and technology—of whose power we have lately come to have a better understanding—may have been much farther along the road in 1947 than we supposed. They fired their first bomb only two years later. After all, we pressed on our own atomic development under a desperate fear that the Germans would beat us; we now know that the Germans were not even seriously trying. But the Russians must have been, and may well have been progressing only a little less rapidly than we were. In such a frame, Stalin's rejection of the Baruch plan is not only understandable but must seem inevitable. To throw it now in the face of the Soviet Union may feed our sense of moral superiority; it can in no way contribute toward the control of the appalling new arms competition in which we have been entangled.

THE PECULIAR HORROR and peril of the current arms race seem to me to derive from two facts. *First*, it centers almost exclusively on weapons of mass extermination which no ingenuity has as yet sufficed to reduce to the useful political and social purposes which war (an "instrument of policy continued by other means") has immemorially served. *Second*, it is almost wholly a technological race. The race in mobilizable numbers, exemplified by the Franco-German army increases before 1914, was at least theoretically subject to some kind of balance. The

technological race seems almost impossible to balance. An early, and celebrated, example is "Jackie" Fisher's introduction of the dreadnought battleship after 1904, which rendered obsolete the whole apparatus of British naval supremacy, in order to prevent the Germans from doing it first. The result was to upset whatever naval balances existed at the time and seriously to dislocate the whole structure of naval power. This kind of thing is now happening every year or every six months. The atomic bomb produces the hydrogen bomb. We establish intermediate-range bomber bases around the Soviet Union in order to make sure that we can deliver our deterrent on Russian vital centers; the Russians are pressed to push forward their intermediate-range rocket development so that they can make sure of "taking out" the air bases before the planes are launched. The inaccuracy of even intermediate-range ballistic missiles means that they will have to be armed with megaton bombs to take out the bases. We propose to put megaton-bomb missiles into Europe which can take out Soviet cities in reprisal. We also develop atomic-powered missile-carrying submarines which can substitute for fixed air bases in an attack on the Soviet Union; this means that the Soviet Union will develop similar weapons which can assault the whole huge population complexes on our two seaboard with the power of total destruction. The "answer" to that is both a \$40 billion shelter program and an anti-missile missile which "may" be able to intercept. And perhaps the worst of it is that most of these fiendish devices do not represent existing and usable weapons—like the pre-1914 German and French infantry divisions, for example—but are only prototypes, just as *HMS Dreadnought* was when she came out in 1906. We cannot neglect their potentialities, yet for the present we cannot build rational military policy upon them. They compel us to live simultaneously in the shadow of the past (the older concept of war as an instrument of policy), the shadow of the present (ominous and unmanageable enough with the weapons actually in existence in quantity)

and the shadow of a future of unbelievable terror, cost, complexity and inapplicability to any valid human purposes, Communist or non-Communist.

This is the arms race today, which seems fated to end in the same kind of disaster as did the race before 1914, only infinitely worse in its effects. Perhaps there is one difference. I believe that this time both the two great contenders are equally aware of the lethal nature of the dilemma in which both are trapped. I doubt that either a Russian or an American general staff today would make the same kind of mistake committed by the German General Staff before 1914. Von Schlieffen and his followers knew that the explosive potentials which they commanded were so great that any war would put a frightful strain upon all contenders; even Germany, they thought, could not long sustain such a conflict; therefore, any war would have to be a short one, which in turn meant that Germany would have to amass so overwhelming a striking power that victory would be attained in weeks. This was the foundation of the war plan employed by Germany in 1914; it was a concept which led in fact to four years of war ending not in victory but in calamitous defeat. Presumably, both Russian and American staffs are planning today upon quick victory, because total extinction seems to be the only alternative. I doubt whether either believes that its plans are adequate, as the Germans in 1914 thought that theirs were. Both know that they are really in a common dilemma—the inapplicability of any present or future form of military force in resolving the world problem.

IS THERE any escape from the dilemma? The Russians certainly have been able to offer none. It is curious how many good ideas have proceeded from Russia. In 1898, they proposed an arms "freeze." In 1918 (under the Bolsheviks), they proposed "peace without annexation or indemnities." In the inter-war years, they advocated total abolition of all national armaments. From the beginning of the atomic age, they have proposed total abolition of all nu-





clear weapons. They are now proposing the abolition of nuclear testing. It is hard to deny that if any or all these proposals had been acceptable at the time they were offered, the world would be a happier and much safer place than it is. Why, then, did they so uniformly fail? The best answer seems to be that the Russians were never able or willing to make a realistic analysis of the power factors with which they were attempting to deal, and consequently were never able to advance any of these ideas except under the appearance of being merely a way of expanding Russian imperial interests or Russian security at the expense of the security and interests of the rest of the world.

Today, the Russian "peace offensives" still have the same character and are therefore similarly abortive. Unfortunately, the responses from the West, or from the United States as its leader, too often are of the same kind. Our own analysis of the place of military power in the international world often seems as de-

fective, or myopic, as that of the Kremlin. Our own "peace offensives" are not very different from those emitted by Moscow, though they seem to be rather less successful with the uncommitted world to which they are supposed to appeal. Mr. Stassen, while earning an A for effort, does not seem to have been able to do much more than Secretary Dulles toward altering the essential dynamism of an arms race, the horribly lethal character of which must be apparent to all—in Moscow as well as in the United States.

Given the fact of a common dilemma, a common peril, a common necessity for substantial peace if any of the objectives of either the Communist or the Western world are to be achieved, it does seem that there is some better way than a continued building of what General Bradley has called "this electronic house of cards"—a technological arms race pyramiding in ever greater instability and uncertainty to the point of a collapse in which a thousand years of civilization are likely to perish. A

"summit" conference will probably not be of much help at the moment; whatever small gains may be possible from continued "disarmament" negotiations are unlikely greatly to affect the nuclear-arms race which has been sweeping on as if the disarmament negotiators did not exist. But surely it is practically possible to reduce the tensions and the tempo of the competition. It is possible to return to the point achieved at Geneva in 1955, when each superpower declared, not only that it did not intend to wage war upon the other (the small-change of diplomacy), but that it believed the other did not intend to wage war upon itself. Nothing has really happened since to alter that fundamental statement of belief; if it is true on both sides still, as it seems to be, it should furnish a powerful foundation on which diplomacy might operate to reduce the nonsense (apparent in our own country as well as in Russia) generated by the idea that aggressive war is the most imminent danger now facing our two systems.

## DOWN WITH the OTHER SEX . . . by David Cort

THE relations between the sexes, even in those countries where the two are legally equal, are still attended with much pleasure, profit and nourishment. Or so one would suppose, until one looked at the American women's magazines, and then at the men's magazines. In the women's magazines, one finds a world, infinitely real in its details but wholly imaginary in the large, which is run entirely by females, smug and miserable. In the men's magazines, these particular women do not even make an appearance; instead, the men are either out shooting polar bears or kicking Miss America out of bed.

*DAVID CORT, author of The Big Picture, has aroused more controversy among Nation readers than almost any other contributor. This article will not decrease his batting average.*

Try as I will, I cannot organize these two worlds into one normal, heterosexual society. If I accept them both literally, the husbands and lovers in the women's magazines must be ghosts; and the houris and polar bears in the men's magazines are ghosts too. The two worlds are dream worlds in a dichotomy accepted by about half the population of the United States. Since dreams are always sacred, this is war.

The above sentence might be only the old cliché joke, were it not backed by some billions of dollars and the deep submarine tides of suppressed feelings in forty million homes.

The *Ladies Home Journal* has been running a series of ads to prove that women do all the retail buying; the men in the ads are hopeless simps.

True, a men's magazine, is running a counter-campaign asserting that it will be god-damned if women

choose the brand of shaving cream, beer, whiskey, shirt, tire, insurance, etc.

Lady columnists have commented to this latter, "O.K., but don't crowd your luck."

AND THEN, in October, 1957, came *Playboy*, showing claws, with the message that the big women's magazines are loaded with morbid pornography—how to arouse your impotent husband, how to stand off your hungry husband, etc. *Playboy* gave chapter and verse to prove it. I don't think much of the argument, but I know blood when I smell it. And I don't feel that either antagonist has even begun to fight.

It is war all right, and a truly shocking war. For it pretends to divide the population of this country into two great "homosexual" groups—homosexual only in its basic sense of "same sex"—that turn their



backs on the reality of each other and sate their egos with unprofitable ghosts, in some way compensatory for the failures of the opposite number who read the other magazines. Don't cry yet; this gets worse.

This sexual-social dichotomy is not entirely unfamiliar. In fact it reproduces the old-fashioned American middle-class party where the women and men huddled in separate groups, the individual thus confirming her or his status as one of the girls, or boys. The expression of non-adulterous interest in a person of the opposite sex was impossible, because nobody would have believed in it.

This is the same cold war of the sexes conducted by the magazines, as distinguished from the hot and healthy, heterosexual war. The cold war is Puritan or, on its other face, *roué*. It tries, even if not always successfully, to block a normal fearless exchange of affection. The two group-thinks, or party lines, are sick. The healthy individual must make his own way, in constant peril of running into a card-carrying party member in disguise.

The women's magazines typically—*McCall's*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Household*, *Family Circle*, *Woman's Day*, *Everywoman's*—address a woman in a home, which also includes an adult male and some junior males. The woman, however, is larger-than-life, like a queen bee; the others are minuscule. The woman of course buys everything used in the house; the husband has the function of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, but without power; the chief end of it all is to keep The Government happy, and the rabble quiet.

IT MAY BE coincidence, but in the stories the husband is impotent—and not only sexually. He just can't solve any problem. A *Ladies Home Journal* serial (October-November) presents a husband who is utterly impotent to defeat a vengeful lunatic who sets out to rape and murder the husband's whole family. (This situation, very scary if taken on its face, falls apart under sensible analysis.) Another, in *McCall's* (September), has a husband virile enough to knock down another man, but he

isn't subtle enough to see through the other's widow and murderous sister-in-law. His wife has to do it all.

Not only men, but all human culture, is judged on its assimilability by the American wife. Thus in the October *McCall's*, a story character actually says, "The man who put the first automatic washer on the market did more to further the cause



of art than a whole generation of painters . . . gave leisure to millions of women so they could" [pursue the arts]. My own leisure doesn't help painting any; and I doubt whether a billion idle women will do it any good either; in fact a dozen or so of those wives may ruin husbands who might have done the arts some good.

Of course, besides being a genius as required, the wife learns in the women's magazines a great many things relevant to the home. These call themselves "service books" and are in fact that. They give innumerable tested and useful instructions on cooking, decoration, child-rearing, housekeeping, dressmaking or dress-buying, and gardening.

I have noticed, in the real world, that a woman does not live who is so degraded as not to think herself an expert on style, interior decoration, fashion (and usually gardening). Since the temperament of a genuinely feminine wife and mother is geared toward almost anything except a disinterested grasp of aesthetics, this claim provides one of the great running entertainments

in life for men of taste. I have known three or four women who had real taste; the others have never paid any attention to my aesthetic opinions, to my great relief.

It would be suicidal to tell a woman that taste—the province of the women's magazines—is secondary, and a reflection of a view of life. There are many views of life that can produce an impeccable perfection—Assyrian, Gothic, the Adam brothers, Incan, Grand Rapids, if you know what you believe in and follow it through; in that case, you can even combine several styles. But a successful wife's point of view is the antithesis of aesthetic; and yet she has this manic delusion.

Therefore the women's magazines, whose editors know all this very well, must dispense advice on taste that is not exactly wrong; it is just nothing, except for an occasional accident. If you walk into a house that has been interestingly arranged without professional help, you have found a husband who participates in the family decisions, not a wife who reads the women's magazines.

WE HAVE veered from the magazine myth to reality, and here the women themselves know better than the magazine. (The magazine is only selling advertising, remember? Women Buy Everything.) Real women, fortunately, are fascinated by what real men think. This fascination, battered by the magazine propaganda, may be on the decline, but enough remains to be measured. Women are incredulous but fascinated to discover that a man can be so serious about a baseball team that he has to see the game on TV, even though his children are deprived. Women know very clearly what they are serious about—an area as sensible as it is limited. Their entertainment in life is to pry into the things men are serious about, especially when their comment is: "Crazy!"

As opposed to this reality, the September *Ladies Home Journal* gave the successful wife a test: Does your husband (1) go along with your decisions? (2) confide in you in most things? (3) compromise rather than argue strongly?

Certainly the *Journal's* advertising



manager wants husbands whose wives can answer Yes to all three questions. But in fact I can hardly think of a successful husband, of the husbands I have known, who plays the game the *Journal's* way, though a good many try to give that impression. Most husbands try to give the cues long before they come to "decision," "confession," or the need to "argue strongly." Let us draw the curtain on these last terrible scenes, where *McCall's* editorial policies spatter the wall-to-wall carpeting with suburban blood. The husband's, of course.

The pretensions of the women's magazines reached a small climax in October when *McCall's* assembled 100 American wives for a "Congress on Better Living" in Washington, D. C. The first releases called it a "crusade," "unique probe," "completely uninhibited exposé." The ensuing revolutionary manifesto turned out to be a plaintive preference for bigger homes, smaller cars, bigger kitchens, dishwashers, more closets, more electric outlets, double beds, more fireplaces, and please stop calling us "housewives." The simple ladies finally blew up *McCall's* basic premise by confiding shyly that their husbands have a big say in the buying of everything, and even go shopping for home furnishings. The husbands cannot stand paper napkins and soft mattresses.

Like the healthy ladies in Washington, at least one women's magazine seems to submit to the winds of heterosexual reality. *Good Housekeeping* evidently does not despise men; the November issue even has an article, "I Am a Man Fan," which admires men because they like life simple and to the point. *Good Housekeeping* is in general edited without the irritating female braggadocio noticed elsewhere.

THE READERS of the men's magazines are divided by much more than sex from the readers of the women's magazines. The most astonishing difference, if the magazines reflect the readers' lives, is that these men are homeless.

The readers of *True* (2,228,000), *Argosy* (1,446,000), *Saga* (474,000), *Cavalier* (352,000), *For Men Only*

(315,000) *et al.* evidently live off the land in the jungle or bush, or on the veldt, range or ice-cap, and spend their lives gun-fighting, smuggling, pearl-diving, detecting, and hunting and fishing for uniquely large and terrifying game. (The straight outdoors magazines make hardly any effort to be this exciting.)

The readers of the next group, typified by *Sir* (344,000), are equally homeless. They can still read, but their hearts lie in whorehouse life, harem slave markets, vice in Ancient Rome, the leavings of Kinsey, crazy psychiatrists, speedways and strip-tease joints. A tragic note is struck by the advertisements: "All Lonely Men! Regardless of Age!", "If You Are Lonesome," "Why Be Lonely?", "Tryst for Love."

After these, for readers who have completely given up on the printed word, are the naked-women magazines. But here it may be said that it is curiously difficult to be neurotic with pictures.

The readers of *Playboy* (circulation not given, but over 1,000,000) seem to inhabit a quite literate girl-trap (but girls knew about traps before wolverines did) where an occasional omelette or casserole is whipped up and the hi-fi rolls on above the shrieks of love.

The common denominator of them all is guns and fast cars. The readers do not seem to need advice on how to shave or shine their shoes or clean up the place or—God forbid—garden. All they want to be told is: men are terrific.

A STRANGE exception to the homelessness is found in *Esquire* (846,000). In its recent, rather inscrutable, evolution, the naked-girl fold-out has vanished, and the reader is somebody like Dave Garroway, Steve Allen or Clifton Fadiman, with a library, wine cellar, hi-fi, sports car, and possibly even a wife and children. In the December issue are fifteen pages of a new libretto by Menotti and some quaint parlor tricks to amuse the guests after dinner. Much of it actually debunks typical men's magazine material: Mae West, "sick jokes," Westbrook Pegler, etc.

The advertising reveals, astonish-

ingly, that there is something else women don't buy: their own perfume. Any cosmetics salesgirl will confirm this. Women are too cheap to buy their own perfume and limit themselves to toilet water. All the perfume companies advertise in *Esquire*.

This is very far from *True*, where you are faced with sure death on every other page. Raw courage sees you through. Or you are annihilated. It would make ideal reading for the Three Hundred before Thermopylae, or Custer's last hour.

For the modern man, the repetition of the Super-Colossal Peril grows characteristically very tired. Every issue is obliged to have its Johnstown flood, Chicago fire, Galveston flood, San Francisco earthquake and an article on how to kill somebody with your bare hands. The supply soon runs out and has the gratifying effect of sending these magazines into the history books and out into the whole wide world. The aim is still to exhaust the reader's adrenalin resources. If a reader ever got in a real jam, where he needed the adrenalin in a hurry, he would find himself drained. He would already have made his fight in *True*.

Occasionally a story reveals the characters as charging around stupidly and cravenly; I was amused to realize that this performance interested me. I felt superior and contemptuous: emotions anybody would pay for. Why not a new magazine called *Coward*?

Unfortunately, this demand seems to have been met in a crop of magazines called *True Men*, *Champ*, *Mr.*, *Battle Cry*, *Man's Action*, etc. A recent series in the New York *Daily News* characterized these as a threat to our military morale. Along with the strip-teasers and the general violence are accounts of drunken, brawling and cowardly American servicemen. One article is titled: American Soldiers Have No Guts! Another article claimed that WACs below the rank of major are prostitutes reserved for officers and visiting Congressmen. The GI is consistently labeled a slob, sucker, pig. The heroes are, of course, our former enemies; and in this not unprecedented phenomenon there is a touch of magna-



nimity, as coming from the victors. These magazines seem abominable slop, but they will pass.

It should be noted that public libraries do not carry any of the men's magazines, even those devoid of naked women.

The women have thus won, for

now, the magazine war of the sexes.

A great law of life is that it is binary, or dual, or biological. It runs on two rails. Certainly there are conflicts in the dual arrangement; but they are not solved by cowards who propose the marvelous solution of simply eliminating one contestant.

Surely, in the end, the women's magazines cannot really win; they will only drive the men's magazines to yet wilder frenzies. And if a lot of women are miserable, the blame must be equally divided between the two propagandas.

The whole picture has its pathos.

## THE FCC INQUIRY . . by Roland W. May

*Washington, D.C.*

THIS IS THE story of a Congressional investigating committee that tried hard not to succeed.

A year ago the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight was assigned the task of looking into a dozen or so "independent" regulatory commissions. But when the subcommittee's staff submitted a twenty-eight-page memorandum last month containing specific charges against specific (but unnamed) commissioners, the cries of outrage from the majority of subcommittee members could be heard across Independence Avenue.

This strange reaction aroused the interest of some newsmen, who learned that the subcommittee itself was a fit subject for investigation.

They found the group was operating in a strange tangle of plots, counterplots and sub-plots. And the key to the tangle was Representative Oren Harris, a rural Arkansas Democrat whose modest fame derived from his sponsorship of a bill to take federal controls off natural gas. The controls are—or are supposed to be—applied by the Federal Power Commission, one of the agencies to be investigated.

Harris is chairman of the subcommittee's parent group, the powerful House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. As such, he has a great deal to say about the subcommittee's operations.

To start at the beginning, it was

Sam Rayburn himself who left the Speaker's chair on February 5, 1957, and stepped to the floor of the House to demand a searching probe of the regulatory commissions. He said evidence had piled up to support the suspicion that some commissions were protecting big interests in their various industries, rather than the public. The press corps knew Harris was slated for the assignment.

RAYBURN'S action was puzzling. For one thing, rumors of corruption and blatant partiality were strongest against the Federal Communications Commission, and the Speaker's nephew—Robert T. Bartley—is a member of that agency. For another, consumer groups have charged the FPC with failure to do its duty in regulating gas producers—and these producers are dear to old Sam's heart. Nearly every independent producer of consequence was represented at the recent dedication of the Rayburn Library in Texas, and the mutual affection was obvious.

The consensus was that Rayburn smelled something rotten in Denmark, and he'd clean it up no matter who got hurt. He had been in on the "borning" of all but one of the commissions; they were his children and he wanted them to behave.

Harris, acting on orders from his close friend Rayburn, drew up the rules of the new subcommittee. They were curious rules. The \$250,000 in expenses and the power to subpoena were to be controlled by Harris, rather than the subcommittee chairman. And Harris saw to it that he and the parent committee's ranking Republican, Charles Wolvertson, of New Jersey, could vote in the sub-

committee any time they wished, though they weren't members.

Harris reached into the Commerce group to tap Representative Morgan Moulder for the post of subcommittee chairman. Reporters hastily checked reference books to find out who the unknown was. About all they discovered in the way of distinction was that Moulder was the only member of the Missouri delegation who had voted for the gas bill.

Now the fight for the staff began. Reporters who tried to learn what was happening discovered that Harris wanted certain men in the group and wouldn't consider filling the post of general counsel until his demands were met. In this he was supported by Representative Joseph J. O'Hara, Sr., a maverick Minnesota Republican who is half the sponsorship of the Harris-O'Hara gas bill. As far as could be learned, the strongest opponent of Harris' plans was Representative John Moss, a California Democrat.

WHEN THE curtain rose in August, the capital viewed the scene with mixed emotions. The staff was headed by Dr. Bernard Schwartz, a scholar in the field of constitutional law who had earned a nation-wide reputation at New York University. But his politics were unknown. (So unknown, that a worried White House took steps to find out; Presidential legal adviser Gerald Morgan discussed Schwartz's political background with the dean of the N.Y.U. Law School.)

Schwartz arrived in Washington with three trusted aides. He has since relied almost exclusively on them for important or confidential

RONALD W. MAY, author of *McCarthy—the Man, the Senator, the Ism*, is *Washington correspondent of the Madison, Wisconsin, Capital Times*.



assignments. His dubious attitude toward some members of his staff was understandable. One was Joseph J. O'Hara, Jr., son of the subcommittee member. Another was Herman Clay Beasley, who left his job as Harris' aide to become chief clerk of the subcommittee.

Visible and invisible forces were at work, and they were hard to calculate. Added to the influences of the gas-bill supporters—Rayburn, Harris and O'Hara—and the White House, were several others.

There was the unexpected zeal of Schwartz. To everyone's surprise, in view of the circumstances of his hiring, he proved no ivory-tower philosopher, but a relentless, outspoken and fiercely independent searcher after the facts—including facts of corruption and malfeasance that brought shivers to persons in high places in both parties.

Then there was the considerable force of the radio and television industry and its friends in Congress. If only a tenth of the stories about the goings-on in this field and the way members of the Federal Communications Commission toadied to political and economic biggies were true, a show would result that would make the gaudiest television spectacular look like an after-midnight rerun of a ten-year-old movie.

When Harris became chairman of the Commerce committee in January of 1957, he almost immediately accepted a fourth ownership in KRBB, a television station in El Dorado, Arkansas. He gave \$500 in cash and a \$4,500 promissory note, which has never been paid. The new station, operating in the red, soon afterward applied for FCC approval to expand from almost minimum to maximum power. The FCC indicated it would hold hearings on the request. KRBB is affiliated with the National Broadcasting Company, owned by the Radio Corporation of America. One of the most persistent complaints about the broadcasting industry is that RCA-NBC has grown to be such a colossus that it dominates both programming and manufacturing. Critics say this occurred through the partiality of the FCC toward the massed power of the combine.

The FCC files—and Harris him-

self—say that KRBB needed credit before Harris got in, but afterward it received a \$400,000 line of credit from a bank and more than \$200,000 credit from RCA. Yet Harris insists he is a man of modest means. Where did the financial backing come from?

BY THE FALL of 1957, it was general knowledge that counsel Schwartz was centering his probe on the FCC. And Harris was busy holding hearings of the parent committee on pay-TV, a system that he condemns almost as heatedly as does RCA-NBC. Thus Harris was an interested party in a case before the FCC at the same time that he was investigating the commission and holding hearings on a new system vitally affecting both the commission and the industry. (The second leading investigator in this field, Senator Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, went through the motions two years ago of investigating the FCC. He ended with no revelations, but with FCC approval of a 4 per cent interest acquired by him in a Seattle station soon to go on the air. The FCC handed KIRO-TV the license over two competing groups and the Columbia Broadcasting System quickly switched its network affiliation from a Tacoma station to Magnuson's.)

Apparently before anyone knew about it, Schwartz sent questionnaires last fall to commissioners of the six major regulatory agencies (including the FCC and FPC) demanding the facts—if any—on ac-

ceptance of gifts from persons in the various industries. And other inquiries about gifts to commissioners went to lawyers and executives involved in cases before the agencies. Cries of alarm rang out, and *Broadcasting* magazine sounded an attack on the New York upstart.

Harris moved fast. He ruled that Schwartz could not inspect the replies, which were to be looked over only by Moulder. Now lights burned far into the night in the little concrete structure—a former pumping station—just west of the new House Office Building. The "Schwartz boys" were putting together a document, and the "Harris boys" on the staff told the Arkansas Congressman that something ought to be done.

A FEW KEEN observers predicted what would happen next. The subcommittee met in mid-January to question Schwartz, and he presented the twenty-eight-page memorandum making charges about gifts, favoritism and fraternizing with litigants in the FCC. The memorandum was stamped "secret." Then Schwartz was asked to prepare a motion that would limit his investigation to a "general survey" of the philosophy and legal complexity of the agencies, excluding specific cases of wrongdoing. He did as he was told and the resolution was duly introduced and passed. Moulder and Moss are reported to have fought a short-lived and losing minority battle against the resolution.

The memo, of course, leaked. After parts of it turned up in the *Washington Post* and Drew Pearson's column, *The New York Times* printed the whole document.

The next day Harris met for two hours with the subcommittee and then for more than three hours with the parent group. In a press conference that evening, he said the memorandum belonged to Schwartz, and the subcommittee members themselves knew nothing about the charges. He said the allegations in the document might be the subject of hearings, and they might not. And the hearings might be open, and they might not.

On the same afternoon a mimeograph machine in the FCC was busy





turning out a news release: The FCC approved the expansion of Harris' station, KRBB, without the hearings it had once said might be necessary. And it was later that night that Harris told a reporter that he had sold his stock in the station. The reason, he said, was continual "harassment" by newsmen.

But *The New York Times* leak had done its work. In the face of mounting pressure, Harris said Schwartz's charges—chiefly against the FCC—would probably get a hearing, but the FCC would be the last of the "big six" to take the stand. He went ahead with a week of "general" questioning of the six commission chairmen, but the big news was the confirmation of the charge that FCC members had accepted color television sets from RCA-NBC (even as had the White

House), and the admission by FCC chairman John Doerfer that he had been paid \$575 by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters in 1954 after he and his wife traveled to the group's convention in Spokane, Washington. Doerfer said the law permitted acceptance of "honorariums" in such cases.

The Doerfer admission was the last straw. Harris acknowledged that specific charges now had been made by Schwartz against five of the seven FCC commissioners and they would be called at once to answer.

A brash newsman finally brought out into the open a thought that many harbored. He asked Harris if he had heard the report that a plot was afoot by which the FCC probe was to be killed to save Republicans a scandal, in return for which Republicans would vote for Harris' gas

bill. "There is not a word of truth in it," Harris angrily replied. "It is absolutely false."

The gas bill passed the House Commerce and Rules committees early last year. It was not put to a floor vote because surveys showed it lacked about a dozen votes for passage. Knowledgeable persons reported that the margin was down to six at the beginning of the current year. But the shenanigans in the Moulder committee and the rumored "deal" have had their effect. Republicans who once supported the bill now fear campaign charges against them in the future, and are deserting it. Today, the best estimate is that Rayburn and Harris lack twenty-five votes for passage.

The committee that didn't want to succeed is on its way to a greater success than anyone expected.

## FAULKNER'S 'POPEYE' .. by Robert Cantwell

IN THE summer issue of the *Sewanee Review* for 1932, Professor Adwin Wigfall Green wrote that the characters of William Faulkner's new novel, *Sanctuary*, were taken from life. Professor Green was in a position to know. He was the author of one of the first, and still one of the best, critical essays on Faulkner. He lived in Faulkner's home town of Oxford, Mississippi, and teaches in the University of Mississippi there. In 1932 he was at the beginning of a distinguished career which combined teaching and the law, as Faulkner was at the beginning of his career as a novelist.

Professor Green's identification of the characters in *Sanctuary* was direct and unequivocal. In the novel, a gangster named Popeye, sexually impotent, kidnaps an eighteen-year-old girl and assaults her under circumstances of intense pain and humiliation, first murdering a man before her eyes by shooting him in the back of the head. The instru-

ment employed in the sexual assault is not described at that stage of the story. The girl, shattered and helpless, is taken to a Memphis brothel and imprisoned there, Popeye's sexual gratification coming from watching her in the arms of a lover he has provided for her, and who is likewise murdered at his order. Professor Green wrote:

*Sanctuary* . . . is probably the most local of Faulkner's novels. The heroine, an "Ole Miss" student, and the hero, a University of Virginia graduate, are taken from life, as is Popeye, one of the innumerable base characters, who is undoubtedly Popeye Pumphrey, a Memphis racketeer who recently attempted suicide.

Professor Green made an understandable error in saying that Popeye Pumphrey, the gangster, had attempted suicide; otherwise, the substance of his essay is confirmed by inquiry into Pumphrey's career. The most celebrated Memphis underworld figure of the time, he was simply known as Popeye, as is the villain of Faulkner's novel, and was generally referred to by that term in the press — just as Capone was

usually called Scarface. Popeye Pumphrey was a man of good family, highly intelligent, and pleasant appearing. His real name was Neil Karens Pumphrey. He was born in 1903, and thus was two or three years older than the Popeye pictured in *Sanctuary*. His father was a wealthy cotton man who dealt in real estate. His mother was the daughter of the attorney general of Arkansas. The family lived on Union Street in what was considered a good section of Memphis and, in the words of the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*, "the boy started life under the most favorable circumstances — born into one of the oldest families of West Tennessee, sent to the best schools, given every advantage."

The Neil in his name was never used, his family calling him Karens. He was excitable, and it was said that his nickname, Popeye, was acquired in childhood during a game of marbles; he had a habit of opening his eyes wide when excited. His first trouble with the law came while he was still in grammar school, when he was taken into juvenile court in a dispute having to do

ROBERT CANTWELL, novelist and biographer, is the author of *The Land of Plenty* and other books.



with an air rifle. Sent away to school, he received excellent grades, and was characterized as "abnormally intelligent" by one of his teachers.

When he returned to Memphis, Popeye was ostracized by the Memphis boys of his own age, for reasons that are not known. At eighteen he was arrested for vagrancy, paying a \$25 fine. Two years later he was sentenced to a year in prison for carrying a pistol. The conviction started a long-drawn-out legal battle. A week after his appeal was denied, Governor Peay of Tennessee pardoned him, saying he "ought to be given a chance to make a man of himself," and charging him to "stay in at night, get a job, and go to work."

The following year — that is, in 1924, when he was twenty-one — Popeye was acquitted on a liquor charge. In 1925, he was arrested on three occasions, and was also implicated in the \$10,000 robbery of the Arrow Food Stores in Memphis. Three other men, identified as B. B. Wright, Brick Peeples and Snappy Chandler, were indicted for the robbery, but Popeye was released. He was also arrested in New Orleans in connection with a \$30,000 robbery in Birmingham, Alabama, but was again released.

THE PRESS, in writing of Popeye's escapades, no longer bothered now with such phrases as "police claimed" or "it was alleged." He was known as the leader of large-scale underworld operations, including highjacking. Once he was arrested with 175 gallons of whiskey in his possession, this time escaping with a \$250 fine. He was arrested three times in 1926 and three times in 1927, the charges ranging from gambling to assault to murder. In seven years he was arrested twenty times, but — except for the single fine — he always escaped punishment. The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* said:

Police dogged his footsteps and arrested him at every opportunity only to release him after investigation. He could not possibly have committed all the crimes of which he was accused, but, on the other hand, Inspector Will Griffin, his particular nemesis, admitted that "We

can't work up a case against Popeye that will stick."

There was hardly a major robbery or swindle in the area that was not attributed to him. But among all the charges brought against him, there were no sex crimes. His family stood by him, and he himself insisted he was entirely innocent, saying, "I'm in wrong with the police. They won't let me alone." His mother, with bewildering candor, discussed his sex life with reporters, saying he was afraid of girls, and insisted that he was merely an adventure-loving youth. "He has the wanderlust," she said. "He craves adventure, and he will find it." By the late twenties, Popeye's reputation extended far beyond his native city. At twenty-five, he was a gangster celebrity, not quite of national stature, but in the rank just below that of Capone or Dutch Shultz or Legs Diamond. *The New York Times* never succeeded in quite getting his name spelled right, calling him N. K. Humphrey, or Kearns Humphrey, which complicates research on the period when he was becoming known outside Memphis.

ACCORDING TO his own account of the origin of *Sanctuary*, Faulkner wrote the novel in three weeks in the summer of 1929. His previous books had not sold, and as he now faced family responsibilities — on June 20, 1929, he had married Estelle Oldham Franklin, who had had children by a previous marriage — he "took a little time out" to deliberate on current trends in the United States and fabricate a story that would make money by conforming with them. The result was the horror story of Popeye's assault on Temple Drake. So far as the elementary mechanics of thrillers was concerned, Faulkner had no trouble. His narrative style, when uncluttered with high-brow and Joycean verbal and typographical tricks, was fast and exciting. The tension in his prose was such that he far surpassed the most expert hacks in the essential stuff of thrillers — Popeye, the beady-eyed killer, gun in hand, an aggressively sadistic monster; the macabre humor of the brothel scene as the country boys wander in where

## POPEYE HUMPHREY COMMITTS SUICIDE

Memphis Bad Boy and Police  
Character Ends Life At  
Hot Springs.

HAD BEEN IN ILL HEALTH

Man Who Had Uncanny Ability  
to Win Freedom Despite Gamut  
of Charges Constantly Against  
Him, Left Here By Request.

From the Memphis, Tenn., Commercial Appeal, October 29, 1931.

Temple is held prisoner; the concentrated action and violence in the old tradition of thrillers, but linked to an atrocious crime, and taking place in the midst of familiar surroundings.

Faulkner sent *Sanctuary* to his publisher in New York, who was horrified. "Good God, I can't publish this," he said. "We'd both be jailed." Faulkner accordingly decided that his venture into hack writing had not come off. He got a job as a fireman in the power plant of the light company in Oxford, working from six o'clock at night until six in the morning.

At this time, the real Popeye was holed up in Kansas City; according to the Kansas City police, he was wanted for three murders in different parts of the country. A nationwide search for him was supposedly under way. On Saturday night, June 22, 1929, this "gambler and rambler," as he now called himself, was standing in front of the La Salle Hotel in downtown Kansas City. Four gunmen were with him. One was Ben Berretti, a Chicago mobster, wanted for the gangland killing of Max Silverstein in Los Angeles three months before, for a murder in Dallas, for a Galveston murder committed during a \$6,000-payroll holdup, and for three murders in Chicago, where he had jumped \$20,000 bail. Another

(Continued on page 148)



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Hart Crane and His Friends

Oscar Cargill

IT IS to be hoped that the publication in paperbacks within the year of *The Complete Poems of Hart Crane* and of Philip Horton's admirable biography\* will arouse in a new generation of readers something of the enthusiasm for Crane's poetry which existed in the late twenties, but which was savagely extinguished at the beginning of the next decade. To be sure, Crane himself made an almost fatal error when he forsook the papal immunity that discipleship to Mr. Eliot had previously provided him and, in signing off, designated his former mentor a "religious gunman." This not wholly inapplicable epithet had the scent of a man in it, and the wolf pack found the carcass that Crane himself had thought to bury in the deep. They had his blood, and his liver and his lights, and only fragments of him got embalmed in the anthologies, giving further force to the declaration of his assassins that Crane was "only a fragmentary poet or a poet of fragments" anyway. They should know—they tore him to bits.

Many readers who have known Hart Crane only piecemeal or not at all (the original edition of *The Complete Poems*, compiled by Waldo Frank in 1933, has long been out of print) will be possessed by the soaring imagination of the whole design of *The Bridge*; will find that *Voyages* is six poems, not one; and will read a score of other brilliantly executed poems never anthologized. The freshly initiated reader, led to Philip Horton's *Hart Crane*, will discover in it one of the most understanding studies ever made of tortured genius. Dispassionate presentation of as bad a parentage as

a man ever had made it unnecessary for Horton to gloss over either Crane's alcoholism or his homosexuality; the clouds stand but through them shine the true gifts of the poet. If the poet's reputation is at all recoverable, the merits of this hitherto unobtainable biography, written twenty years ago and forgotten with its repudiated subject, may be realized again too. The modest paper presentation of both books augurs well for new readers unaffected by the critical abuse heaped on Crane before his death in 1932.

IT IS an unpleasant historical fact that the assault upon the *corpus* of Crane was led by two lesser poets whom he had counted as his friends: Yvor Winters and Allen Tate. Nothing is gained by exploring their motivation, but something might be salvaged for Hart Crane by noting the nature and limits of the attack and what remains of the poetry beyond its scope. *The Bridge* is Crane's masterwork, and the attack is concentrated almost entirely on it: Tate finds fault with the poem's substance and symbolism; Winters, with its structure.

Tate writes, "If we subtract from Crane's idea its periphery of sensation, we have left only the dead abstraction, the Greatness of America, which is capable of elucidation neither on the logical plane nor in terms of a generally accepted idea of America." Now, as we know from the letters to Otto Kahn, and as Allen Tate knew from Crane's letters to him, *The Bridge* was constructed on the analogy of a symphony. Who would think of "subtracting" from a symphony "its periphery of sensation"? Yet that is precisely what Tate does and he is left with an abstract idea which he affirms is "Greatness of America," an impossible idea — for a symphony? Anton Dvorak and "The New World Symphony" would

have fared very badly had Allen Tate been in Henry Krehbiel's or James Huneker's shoes. It is gratuitous after this, surely, to belabor Hart Crane for lacking "indispensable understanding" of America; like Charles Beard, according to Mr. Tate, he has only "information" about it.

But the theme of *The Bridge* is not "the Greatness of America," as Tate assumes, but the instinctive aspiration of America toward universal love—a theme good enough for any aspiring symphonic structure, such as Brooklyn Bridge, with its "choiring strings," to symbolize:

Of stars Thou art the stitch and  
stallion glow  
And like an organ, Thou, with sound  
of doom—  
Sight, sound and flesh Thou ledest  
from time's realm  
As love strikes clear direction for the  
helm.

This passage, found in "Atlantis," the last section of the poem but the first written, is clearly led up to throughout, giving the whole composition a unity that is not allowed by those who have misread it.

As for symbolism, Crane's use of which Tate terms "irrational," the most offensive example to this critic is that of the subway in the section called "The Tunnel." "There is no reason," says Mr. Tate, "why the subway should be a fitter symbol of damnation than the aeroplane: both were produced by the same mentality on the same moral plane." This gem of criticism may properly be taken as symbolic of the mental plane on which the whole analysis of *The Bridge* has been conducted. The Bridge, whose "curveship lends a myth to God," leads men out of "time's realm" in the last section of the poem; this symbolism is matched in the previous section. "The Tunnel," by a "counter-curveship" which traverses hell, as the poet, self-identifying with Edgar Allan Poe, proceeds

\*The Complete Poems of Hart Crane. Edited by Waldo Frank. Doubleday. 95c.

Hart Crane: The Life of an American Poet. By Philip Horton. The Viking Press. \$1.25.

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under the East River to Brooklyn. It's as simple as that.

Before writing *The Bridge Crane* had discovered a principle of organization from his study of Rimbaud which he extended from the synesthetic metaphor ("cloudy clinch of bandy eyes") to elements of structure. He condemned in his poem "For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen" those who had not the imagination to structure poetry by opposites as well as by identicals:

There is the world dimensional  
for those untwisted by the  
love of things irreconcilable . . .

The attacks upon the structure of *The Bridge* have all come from those operating in "the world dimensional"; if the principle of opposites were applied, as it has just been applied to the last two sections of the poem, *The Bridge* would have the unity denied it. Mr. Winters makes a travesty of Crane's decent modesty by using statements from his personal letters to indicate that the poet was not himself conscious of any unifying principle; in the tightest place, he does this with only a superficial glance at the poem itself: "When Crane was putting the sequence into final order, he wrote me that he wanted to include the [three] songs because he liked them, but that he was not sure the inclusion would be justified."

The "Three Songs," constituting Section IV of *The Bridge*, are "Southern Cross," "National Winter Garden" and "Virginia." Even in Winters' inadequate and inaccurate description of them, these three poems are related to one another through the principle of musical counterpoint and are variants upon the main theme of *The Bridge*: "Southern Cross" is "a kind of love poem addressed to the constellation . . . as if the constellation were . . . a female divinity"; "National Winter Garden" is "a vision of love as lust"; and "Virginia" is a "slight and casual vision of sentimental love in the city." It would seem that Hart Crane had found a way to integrate the lyrics in his structure. Organically the group occupies an identical place with the single lyric used by Eliot in *The*

*Waste Land* and in each of the *Four Quartets*.

THERE exists no adequate examination of *The Bridge*; but if it were examined as a symphonic composition, rather than as an "epic" (the term Tate applies to it, despite his knowledge of the author's intention), and if the author's original principles were kept in mind, it would be found to be a genuine poem of a high order, as carefully developed as it is enriched with vivid metaphor. There also exists only casual and passing treatment of Crane's other poetry. He was able to impart something of the eternal restlessness of the sea to his descriptive verses without the aid of imitative metre, such as Southey and Longfellow used. Disheartened by Winters' obtuseness to his

effects, he remarked that someone should buy the latter a cruise. In "Faustus and Helen" he had seen the face that launched a thousand ships in the features of a homebound working girl on a Brooklyn trolley. Pressing this principle of social opposites (Faustus was the son of a wealthy candy manufacturer) Hart Crane wrote some of the most sympathetic as well as the most imaginative lyrics of his generation. Consider "Black Tambourine," "The Idiot" and "Stark Major." Or consider, in the subjective mood, "A Postscript," set at the end of his verses:

Friendship agony! words came to me  
At last shyly. My only final friends—  
the wren and thrush, made solid  
print for me  
across dawn's broken arc. . . .

## The Time of Ellen Glasgow

### LETTERS OF ELLEN GLASGOW.

Edited by Blair Rouse. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 384 pp. \$6.75.

Katherine Hoskins

THESE letters of Ellen Glasgow start when she was in her early twenties and carry her pretty steadily to seventy-five. It appears that there are still vast stores of them in the hands of friends, publishers and college libraries. So we must suppose that the editor, Blair Rouse, has made a good and fair selection with, as he says, "regard for biographical, literary and philosophical relevance." He has certainly provided the book with a fine index.

For those intimate with Miss Glasgow or her work, this re-creation may well be pleasing. It shows her a loyal and enthusiastic friend, a lover of animals and nature, and a conscientious and devoted worker in the field of fiction. For one who does not approach with old familiar knowledge and affection, the figure that emerges is often disconcerting.

Though it is an attitude that I'm sure would have got me scant thanks from the lady in question, I found myself frequently making excuses for her. When she hectors her publishers, which she

did from the age of twenty-three on; well, if more writers did so, perhaps their lot would be easier. Or, she announces, "As a comedy of manners I feel (why should I pretend to false modesty?) that *The Romantic Comedians* has never been surpassed in the art form." Away with recollections of *La Princesse de Clèves*, of *Northanger Abbey*, of *Daisy Miller*—and let us pretend that sixty-three is old enough to excuse a trifle of arrogance. Throughout the letters, there runs a damnation of the modern world wherein Literature hasn't a chance and the Vulgar call the tune. At the same time, she refuses support for a literary fellowship on the grounds that, "modern poetry . . . suffers nowadays, I think, from too much coddling." That was in 1937. Well, the modern world is damnable and the artist has a hard time. Still, by her own admission, Miss Glasgow had many and perspicuous readers and never at any time difficulty in getting published. She won the Pulitzer prize, was given honorary degrees. So, we bring in her lifelong struggle against illness and deafness to plead for her acerbity. And it is not our fault if we remember, too, that as often as it acts as an enricher and instructor, illness tends to freeze the spirit in petulance and youngness.

KATHERINE HOSKINS is a poet, critic and writer of short stories. Her volume of poetry, *Villa Narcisse*, won her a grant from Brandeis University.

TO LEAVE the condescension implied by excuses—I think that the matter of time is important in dealing with Miss



Glasgow. Born in 1875, she came to her maturity in that extraordinarily peaceful, innocent, ignorant, complacent and delightful backwater that seems to have been the Eastern United States between 1880 and 1914. By 1900, she had decided—wonderfully and rebelliously enough—that a Virginia gentlewoman might write grown-up novels about the South. (And I should say here that her autobiography, *The Woman Within*, gives a much fuller and more appealing account of these early years than is to be found in her *Letters*.)

But her literary tastes indicate perhaps as well as anything the extent of her rebellion. She had good and generous words for Mary Johnston, Julia Peterkin, Dubose Heyward, "Cousin" Stark Young and many others. Of *The Yearling*, she writes, "Few books have ever moved me more deeply. . . . It is a perfect thing of its kind, with the accent of inevitability that tempts me to use the word 'genius'." On the other hand, she found most of Elizabeth

Madox Roberts' characters "singularly repulsive," as also "the sodden futilitarians and the corn-cob cavaliers of Mr. Faulkner." Her scorn for Steinbeck and Hemingway was absolute.

In the European vineyard, we are given lip service with many reservations for James and (this in the autobiography) for Conrad. The latter's work, "with the exception of *Heart of Darkness* has not lasted so well." For younger writers, we get such phrases as, "when I read of D. H. Lawrence and all the other strutting, sad-eyed martyrs of literature . . ."; ". . . though I think Virginia Woolf is a great artist but a fatal influence." And, to balance (from the autobiography), a citation of *The Old Wives' Tale* as "one of the very greatest of English novels."

Clearly, one can dislike Faulkner or Lawrence and still be saved. But these comments suggest that, like a small-time bandit, absorbed in her private guerrilla fighting, Miss Glasgow closed her ears against the real revolution that had been growling like a thunder-storm long before its explosion in 1914. She seems to have felt no personal need for, nor slightest sympathy with, the liberative forces that, for all their foolishness and somersaults, opened so many doors—some onto dead-ends, of course, but others onto avenues that we are still exploring. It is as if she couldn't hear the trumpets for the cat-calls; and refused ever to be amused.

PERHAPS, as much as any one quality, it is her solemnity, her inability for the outrageous, the off-beat, the absurd that mark Miss Glasgow's letters and more formal works as those of an intelligent gentlewoman rather than of an artist. Though it may well turn out to be its distinguishing characteristic, an ability for such is by no means confined to the twentieth century. It has indeed been, and ever since Job, the pectoral muscle of the artist.

But, whatever the past held or the future might bring, the backwater of 1880-1914 that shaped Miss Glasgow was singularly devoid of nourishment for this particular strength. And there is no evidence that she ever missed it. She was only thirty-three when she wrote, "I have been diverting myself with Schopenhauer who is decidedly more interesting than fiction besides being a better training for the muscles of the intellect." Such words, so in line with the best pedagogical thinking of the backwater, seem strange and a little sad coming from a young woman determined to become "a great novelist or none at all."

## Reviews in Brief

### FICTION

#### WE'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE.

By Edouard Dujardin. Introduction by Leon Edel. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New Directions. 146 pp. \$3.

HAD James Joyce on his journey from Dublin to Paris in 1902 not read Edouard Dujardin's *Les Lauriers sont coupés*, and later paid "tribute to it as the principal source of the stream-of-consciousness techniques in his Dublin Odyssey," it is unlikely that this slender, semi-comic valentine would have found its way into an English translation. Nor indeed could a reviewer recommend this translation of what Leon Edel, in true Jamesian style, describes as "the rare and beautiful case of a minor work which launched a major movement." But Mr. Edel's "rare and beautiful" introductory essay compensates for the curiously inept English of the novel itself.

Stuart Gilbert, whose translations of Saint-Exupéry expressed so well the spirit of the original, has here adopted the convention of an 1890-ish London style to convey the very Parisian atmosphere of this quite simply written tour de force. Where Dujardin writes, "Ah, posséder pareille fortune!" Mr. Gilbert translates, "It's devilish fine to have a fortune like that." Yet this translation, sounding more like the "interior monologue" of a visiting Englishman than of a native Parisian, is not a reason for readers interested in the development of the modern novel to steer away from Edel's stimulating introduction.

**BREAKING POINT.** By Jacob Presser. World Publishing Co. 92 pp. \$2.50.

THIS "Factual Novel" tells of the moral dilemma of an intellectual, non-religious Jew who—in order to preserve, or at least prolong, his life—collaborates actively with the Nazi director of Westerbork, the clearing camp of all the Jews in Holland during the German occupation. The author, a professor of Contemporary History at the University of Amsterdam, has for the past eight years been preparing an account of the Dutch Jews during the occupation. *Breaking Point*, his only work of fiction, appears to have been written to give the author more scope than is permitted an historian in presenting a moral problem from a subjective and emotional point of view. Written as the journal of a man who has "sold his soul to the devil," this so-called novel is more immediately shocking, but less moving, than the newspaper accounts of the

### Minor Realism for a Major Poet

Owls that cry in the night. . . .  
Indeed their voice is enchanting,  
With a far-away roll and fall. . . .  
Actually make their hoots  
To petrify as it were  
And scare stiff small animals. . . .

We must go elsewhere  
Than the cry of the hoot owl  
Somewhere beyond realism,  
For the tone of the poetical.

RICHARD EBERHART

*The Nation*, December 7, 1957

Don't go elsewhere.  
You have it right, right there,  
Only just not exactly.  
The owl hunts by ear  
And little animals, still,  
Whether in sleep or fear  
But starve him strictly.  
He hunts as dumb as death.  
Hoot? He'd not breathe  
If he could kill and hold his breath.

But if love's poetical  
And your fine poems figure it that way,  
The plainest way of all,—  
Don't go, Dick, stay—  
(Somewhere beyond realism,  
Certainly) with the real:  
With the voices enchanting,  
The voices, as you say,  
Far away roll and fall  
Of owls in love at play.

MARIE DE L. WELCH



trial in Israel of the late Dr. Rudolf Kastner. Professor Presser has not solved the technical problem of transforming a case history into a work of art that recreates effectively ■ nightmare world whose details, alas, have become over-familiar.

*Breaking Point* has won a number of prizes in Holland and was presented by the booksellers of the Netherlands as ■ gift to 150,000 customers.

#### GENERAL

#### FROM A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK.

By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton. 182 pp. \$3.

WHILE reading "On the Margin," the opening section of *From A Writer's Notebook*, one senses ghosts lurking. Mr. Brooks's maxims and aphorisms seem to echo earlier not immediately identifiable practitioners of this demanding form. . . . Not La Rochefoucauld, nor even Joubert. . . . Can it be an American ghost that hovers to Mr. Brooks's disadvantage? "Earnest people are often people who habitually look on the serious side of things that have no serious side" brings to mind Logan Pearsall Smith who, by setting his often only semi-precious nuggets into such delicately designed settings, transformed them not only into *Trivia* but into minor works of art. Mr. Brooks is less interested in craftsmanship, and after page four his notes become rambling and anecdotic. Indeed, he includes two versions of anecdotes that were ancient

when Isaac Disraeli included them in his *Curiosities*.

Yet there is food for thought in this *Writer's Notebook*. And ■ reader can only wish that Mr. Brooks, as one of the few remaining examples of "a man of letters," a type whose disappearance from the American scene he deplors in this book, might have served up his ideas with ■ little sharper seasoning and fresher herbs. The meat and potatoes in this hash are of an excellent quality. But a younger generation, almost wholly ignored by Mr. Brooks, is likely to lack the patience to explore the sometimes challenging opinions in this old-fashioned dish.

**DON QUIXOTE'S PROFESSION.** By Mark Van Doren. Columbia University Press. 99 pp. \$2.50.

IT IS rare today to read literary criticism behind which the whetstone is not grinding the axe, where the chip on the shoulder is ■ less impelling motive than the joy of re-exploring a masterpiece. The "love" that Professor Van Doren professes for Cervantes' great work is expressed with a scholar's care, the insight of a true teacher and a poet's grace. By these three lectures, delivered at Emory University, readers unfamiliar with *Don Quixote* will find themselves irresistibly drawn to the book itself. And to the initiated, Professor Van Doren offers fresh stimulus to re-reading.

MINA CURTISS

## THEATRE

### Robert Hatch

*Use your head, can't you, use your head, you're on earth, there's no cure for that!*

THERE is no bottom to the nihilism of Samuel Beckett, but each time, as he is going down forever, he finds a flicker of wit and kicks on for another few strokes. For a poet, total renunciation is probably impossible—he is forced to believe in his own poetry and from that he can rebuild a universe.

So *Endgame* (Cherry Lane) is not really the end; it merely approaches the end as the parallel lines approach infinity. However, it is much further along than *Waiting for Godot*: it looks as though we might be extinguished at any minute—not with a bang and not with a whimper, but stuttering importantly like a rundown clock. The past ("accursed progenitor") is refuse. Ancient

father and mother, they stand in ash cans on the stumps of their legs, having lost their shanks "in the Ardennes" . . . "on the road to Sedan"; which may suggest where and when Beckett thinks the end officially began. The lord of the present is blind and paralyzed, enthroned in his filth, sardonic and mawkish with the worn-out poses of an eternity of posing. The slave is truculent and spavined, but still slaving—out of habit, and perhaps because it is the only activity left on earth. It is something to be able to get around, however painfully.

THERE has been a disaster (at least we are now deep in a "shelter"), or perhaps it is just cosmic fatigue—the tides no longer flow, nothing moves, nothing grows, there is no sunlight "out there." Or was that a child, flashing just past the edge of the window? Impossible,



## RUSSIAN LIBERALISM

FROM GENTRY TO INTELLIGENTSIA

By GEORGE FISCHER. Was there ever a chance of a Western type of free society in Russia? In this important book Mr. Fischer traces the plight of the liberal in Russian society from the Great Reforms to the 1905 Revolution. He points out the attempts at reform made by Russian liberals, why these attempts failed and the light that Russian liberalism throws on the dilemma of many underdeveloped societies today. \$4.50

## DOCTOR AND PATIENT IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By MARK G. FIELD, with an introduction by Paul Dudley White. This remarkably informed work moves from a discussion of the history and development of medical care in the Soviet Union to the physician and his social role and finally to the patient. We see how the actions of the Ministry of Health and of the individual physicians are strictly controlled by the Party and how the emphasis on production in Soviet society even changes the standards by which one is considered sick or well. Chapters on the patient draw on over 1600 written questionnaires. \$5.00

## SOVIET TRANSPORTATION POLICY

By HOLLAND HUNTER. Those interested in the development of Russia as an industrial power will find this book unusually revealing. It is well-known that most nations in their developing stages place great emphasis on expansion of transportation facilities. Russia, with apparent success, is an exception to this rule, however, and Mr. Hunter has written a thoroughly documented analysis of the wisdom of the Russian policy from the middle 1920's to the present day. \$8.50

Through your bookseller, or from



**HARVARD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS  
79 Garden Street  
Cambridge 38, Mass.



absurd, ha ha! And yet if it were so, we could give up this silly game, this word play, this humiliating crawl to infinity. We could die without committing the treason of extermination. Beckett will not quite give up the hope he does not have:

Hamm: The bastard! [God, that is] He doesn't exist!

Clov: Not yet.

"This is not much fun," says Hamm the master, and compared to *Waiting for Godot* it really isn't. The mad dialogue still rings like china, and shocks of wicked laughter still spill out of the surrounding gibberish:

Clov: Do you believe in the life to come?

Hamm: Mine has always been that.

But when two of your four characters are stuck in ash cans (with the tops on a good part of the time) and a third is confined to a throne on casters, you must rely for action on the comings and goings of the one remaining on his feet (just barely on his feet). This degenerates fairly soon into a sorry pendulum of busyness, even when so resourceful a mime as Alvin Epstein is engaged in it. *Endgame* is in one act and runs for about ninety minutes, but it seems a long evening.

The new parable lacks the playfulness, the lovable naughtiness of its predecessor. That was not all Bert Lahr's doing—Beckett kicked up his own heels. Now it is so much later in the day that defiance and gaiety are almost used up—the effect is powerful enough, but there is less theatre to it. And more poetry, perhaps. The characteristic staccato lines clash against one another like cymbals, the voices within voices are like the supporting and echoing choirs in an orchestra. It is the song of final dissolution by a minstrel-prophet with the logic of death in his mind and the conviction of life forever in his blood. The great drama of Beckett is always his inability to subdue himself.

Lester Rawlins, as the blind Hamm, controls the center of the stage with hypnotic black glasses and a warlock's repertory of vocal changes. P. J. Kelly and Nydia Westman, our elders in the ash cans, tremble between slapstick and horror with a dexterity won from long experience in more mobile comedy.

**SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO** (Cort) is not a play; it is an exercise in hagiology. On the one hand, it is interesting only as a devout recitation of how the most powerful hero of our age conquered his wound, and on the other hand it never seeks beneath the protec-

tions of conventional legend for some evidence of a man and a milieu. There is scarcely a line in it that does not bear directly on Roosevelt's physical condition or political prospects, scarcely a character (the young Anna Roosevelt, played by Roni Dengel, is a marvelously ventilating exception) who is not placed on stage entirely to speed or slow the hero's progress toward his summit. It is a public pageant, the visualization of an anniversary feature from the Sunday supplement.

You can judge the performance only in terms of how well the actors meet the requirements of patriotic pantomime. Thus Ralph Bellamy makes a striking FDR (thank heaven for those glasses, that hat and that cigarette holder) and Henry Jones is happily cast as the blunt, asthmatic Louis Howe. But Mary Fickett quite misses the proud style of Eleanor Roosevelt and the mimicry comes a terrible cropper in Roosevelt's mother. Dore Schary does not understand this type of dragon and Anne

Seymour cannot evoke her. Sara Delano Roosevelt comes across as a dull bully with a clumsy technique for insults. That misses the target entirely.

At the very end of the evening—when Bellamy drags Roosevelt's paralyzed body across the platform in Madison Square Garden (this is 1924; Al Smith is about to be hailed as The Happy Warrior) and, anchoring himself to the rostrum with his left hand, waves his right hand to the crowd in a gesture that erases thirty years—the tears started to my eyes. But I was moved by what I knew myself, not by anything Mr. Schary had told me. A newsreel would have had the same effect—and indeed newsreels of Roosevelt always do. The all-powerful, wounded father may not be the most healthy of images, but it is by all odds the most compelling. The magic currently in effect at the Cort is not to be denied. But it is a magic in the hearts and memory of the audience; on the stage there is only an official tableau.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE FIFTIETH anniversary of the first group exposition of the eight painters known as the "Ash Can School" falls this month, and the Hirschl and Adler Gallery is holding through February a memorial exhibit of some fifty canvases of Robert Henri, affectionately remembered as the most facile and charming of the eight. Henri was a virtuoso, working directly on his canvas with a loaded brush freely lubricated with oil, without previous preparation or subsequent retouching. The tradition is an old and respectable one, going back to Hals and Magnasco and practiced by painters as different in point of view as Boldini and Manet. But here in the figure pieces by which Henri is best known—the Gipsy singers and models, the smiling children—this virtuoso tradition seems to have reached its ebb. The drawing is hasty, the edges hard, the color unconsidered, either muddy or too clean, the scale over-large. Every easy effect has been exploited: mouths are full of teeth and laughter, eyes gleam with highlights. The pictures were obviously painted for exhibition. They have aged quite badly.

On the other hand the tiny sketches, some no larger than three inches by five, are a surprise and a delight—the Luxemburg Gardens, the banks of the Seine, the Bal Bullier, strollers in the

Maine woods. The paint is fresh, the composition free, the color inventive, the values exact, and all with a busy and careless charm, not unlike the painting of Vuillard. Here the painter's virtuosity is properly employed and the pictures are not unworthy of the late Impressionist tradition from which they spring.

As part of this anniversary, James Graham and Sons are showing two other members of the eight—Everett Shinn and Arthur B. Davies. Davies is represented by a group of his characteristic nudes and by a few landscapes. The work is stylized, gentle, decorative. The water colors and pastels are more successful than the oils which, with their thin washes of bright colors, seem more like prints than paint. The patterned groupings of nudes, asexual, elongated and unreal, and the wallpaper-like landscapes, vaguely reminiscent of the English fan painter, Charles Conder, are skillfully done and probably at some later date will recapture our interest. Today the sources of their mannerisms are too apparent, their connection with the fashion drawing of the '20s all too clear. Their milky charm seems singularly out of place in our ruder world.

Everett Shinn is a much more vigorous painter, with something of the facility of the popular illustrator. As with Davies, his oils are on the whole



less interesting than his pastels and water colors. His principal subject is New York—stage and street scenes, many of them done at night—and he treats it with love, amusement and respect. The scale is elegant and small. The drawing could not be more skillful or the representation of light more convincing. There are no false effects, no modish references to fashionable art. Even his debt to Degas is less than one had thought. His work stands by itself—a worthy tribute to a magnificent city.

VICTOR BRAUNER—shown at Iolas until February 15—is accurately described in his catalogue as a painter-poet. He is one of a group of painters and poets who called themselves Surrealists and whose aim, more literary than pictorial, was to introduce the unconscious into art. For this they employed all manner of psychological disciplines, from word association games and dream interpretation to artificially induced paranoid states and the techniques of black magic.

Brauner's pictures present themselves as elaborate symbolic diagrams. Their style derives in part from American Indian drawings and Navajo sand paintings—flat, linear men and animals, schematized as if for weaving in a rug. Another series depicts these personages drawn as if constructed of folded and intersecting cut-outs of colored cartridge paper. Their precise meanings I am too little versed in Surrealism to explain. It is probably partly systematic—based on alchemical and magical symbols—and partly hermetic and personal. The titles, with their characteristic Surrealist puns, are amusing and sometimes even revealing—as in the two small pictures *Victor* [the painter's name] *Semivictorescent*, a crescent moon with limbs, and *Victor Victorescent*, a full moon or sun; *Poisson d'Honneur* whose title, and perhaps subject, seems to derive from the telescoping of *poisson d'avril* (April fool) with *vin d'honneur* (formal reception); or *l'Illustre Mamalogue*, a figure with breasts; or the schematic lay-out describing *le Poet en Exile*. The pictures themselves are gay and handsome, their primitivism convincing, and their mysterious iconography extremely titillating, particularly as they present an aspect of Surrealism quite different from the more familiar images of Ernst, Dali or Tanguy.

NEW pictures by Stephen Greene are being shown until February 15 at Grace Borgenicht's. The work is more abstract than before. The personages, with their round heads and bellies and rachit-

ic limbs, reminiscent of the figures of the Italian sculptor Marino Marini, are still present but now more difficult to make out. The color is brilliant and beautiful: oppositions of warm and colds, sometimes at their highest intensity—clear blues set against rich reds and oranges—sometimes in paler pastel shades. The subject matter, according to the titles and to the preface to the catalogue, is deeply tragic. There is a *Cain and Abel*, a *Prophecy*, a *Nemesis*, a *Flagellation*. The canvases themselves with their dry, fresco-like surfaces and clean colors, seem pleasantly gay, somewhat reminiscent of the buxom and modestly official work of Maurice Denis, the French mural painter of the '20s.

Another painter with a tragic subject matter, Benjamin Kopman, is being shown until February 22 by World House. Kopman paints landscapes and old people. The style, which could be called either brutal or powerful, belongs to the near-caricature tradition of Rouault, Gropper or Forain. The drawing is rough and solid. The paint application is heavy, not unlike that of the young Cézanne. The color is extremely beautiful, rich, deep and impressive. The landscapes are finer than the figure pieces, whose lumpy forms and insistent caricature seem to me both insensitive and over-violent. The painting has no intellectual pretensions whatsoever, but it is warm and harshly human.

Both Greene and Kopman take as their subject human infirmity, and Green's catalogue in particular is at some pains to stress his preoccupation with the theme:

In Greene's pictures the victim and the victor, the tortured and the torturer, in the face of irreconcilable demonic powers by which they are possessed, are united in a compassionate bond. . . .

The next sentence seems less clear:

Greene's formal development has been toward a style in which colors and shapes, rather than signifying the emotions expressed through this subject, would themselves, as it were, be permeated by them. . . .

Apparently the shapes and color do not express emotions; they feel them.

He has arrived at this stage because of his search to paint in a manner in which the symbolic potency of his imagery would be contained and retained within the formal world of the picture with a maximum staying power. . . .

In other words, the pictures are a good, solid investment.

Kopman's preface is a great deal simpler:

Well here I am; in everybody's judgment (except perhaps my own) I am an old man. And yet I am devoting myself to that primal emotion which was kindled in me in my youth, the love of the world, for people and trees, for the sky and the earth, dreaming of these now as in my distant past, and paying tribute to God and his important creations with words and images.

Because we live in an age of speed some people who never cared for art turned away from my work using the excuse that it has not moved fast enough. They do not realize that the very speed they so admire now will fly them by, and they will remain wondering what has happened. In my seventieth year I am most grateful to fate that it has endowed me with patience and a sense for timelessness.

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DOUBLEDAY



(Continued from page 141)

was Arthur Hartman, convicted of murder in St. Louis and out on appeal. The two others were not identified.

As they stood in the crowded hotel entrance, guns were suddenly pulled out and the firing became general. Berretti was instantly killed. Hartman died in the hospital. Popeye was shot in the back as he ran. The two unknown gunmen escaped. There were conflicting accounts of the shooting, *The New York Times* stating that all five suddenly pulled out guns and began firing. One account stated that Popeye was shot a dozen times, another that his wound was not serious. In the hospital, Popeye stated that Berretti had recently killed a Chicago gangster who had tried to take him for a ride in a disagreement over a liquor deal. Popeye was freed of connection with the killings because the evidence indicated he was leaving the scene when he was shot. Nothing was reported of the three previous murders he was supposedly being sought for. When he got out of the hospital, he filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy in the federal court in Memphis, giving his occupation as a clerk, and listing his debts as \$4,000.

The following summer he was arrested in Hot Springs, Arkansas, in connection with the \$24,000 holdup of the Woodlawn-American Bank in Birmingham. To avoid passing through Memphis on his way to Birmingham, he chartered an airplane and, accompanied by the Hot Springs chief of detectives, flew to Jackson, Mississippi, and from there made his way to Birmingham, where he was released when the bank teller refused to identify. About this time, Popeye's father died, the newspapers giving the cause as heartbreak over his son.

Popeye was interviewed by Memphis reporters in July, 1930, and said, "I wouldn't stay in this town if they'd give it to me." He said he had married Miss Ida Hoopes, of Hot Springs, and was leaving with his bride for two weeks in Canada.

Three weeks later, on August 15, 1930, he was arrested in Saratoga Springs, New York, in the strangest incident of his strange career. Ac-

cording to the Associated Press, he was engaged in an extremely intricate television swindle. At that time, TV had reached the point where its commercial possibilities were being widely discussed in the press, and the financial pages carried long discussions of impending mergers comparable to those of the early days of radio. Popeye had some sort of television apparatus (said to be completely bogus) for flashing the results of races instantaneously, and his objective was to fleece wealthy race-track followers or bookies — apparently by getting them to invest in the apparatus, which in turn was to be used to fleece bettors.

However, he was not arrested for the swindle. Roosevelt was the new Governor of New York, and a former Saratoga policeman had written to him about gambling in Saratoga. Roosevelt sent copies of the letter to Saratoga officials, who dutifully visited all the clubs in the city. They reported they could find no evidence of gambling. But during one of their tours, a routine raid by local police picked up Ernest Woods, alias N. K. Humphrey, of Hot Springs. This was Popeye. With him were two New York confidence men: Herbert Cokes and Frederick Callahan. Involved with the confidence men was Adolf Roth, of Miami, who was found to possess a complete set of burglar's tools. In Popeye's possession was a mysterious contraption involving mirrors and signals — apparently his TV invention. Thrown into jail, Popeye accused the Memphis police of setting the New York police after him. His punishment: deportation from New York State.

MEANWHILE, Faulkner had won a critical success with *As I Lay Dying*, much of which he wrote on an upturned wheelbarrow while he was working in the Oxford power house. He had, he said, forgotten all about *Sanctuary*, the manuscript of which the publisher still held. Late in 1930, he was surprised and dismayed to receive galleys of the book. He was disgusted when he read it over, and made a last-minute effort to rewrite sections; he did not want it to fall below the standard set

by *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying*. *Sanctuary* finally appeared in the spring of 1931. Nationally, it was a shocker, Henry Seidel Canby calling it a prime example of American sadism. Typical of the reviews was one that described it as "a novel with a brooding atmosphere of obscene and bestial decadence." In the South, however, the pungent accuracy of Faulkner's dialogue made *Sanctuary* a sensation. And in Oxford and in Memphis, its impact was naturally the greater following Mr. Green's essay in the *Sewanee Review*.

SLOWLY *Sanctuary* became famous, and Popeye a kind of American folk-hero in reverse. The horror of the book does not lie in Popeye's sadism alone, but in the unawareness of the community to the monstrous brutality taking place within it. As Faulkner pictured Popeye, he is not merely rat-like, depraved and vicious — he is grotesque in his weakness, a dwarf, impotent, feeble-minded, a killer of caged birds in his childhood, savagely ludicrous in his assault with a corncob on the girl he has captured. When *Sanctuary* was published in England, it became a sensation there also. The *London Times* said that Faulkner's remarkable powers of presentation were at their height in "giving flesh and circumstantiality to nightmare doings perpetrated by creatures almost too sick and too depraved to be called human."

Popeye Pumphrey had fled the haunts of men. He lived in a little mountain cabin near Hot Springs. According to the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, "an insidious disease, which he contracted a few years ago, began to take its toll. . . ." He was said to have suffered heavy financial losses that increased his despondency. On October 28, 1931, he was again in an apartment in Hot Springs. That afternoon, Friday, his wife went downtown, and when her brother stopped in later, Popeye was found shot through the head. Two suicide notes were found, and as "A pistol with a discharged cartridge was found in the room, police said it was obvious that he had shot himself."



# Crossword Puzzle No. 759

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 5 What might be used by the slicker tamperers with those that might be used by the mechanic. (6, 7)
- 10 The underground boss has a broken wagon to show the more wealthy personage. (9)
- 11 The principle seems to be to follow mother around. (5)
- 12 Nudged, and needs nothing more to put it in a state of irritation. (7)
- 13 Not exactly a rat trap, but the point of this could be associated with locks. (7)
- 14 Add something in addition? Well, it might have one of these. (5)
- 16 Finished wrong, wrong—and too big for one's breeches! (9)
- 18 How to make a singer be all wet and cold, perhaps. (6, 3)
- 20 It goes around three points to make something less than flush. (5)
- 22 Several on a channel crossing? (7)
- 24 One might note this way it's sort of wordy! (7)
- 26 About a note which returns, and obviously isn't first. (5)
- 27 A sort of India blue, certainly not loud! (9)
- 28 Might be used to make things 27. (7)

- 29 Misjudge and still run it, perhaps. (6)

## DOWN:

- 2 and 25 Evidently a fat bird, but it's possible to meet everyone this way. (5, 5)
- 3 Caves to shelter shore birds. (7)
- 4 Would it make one sore, or just more likely to be wrong? (9)
- 5 Does it make light of the contest? (5)
- 6 The sort of acquaintance that might be Homeric at times. (7)
- 7 Little dippers for helping with a fast break. (9)
- 8 Irish flower. (7)
- 9 Black suit used by sextons, perhaps. (6)
- 15 Mr. Green's a duck! (8)
- 17 Cover the road up and talk down to do a disappearing act. (9)
- 18 What the British do when they purchase a radio tube or an oyster? (7)
- 19 You can make this run late, but the gear is wrong for running. (7)
- 20 One who should know the facts rides in like this. (7)
- 21 Not quite the best place, but an old one. (6)
- 23 One that goes bump in the night? (5)
- 25 See 2 down.

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### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 758

ACROSS: 1 CORONAS; 5 and 20 PRESENT COMPANY; 1 EXCEPTED; 9 ORBITAL; 10 REFLECT; 11 PERSONIFICATION; 12 RASCALS; 13 NICKELS; 14 ROTTING; 15 BRIEFLY; 21 PORCINE; 22 OPEROSE; 24 SPLINTS; 26 DETESTS; DOWN: 1 CROPPER; 2 REBORES; 3 NATIONALIZATION; 4 SALLIES; 5 PORTION; 6 ENFRANCHISEMENT; 7 BLEGIZE; 8 TETANUS; 14 RECIPES; 15 TUMBREL; 16 GYISERS; 17 BOXWOOD; 18 FATHOMS; 19 YODLERS.





**"Thus do  
the winds  
of insanity  
blow in  
on us from  
outer space"**



"Science is bent to destruction; values disappear in our desperate race to get ahead of the unreachable; prompted by pride and prejudice, envy and fear, we consume ourselves in programs that can end only in catastrophic crash. If we don't get killed first, we shall all go mad."

This is Carl Dreher writing in *The Nation* (February 1) . . . as we keep taking a fix on the country's position and course since the birth-beep of the first sputnik.

So far, we have presented C. Wright Mills's "Program for Peace," Walter Millis' "The Road to Nowhere," Geoffrey Barraclough's "More Than Dulles Must Go," and "The Loaded Missile Debate" by Frederic Collins (concurrent with Mr. Dreher's "Program for a Crash"), and, in this issue, "The Arms Race: Count-Down for Disaster," by Mr. Millis.

The need for critical analysis of men and their motives intensifies. The decisions made by our leaders must be read against the final truth that every atomic blast set off in the testing grounds of the Pacific or of Siberia shakes the future of mankind.

*The Nation* will continue to focus on the crisis within ourselves as world leaders. In case you have missed following this magazine regularly to date, we will be glad to send you free copies, containing the above articles, with your subscription.

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**SPECIAL ISSUE**

**LESS WORK — LESS LEISURE**

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*Harvey Swados*



# LETTERS

## Is Philanthropy Private?

Dear Sirs: I am very thankful for two articles in your January 18 issue: Fund-Raising and The Scandalous Ad-Tax. Of course, I don't have all sources of information at my disposal, but at the moment I can't think of any other publication where I could have learned about these matters.

MARGARET I. THOMAS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: The question, private philanthropy versus social welfare, posed in your recent series in fund-raising, is not accurately put. A corporation with taxable income in excess of \$25,000 is in the 52 per cent income-tax bracket. A married individual with taxable income in excess of \$32,000 is in a bracket of not less than 50 per cent and can conceivably find a portion of his income in a 91 per cent bracket. Thus, because of tax exemptions, a large part of what passes for private philanthropy is in reality paid for with public funds, that is, with funds that would otherwise have been paid into the public treasury. What is "private" about "private philanthropy" is the choice of which charity or school is to be the recipient. So we get the contradictory situation of a rich individual electing to endow a segregated school, for instance, with money which, in effect, comes from white and Negro people who, if offered the opportunity, would not have made such an election.

If a person wishes to support a church of his choosing or a school to his liking, I firmly believe that he should have that right within the law. But just as firmly do I believe that he should not have the right to compel me to do likewise.

Ought we not, then, to abolish income-tax exemption for charitable contributions?

JACOB GOLDBERG

Chicago, Ill.

## Road to Madness

Dear Sirs: Carl Dreher's articles are witty and unusual. His last contribution, in your issue of February 1, closes with the semi-facetious observation that "If we don't get killed first, we shall go mad." Surely, if we do go mad, it will be because we have been driven from sanity by organized lying. Modern

nationalistic lie-factories label their output as "news . . . analyses . . . information . . . intelligence," etc. They doubtless claim absolution from guilt because they are propagandists for "freedom." This recalls what H. G. Wells wrote in his *Outline of History*: "Men who might scorn to lie in everyday life, will become unscrupulous liars and cheats when they have given themselves to propaganda." Can a people nourished on lies be free and can the few sincere ones all remain sane?

J. R. KEISTER

Greensburg, Pa.

## But What Do the People of West New Guinea Want?

Dear Sirs: Mr. C. P. Fitzgerald, in his article, Australia's Explosive Neighbor (*The Nation*, February 1, 1958), has done a disservice to the Asian revolution and to restoration of sanity in international affairs by lending his voice to the arsenals of international reaction.

It is discouraging to hear an Australian intellectual, who must have reacted with more than apathy when Australia unexpectedly became "responsible for the other half of New Guinea" after the abrupt decline of another empire, speak of a "crisis" in the most normal process of this age in Asia, with a generous display of manufactured myths and dreamed-up threats. He is saner in the very small section of his article, where he speaks of "the Indonesian gift for avoiding extreme action."

The absurdity of his main argument reaches its climax when he says: "The country [Indonesia] claims to be the successor state of the Netherlands East Indies—just that, no more, no less." He continues: "It is not a nation founded on unity of race or religion, but a political entity which owes its existence to the transfer of Dutch sovereignty in the former colonial empire of the Netherlands to the native inhabitants, who formed the Indonesian Republic to inherit this empire." Inherit an empire—poor phrase indeed, to describe a colonial revolution. What nation can Mr. Fitzgerald name among the newly-independent Asian nations that has been "founded on unity of race or religion"? At the final Hague Conference, a decision on the status of West New Guinea was not reached mainly because of the Indonesian weakness, both political and military. This is the main root of the present "crisis," and the circumstances do not demand an

issue to be made out of the diversity in race and culture at this time.

The United Nations, the body which did not even accept the Indonesian plea for further discussions on the matter, has never played a decisive role in colonial issues—and never will, as long as the power blocs refuse to throw off the fetters of power politics.

HARVEY CHO-KE

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

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### Made in the U. S.

Now that Premier Gaillard has elected to defend the murderous French raid on the Tunisian village of Sakiet Sidi Yusef—and won endorsement for his stand by a 335 to 176 vote in the Chamber—the question of whether the raid was originally authorized by the Government is of only historic interest. More: the Premier's action compounds the folly of the raid and is itself a warning to Washington that the French are capable of incalculable follies in the future. On the subject of North Africa, the rational French have lost the capacity to reason. Nowadays even their aim is faulty. As one Tunisian observer commented: "Somehow they hit all the targets that are supposed to be spared in civilized warfare: women, children, schools and Red Cross vehicles." Not since Mussolini's gallant airmen strafed and bombed Ethiopian villages has the world witnessed such wickedness in North Africa.

But if the French are suffering from a national psychosis, we at least should be capable of taking sober stock of a situation in which our interests and good faith are directly at stake. American equipment was used in the raid. Mr. Dulles cannot blunt the implications by trying to make the issue turn on whether the French actually violated the particular agreements under which each item of equipment was purchased or bestowed. The Tunisians are in no mood to appreciate his celebrated legal subtleties, nor to distinguish narrowly between the attitudes of the various Western powers. Bourghiba's Neo-Destour Party, in a stinging rebuke, has cut to the heart of the issue that confronts Washington: "The B-26s and Corsairs which sowed death were American as much as they were French. . . . Hard reality is teaching us each day that to hang on to the West only produces a harvest of rebuffs, humiliations and, between gestures of charity, bombs." Ernest Zaugg's article in this issue (p. 151) points up the ominous change that is taking place in North African feeling toward the United States over the issue of arms. Last summer *The Nation* was one of the few American publications to endorse Senator John Kennedy's resolution on Algeria which was widely denounced at the time as "a blow to Western unity." We

said then, and repeat now, that the real point of the proposal was that the French need help if they are to be saved from their own follies; that the time has come for France's allies and friends to join with those inside France who seek a settlement by negotiation. Senator Kennedy's proposal, submission of the North African crisis to the United Nations and the North Atlantic Council, suggests the basic policy (see editorial comment, *The Nation*, July 20, 1957, p. 21); but an interim arms embargo has now become imperative. As Mr. Zaugg points out, a really big blow-off is brewing in Algeria; there is not much time left to avert it.

### The Lost Rule

Whatever may be said about the performance of the Federal Communications Commission and the other regulatory agencies, this much is evident: ■ high degree of bipartisan satisfaction has been registered by both the executive and legislative branches of the government. In fact it would be difficult to determine just who is least pleased with the current investigation of these agencies, Mr. Sherman Adams or Mr. Sam Rayburn. For example, on the motion to remove Dr. Bernard Schwartz as counsel for the subcommittee, three Democrats, all Dixiecrats, joined with four Republicans to pass the motion, while three Democrats and one Republican opposed it. Usually Congress dotes on investigations but in this instance its enthusiasm was muted from the outset; perhaps because kinfolk are said to be involved (see *The FCC Inquiry* by Ronald W. May, *The Nation*, February 15, 1958). Usually, too, Congress favors public hearings, particularly where sensational disclosures are anticipated. But when Dr. Schwartz expressed a desire to question one of the FCC commissioners about a "controversial" decision involving TV Channel 10 in Miami, the chairman ransacked the rule book and came up with House Rule 11, Section 25, Paragraph m, which provides that investigating committees must meet in closed session to hear "evidence or testimony that may tend to defame, degrade or incriminate any person." Dr. Schwartz came to Washington about three years too late; we should have known about this rule before.



## Civil Rights: the Bipartisan Stall

With no resistance worth mentioning, the Senate Internal Security subcommittee has been granted a new appropriation, despite the fact that its counsel, Robert Morris, despairing of the committee's continued effectiveness, has just resigned to seek the Republican senatorial nomination in New Jersey. On the House side, an additional \$305,000 has been granted the House Committee on Un-American Activities with only two "no's" on a voice vote. But a few days later, vexed and vigilant, bristling with indignation, the House refused to appropriate a penny to finance the work of the Civil Rights Commission for which the President had requested an appropriation of \$750,000. The subcommittee's explanation, as voiced by its chairman, Representative George W. Andrews, Democrat, of Alabama, is that the Administration has not yet organized the commission. The Administration contends, however, that it can't organize the commission until funds are appropriated. In point of fact, the President could use contingent funds to get the commission under way but the commissioners have been unable to find, from names that all six members can agree upon, a person willing to serve as staff director. And, for that matter, the commission itself has not been confirmed. At this rate the commission may well expire before it can be organized. (See editorial comment, *The Nation*, January 18, 1958, p. 42.) Taking advantage of clumsy Administration tactics, the Dixiecrats have again flashed a green light to the inquisitorial committees while holding the line against civil rights.

## Hyphenated Scientists

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer has voiced the hope, on behalf of the American scientific community, that the public "could learn to understand what kind of beast a scientist is." Of better understanding there is obvious need, as the mere mention of Dr. Oppenheimer's name suggests. It was only yesterday that the scientist was tagged as the irredeemable egghead, bordering on chronic eccentricity, but quite harmless on the whole, that is, until proved to be some kind of security risk.

But now the public is acquiring a new and equally distorted image of the scientist. The new type is a man made not in the likeness of Albert Einstein, but an eminently practical man, half-warrior, half-geopolitician, with no nonsense or poetry about him. For this new image, American scientists are largely indebted to Dr. Edward Teller and Dr. Wernher von Braun, or, in *Time-Life* jargon, "brush-browed" Teller, "the father of the H-bomb," and "bull-shouldered missileman von Braun." Dr. Teller, a physicist by training, assures us in a recent issue of *Life* that the worldwide fallout from bomb tests "is as dangerous to human health as being one ounce overweight, or smoking one cigaret every two months."

He may be right and the 9,000 scientists, including some eminent geneticists, who recently signed a statement calling for a suspension of bomb tests, may be wrong. It is the tenor of Dr. Teller's comments that we find objectionable. Bomb tests are premonitory blasts of a war to come, yet Dr. Teller writes of them with a glibness and complacency that is repulsive. Even the repellent caption, "Father of the H-bomb," draws no disclaimers from Dr. Teller; he glories in it. Von Braun is a more amiable type and this despite the fact, as even *Time* reports, that his transfer of loyalty from Nazi Germany to this country came "too fast, too easy . . . to some." In a special statement to *Time*, von Braun voices his dislike of the earth which is an unpredictable, disorderly place, "full of people."

But Teller and von Braun are merely symbols. More significant is the recent White House "science-military dinner" at which some of the nation's top scientists were paired with the top military brass. Only one civilian, not a scientist, was present. Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., the ranking scientist, was placed in protocol just above the Vice Chiefs of Staff; Dr. Alan T. Waterman, director of the National Science Foundation, just under Lieut. Gen. James H. Doolittle. American scientists should be concerned about "science-military"; to hyphenate is to join and "science-military" today can read "military-science" tomorrow. Already the public is acquiring a new image of the scientist—not an egghead but the man who makes missiles for the military, that is, a military man minus a uniform.

## The Forgetful FBI

For all its splendid system of files and records, the FBI has a woefully defective memory; it keeps forgetting the most-easily remembered items. Recently Mr. James T. Devine, a Justice Department lawyer, assured the Court of Appeals in Washington that no recordings or transcripts had been made of original interviews which Louis F. Budenz gave the FBI in 1945 shortly after his break with communism. Counsel had been assured by the Bureau that it had no such transcripts or recordings. Opposing counsel, in the particular proceeding, then requested that Bureau officials certify the fact in an affidavit. Instead of supplying the affidavit, the federal agency conceded to Mr. Devine that recordings had in fact been made.

Back in 1949, a similar failure of memory was also made a matter of record. In the first trial of Judith Coplon, Justice Department lawyers, with FBI representatives seated in the courtroom, assured Federal Judge Reeves that the FBI had not engaged in wire-tapping. It was later proved that at least thirty FBI agents had tapped the defendant's wires. Subsequently, in the second trial, Government counsel admitted that wire taps had been made, but reported that the bulk of the reports had been destroyed. A memorandum was then introduced



in evidence from an FBI inspector in Washington to the assistant director in New York dated November 7, 1949, stating that in view of the immediacy of Miss Coplon's trial, the wire-taps should be discontinued "and all Administrative records in the New York office covering the operations of this informant"—records, that is, derived from the wire-taps—should be destroyed.

Apparently the Bureau has also forgotten this earlier lapse, for no precautions appear to have been taken to safeguard against these recurring bouts of amnesia.

## The Old Class

Three old men of Belgrade—all over seventy—have been charged with plotting to overthrow the government of Yugoslavia and sentenced to prison terms ranging from four to eight and one-half years. The defense lawyers admitted that the men had written articles critical of the state, and of the Communist system, but claimed that "Freedom of thought and an exchange of

views cannot constitute a criminal offense." That view was not upheld by the court.

The principal defendant, Bogdan Krekic, had written a book—unpublished—called *Profile of Tito's Yugoslavia*, which apparently reached conclusions similar to those of Milovan Djilas' *The New Class*. When asked in the trial if he wished to overthrow the regime, Mr. Krekic said: "I would correct it. I am not a supporter of the one-party system. My convictions are opposed to all dictatorships."

For these views, Mr. Krekic, Aleksandar Pavlovic and Dr. Milan Zujovic, were convicted on charges of plotting to overthrow the regime. The defense protested that these were but three old men; that "a plot would have required weapons and young men—not oldsters like these." As one of their lawyers put it: "They had met over coffee as old men will."

Survivors of The Old Class, they met over coffee and talked of a better life for their country, and now they will spend the last years of their own lives in jail.

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## Under French Fire . . . Ernest L. Zaugg

*Tetuan, Morocco*

THE LIGHTS of the Moroccan village were growing fewer. The *muezzin* were calling the faithful to evening prayers. Before us was the vast, hot Sahara; behind us the pleasant coffee houses of Tangiers, Madrid, Paris. A soldier helped me mount my camel. There was laughing and joshing among my rebel companions. Then the civilian guide plodded on ahead in white, flowing gown and we followed on our camels silently into the dark.

For better or for worse, I had put myself into the hands of an army which, inexperienced and ill-equipped, was fighting both French colonialism and American arms. My companions on this caravan, who came mostly from the "civilized" Algerian coastland, were quite different from the simple Sahara nomads and Atlas mountaineers I was to meet later.

Take the doctor, for example, who called himself Avicenne, after a fa-

mous Arab doctor of the middle ages. He was, one could say, a "rich and pampered" intellectual. Doctors are so rare in Algeria—200 Algerian doctors for a population of nine million—that they are well paid and highly respected. France had stimulated him intellectually, and for that he loved her; but she had also offended him. The offense was symbolized by his passport which was like that of any Frenchman of European origin except that after his name there appeared the letters "F.M."—meaning French Moslem.

Now, like many Algerian intellectuals, he was leaving behind the good life and ten white silk shirts to join the *maquis* and fight the mother of his intellect. En route here in a European city, he had met a Frenchman and quarreled with him. "Yes," he said, "though France has made me a doctor, you can tear her from my heart, for she did not know how to give her gifts." After further violent words, the Frenchman had extended his hand and said, "Well, let us be friends. I see that you are a good Frenchman after all." "No, an Algerian," said the doctor, taking his hand.

The young students in our caravan could not write Arabic. They were as proud of their excellence in French as they were of their vial of poison which they were determined to use should they fall into the hands of the French. Each had his individual reason for hating French colonialism. (Though legally Algeria has become a department of France, as Iowa is a state of the union, colonialism remains almost unchanged.)

Abdul, a student of the law, complained that in his home town the municipal swimming pool, paid for by the taxes of all, was reserved for the French. Even in the Sahara heat it seems odd to fight a war for a good, cool swim, but for a boy a swim is very important; and later in life, Abdul found there were other pools in which he was not allowed to swim.

Omar was angry because he was refused training as a pilot, his boyhood dream. A French fellow-student—same age, same class, same rating—was accepted, but not Omar, because Omar was an Algerian. Now he has become a good night-fighter in a camel-commando troop.

Much of the determination and good fighting spirit of the young Al-

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ERNEST L. ZAUGG, roving freelance correspondent, specializes in small wars. He was in Indo-China during the war there.

February 22, 1958



gerian soldiers comes from their feeling that the French school system in Algeria is unfair. It is, they say, calculated to impress upon the Algerians their own inferiority and the superiority of France and Frenchmen. Little or no time is given to the great contributions of Arabic culture; before France came there was nothing but tents, according to the teachers. One young Algerian had to stand up in school and recite: "When *we* conquered Abdel Kader. . . ." (Abdel Kader was an early fighter for Algerian independence.) One soldier said resentfully, "Our French teachers found it quite natural that there should be colonizers and colonized."

Many of these young soldiers would have liked to undertake advanced studies, but could not. The French encouraged them to take the *certificat d'études*, given between the ages of ten and fourteen, and then to stop. The cost of further study was prohibitive for most Algerian youth.

NOW the war has given many a young man in his early twenties great opportunities to assume responsibility and perform important tasks.

In an encampment in a dried river bed on the northern edge of the Sahara I met Ismet (all names are war names), aged twenty-one, who plans and supervises sabotage for a large area. He told me of the hard time financially that many Algerian students had at his university, where the sons of French *colons* had their own planes. He planned the destruction of the electricity plant at Laghouat, which cost the French three billion francs. With him was Yasin, twenty-eight-year-old medical student, who is the only doctor in an area the size of Luxembourg and Belgium. He has applied for a Fulbright scholarship to study medicine in the United States.

Some of the best rebel soldiers are ex-soldiers of the French army, well-acquainted with French ways and the French language. They have given the rebel army much of its French character. One officer I met has a French wife; as he says: "a true French, not a colonialist." An-

other fought with the French in North Africa against Rommel, at Casino and Stuttgart; then later in the Red River delta in Indo-China. He was captured at Dien Bien Phu.

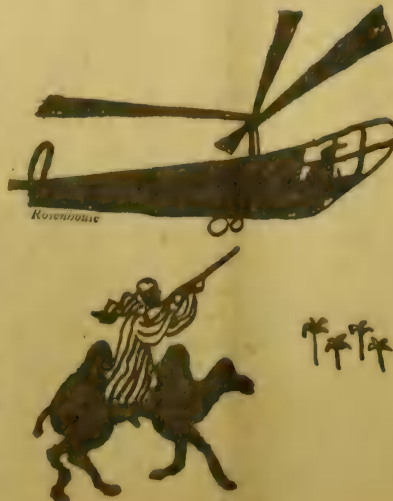
These ex-French soldiers believe that they, with other North Africans, held France erect against Germany in two world wars and did most of her dirty work in the colonies. But instead of promotion, they claim they found a supercilious attitude on the part of the French officers, who sent them forward into the hottest action and then regarded them as stupid for permitting themselves to be so used. "We gave generously of our blood and did it gladly, but France did not appreciate it," they say.

Many were in Indo-China when they heard that the Algerian revolution had broken out three years ago. They deserted at the first chance.

THE AVERAGE rebel is neither a French-speaking intellectual nor an ex-French soldier, but an ordinary young farm or city boy, or desert nomad, who has volunteered or been called to arms. Mohammed is one of these, a former truck-driver of Algiers. His uniform is ragged and his bare feet—tough as a camel's hoofs—peer out of torn sneakers.

In the dark courtyard I waited on my camel and listened to him as he talked to the people of the village, who had fed us warm soup and roast lamb in a cozy room as we reclined on thick, soft carpets.

"And when the French come," he



was addressing himself to the villagers, "do not tell them where we are, for they will bomb us with their planes."

"Oh, no," they answered eagerly, "we will never do that. Give us guns and we will fight them."

The experiences which molded Mohammed's passionate spirit were of the commonest. He told me about them one desert night under the first tree we had seen in two weeks.

Once he was walking along the city street, singing, when a French policeman stopped him and asked him why he was singing. "But . . . I am just singing . . . cannot a man sing in his own country?" he answered. The policeman hit him with his club and he hit the policeman. At the station another policeman hit him and the judge said six months. Another time a Frenchman stepped on his feet in the cinema. "But after all I am a human being . . . you could at least say 'pardon me' . . . not a dog . . ." he protested. The judge said five months.

That is how Mohammed learned the secrets of group living under difficult conditions: how to save butts and string; how to hunt lice; how to be a good friend; how to speak to people who suffer.

That is how his resentment became eloquent.

The young rebels are in character wild and impetuous, so unlike the Vietminh foes of France in Indo-China, who were disciplined by the bit and the bridle of communism. Here there is no communism.

With their violent rebellion against France there is also a bitterness against the United States because the United States supplies France with the arms to fight them. One soldier saw the unloading in Algiers of NATO material from New York; another studied at the army engineering school in France where U.S. material is used almost exclusively; a third was in Indo-China where U.S. material was used. Everyone sees the GMCs crawling slowly along the mined roads and the great "Made in U.S." troop-carrying helicopters or "bananas," as they are called, landing on a hill to disgorge their load of forty-two French troops.



Here, as in Indo-China, there is a humorous way of looking at U.S. aid to France. The Algerian rebels say, as the Vietminh used to say, "We are grateful to America for sending us so many things via France."

However, most of the talk I heard was angry and accusatory—very tiring for me, for I did not need convincing of the wrongness of the French using U.S. arms in Algeria.

TEN DAYS out of Morocco, in a Sahara grotto, civilians brought us news that the French were gathering soldiers for a big *ratissage*, or cleaning-up operation. We got on our camels and soon were safe miles away. The civilians, organized and patriotic, are one of the secrets of rebel success. Another is the clever use of topography.

In the South the Atlas mountains are the safe refuge or "tank" of the rebels. In a stretch of over 1,000 miles of mountains, the civilians bring them by night their lamb, vegetables and macaroni and, as a special treat, French cakes from Algiers. The civilians get paid, of course, for the rebels are not *fellagha* (highwaymen), as the French call them, but a government army with typewriters and records in duplicate and triplicate.

After my first experience of a French attack in the Atlas I felt as safe here as in New York. The rebels are scattered so thinly over

this rough terrain that it is impossible for the French to corner any large number of them. Their positions are so favorable that any soldiers with a bit of determination—and they have lots—could hold them.

The French come with trucks and tanks as far as the road allows, and then continue on foot. To save ammunition the rebels wait until they are close and fire only to kill, so initial French losses are usually high. The French then send in planes and "bananas" and shoot cannon, but before the battle is well under way night falls and the rebels are free to take up new positions.

We at headquarters move from valley to valley. Our guide belongs to a local tribe which has always shot at strangers and cut roads. He finds us safe caverns, the ceilings of which are black with smoke from fires his tribe made in times of peace when it moved through these hills with sheep and goats. The guide has the self-assurance of one who knows his trade and feels that his services are appreciated. Sahara sharpshooters like him can bring down a swiftly running gazelle which a city man would hardly be able to see. With rifles they have brought down many a "banana" worth more than the assets of a whole tribe.

Every day three or four French planes fly overhead and the guards shout "tiarra" (plane). Camouflage is so good that the pilots have little

chance of hitting a *fellagha*. Ashamed to go back with their load, they dump it in the nearest valley.

LAST NIGHT there was another wave of anti-Americanism around the fireless campfire. Again the rebels cursed U.S. arms and said that France would stop the war if Washington would call her off. Feeling ran so high that the chief of the group had to point out that the U.S. correspondent did not make U.S. policy and would be hit by the same bombs as the rebels.

This morning some left-over bombs were dumped nearby. They made a great noise and the planes buzzed menacingly. But then suddenly hot water, which had been difficult to get in this equalitarian society where everyone washes in cold water, became easy to get and everyone had a friendly grin.

The rebels' resentment against U.S. arms to France is only surpassed by their desire for some of their own. They have lots of small U.S. weapons, some old, some new, which they have taken or bought from the French. They need more and larger ones. Their army of 150,000 men could easily be increased to 500,000 if they had the arms.

Slowly the weapons of one province after another are being modernized. When the rebels have even a tenth of what the French have, there will be a big tum-tum in Algeria.

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## AKRON TESTS THE SIX-HOUR DAY

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# Less Work—Less Leisure . . by Harvey Swados

Akron, Ohio

I regard the five-day week as an unworthy ideal . . . More work and better work is a more inspiring and worthier motto than less work and more pay . . . It is better not to trifle or tamper with God's laws.

—John E. Edgerton, President of the National Association of Manufacturers (1926).

TIMES HAVE changed since the gentleman quoted above invoked

the Deity in opposition to Henry Ford's revolutionary five-day week. Not that hard-pressed executives ceased thereafter to cite divine guidance as the source of their labor relations. A decade after Mr. Edgerton pointed to the Lord, sit-down strikers at the largest rubber plant in the world, Akron's Goodyear plant, provided one of the first tests of the new C.I.O., and in a nineteen-below-zero St. Valentine's Day blizzard, the

scraggly crowd of determined workers marched up Market Street into the teeth of the gale. Little more than a year later, in March, 1937, the 10,000 workers of the Akron Firestone

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HARVEY SWADOS' latest novel, *On the Line*, deals with the auto workers. His article, *The Myth of the Happy Worker*, which appeared in *The Nation* of August 17, 1957, aroused widespread interest.



plant struck after four years of futile effort to get the company to recognize their union. Harvey Firestone was at his estate in Miami Beach. The teletype from Akron to Harbel Villa kept Mr. Firestone informed, but, we are assured by the authorized Firestone biographer, it "did not alleviate his feeling of distress at this cleavage. 'When the strike broke out in Akron it jarred me for a day or two. Then I concluded there must be some reason for it and that we could not help it, but the thing we should do was not to fight it but to stand on what we thought was right and then let matters stand, as it was God's will we were to have a strike



and there was a good reason for it, and it would be righted in the right time. . . ."

IN THE Akron of today, it is hard indeed to realize that it was only twenty years ago that Harvey Firestone sent that philosophical message to his son, that it was only twenty years ago that the Firestone strikers threw up shacks of canvas, wood and tin as picket shelters at the freezing factory gates. Now this industrial city is clean, prosperous and not slum-ridden, and to the casual visitor the workers themselves are transformed, too; they are no longer the grimly huddled proletarians of those terrible and dramatic days. At a glance, they seem to epitomize the publicity ideal of the smiling middle-class American. And the union that helped to lead them out of the pit

of the depression, the United Rubber Workers, is today not merely a well-housed and comfortably situated fraternal organization; it is a democratically-operated, decently-administered labor union, properly and profoundly concerned with the naggingly complex problems of its membership, and still so proud of its militant origins that it disputes with its big brother union, the Auto Workers, the claim to originating the weapon of the sit-down strike.

Just as it is hard to realize that the affable, self-assured workers cruising Akron's streets in late-model cars are often the same men who pounded up those streets as defiant strikers two decades ago, so it is hard to believe that much of the present leadership of their union, from President L. H. Buckmaster on down, consists of the very same men who founded the union and endured beatings and imprisonment in the course of their early struggles. Yet you will bump into them as you travel around town—George Bass in the International Office, Joe Childs at a restaurant, Jack Little at a meeting of his local; men whose names are already legendary, but who give the impression—along with the union's rank-and-file activists and "politicians"—of being more worried about the immediate future than proud of their accomplishments in what is already the remote past. Indeed, one might almost be tempted to characterize this mood, particularly among the rank and file, as one of uncertainty, of tentativeness of direction, of lack of confidence in whatever the ultimate goals may be. It is a mood strikingly different from the explosive élan of those who went out and built the C.I.O. because they were convinced beyond question that they were going to convert the rotten life of the American worker into the good life.

Ever since those dismal depression days, a portion of Akron's rubber workers have worked a six-hour day and a six-day week. The six-hour day was first instituted by the companies as a work-sharing (or poverty-sharing) device, but soon became so popular with the workers that they wrote it into their union constitution (one of their constitutionally-en-

shrined objectives is "To establish the six-hour day and the thirty-hour work-week with wage increases to compensate for the shorter time so that there will be no reduction in weekly earnings from such action"), and into their contracts with the Big Four of the rubber industry. Today it is an emotionally-charged article of belief, and even the most cursory inquirer in Akron soon becomes convinced that the delegate from Local 101 to the union's 1956 Los Angeles convention was hardly exaggerating when he cried from the floor: "We in the six-hour plant regard it as almost a religion."

IT IS this unique long-time experience with the shorter work-day that has lately made Akron a focus of interest as a possible forecast of what all America will be like in the era of the less-than-forty-hour week, an era that presently seems inevitable even if the Deity should once again be invoked by those who oppose its arrival. Already the town has been researched and written-up by *Fortune* and the *Wall Street Journal*, and it is increasingly referred to by those who write about and ponder the problems that will attend the shorter work-week: will people use the increased leisure wisely? will workers tend to hunt up second jobs? what will the social effects eventually be?

Unquestionably, the outlines of the social pattern of the future are here to be seen. But the first thing the visitor learns is the complexity of that pattern, and certainly before we are so brash as to generalize from this unique industrial instance we should at least note some of the special factors that must be taken into consideration in any speculation about the uses of leisure.

*First*, although about 30,000 rubber workers do work a six-hour day, six days a week, with the plants operating four shifts a day, they represent only about 15 per cent of the employees of the rubber industry. Most rubber workers, by special contractual agreements, are now on a straight eight-hour day with premium pay if they work the sixth day.

*Second*, even in some of the six-hour shops there are departments or



divisions (mostly the crafts) which work eight-hour shifts.

*Third*, in only two cities outside Akron do Rubber Workers' locals have six-hour contracts.

(These first three points acquire a special significance when you realize that the hourly rate for the eight-hour man is contractually lower, even for the same work, than that of the man in the six-hour plant—but that he may take home somewhat more money if his plant regularly works a sixth or overtime day. To put it mildly, the union membership is not united on the question of which working day is better.)

*Fourth*, Akron cannot be regarded as a typical American industrial city, if only because its population is virtually homogeneous with a relatively small percentage of immigrants. They call Akron "the capital of West Virginia." It would seem obvious that people who have come up by the thousands out of the hill country to make steady money building tires are going to use their leisure somewhat differently from those who came over from Europe to make ladies' garments or pig iron, but also to escape oppression and to build a future for their children.

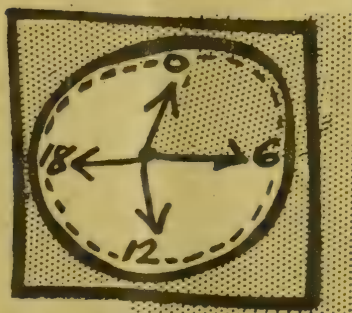
*Fifth*, the city is relatively characterless—partly because the Southerners are still so deeply rooted in their home country that they return at every opportunity, and partly because the rubber barons have not seen fit to dispense largesse in any considerable amount in the community which produces their wealth or to indulge locally in those leisure-class hobbies which have given other cities their symphonies and art galleries.

*Sixth*, it seems most unlikely that any general shortening of working hours across the country will follow the unique Akron pattern. More probably we are going to see unions pressing for work-weeks like the Garment Workers' seven-hour, five-day week, or the Auto Workers' momentarily-abandoned, but very much alive proposed eight-hour, four-day week. The difference in effect of each system is almost incalculable. For example, who is going to be more willing and able to work at a second job: the man who works

a six-hour, six-day week, or the one who will work an eight-hour, four-day week?

*Seventh*, there has been no large-scale, careful study of the uses of leisure by Akron rubber workers. With the exception of a cursory union survey, there has not been an attempt to find out exactly how many of them hold down a second job. Therefore, given the complexity of the six-hour-eight-hour pattern, no one can say with confidence that the man who works shorter hours does in fact lead a measurably different life—in terms of what he does with his off-hours—than his fellow on the more traditional eight-hour day. In all honesty we must be limited at this point to impressionistic hunches and conjectures, which in the present instance are based on observation and on conversation with workers.

WHAT CAN we learn from the experience of these Americans who have been living with the short work-day for a generation? Quite a lot.



First of all, the research director of the Akron Chamber of Commerce estimates that there are about 52,000 women workers in an Akron labor force of 195,000 persons. Now it is true that one out of three in the national labor force of some 65,000,000 is a woman, and that the Akron ratio is apparently somewhat smaller. But when you remember that Akron is primarily a city of heavy industry, the figure is staggering—particularly when you learn that some 60 per cent of the Akron working women are married. In short, 30,000 housewives in this area are not only housewives but wage-earners too, and not on an emergency war-time basis but as steady work-

ers, accumulating seniority, looking for paid vacations and working toward retirement pensions alongside their men.

Not exactly alongside, however. The wife in Chicago or New York who works will probably leave home with her husband in the morning and meet him at home for supper. Not so in Akron, where the four six-hour rubber-plant shifts make it easier for the wife to work a shift which will still enable her to keep house, and for the husband to work one which will enable him to babysit while his wife works. If, in addition, he has a *second* job, which as we will see is often the case, he is going to be able to spend only a few hours a week alone with his wife. Their children, often looked after by grandma or by baby-sitters, are causing heads to shake anxiously over increasing juvenile delinquency. Togetherness is never going to penetrate very far into the household where the adults are holding down multiple jobs; for every three marriage licenses issued here last year, there was one suit filed for divorce. And we have to bear in mind that this looks more and more like a permanent phenomenon, as working wives strive not just for that extra paycheck (the federal government takes a healthy bite out of it every year), but for security, for hospitalization, medical care, vacations, pensions.

WE MIGHT note parenthetically at this point that a Gallup poll taken last year indicated that, on a national basis, women were opposed to the idea of a four-day week by a three-to-one margin. No reasons were given, but it seems only logical that a housewife who normally puts in a twelve-hour day and must continue to do so (like the farmers, who were predictably opposed to the four-day week by a four-to-one margin) would resent such a lightening of the burden of others. Besides, there is the fear that the husband who is off for three days may become less responsible, drink more, run around more. Nevertheless, I should be very much surprised if a poll were to show anything like this feeling among the women of Akron,



who have learned from experience that the shorter day gives them more of what they want—even if it is only the opportunity to go out and become wage-earners themselves.

What else have the Akron rubber workers been doing with those extra hours? The stroller down South Main Street on a Monday evening, when the stores are open late, will get one or two ideas, provided he isn't run over (per capita auto registration here last year was second only to Los Angeles). Husbands and wives are clustered in the brilliantly-lit do-it-yourself supermarkets, picking over wall-coverings for the bathroom and floor-coverings for the rumpus room. Home ownership is high—seven out of ten Akron families live in their own homes—and men who work only six hours a day can put in a good deal of time fixing and repairing, building a garage, paving a driveway, adding an extra room.

The bowling alleys are jammed, the poolrooms do well, the neighboring waters are stocked with power boats, and last year Summit County sold the fantastic number of 67,400 hunting and fishing licenses to local residents (there are a little over 300,000 people in Akron).

THE churches can't complain, either. The people up from West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee take their religion seriously, many of them tithe as a matter of course and of conscience, and they go in heavily for revivalism and fundamentalism. The Temple of Healing Stripes has free bus service to its Divine Healing Services; evangelists hold Old Fashioned Brush-Arbor Revivals and show Signs! Wonders! Miracles! every night in the summertime; and Rex Humbard is supervising construction of the Cathedral of Tomorrow, Calvary Temple, The Largest Church Auditorium Built In This Generation.

Other cultural manifestations are somewhat more muted. Living theatre is practically non-existent, there is no professional symphony, and although the Public Library is good, one can search the city in vain for a bookshop devoted to selling new books. (There are, to be sure, several

which specialize in ecclesiastical tracts of various denominations, and a shop in the very shadow of a rubber plant which, despite the protestations of its owner that he caters to a steady clientele of "bookworms," seems to attract primarily young workers looking for what the proprietor calls "strictly legal" sex and girlie books.)

At this level, then, Akron rubber workers do not seem to spend their extra off-hours very differently from their brothers across America. What the others are doing, *they* are doing—and then some. We can even say this of the one big question not touched on thus far, the second job. A Federal Census Bureau survey published in the summer of 1957 found some 3,700,000 persons to be multiple job-holders. This figure is about double what it had been six years before, and it works out to about 5.5 per cent of the country's total employed.

Now there cannot be a single person in Akron who would claim—although everyone is guessing—that the percentage of rubber workers holding down two jobs is that low. Best guesses seem to agree that anywhere from one in seven down to one in five rubber workers holds a second full-time job, with a small fraction even managing two jobs on different shifts at different rubber plants. In addition, something like 40 per cent engage in some sort of part-time outside work. With such a discrepancy between the Akron picture and the national picture, the inference would seem obvious, although there are many rubber workers who heatedly deny it: the shorter day, even with a higher pay scale, increases the number of men who obtain second jobs as garage attendants, taxi drivers, bellhops, grocers, butchers, clerks, insurance salesmen, realtors, brokers, barbers, repairmen, bakers — yes, and engineers too.

I AM AFRAID that what I have said thus far has a cold and clammy ring to it; but the general picture must be clear before we can attempt to understand its meaning in the lives of the individual actors—the workers themselves. It is to be ex-

pected that *Time*, surveying the "moonlighting" (two-job) situation, should point out that there are those who "hail moonlighters as heirs to the spirit of the nation's founders and insist that hard work never hurt anybody." But when Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., asserted last fall that "The most dangerous threat hanging over American society is the threat of leisure . . . and those who have the least preparation for leisure will have the most of it," one wonders whether he realized that it was the *enforced* leisure of the layoff that was soon to threaten American workers, and that all too often it was the memory of previous enforced leisure that was driving them into moonlighting, into destroying their leisure by racing from one job to the other while the jobs were still there to be had?

It is unlikely that Mr. Schlesinger was thinking in these terms. One can agree with his warning only if one takes a long-term view; it can hardly be immediately comforting to those workers who have not accumulated sufficient seniority to avoid being laid off in the current slump, like the two ladies with fourteen years' seniority who sat biting their lips, jobless, in an Akron coffee shop. Or (to cite a perhaps less suspect source), like Kenneth Marxmiller of the Caterpillar plant in Peoria. "It affects my wife more than me," said Mr. Marxmiller to a *Life* reporter (January 27, 1958). "She just sits and cries. . . ."

NOR is it likely that Mr. Schlesinger could foresee how rapidly his analysis would be vulgarized into the grossest sort of caricature. The *Saturday Evening Post* of January 11, 1958, has a short story entitled *Holiday for Howie* and subtitled: *At first glance it seemed terrific, a four-day work week! But then he found there was a catch in it. . . .* The catch, it turns out, is that Howie rapidly gets bored with all that leisure. He takes to sleeping late on those long weekends, and when his wife declines to go gallivanting around the country with him (her responsibility to house and children continues on his days off), he looks up an old school friend, now a rich bachelor leading an idle, dissolute life. They drink together,



which is what Howie had been looking forward to, but the friend reveals that he is not really happy or free; he is drinking himself to death from boredom and loneliness. Shocked, Howie goes to the beach to Think Things Out:

He hadn't learned to handle time. All he could do was try to kill it. . . . And all the while, crazily, more time being made. Household gadgets to save time for the housewife, for what? So that she can spend the afternoon playing cards? And all the freeways built to save time, for what? So that people traveling at break-neck speed can get home ten minutes earlier to have an extra cocktail before dinner? And science adding years to a man's life, for what? So that at eighty he can learn to dance? . . . Speed, and time to be filled, is that all our civilization has contributed? He felt like crying and he didn't know why.

Lying there, Howie discovers the secret—Time opens out for him into Eternity. He hurries home to explain this to his wife—a large order—and to tell her that he has decided to take a second job, one which will fill two of his three free days, because:

" . . . Time is not for me. Some people can handle it. I can't. . . ."

"Oh, Howie." There was love and admiration in her muffled voice. And vague regret.

"Cheer up, Doll. Think what we can do with the extra money—lots of things. Think what we can get—a new car, with all the gadgets! Color TV! Air conditioning! We'll really be living! Smile, Doll!"

THE END

It is characteristic of the corrupt sub-literature of the mass media, as it used to be of Fascist propaganda, that it is thoroughly capable of seizing on some of the most agonizing and centrally important human problems and distorting them into grotesque and semi-comic horror stories, which relate only weirdly to the way people really think and feel.

THEN WHAT DO the workers believe? Every Akron worker with any consciousness of his position in society starts with one unalterable and clearly-understood premise: he is a member of a declining labor force. On November 1, 1951, the

Goodrich plant in Akron had 11,475 employees on its rolls; on May 4, 1956, it had 8,500 employees. It is true that the company moved some of its operations to more modern and hence more competitive plants elsewhere, as well as to plants working eight-hour shifts (with lower hourly rates); but this only serves to sharpen the worker's realization that automation, rationalization and continually developing industrial technology are, before his very eyes, cutting down on the number of human beings needed to manufacture goods.

He sees himself in a situation not unlike that of the farmer. With productivity steadily increasing at the rate of about 3 per cent a year, he will be able to protect himself and his family only by moving from the manufacture of goods to the delivery of services, as the farmers have gradually moved to the cities (the two-job situation can be partially interpreted as the beginning of such a shift—very often the second job is a service job, whether it be cutting hair or selling real estate), or by spending less hours per week producing goods. I was not too surprised to hear several workers say that they believed eventually the government would have to subsidize labor as it has subsidized the farmer. "You can call this socialism if you want," one added aggressively. "The point is the problem is bigger than we are and it has to be solved in a big way."

Here again is something the Akron worker has come to see: the problem of the shorter work-week, of increased leisure versus a second job, is bigger than he is, it is bigger even than his 220,000-member union, and it has implications that may make it too big even for his senior partner, the million-membered Auto Workers Union, whose lead he has traditionally followed (although the development of the plastic industry and of such products as foam rubber and plicofilm are making Akron somewhat less directly dependent on Detroit's prosperity). And he is badly split.

He is split not only when an eight-hour local opposes a six-hour local (the international union, which has been seriously trying to achieve work-week uniformity so that it can bar-

gain across the country for pay-rate uniformity, presented its program clumsily to the last convention and was voted down by the six-hour men and the abstainers). He is split in discussions within his own local. And most serious and pregnant of all, he is sorely split in his own mind.

Every rubber worker with whom I spoke was agreed that the rising unemployment in Akron would vanish at once if all men working second jobs were to leave them. Were they therefore agreed that all two-jobbers should be compelled to give up the second job? No.

Again, no one knows for sure, but there seems to be a consensus that the men who are out moonlighting are mostly in the thirty-five to fifty age bracket. Men older than that



often have their homes paid off; their wants are more modest; they are looking forward to retirement and pension. They are over the hump. The youngsters in the six-hour shops have never worked any longer hours; this seems plenty long enough to spend in a filthy, noisy place where the acrid stench of hot rubber is never absent. And some of them can and do go to Akron University while they are working. It is the men who remember the depression who apparently comprise the bulk of the two-jobbers—they and the young men with wives and children who have concurrent payments to meet



(sometimes of staggering amounts) on house, car, TV, furniture and appliances. And, as the very men who oppose the two-job frenzy demand: "Can you blame them?"

WHAT IS wrong, then, with a man going out and getting a second job? In reply the workers themselves will tell you horror stories far more shocking than any dreamed up by a slick fictioneer. They will tell you of a Negro worker found to have twelve years of seniority at one rubber plant and thirteen at another, and finally forced to choose between them, when the fact that he had been working seventy-two hours a week not for a few months, but for a dozen years, was brought to light. They will tell you of workers taking second jobs at small independent eight-hour rubber shops and being told frankly by their new boss that he had secured contracts on the basis of their working for him for less than the union scale in the Big Four. They will tell you of two men splitting an eight-hour shift at a gas station in their "leisure" time, and thus depriving one job-hunter of full-time work. They will tell you of their brother union members driving cabs for scab wages, cutting hair for scab wages, painting houses for scab wages. They will tell you of their terrible shame when a member of their union's policy committee was found working a second job as a salesman in a department store even while the store was being picketed by the Retail Clerks' union for not paying a decent minimum wage. They will insist that the rubber companies themselves look the other way when a worker takes a second job (unless his efficiency is drastically lowered), because they know that the man with two jobs will be less likely to attend union meetings, that he will more easily accede to downgrading, that in general he will be far less militant than the man who relies solely on the income from his job in the rubber plant.

And then, almost in the same breath, they will say that this is a free country; that you can't stop a man from trying to get ahead; that if a man wants to drive himself to death for the privilege of sleeping

in a \$30,000 house it is his privilege; and that it is only reasonable for a man still as basically insecure as an industrial worker to make it while he can, to catch up while times are still good, to acquire some of the luxuries while they are still within his grasp.

IS THIS A preview of America's (and indeed the industrialized world's) future? As the work-week shrinks, will we be treated to the spectacle not of thousands, but of millions of workers scrambling to undercut one another, protected in the primary job by their union and bidding their labor for secondary employment at ruinously low rates? Will leisure become a term of mockery covering longer hours spent in working to obtain, and then to replace, household objects carefully engineered for rapid obsolescence? On this point, at any rate, some of the workers mix faith and optimism. They tend to agree, although they put it differently, with the magazine *Factory Management and Maintenance* (November, 1956), that the "Crux of the matter, on either a four- or five-day week, is whether general economic conditions and the worker's pay scale would put pressure on him to carry a second job for the added income, or allow him to enjoy the added leisure of a four-day week with a single job."

But the road toward that happy day is going to be, and is now, hard, rocky and painful. "Certainly it should not be expected that there should be eight hours of pay for six hours of work," Goodyear's Board Chairman P. W. Litchfield and President E. J. Thomas told their employees in 1953. Despite the fact that they did not invoke the Deity, they were not fooling. Employers generally are going to resist the better pay-less hours onslaught with everything they've got; unions will be forced by the logic of the situation to carry that onslaught forward with everything they've got.

When the dust has settled—and a good many human beings have suffered in the struggle to achieve it—we will probably find ourselves in the era of the shorter work-week. Then Mr. Schlesinger's warning of a

populace trained to work but not to live will be seen in all its force—and in all likelihood it may be too late to do anything about it in a missile-maddened, consumption-crazy society premised on lunacy and buttressed by hypocrisy. It is not to be expected that the unions, deeply absorbed as they are in daily grievance wrangles and protracted contractual fights, are going to devote themselves to thoroughgoing studies and forecasts of the leisure hours of their membership. Besides, as one tough but weary old militant put it to me ruefully: "We've been so worried these past years about subversives that we haven't hired or inspired any of the young hotheads. The banks and the law firms aren't afraid of the independent-minded kids—they snap them up—but we've been scared of radicals here in the union and as a result we're not attracting the kind of minds who could help us plan for a different future, the way we used to attract them when we were first organizing."

THE problem of what two hundred million of us will do with our increasing leisure time—and just as we have been watching Akron, so two billion will be watching the two hundred million—is so awesome in its magnitude as to be terrifying. Isn't that all the more reason for it to capture the imagination of our younger generation of social scientists, as the conquest of other worlds is supposed to be capturing the imagination of the physical scientists?

We must persist in the confidence that the best of the new intellectuals will break free of the internal isolationism, the exclusive concern with career and family, which has preoccupied them in common with most Americans for the past decade and more, and will undertake audaciously the task of outlining a social order in which both work and leisure will be rationally based. What is needed is a social order in which, most important of all, the masses of man will be protected against the swelling flood of "entertainment" opiates in order that they may be energized to search freely for new patterns of spontaneous living for themselves and their children.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Influence of Edmund Wilson

### The Dual Tradition

Robert E. Spiller

THE HIGH PLACE of Edmund Wilson in modern American literary criticism has been slow of recognition because he has always seemed to play the role of counselor, interpreter and friend to his fellow writers and readers rather than that of lawgiver or of chronicler. Because most of his critical essays have been in the form of reviews of current books in such journals as the *Dial*, the *New Republic* and the *New Yorker*, his philosophical depth and his historical perspective have not always been appreciated. Yet he has been, from the twenties down to the present, a leading voice among those critics who cling to the conception of a work of art as an expression of its own creator and of the culture which produced him. An historical critic rather than a literary historian, he has done more than anyone else in his time to make the master works of his contemporaries intelligent to their own readers and to assign to them the values which posterity in many cases must accept. In this first of three essays in tribute to his achievement, it is my task to sketch in the outlines of the modern movement in American literary criticism so that, in his turn, Mr. Wilson may find his place in the literary hierarchy. The essays which follow will discuss his work as critic and journalist in more detail.

The late F. O. Matthiessen, speaking of the state of American poetry in the years prior to 1948, warned against the "serious cleavage" it revealed "between what we have learned to call mass civilization and mi-

nority culture." In broader terms, the same cleavage has tended to divide our critics into two principal groups: that which has made persistent efforts to read and evaluate literature as an immediate expression of life and that which has made it an object of aesthetic experience in itself. The issue is, of course, the old one between emphasis on content and emphasis on form, but it has gained a peculiar force in a time when the United States was producing a body of literary work which was at once violently critical of its own social ideals and institutions and obviously successful as works of art. Whatever his special school of thought, the critic today must choose whether for him literature is a means or an end—whether to look closely at the novel, play, or poem in order to understand and evaluate better the life behind it and within it, or merely to understand it as an object in itself and to rise with it from the complexities of actual experience to a plane of ideal order. For T. S. Eliot and the so-called "New Critics" the role of literature is mainly the latter; for Edmund Wilson and the socio-historical critics it is mainly the former.

THE cleavage between these two groups dates back to the late nineteenth century when William Dean Howells was calling for a "truthful treatment of material" and his close friend Henry James was admonishing: "Try to be one of the people on whom nothing is lost" so that fiction may thus produce a total illusion of life rather than life itself. The facts that they remained friends and that subsequent literary historians classed them both as "realists" suggest that these early glimpses of the issue were abortive. It was not until the new literature came out in force that the voice of mass civili-

zation in a Theodore Dreiser so dramatically challenged that of the minority culture in a Barrett Wendell.

The literary radicalism of the next period was somewhat vague as to the social philosophies behind its protest, but it seemed consistent because it attacked the vested interests of nineteenth-century gentility and called with a single voice for awareness of the rising power of America and of the raw violence and conflict which the new civilization revealed. Van Wyck Brooks called attention to the conflict between the "high-brow" and the "low-brow" in letters, Randolph Bourne saw the issue as one between complacent age and rebellious youth, and H. L. Mencken led the attack on the "Puritans" and the "Professors." The vague mirage of "Socialism" promised solution to the problems thus laid bare except when the more daring critics leaned to the then leftist extreme of "Anarchism" or to an even more sinister rightist form of anti-democracy. The seeds of later dogmatisms were all present, but none were defined as yet explicitly.

IT WAS at this time (1920-21) that Edmund Wilson returned from his medical corps service in France and became managing editor of *Vanity Fair*, and that T. S. Eliot, by then permanently located in London, became the editor of the *Criterion* (1923). The two major critical voices of the new era of literary fulfillment had chosen their rostrums and their philosophical angles of vision.

Wilson himself recognized the wide difference between his position and Eliot's when, in his Princeton address of 1941, "The Historical Interpretation of Literature," he summarized Eliot's essay on "Tradition and the Individual Talent" and pointed out that the relating of a work of art to its own "ideal order" rather than to its own time, place and authorship is a comparative rather than an historical method. He also attempted to distinguish his own method from

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the apparently historical but actually chronological impressionism of Saintsbury. He then sought to find the roots of his own thinking in the tradition (in another sense) of Vico, Herder, Taine, Marx and Freud. In doing so, he drew up his own agenda. He did not plan to write a literary history, but he did plan to use the historical method in his criticism of individual works of art, and he looked upon his task rightly as a complex and demanding one.

Three of Wilson's books stand out from the rest of his work as direct attempts to apply this philosophy by dealing with the culture behind a group of authors: *Axel's Castle* (1931), *To the Finland Station* (1940) and *The Wound and the Bow* (1941). The first deals with Aestheticism, the second with Marxism and the third with Freudianism. In each case, he produced a book which went a long way toward giving a contemporary dogmatism its historical place and value and thus partially removing its sting.

IN attempting to define Symbolism in its historical setting and to examine the work of its chief proponents, *Axel's Castle* was, so to speak, carrying the war to the enemy; yet, in spite of a dubious linking of the movement with historical Romanticism, Wilson pinpointed the central critical issue of the time. Here for the first time, the intentions and techniques of an international group (Yeats, Eliot, Joyce, Proust, Stein and Valéry) are brought under review, and the meaning of each made brilliantly clear by relating it to the common meaning, as Wilson sees it, in the movement. Thus, in six cases, the historical method illuminates the critical judgment, even though the result is not quite literary history. A dogmatism is broken down and made to serve rather than master its adherents. Writers who, by their own principles, reject historicism, are found to have historical setting and to be what they are largely because of it.

*To the Finland Station* is a similar *tour de force*. While contemporaries who shared with Wilson the conviction of social responsibility in letters were being carried, during the late

thirties, into various degrees of commitment to organized communism and fascism, Wilson reported, in *Travels in Two Democracies* (1936), on his visit to Russia and then took a Guggenheim fellowship year to study Marxism in its historic setting. The result gave the group of disillusioned spiritual exiles a reasoned analysis of this dogmatism when the Russo-German pact revealed the fallacy of identifying idealistic socialism with Russian politics. A comparison of Wilson's application of the Marxist formula to literary criticism with the literary criticism and history of Max Eastman, Granville Hicks, V. F. Cal-

verton, Newton Arvin and many others reveals the difference between the concepts of an ideology as servant and as master.

The third dogmatism of the time to come under Wilson's review was Freudianism. The *Wound and the Bow* follows the pattern of *Axel's Castle* in that a series of studies of individual authors is concluded by an essay which provides the clue to their common meaning. In this case, the wound of Philoctetes provides Sophocles with a psychological reason for the myth of the unerring bow of Apollo. Again, the Freudian formula is related to the larger mythical

## The Garden God

Style is the water out of Homer,  
The way it flows. It never flows  
The same from the stone orifice  
Down into the garden pool.

Mark then that majestic head  
And fount of heavenly declension,  
The bubbles in the basin  
Making a merry noise and music.

Style is large and god-like, as if  
An elegance made life-like, and  
It seems to be an absolute,  
Curly locks, blind eyes, and sound.

Yet every day the water plays  
Differently from Homer's mouth.  
Each time I look thereon  
New enticement amazes me.

The winds of time will play the tune,  
A bird will come to sip alone,  
A cat will change the water-scene  
With arch and ritual concern.

I do not see our Homer plain.  
I see him melodious or restive,  
I feel the tensions of the day,  
The quick alarms, acclaims of change.

Style is by water life-like  
And is not what it seems to be,  
The absolute good of the god's mouth  
And his imperial esteems.

Style is magical despair  
Lest from the fount and source and power  
A single drop or grain  
Should lose itself from life's rich main

And it is plain for each to see  
In dream and consequence,  
The order of the oak and grass,  
The waving water's sound.

Or so I think replete  
With multitudinous harmonies  
On any day in summer here  
In the garden where our Homer is.

RICHARD EBERHART

The NATION



traditions of literature before being applied directly, as it was by Ludwig Lewisohn, Waldo Frank, Van Wyck Brooks and many lesser critics, to the neuroses of authors. And again Wilson provided an historical dimension to modern American literary criticism without himself writing literary history.

The school of critics of which Wilson is thus a leader was disrupted during the thirties and forties by the conflicting strengths of these and

other distracting dogmatisms. A few critics like Malcolm Cowley, Maxwell Geismar, F. O. Matthiessen, Alfred Kazin and Lionel Trilling have shared with him the task of keeping alive the intimate relationship between the work of art and its culture, but the group as a whole lacks the coherence and commitment of its analytical opposite. Whether the temperate liberalism of these genuine critics will survive one more dogmatism remains to be seen.

## Wilson as Critic

*Richard Chase*

EDMUND WILSON has been called "America's foremost critic" for so long that we have forgotten what we meant, more than two decades ago, when we began to call him that. To be so famous for so long is to suffer a certain isolation. And I think that now when some people refer to "America's foremost critic," it is really a way they have of shelving him, on the dusty upper shelf, along with the other classics and commercials of which they remain conscious but do not turn to for guidance or pleasure. It has been easy to read Wilson's *New Yorker* pieces of recent years, good as these have often been, without caring to recall what it was that once made him pre-eminent—namely, that he was the most intelligent and articulate member of the radical *avant-garde*.

Furthermore, partly for good, partly for ill, Wilson has isolated himself from the currents of thought and opinion in which most literary critics have been swimming for the last decade and a half. This he admits, in fact declares, in his illuminating *A Piece of My Mind* (1956). Not only that; he feels alienated

from modern America itself and tells us that when he looks through *Life* magazine he feels that he does not "belong to the country depicted there." The advanced critic, cosmopolitan and *au courant* when he published *Axel's Castle* in 1931, sounds in *A Piece of My Mind* like an irascible village atheist, a small-town intellectual of the pre-Civil War days—named, one likes to imagine, Pudd'nhead.

Many people of the Eisenhower Age who call Wilson "America's foremost critic" do not have their eye on him but on the "highbrow," "advanced," or "new" critics, whom they wish to belabor. At the same time that some of the highbrows have been abandoning him for more exact and stringently formal critics, Wilson has become a middlebrow talking point in the campaign against highbrows in general, and there have been times when he has unhappily seemed to lend himself to this campaign. This has blurred the image of Wilson, until it is hard to recall what his really great qualities are. Clifton Fadiman, for example, tells us that his ideal critic is "Edmund Wilson or Gilbert Highet or John Mason Brown." When Mr. Fadiman says this, he means among other things that the ideal critic has broad interests, has flexibility of judgment and style, does not concern himself unduly with merely technical literary questions, sees literature in its cultural and historical context, writes in a clear and readable manner. Above all, what he means is that the ideal critic inhabits the solid and hu-

mane middle ground of taste and opinion, avoiding the intellectual perverseness of the highbrow and the vulgarity of the lowbrow. There may be something to be said for this view, yet the basic trouble with it is that in America the middle ground of taste and opinion does not exist, except as a swampy intellectual morass, or, to look at it another way, a merchandising device for the exchange of tastes and ideas.

In any case, the virtues of Mr. Fadiman's ideal critic are not what make Wilson Wilson (rather than Highet or Brown), virtues though they may truly be. His pre-eminence, now as always, derives from his radical intransigence and the force of a strongly individualistic intelligence. Without these, Mr. Fadiman's "virtues" are as naught, and his blurred image of Wilson tells us more about the Eisenhower Age than about anything else.

ANOTHER blurred image of Wilson, which has considerable currency in academic halls, is that of the younger "new" critics. They generally discount the historical method as irrelevant to the exegesis of the text. They point out that Wilson is not a good reader of modern poetry. They think of him as a kind of culture or idea monger, whose chief function is popularization and whose main critical device is the paraphrase—the paraphrase, like the historical method, being, we are told, a fallacy. It is true that, especially in his later writings, Wilson seems somewhat carried away by his own great skill in the art of paraphrasing works of literature. But the younger "new" critics fail to see that paraphrase, like translation and parody, at which Wilson is also adept, is for him a critical act, a legitimate way of explicating and judging, not merely popularizing, works of literature. Wilson has stuck to the highroad of modern thought that comes down from the Enlightenment, believing that intelligence by nature paraphrases, translates and parodies experience in order to organize it, or, as he writes in "A Preface to Persius" (reprinted in *Shores of Light*, 1952), in order "to strike some permanent mark of the mind on the mysterious flux of ex-

RICHARD CHASE, *associate professor of English at Columbia University, is this year visiting professor of criticism at Indiana University. He is the author of Herman Melville: A Critical Study, The American Novel and Its Tradition and (to be published in May) The Democratic Vista: A Dialogue on Life and Letters in Contemporary America.*



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perience." He does not see the mind as primarily a symbol-making machine, as so many of the newer critics do (and as do the sociologists and psychiatrists whom literary people have been studying during the last decade).

Wilson's historical approach to literature has been proving itself admirably for about thirty years now. He derives it from Vico, Herder, Taine, Ste.-Beuve, Marx and others, as he has explained in a lecture of 1941 called "The Historical Interpretation of Literature." To be sure, Wilson's historicism has been a somewhat *ad hoc* affair, less a method than a search for a method. But it has given significance to what might otherwise have been a formless and eclectic appetite for experience, and his ambitious pursuit of a historical method has been far more productive of valuable criticism than have the pat methods many other critics have settled for.

It was partly Wilson's historical approach—his belief that literary criticism ought to be "a history of man's ideas and imaginings in the setting of the conditions which have shaped them"—that made *Axel's Castle* such a success. This book meant a great deal to me and my generation, when we read it in the thirties. Wilson became our intellectual hero, at that extended moment, before the Communist Left was totally invaded by middlebrow values, when a love of Eliot, Joyce, Proust and Yeats seemed compatible with radical politics. To read *Axel's Castle* today is to be struck with its continuing vitality. It is a novel experience to consider Joyce, Eliot, *et al.*, once again in a large context of ideas

and of history, after so many purely exegetical commentaries. The skillful mind of the author is still there in force, even if we don't believe in the coming Socialist America. And we realize again that Wilson's appreciation of literature has never been seriously trammelled or distorted, either by his Marxism or by the quasi-Freudian method which, although he has always used it, found its fullest expression in *The Wound and the Bow* (1941).

THE younger "new" critics are right when they say that after his early phase Wilson lost touch with modern poetry, and his essay suggesting that verse is "a dying technique" is, as everyone says, a good example of historicism gone wrong. The critical procedures of R. P. Blackmur, John Crowe Ransom and Cleanth Brooks, as I gather, mean nothing to Wilson. I think that like any other critic he should have tried to learn from these exegetes and moralists. But he has plowed his own field and had his own supporters. I say "supporters" because "followers" are something he seems too irritable an individualist ever to have or want. Yet his influence has been great, and of the many critics who have learned from Wilson one might mention Newton Arvin, Lionel Trilling, F. W. Dupee, Philp Rahv, Alfred Kazin, Irving Howe, Harry Levin. But it would be futile to try to trace in detail Wilson's influence, so pervasive has it been not only in literary circles but in journalism and classrooms across the country. To use a somewhat artificial terminology, his characteristic service has been to bring the susceptible highbrow into touch

with reality and to give to the susceptible middlebrow a notion of intellectual integrity and intransigence he would otherwise be likely to fear or scorn.

Henry James is one of the influences that have acted upon Wilson's thinking. And it was from James as much as from anyone that he learned what it meant to insist on high standards as he saw them, to search for "life," to cultivate the self, and to be entirely devoted to literature. It remained for Wilson, with an assist from such different critics as Mencken and the early Van Wyck Brooks, to do for American criticism what James did for the novel, and Whitman for poetry. These three writers made it possible to bring their respective literary forms for the first time, in this country, into a fully adequate possession of experience.

IN RECENT years Wilson has been thinking more and more about "Americanism," his own and others', as we see in *A Piece of My Mind*. He has been "getting up" various of the minor authors of the last century. True, outside of Poe and James, he seems to have made little contact with the "great" American books—*The Scarlet Letter*, *Moby Dick* and the rest. Yet his writing has always shown characteristic American traits. One of them is the radical individualism which makes him a descendant of Emerson and John Jay Chapman, on the latter of whom he has written one of his best essays (see *The Wound and the Bow*). Also there is his habit of seeing contradictions and antitheses—compare, for example, his observations on the two William Wilsons in Poe's story, his essay on Dickens called "The Two Scrooges," and his presentation of Marx as Prometheus and Lucifer in *To the Finland Station* (1940). This is an old American tendency, present in Emerson and Henry Adams, in Whitman and Melville, and it is traceable both to the nature of our democracy and to the Calvinist origins of our culture. On the evidence of *A Piece of My Mind* one might conjecture that this habit of thought was confirmed in Wilson by the strikingly dual personality of

## Prologue At Midnight

The stories have all burned out like fires, and  
The fires have died. Like water into sand  
The flames have sunk into the hearths, the lights  
Out of the windows, footsteps from the streets,  
And the stories into the quiet rooms  
Whose walls will melt around their sleep like flames  
And yet not burn tonight. Only the stars  
Do not sink in the night, but over the same wars  
Burn late, and hang still on the same story,  
As though there might yet be words for their glory,  
Say from that old man hunched in the corner, blind,  
Shaping the colors of a girl in his mind.

W. S. MERWIN



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his father. At any rate it probably antedates and in part explains his attraction to Marxist dialectic and to the antithesis of the wound and the bow—the sickness and health, that is, of the artist. This dialectical view is one of the things that give significance to Wilson's criticism.

There is no doubt that Edmund Wilson is rather weak on literary theory. He has never quite found that historical method, and his dialectics, like his aesthetic definitions, are sometimes thin and journalistic. But he is a critic, and his writings are substantial and enduring. It seems necessary to say this, because some observers of Wilson, among them the most friendly, say that literary criticism has been "merely a pretext" for him, and that his essays and books do not make an important body of criticism. This argument is based on the assumption that the key to the "real" Wilson is in the self-revelations of books like *I Thought of Daisy* (1929), *The American Jitters* (1932), and *Memoirs of Hecate County* (1946). What he has really been doing, the argument goes, is writing an extended and disjointed "education of Edmund Wilson," in the style of a modernized yet still old-fashioned American of the era of Henry Adams, Henry James, or Chapman. Wilson, it is said, has not been writing criticism strictly so called, but seeking for "life," judging people and ideas from the point of view of the stiff-necked rectitude of the traditional American dissenter. This campaign in search of "life" and "truth," it is sometimes added, has led Wilson to a final disillusion and left him with "a deformation of character," compounded of snobbery, embittered egotism, misanthropy and disgust with modern America.

There is some accuracy in this portrait. But it is only one account of a complex man, and it constitutes, furthermore, an abuse of the biographical method. In other words, it dissolves the intellectual achievement of the critic in an acid bath of circumstantial influences, such as his personality drives, his social class and his family background. To be thus discounted is the risk run by every quasi-autobiographical writer.

People who write about Edmund

Wilson are likely to include a note on how badly he acted when they saw him at a party. So I had better add that when I saw him at a party he was amenable enough. He made a point of sitting beside me like a benign if somewhat nettled uncle, and he asked me about Melville's poems, which he was reading at that time. The great man somewhat confounded me, and I forgot most of whatever I knew about Melville's poems. We talked about Whitman, and Wilson emphatically pronounced him the greatest of our classic writers (*The Scarlet Letter*, on the other hand, was a "fraud"). Wilson seemed

rather baffled by me and soon retired to a corner with the host, who helped him puzzle out a Yiddish newspaper that had been sticking out of his pocket when he entered the house.

But after this occasion, as after every possible insight into the nature of the man, the same fact recurs to mind. There is the accomplished body of work—in *Axel's Castle*, *To the Finland Station*, *The Wound and the Bow*, and in many essays, reviews, sketches and reports scattered throughout the other volumes. And here is Edmund Wilson in 1958—still America's foremost critic, still writing, still showing us how.

## Wilson as Journalist

Robert Cantwell

IN THE summer of 1925 Edmund Wilson published his first major attempt at popular journalism in an account of the trial of Dorothy Perkins. She was a 17-year-old telephone operator, born and raised on Jane Street in Greenwich Village, the youngest girl to be tried for murder in New York State at that time.

Wilson was then known only as a critic and reviewer. He had been writing first-rate essays on Fitzgerald, Willa Cather, Pound, Byron,

ROBERT CANTWELL, novelist and biographer, is the author of *The Land of Plenty and other books*.

Poe, O'Neill, Hemingway, Lardner, Stephen Crane and others—the most stimulating literary comment then appearing. Just before Dorothy Perkins' trial he published his most seriously-considered piece of critical writing, a study of Henry James based on Van Wyck Brooks's analysis of James as a writer who had lost contact with his own society without being able to find roots in any other. Wilson felt that Brooks's work was the most exhaustive and intelligent that had appeared, but that Brooks made his point by minimizing the quality of James's later novels, the moral beauty of the conflict

## The Tenth One

This tenth one was a diver, the thin blade —  
Could cut through your neck, you'd never notice the line.  
Shinnied right up, three foot over the diving board,  
And circled three times, like the sword of Mahomet  
(The air didn't budge, the swish being so subtle),  
Then shot through the air, a glider, and then  
Curved into the water, flying parabola,  
Whistled right through while the water was waiting,  
Came out at Nanking!

"Twas he, dears, that saved  
The wealth of the West from the tooth of the Nippon!  
"Twas he that sliced through the Japanese army!  
They tried forward march, when he had gone through them,  
And their legs went ahead but the torsos just floated;  
"Twas then that the Nipponese army lost face!

The other nine were stout fellows, no divers.  
Tradesmen they were, knew nothing of battle.  
But he was a great one, the thin one, the diver.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

The NATION



between "people who enjoy themselves without inhibitions, who take all they can get from life," and people who are restrained by moral and aesthetic standards from doing so.

Dorothy Perkins was held up in the courtroom and in the press as a girl who had enjoyed herself without inhibitions and taken all she could from life. Wilson's article, which is included in his new collection, *The American Earthquake*\* is largely devoted to the courtroom scenes. I have gone over the contemporary newspaper stories to see how Wilson's reporting compared with the norm of the times, and the result has been some incidental findings that throw light on the development of Wilson's journalism as a whole.

The Dorothy Perkins trial was entirely unlike the murder sensations of the time. Those dealt with celebrities, like the Fatty Arbuckle case, or strange and complicated crimes like the Shepherd trial, then under way in Chicago, which involved millions of dollars and murder through vials of typhoid germs secured through a bogus medical school. These sensations by their very nature removed the principal actors from the world in which most Americans lived. The people in the Dorothy Perkins case seemed at first glance to be ordinary citizens. When Dorothy was fifteen she was seduced by an ex-convict named Mickey Connors, in his mid-thirties, who had rented a room in the house where the Perkinses lived. After nine months they broke up. It was said that a child in her aunt's house was really Dorothy's. After a time, Dorothy began going around with Tommy Templeton, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania, a friend of her father's, a good deal older than she was. Connors had meanwhile left the neighborhood and married.

At a St. Valentine's Day party, the birthday of her father, Templeton was shot and killed. During a prolonged questioning by five detectives and two policemen Dorothy gave a series of confused accounts of what had happened, and was held as a material witness. Wil-

son omitted to mention that Templeton was the younger brother of a prominent Jersey City politician; also, that Connors, a slight man, had married a woman who was well over six feet tall and who likewise had a prison record. Obviously, such details spoiled the picture he was building up of an ordinary household and environment. He left out, too, such macabre details as that at Templeton's military funeral the horses bolted and the caisson was overturned and smashed. Yet his article is brilliant, especially if read in connection with the incoherent newspaper stories then appearing, and whose sensationalism affected to some extent even the detached and scrupulous reports of *The New York Times*. Wilson emphasized the ordinariness of the scene because he was trying to establish some sort of contact with what he thought of as the real America, the world of ordinary people, telephone operators, brakemen. In all Wilson's literary recollections there is no sense of the boyhood experiences in a taken-for-granted environment that provides so much of the bedrock of the American literary consciousness from Mark Twain to Ernest Hemingway. His poems of the New Jersey coast where he grew up are of "crazy crumbling hotels, soda-fountains boarded-up, cottages incredibly flimsy, ready to capsize like sand castles," race tracks overgrown with weeds, iron dogs drowning in uncut lawns, the moan of the afternoon train racing past the swamps of the Navesink. Much of his early verse reflected an almost passionate yearning for Europe.

Wilson's account was concentrated on the trial itself, the gloomy courtroom, the blank unfocused faces of the reporters, the *saue* prosecutor, the excitable Jewish defense lawyer who antagonized people, the mountainous, sedentary judge, and the girl:

Her hair of red-gold and her pale little face, her slim figure in its plain black dress, seemed to burn the assemblage at a single point with an intensity of passionate life. On the stand, drooping forward like some creamy flower on the strong little stem of her neck, confronting the prosecutor with shadowed eyes,

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\**The American Earthquake*. By Edmund Wilson. Doubleday. 576 pp. \$6.



she met a whole day's cross-examination on an obviously fictitious story with extraordinary readiness, bravery, endurance, ingenuity and precision. She had collapsed the day before . . . and when the prosecutor made her show how the revolver had been held—her long adolescent arms like broom handles making awkward angles against her black dress — and told her to pull the trigger, she turned to the judge and evenly asked him if she could have a few minutes recess so that she shouldn't hold up the proceedings again.

The day of the girl's cross-examination was hot and close, and all that night summer thunder crashed on "the prison of the smothered town." Wilson could not sleep. He wrote what seems to me one of his best poems, *A Young Girl Indicted for Murder*. In an extraordinary passage, he compared the girl in her cell to himself, or at least to the American poet, oppressed by

Those praisers of the past, accepters  
of defeat,

The ghosts of poets . . .

Foreshadowing a later poem in which he rejected "literature" with its bathtub hurricanes and alabaster heroes, and concluded

So may we, when at last we bury  
literature,

In silence taste again the savor of  
the world!

In a preface to a new edition of his novel, *I Thought of Daisy*, whose heroine is not unlike Dorothy Perkins, Wilson wrote many years later that the novel had been built around a too-narrowly contrived scheme: the heroine represented America, and the meaning of the story lay in the struggle of the narrator, the poet, to establish a relationship with her—going through various phases that were unsatisfactory or frustrating or meaningless, and finally reaching a brief period of fulfillment symbolized by their love affairs. And in a postscript to *The American Jitters*, published in 1932, he explained the origin of his career as a reporter of the American scene:

I had hoped to get away from college when I graduated, to find myself in a more varied world where my keel would strike on basic realities and I should go ashore at last;

but though I was working for the first time for pay, it seemed to me that my life in New York was college all over again. . . . The side of school and college that had really given me satisfaction was "culture." . . . But as time went on, it began to dawn on me that the best people were satisfied with a very thin grade of culture, that when you tried to go into the adventures of creation or the exploration of the causes of things, they didn't follow or approve of you. . . .

In other words, there was a conscious purpose behind Wilson's next thirty years of imaginative and emotional reporting, something like a dedication to a task undertaken from a sense of duty, when his own inclination would have led him to the library and the concert hall. Almost all his journalism has been collected in book form. *The American Jitters* consisted of twenty-eight long essays, written between October, 1930, and October, 1931: acid comments on the vogue of the civilized conservatives, like Dwight Morrow, in the early days of the depression; an account of the Communist leader, William Foster, eagerly testifying before the Fish committee, which reads strangely now in view of constant refusals to testify on the grounds of self-incrimination; a blank narrative, like a newsreel in slow motion, of a New York May Day demonstration broken up by the police; a grim picture of Detroit, pitting the legend of an idealistic Henry Ford against "the dreary yellow Michigan waste"; and the misery of people looking for work. *Travels in Two Democracies* carried on from sketches of the election of Roosevelt and the beginning of the New Deal through the five months that Wilson spent in Soviet Russia in 1935. Add to these his

### Kaleidoscopic

My love, put all your lares by,  
Look at the summer sky  
Altering. . .

Yet sing the swelling round:  
So meet the winter wind's  
Moaning.

But weep! The lacy echo fades  
Into the tinted shades  
Of spring.

ROSE HIRSHMAN

articles on the Indians of the Southwest, on Haiti and Israel (collected in *Red, Black, Blond and Olive* in 1956), and his travel notes on London, Rome, Greece and Crete, in *Europe Without Baedeker* (1947), together with his works on the Dead Sea scrolls and his recent articles on Civil War and post-Civil War history and literature, and the physical terrain his journalism has covered becomes astounding, and the learning he had brought to bear on it encyclopedic. The new volume, *The American Earthquake*, includes the political pieces that were first reprinted in *The American Jitters* and the first half of *Travels in Two Democracies*, but these are now surrounded with the incidental sketches, reviews and comments that Wilson was writing at the same time. The new arrangement is less tendentious than were the earlier ones, the pieces reprinted for the first time are funny, and the whole book makes up a clearer picture of the times, and a better view of Wilson's own development, than the previous selections have afforded.

The one clear development in his journalism that it reveals is his steady progression away from the hard literal fidelity and the intense emotion of his writing on Dorothy Perkins' trial. Very slowly, in these three decades, the concrete instance has given way to the general case, the explicit injustice to the social theory. The Brady-like pictures of ghost towns and strike headquarters have given way increasingly to speculation and editorializing—often interesting, sometimes provocative, invariably put together with a personally-flavored prose of independent distinction, but still speculation. On the whole the earlier material was better. I do not mean that Wilson should necessarily have gone on writing about other trials through the past thirty years—though if he had continued as he began the possible effect by this time is something to speculate about—but it does seem evident that a promising line of development was somehow distorted.

And the villain in the case is obvious. In his introduction to *The American Earthquake* Wilson says he is aware that "it may be as dif-



fiicult to understand why, in 1925, I should have watched with a certain emotion the trial of Dorothy Perkins as why later, in 1930 I should have been so much stirred by the spectacle of William Z. Foster appearing before the Fish committee." But the two articles are entirely different. In one the scene is clear, the flag hanging crookedly over the judge's desk, the spectators whispering in Wilson's typical exclamatory sentences — "She's a cold little proposition!" — and the emotion arises from the intensity of the child struggling for her life. In the other the emotion is entirely theoretical and doctrinal in its origin; it reflects the general distress of the country in the early days of the depression, focused on a Senator and a revolutionist, not as human beings, but as symbols of two different attitudes toward the crisis. The scene is vague, the characters are not clear, the whole essay is over-long and shapeless, twice as long as the Dorothy Perkins article, and further burdened by excessive quotations from the Communist program that Foster read to the committee.

AND though Wilson made an attempt to be fair to Hamilton Fish, he could not get away from the radical cartoons of the time: "He has coarse features, broad shoulders and a slightly finicking manner; he looks like a Hannibal turned tailor's dummy. . . ." Nor does Foster seem a hero, evasive in answering questions about financial connections with Russia, and giving stock answers as to what he would do that nowhere indicate a genuine concern for the masses of people in whose interests he claims to speak. Wilson does not seem to trust or even to like or to be much interested in him; his efforts to make him human and natural are forced, and the result is that the whole business seems exaggerated and unreal. It is exactly like the dishonest reviews of books he had objected to, in which critics found non-existent values in literary works because they approved of the general purpose and moral values of the authors, or of what the authors claimed their purposes and values to be.

The villain, in short, was Marx-

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ism, banal though it seems to discover it again, and awkward though it is to admit after all these years what Hamilton Fish was claiming at the time. Wilson set out to establish contact with a living American reality, less narrow than that of the college life or the advance-guard literary circles he had known, but almost at once his search was distorted by something narrower and stranger and less representative than either, a body of dogma backed by force exerted in queer and unexpected ways, and deriving its moral authority from its claim to speak for a side of America that the governing and educated class had neglected.

THE truism that Marxism does not fit well with American states of mind can seldom have been so powerfully demonstrated as in Wilson's case. Much of the thirty-year record of his journalism is of his struggle to free himself of the errors and mistakes it involved him in. During the Fish committee hearings a refugee from the Soviets was called to testify on the horrors of slave-labor camps. Wilson dismissed him as untrustworthy-looking—"pale-eyed, shifty-eyed, shaved-headed." In a footnote, Wilson now comments: "I assumed that this man was lying. His experience may well have intimidated him and turned his face gray, and he may well have been made uneasy by the presence of the American Communists. I leave my report of the incident as an example of the capacity of partisanship to fabricate favorable evidence."

But more than the specific mistakes and distortions, Marxism was costly in that it involved Wilson in endless theoretical disputes and defenses for which he had little real inclination, explanations, re-examinations, all of which drew him further from the elemental simplicity of the purpose with which he began, and led to a habit of speculative and discursive writing long after discussions of Marxism itself had been dropped.

There were elements of humor in Wilson's pilgrimage in search of a more vital American reality, and these he has largely emphasized in his own account of it. For the purpose of his journalism he invented a

sort of fictional Edmund Wilson, a character, a mixture of Don Quixote, Samuel Johnson and W. C. Fields, who by some odd mischance had been plunged into radical politics. This fictional character is a great imaginative creation. He is a man of old American stock, self-conscious lest he attach too much importance to that fact, tremendously learned in all sorts of inappropriate ways, and carrying to picket lines and radical conferences a massive store of inapposite erudition. He is of great good will, but liable to be imposed on and deceived. Nothing ever works quite right for him: when he visits F. Scott Fitzgerald in his magnificent new home, he quarrels with his old friend, and leaves with great dignity, only to discover that he does not have enough money to get to town. So he is compelled to return to borrow money from Fitzgerald, but Fitzgerald is broke also, and together they seek out another guest with whom they have both quarreled to try to borrow ten dollars. His mind stocked with questions from Proust and Joyce, this fictional Edmund Wilson covers a meeting of depositors of a closed bank, and reports their words under the impression that he is recording a part of unstudied and unself-conscious American life, later learning that the conference and ensuing riot have been staged by the Communists.

We see him at the beginning watching the trial of Dorothy Perkins, and at the end living in the Hotel Prince David in Jerusalem, curious, clear-eyed, interested, having in the meantime learned Russian and made himself an authority on Russian literature in order to understand the country, mastered Hebrew in order to study the Dead Sea scrolls, studied Haitian literature before visiting Haiti, and steeped himself in Indian lore before watching the tribal rites of the Zunis. The body of writing that this Wilson has produced in the period of his pilgrimage is one of the major accomplishments of the American imagination, highly-colored and strange, and leaving its enduring images as almost accidental by-products of the author's purpose. The solidity and common-sense of its innumerable minor pictures combine in the end to a kind of grandeur, its asides and incidental comments add up to individual social history of vivid life and casual authority, and the whole work, with all its repetitions and digressions, stands as an affirmation of the value of the life of reason and culture brought to bear on the knotted and incoherent aspects of the modern world.

The one quality this fictional Edmund Wilson lacks is the simplicity found in the writing on Dorothy Perkins, in the days before the fictional character had formed.

## Penalty

In a state death  
The drone of a tired judge,  
The bright buckle on a chair,  
Hurried people glancing at headlines,  
Act as one.

You, condemned, why ask who kills you?  
We kill you.  
Were the paper not to come that day,  
We might not notice that we had,  
But we had.

The power of the state is a sword,  
The justice of the state is a scale.  
No coins or fingers tip the scale,  
The sword strikes only whom it should.

It is subtle, yet the state can tell  
The edge of justice from the point of crime.  
So the state says all the time.

The dead deserve death, else why do they die?  
So echoes the tribal cry.

DELL HYMES

*The NATION*



# Lief Ericson's Violent Daughter

**THE DARK SISTER.** By Winfield Townley Scott. New York University Press. 115 pp. \$3.95.

**William Carlos Williams**

THIS book is a figure from the Norse saga's *Long Island Book*, the source of all we know about the discovery of America by Lief Ericson in the year 1000. It is a poem, appropriately enough, detailing in dramatic form all we need to know of the exploits of the wild Freydis, Eric the Red's illegitimate daughter, on a voyage to Vinland from Greenland in the fall of the year following the discovery.

It follows the character, detail after detail, of the two boats containing the crews that Freydis had assembled, more or less against their wills, to accompany her—a feat even in those days for a woman, distinguished as she may have been and tough, the daughter of such a father. Disaster must have been a foregone conclusion but not in the way to be expected. It is a gruesome account.

And it is accurate as far as, after these many years, it can be made to be. Step by step we follow the voyage south along the coast of Greenland to Labrador and still further south to the present New England, the two boats holding close together not to be lost. Freydis keeps strict rule over both ships, though she has been at pains to keep in her own boat a fraudulent numerical ascendancy—as later she had a bloody use for.

Among the young Norwegians she chose a lover but dealt with him as she did with the others when the time came for a decision. Freydis' character, due in part at least to her father's blood which remained pagan to the end, governed all her actions. But it also gave her courage, big belled as she was with her lover's child, to face the skrellings, the natives with their bows and arrows, and put them singlehanded to flight.

We should be proud of her as an ancestor, though she left us no progeny and though her memory is a bloody one. If she had not lost her baby and nearly died demented the latter half of the story would not have turned out as it did. Winfield Scott has been accurate to the mood of the story. We forget that we know so little of our past, what ancestors we come from. Individuals, tremendous individuals, governed the

**WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS** has, in *The American Grain*, himself traveled deep into America's mythic heritage.

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lives which descended from them. Women, especially, needed to herd together not to be outcasts. They had to be high-born as was Freydis to ignore the stigma of illegitimacy of birth with which for the length of their lives they had resentfully to bear. Helen's rape by Paris set off the Trojan War, but Freydis had no such mass escape. When she lost her child she, being the woman she was, struck right and left to register her hatred of the world.

Scott has used a long line and diction well-suited to the rough speech of his sailor characters who were under their mistress' domination throughout the voyage. He is easy to read. The book is attractively bound with an illustration of the two characters, the fairfaced and the dark sister, across the cover at the froth.

## Search for Sandburg

**THE SANDBURG RANGE.** By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 459 pp. \$6.

**Kenneth Rexroth**

EVERYBODY loved Carl Sandburg in our town. Nobody knows where he went. What ever happened to the author of the best poems in *Chicago Poems*, *Smoke and Steel*, *Cornhuskers*; what ever happened to the friend of dynamiters and grifters and whores, factory girls and icemen and broken-footed cops? The very indigene, the aboriginal of the prairie cornfields and the slums of Chicago, the one poet who started out absolutely right. The guy who came by the right answer naturally. What happened to him?

There has been a lot of speculation, but I think I know: the First War; Chicago journalism. Sandburg was, it is startling to realize now, the youngest and last of the apostles of an utterly irreducible grass-roots libertarianism. Debs was the greatest, the most noble and tragic—but there were others of all degrees of intransigence and compromise: Clarence Darrow, Oscar Ameringer, Brann the Iconoclast, even William Jennings Bryan, that bag of spoiled grape juice. Spontaneous agrarian socialism—the Green Corn Rebellion, straight out of Rosa Luxemburg. Josiah

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Warren, who preceded Prudhon, and who really made funny money work; Jim Buchanan, the last head of the First International, the Kansas railroad man who led the first great railroad strike; Bill Haywood; Parsons—they are the heroes of the years when it seemed, at least to a million or so people, that the fate of American society hung in the balance. They are all the heroes I ever had.

I can't make a hero of Sandburg. Programmatically, he is absolutely sound. His poetry was rooted in real speech, in folksongs and lore, in real people, with never the slip of literature showing, always tied to a concrete situation and event, distinguishing itself fundamentally and all along the line from the English tradition and diction, so foreign to the Middle West of Swedish harvest hands and French *voyageurs*. No one, not even Whitman, has ever embarked on an American literary career with sounder ideas and better intentions. What happened? The War; the Red Raids; Normalcy. The perfection of that monstrous hallucination piped into every head from Madison Avenue—

The American Way of Life. Sandburg fell for it. When Debs went to prison, he lay doggo. I remember so clearly the Whitman Memorial dinner with Darrow in the chair, shortly after the war. Carl was to read a poem which "would make clear his position on the war." It was the poem to the Unknown Soldier which later appeared in *Slabs of the Sunburnt West*. After it was over, Darrow, slouchy and disheveled, growled to us youngsters, eager for the word: "It ain't enough." It wasn't. At that point, Sandburg gave up all those clear bright people, Anna Imroth and Chick Lorimer and Inez Mullholland and J. B. McNamara and Billy Sunday, real sweatshop fires, real baseball games between the Chillicothe and Rock Island teams, for a sweet muddy abstraction, "The People." The sentimentality of the police court reporter which had given his work the pathos of actuality overwhelmed him. He became the victim of his own formulas and evasions. Compare "I Am the People, The Mob" with *The People, Yes*. It's enough to make you weep. In the early poem you see so clearly behind the abstraction the stark

individuals of the other poems in *Chicago Poems*. Behind the second "People" is only mush, or at best the amorphous mass out beyond the lecture platform. It is a terrible pity, but after about 1925 there is nothing of value. Since most of the prose comes after that, Sandburg the historian, novelist, autobiographer, writer of children's stories simply does not exist for literature. I suppose the last thing was the *Song-bag*. But the time would come when Sandburg would sing in the chorus of "Sam Hall," "Gol durn your eyes!" But as Spiridovna or somebody said of a lost Russian leader, "We had his youth."

## Ceremony of Prose

*A GLASS ROSE*. By Richard Bankowsky. Random House. 308 pp. \$3.75.

*HOME FROM THE HILL*. By William Humphrey. Alfred A. Knopf. 312 pp. \$3.95.

David L. Stevenson

THE morally timid turn from any confrontation of vivid experience in fiction. The emotionally and intellectually inert wish only comfortable novels. But in between there is an audience which should read the serious novelist's celebrations and orderings of experience, but no longer makes the effort. So runs the argument through the defensive chidings by ten novelists in Granville Hicks's recently published *The Living Novel: A Symposium* (Macmillan; \$4.50). My feeling is that the contemporary audience for serious fiction has been oversold, both by publishers and by reviewers, on too many pseudo-masterpieces which fail to get beyond their deadly serious intent. Thus even notable work of the postwar period has too often failed to overcome the indiscriminate hostility of readers made wary of all fiction labeled "serious."

The two first novels listed above are examples of the modern pseudo-masterpiece. Like all American products, they come highly recommended by the seller. An anonymous *Time* reviewer has hailed the "great, raw impact" of *A Glass Rose*. The novelist William Goyen has praised *Home from the Hill* as "a novelist's novel" (a form of incest?). Both books have been dropped by *The New York Times* Book Review into its "And Bear in Mind" listing. But the reader

DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of *The Love-Game Comedy*.

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of them, wearied by their over-zealous attempts at greatness, is left teased and truculent on the last page.

Bankowsky's *A Glass Rose* (borrowing from Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*) begins and ends with the funeral of the central character, Stanislaw Machek, a Polish immigrant, a laborer in a textile mill in New Jersey. The story concerns Stanislaw's modest success in America (symbolized by his rose garden), his loss of his job as foreman because of his company loyalty during a strike, his drunken, obsessive desire for a son which leads to the rape of his youngest daughter, Stella, his wife's subsequent insanity, and his own death. The story is not so much told as revealed in the successive internal monologues twisting through the minds of Stanislaw's relatives, his wife, his other daughter and Stella, as they attend his wake.

Bankowsky's almost compulsive seriousness lies heavily upon *A Glass Rose*, both in the arbitrary time structure of the novel and in its arbitrary stylization. The language, but not the substance, has gone to school to Faulkner, and the monologues are crowded with loosely identified pronouns, and phrasing endlessly partial:

It wasn't the money, even though she did take it—you holding it out to her like that, not wanting to go back into the room far enough to maybe put it on the night table or something . . . and her lifting her hand, reaching, but not for the money (you knew that). . . .

The substance of the novel, its view of things, reaches across the high intentions of this style only fitfully. There is no sustained involvement of the reader, almost none of the "significant touching" that Herbert Gold demands of the novelist if he is to tell us "more than we can find out elsewhere about love and death."

HUMPHREY'S *Home from the Hill* (also perhaps borrowing from Styron) begins and ends framed by the same moment in time: the day its central character, Hannah Hunnicutt, is buried. The story itself is a straightforward account. It moves back in time to describe Hannah's marriage to a wealthy, small-town Texan; her raising their only son to emulate his father, a man from whom she has withdrawn in hatred for his endless adulteries; the violent deaths of the father and son, and Hannah Hunnicutt's consequent insanity.

Humphrey's bid for greatness takes

February 22, 1958

## In a Liberal Arts Building

Someone has idly set a record turning,  
And a dead pianist jumps out of the grave.  
In the halls his limpid-sounding masteries of bone  
And ivory, metal thread and sinew echo.  
And in a room where scraping chairs signal adjourning,  
He breaks upon dissolution and fatigue with an inbound wave  
As the first departure leaves the door ajar. Alone  
Among fretting voices, his forehead sweats and slow  
Beads form along his lips. He has no smile  
For dull papers and all this harmless nonsense,  
But he plays it out for them in his brilliant style,  
He and the dead composer, until the disc is done,  
As the room empties, and wax relents.

RUTH STONE

the form of verbal heightening so that the father, Wade Hunnicutt, for example, can be described as a man "with that hair black and smooth as the breast of a crow." It also takes the form of a conscious insistence that the father and son are more symbols of "maleness" than they are individuals. Thus the son's first initiation into manhood is as a lone killer of a wild boar, with a subsequent communal celebration of this rite. Faulkner may have nearly succeeded with the mythic, allegorical element in *A Fable*. In *Home from the Hill*, the writer's labor in his use of this element

is too apparent. He has not created a novel of deep, brooding insight, but one for seminars in technique.

I do not willingly add to the "atmosphere of confusion and hostility" in which Granville Hicks says the serious novelist now works. And certainly Bankowsky's and Humphrey's first novels do nothing to encourage the reader of indolent mind, eager for another Wouk or Grace Metalious to confirm the superficiality of his own discernments. But *A Glass Rose* and *Home from the Hill* do too little for the reader who wishes his deepest capacity for feeling to be

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brought into being, who feels the need to be measured by more than the limited experiences of his own private life. I agree that the death of the serious novel, as Hicks's symposium suggests, would be the death of a particular kind of awareness of the human condition. But novels which remain only ceremonial exercises in serious writing are at best neutral. They do nothing to ward off this possible event.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

A GROUP of Korean art and art objects—the first comprehensive collection to be seen outside the Far East—is on display at the Metropolitan Museum until March 30. The works, ranging from 200 B.C. to the nineteenth century—jewelry, ceramics, sculpture and painting—were selected from collections assembled in Korea by the Japanese during the first two decades of our century. The exhibit is touring the country under the auspices of the Korean Republic. The handsome arrangement and dramatic lighting of the pieces display them with considerably more effect here than at the National Gallery last month in Washington.

The largest part of the show, most interesting to the specialist and, I am told, the most characteristically Korean, consists of pottery—stoneware and pale gray-green celadon—principally funerary objects recovered from tombs. There are wine cups, vases, incense burners, water bottles, from the simplest shapes to the most fantastic animal and vegetable imitations. Of the sculpture, the most impressive is a seventh century gilt-bronze figure, some three feet high, of a Maitreya, a Buddha of the future, from the Duksoo Palace Museum. It is as fine a statue and as civilized a deity as one is likely to encounter.

The paintings are of a much later period, the most important being of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At first sight they seem to have very little that is specifically Korean, more like a provincial branch of Chinese painting than an independent school. There are, nevertheless, some quite definite and characteristic differences.

The Chinese tradition of painting, as I understand it, is based essentially on free improvisation within a strict and limiting frame. The painter is above all a calligrapher. His means are strictly defined. Each brush stroke—for leaves, for bamboo, for waves, for tree trunks,

for rocks—is unchangeably prescribed. His ink is indelible. Once the touch is made it cannot be erased. The finished picture is judged, partly by the accuracy of his brush stroke and partly by the quality of his ink tone, but above all by the ease and freedom he has retained despite the rigors of his discipline.

I am informed that much of the Korean work, judged by the strictest Chinese standards of brush stroke and ink tone, is somewhat inferior. This cannot be said of the more interesting pictures, of the horizontal hand scroll, *Mountains and Rivers Without End*, for example, painted by Yi In-mun in the late eighteenth or early nineteenth century. These scrolls are to us the most extraordinary invention of Chinese art, the one form of painting which, like music, can be considered as taking place in time. These scrolls are intended to be seen in small consecutive sections, not as they are generally seen, stretched out in a strip, but unrolled by one hand and rolled up by the other, like a film passing through a camera. The composition unfolds like a symphony. A landscape scroll will begin with a quiet opening passage of strand and sea, then abruptly a mountain, followed by interplays of mountain and plain, then wilder mountains, turmoils of rocks, climax of precipice and cliff, quieting down at length to a seascape coda. Or another will show a gentleman in the sequence of all the duties and pleasures of his day. The Korean scroll displayed here has all the Chinese drama and continuity and skill of ink and brush. It is Korean only in the savage mountain forms and interminglings of rock and harbor which I am told are particularly characteristic of Korean landscape.

FREQUENTLY in the pictures shown an important line or object is placed squarely on center—a waterfall in the exact middle of the panel, or the side of a pine tree separating the picture into two halves—easy divisions of space which the Chinese painter generally avoids. This centering is to be found even in the masterpieces of the show, *The Diamond Mountain*, painted by Chong Son in 1734, and is, in fact, the principal reason for its extraordinary effect. The bulk of the mountain, with its ascending labyrinth of prism-shaped needles, completely fills the picture from a solid mass, as though the painter had found his subject too important for his paper. And the little paths, by which the spectator of a Chinese painting is permitted to enter the landscape, explore and return, here branch upward through the center of the



massif, lead to the peak and do not return at all. The work is unlike anything Chinese I have seen. It is at the same time a completely convincing representation of nature, as is also the *Mount Inwang-san* in a broader style by the same painter, and which, I am told, is almost photographically faithful to its subject.

The *Portrait of a Girl* by Sin Yun-bok, done sometime around the beginning of the nineteenth century, is centered in exactly the same way. The picture is handsome and most certainly a likeness; the area of the canvas is filled up in almost Western manner. Amusing

and a great deal less serious is the series of thirty album leaves in the *genre* style by the same artist which depicts, without great elegance of brushwork or composition, but with wonderful expression and liveliness, the outings and parties of young noblemen and their girl friends. There is a fine *Tiger* attributed to Sim Sa-jong, and an extraordinary nineteenth century, curiously Dutch, watchdog. Judging the pictures as a whole, if few of the Korean painters seem to have completely mastered the Chinese tradition, they nevertheless achieved a great and charming skill in representation.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

IT IS a pity that when the Soviet violinist, Leonid Kogan, made his debut with the New York Philharmonic recently, he and the orchestra could agree on no music more interesting than Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*. Originally, he had been listed for a performance of the Brahms Concerto. Since the Boston Orchestra had stolen a march by presenting him in that work a week earlier, it is understandable that a duplication was sidestepped. But there are, after all, a number of concerti more worthy of a visiting Russian's attention than the thin, simple-minded *Symphonie*. Without trying, I can think of ones by Beethoven, by Tchaikovsky, by Berg, and two by Prokofieff. Any of them would have been a superior offering.

Be that as it may, Kogan's Philharmonic debut revealed a few aspects of his musical personality. He is, for one thing, as well-schooled as a young virtuoso can be. Every note he plays is firm, in tune and sensibly placed in its musical context. He does not slip or slide; he does not scrape; even his left-hand pizzicati come forth with certitude and body. Moreover, as a stage personality, he gives an appealing impression combined of physical frailness, sensitivity, and—unusual for a virtuoso—shyness. When he digs into the lower strings, therefore, and draws forth a warm, vigorously broad tone, it comes as something of a surprise.

His interpretation of the *Symphonie*, however, brought no surprises. It was not exactly bookish or academic: nobody with a virtuoso technique is likely to sound quite like that. And yet, such was its attitude of propriety, of so-many foursquare beats to the measure, and

an - arpeggio - begins - here - and - ends - there, that the result, with all its fastidiousness, was lackluster. Had the dearth of disciplines too firmly imposed, that explanation would immediately have leapt to mind. But the fact is that Kogan did not play stiffly, as if he had been over-disciplined to regularity—certainly not as if he had disciplined himself to regularity—but as if he had never imagined the joys of an attractive irregularity. In an artist, that is a grievous flaw; to a performer of the *Symphonie Espagnole*, it is disastrous. For there is not one important idea in the whole work; no line of such substance that it can be stated flatly and made to carry. Everything depends on a kind of self-induced frivolity and upon the performer's access to flexibility and nuance. Without them, the meringue won't whip.

THIS same program brought forth a performance of Aaron Copland's too-seldom played *Third Symphony*, under the baton of the composer. Like the *Third Symphony* by Roy Harris, this piece has become something of a monument in the stream of American orchestral music. But, unlike Harris' straightforward, extraverted venture, it is oblique in its expression and far more difficult than it first appears. What passes in it for simple quietude turns out, upon examination, to be almost monastic austerity. And what first seems like pastoralism, even folk-tunishness, proves to be only a comparatively relaxed aspect of strict musical frugality. The overlappings of cool, chaste lines in the opening movement; the eschewment of bulk

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throughout the work, and the deliberate plainness of manner—all of these point to a rigorously self-imposed simplicity. As a result, I was reminded in many sections of the work more of medieval polyphony than of symphonic textures as they have been known from the time of Beethoven. I suspect that Copland's *Third Symphony* is a more avant-garde work than it pretends to be; that beneath its cool, seemingly placid surfaces, lie meanings which only the passage of time, a change of perspective, and many performances will make evident.

THE YOUNG conductor, Margaret Hillis, has added a pretty feather to her cap this season with a series of chamber-music concerts given by the New York Chamber Soloists under her direction at Carnegie Recital Hall. As has been the custom with her American Concert Choir, she has engaged the services of the city's finest young soloists, vocal and instrumental, and has juxtaposed the best of old music with the best, or most interesting, of the new. On her first program, the young soprano, Adele Addison, sang Stravinsky's *Three Songs from Shakespeare* and the same composer's *Pastorale* for soprano and four wind instruments. The first of these, written in Stravinsky's most sparse, angular style, was intellectually fascinating, though if the songs were aimed at the heart, their super-styling and artificiality helped deflect them from mine. Miss Addison, however, sang Stravinsky's fiendishly jagged lines as easily and warmly as if they had been street-tunes, and in the *Pastorale*, her performance was so engaging that the work had to be repeated. Contrasting with the Stravinsky songs on this program were Mozart's D Major Sonata, K. 306, for violin and harpsichord, which sounded lovely, and two works by Bach: a *Ricercar* à 6 from the *Musical Offering*, played by three strings and three winds, and the Cantata No. 189, *Meine Seele Ruhmt und Priest*, with Blake Stern as tenor soloist. I defy anyone to plan a more invigorating program, or one more delicately balanced.

Adele Addison was again the leading light on the second of the concerts. Hindemith, Stravinsky, Bach and Mozart were the composers, and if even Miss Addison could not lift Hindemith's snarled, stubborn *Die Serenaden* off the ground, she provided one of the most thrilling musical experiences of the season when she sang the Bach Cantata No. 209. In this work, Miss Hillis showed the particular quality of her conducting to splendid advantage, settling simply upon ideal tempi and surrounding the

singer's voice with an aura of warm, delicately surcharged color.

The most recent appearance of this group, which was sponsored by the Concert Society of New York, turned out to be less exciting than the others, and I have no doubt that the absence of twentieth-century music from the program deprived it of needed punctuation. Rameau's little Cantata *L'Impatience* has modest charms, but it, like the Mozart Quartet for Oboe and Strings, K 370, which followed, is predominantly light in color. It was not until Bach's *Wedding Cantata* that the program came to full life, and again, Miss Addison stole the show. I cannot praise her too highly, nor can I overstress the value of such un-stodgy chamber concerts in the fabric of our musical life.

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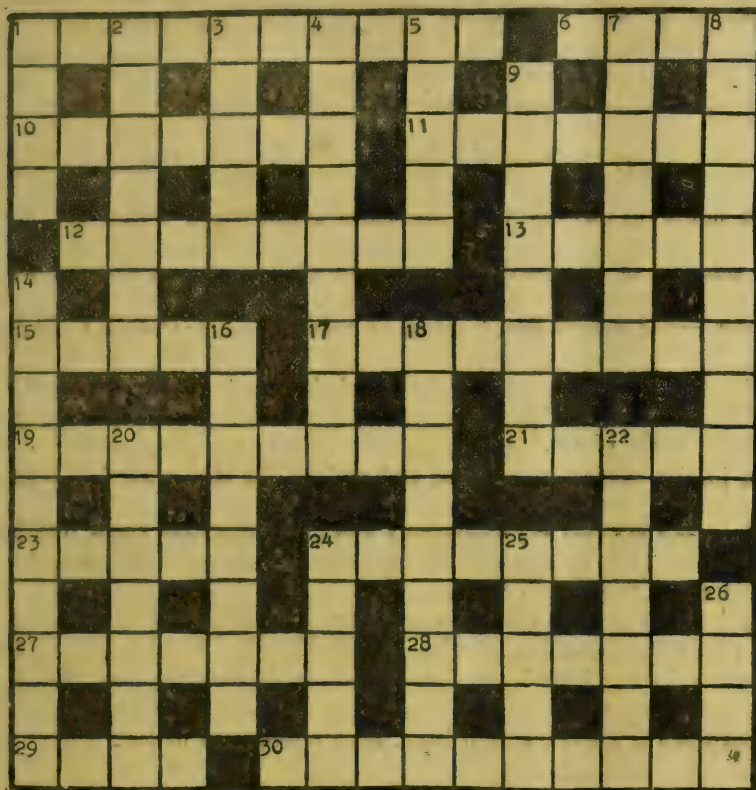
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 760

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Once he cuts this, the 6 across has sinister implications with it. (10)
- 6 See 1 across. (4)
- 10 Brass marker? (7)
- 11 Scratch? (Not a new cut, certainly.) (3, 4)
- 12 He returns the sort of folder about a landlord's business, perhaps. (8)
- 13 What's too wet to be this might be 28. (5)
- 15 From here, well inside when centered properly. (5)
- 17 Grooves of the disc are crowded with a field protector inside. (9)
- 19 A sort of what David did to Goliath inside the city might stop something! (9)
- 21 Rather run-down, but one sometimes waits for things to be before sticking with them. (5)
- 23 Comparatively stern in pursuit. (5)
- 24 and 20 down It does in the piano it celebrates, at least every four years. (8, 7)
- 27 Dr. Earl's shouldn't be kept like Mother Hubbard's. (7)
- 28 Half-back with his chest protector tucked in? Drunk, no doubt! (7)
- 29 Feature superior to that of 2. (4)
- 30 They probably have a lot of leads on how to make good connections with the track directors! (10)

## DOWN:

- 1 Smooth—perhaps more so at night. (4)
- 2 The feature about a torn bit of cloth that makes for mortification. (7)
- 3 Net. (5)
- 4 From the South, so he orders people to start things here! (9)
- 5 Nothing gets emptied like an egg! (5)
- 7 It reels and reels like a trident. (7)
- 8 Charm, but indicative of kleptomania. (6, 4)
- 9 It's time he gets paid for lodgings—he probably has just cause. (8)
- 14 Is such a fellow beyond redemption, or just filled with 2? (10)
- 16 Blown up, perhaps—as Dalgren was. (8)
- 18 As to its precedence, there might be some question! (9)
- 20 See 24 across.
- 22 Australian clothes, English paste, and American pound. (7)
- 24 Stand for a sort of headless 9? (5)
- 26 Chances are those can't be 1 down! (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 759

ACROSS: 1 and 5 GREASE MONKEYS; 10 PITOCRAT; 11 DOGMA; 12 DUDGEBON; 13 HAIRPIN; 14 SUMP; 16 OVERGROWN; 18 BERING SEA; 20 INSET; 22 VIADUCT; 24 OBSERVE; 26 LOSER; 27 INAUDIBLE; 28 EARPLUG; 29 ERRAND. DOWN: 2 and 25 ROUND ROBIN; 3 AVOCETS; 4 ERRONEOUS; 5 MATCH; 6 NOTHING; 7 EGGSPOONS; 8 SHANNON; 9 SPADES; 15 MERGANSER; 17 BYAPORATE; 18 BIVALVE; 19 NEUTRAL; 20 INSIDER; 21 THEBES; 23 THING.

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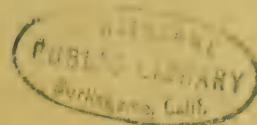
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Dear Sirs: In *The New York Times* of November 15, 1956, appeared a full-page dramatic statement headed "We Are Facing a Danger Unlike Any Danger That Has Ever Existed." Signed by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, it pressed urgently for immediate cessation of nuclear tests by all countries.

My thought was: "Apathy in our time is as dangerous as the H-bomb itself." And with this thought in mind, I invited friends for cocktails, coffee and talk—enclosing a copy of the statement with each invitation. I also invited a representative of the National Committee.

The evening developed into a town meeting such as our forefathers must have held. When a speaker mentioned the plea of 9,000 world scientists for a ban on nuclear tests, a lawyer insisted this was no longer a matter for scientists alone, but for each of us. "Even if not another bomb is exploded," a mathematics teacher quoted from a statement by Japanese scientists, "the continuing fall-out over Japan . . . will be beyond the AEC safety estimates." A stillness gripped the room, to be broken moments later by the wife of a student: "If we want peace, we must work for it. Can't we all open our living rooms for grass-roots discussions such as this? Let's invite a scientist, and our Congressman, to meet with us and our neighbors; let's each of us become a link in a chain reaction for peace."

Her words released a flood of suggestions, and what we did immediately was to contribute out of our own pockets for the statement which appeared on pages 162 and 163 of last week's *Nation* (issue of February 22). Only a few days before, the same ad had been placed in our neighborhood paper, the *West Side News*, by a local citizens' group, the West Side Committee. With the ad, the publisher ran a front-page feature story and a powerful editorial entitled, "What Will You Do?"

We need a new crash program for decency. *What will you do?*

EVA NEWMARK

New York City

## Preaching the Word

Dear Sirs: How naive to speak of the "final results" of the Billy Graham New York crusade [*The Nation*, February 8,

editorial comment on page 110]. Many far less erudite than the editors of *The Nation* know that the final result of a great spiritual effort cannot be translated into cold facts and tabulated by *The New York Times*—nor will they be known before the Day of Judgment. "He who sows bountifully shall reap bountifully," the *Times* survey, *The Nation* and ecclesiastical prognosticators notwithstanding.

Billy Graham preached the Word as he was commanded. Whom are you accusing of failure? Who is it that gives the increase?

(MRS.) BEATRICE L. PAULSON

Foley, Minnesota

## These Goofy Times

Dear Sirs: *The Nation*, for forty years my favorite magazine, deserves wide praise for its recent satires on this looney world. Strongfellow Barr's gentle spoofing in your January 25 issue, and now Carl Dreher's delightful contribution to sanity in the issue of February 1.

Let us have more of this kind. It makes living in these goofy times more enjoyable.

EARL T. ANDERSON

Los Altos, California

## Honoring Dr. DuBois

Dear Sirs: Every friend of Dr. DuBois will be eternally grateful to *The Nation* for the article on him which appeared in the issue of January 25. W. E. B. DuBois is one of the world's elect and to his protean endowment this and future generations owe a debt of gratitude difficult to repay.

But we can requite this debt—in part at least—by making it possible for every aspect of his work to go forward unhampered. Two remaining books of his trilogy, *The Black Flame*, only await the necessary funds for publication; many of his great works are now out of print and await republication; publication of his current work must be assured—and an autobiography is in preparation.

To honor his ninetieth birthday, a Sunday afternoon reception will be held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York on March 2, when a purse will be presented to him. Our joint contributions, be they large or small, will open—and keep open—a Pandora's box of riches which will make Dr. DuBois and his work known

to thousands more. Contributions—and reservations for the reception—may be sent to The DuBois Fund, 100 W. 23rd Street, New York City.

MURIEL I. SYMINGTON

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

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### Confidence in What?

Stripped of non-essentials, the Administration's program for coping with the recession consists of three tactical maneuvers: "to build up confidence" by brisk, frequent, optimistic statements carefully orchestrated for effect; to make additional money—an estimated \$500,000,000—available for commercial and industrial loans by reducing the reserves required to be held against demand deposits; and in the meantime, to maintain a "wait and see" attitude (until mid-April, at least) in the hope that "the crisis of confidence" will dissipate. But the only confidence that the program has aroused is a general confidence that it will not be enough. The day after the President predicted an upturn by March, the stock market took a dip. No lines have formed to apply for commercial and industrial loans; on the contrary, time deposits are up and industrial loans are down—by \$100,000,000 since the first of the year, nearly twice the decline in the comparable period for last year. Nor have such vaguely-voiced expedients as new post-office construction or increased highway and defense spending reversed the current state of mind.

But this is not to imply that the public is wholly lacking in confidence. Editorial surveys would indicate that the public is confident that the Administration has not done enough, but that it would never "allow" so much as a significant pause in the boom. In a word, the public has confidence that the current recession need not, and should not, be permitted to turn into a major depression. This confidence is a favorable factor in itself; it did not exist in 1929, much less in 1932. But it will only be justified if the politicians, recognizing what the public expects of them, present programs based on today's economic realities. If the Administration fails to sustain this confidence, the public mood in the distressed areas could turn ugly and desperate quicker than you can say Herbert Hoover.

### The Investigation Versus the Issue

On the day that Senator Lyndon Johnson, brushing ambitious colleagues aside, took possession of the committee set up to investigate problems of space exploration,

Vice President Nixon, speaking in Pasadena, took possession of the issue that space research and development must be subject to civilian control. "Scientists," he said, "must not be limited by military needs and military training . . . It is also tremendously important to the foreign policy of the United States that the emphasis [on outer-space research and development] be shifted to the concept of science for peace, rather than science for war." Skill in parliamentary maneuver is not to be confused with the kind of skill that candidates for national office must possess if they are to succeed; a roll-call is not an election. Senator Johnson can now go forward with what may well turn out to be the longest and most tiresome of Congressional investigations, while the Vice President waltzes away with the issue. The Johnson committee is certain to transgress many carefully-guarded Washington preserves—atomic energy, defense, foreign policy; and the voters will remain ignorant of how Senator Johnson feels about civilian versus military control until the investigation is concluded and the final report presented. In the meantime, Mr. Nixon will be campaigning.

### The Need for Irregulars

With no encouragement whatever from the Republican leadership of Pennsylvania, Harold Stassen has resigned as special adviser to the President to seek the gubernatorial nomination at the May 20 primary. Shortly afterward, Richardson Dilworth, Philadelphia's able mayor, miffed by the refusal of influential party leaders to support his candidacy, announced that he will not seek the Democratic nomination for the same office. Both men have this at least in common: nationally and locally their views on certain key issues lack official party sanction. Mr. Stassen's views on disarmament are known to be more flexible than those of Mr. Dulles; it is no secret that he was "eased out." Mr. Dilworth favors the recognition of China, a position that is abhorrent to Joseph M. Barr, the State Democratic Chairman, Mayor David L. Lawrence of Pittsburgh and other influential party leaders, and which has yet to win approval by the national leadership. It is a pity that Mr. Dilworth did not elect to carry his candidacy



directly to the rank and file of the Democratic Party. For as it is, Republican votes in Pennsylvania will be given a chance, thanks to Mr. Stassen's effrontery, to express a preference on a major issue in the primary, whereas Democrats will be denied a chance to override the machine leaders on recognition of China.

If advocates of unofficial views on key issues are to be bluffed out of entering primaries by an entrenched leadership, then primary elections will become personality contests and not tests of policies and principles. While it would be odd if Pennsylvania elected as its chief executive a man best known for having served three terms as governor of another state, we can only hope that Mr. Stassen's limitations as a candidate will not prejudice a fair hearing for his views on disarmament. By the same token, Mr. Dilworth's unfortunate decision to abandon the Democratic primary will, we hope, not prejudice the case for prompt recognition of China. As Madison Avenue might put it, Pennsylvania, like other states, needs more irregulars to raise key issues up the flagpole to see just who salutes.

## The Itch to War

The spirit of Pickwick does not die, for all the fallout of hate and bitterness in our atmosphere. It lives today in the breast of one Peter J. Schenk, president of the Air Force Association and a physicist at Tempco, General Electric's long-range missile-planning project on the West Coast. Dr. Schenk also collects butterflies, which is the important key to him.

He proposes—and he is in a position to carry his proposals into the rendezvous of the high brass—that our military guardians turn for a moment from exclusive preoccupation with nuclear deterrents and develop some weapons of “subtlety, discrimination and persuasion.” These would include itching powder, laughing gas and noise machines of high volume and exquisite irritability. Dr. Schenk argues that it is not essential—particularly in the peripheral or “brush-fire” war—to destroy the opposing army or the territory it occupies. It may be sufficient to divert the enemy troops with a variety of local irritants, thus frustrating their aggressive zeal until such time as cool heads can effect a *détente*. A soldier who goes into battle giggling hysterically and pawing through his battle dress to scratch his quivering ribs is not a formidable opponent and scarcely needs to be stopped by an intercontinental missile armed with a nuclear warhead.

Like all great eccentrics, Dr. Schenk has a gift for getting to the heart of the matter. It may be true, he says, that the Strategic Air Command “is our police force”; but its weakness as an arm of law and order is that its only deterrent is the electric chair. Dr. Schenk goes a good way to restore our faith in the humor and humanity of mankind.

## Battlefield of Human Rights

The National Conference of Christians and Jews has honored *The Nation* with a Certificate of Recognition for the article, *Montgomery Morning*, written by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely, and published by this magazine on January 5, 1957. The article dealt with the morning the bus boycott ended in Alabama's capital—a morning marking the fact that, in the authors' words, “an era as well as a year had come to an end.” Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely are man and wife who sometimes write separately and sometimes in collaboration; both are Tennesseans, and belong to that growing group of white Southerners who believe that the only supremacy worth fighting for in the South, or anywhere else, is the supremacy of right. The accolade that the NCCJ has bestowed upon *The Nation* belongs to them—or, even more properly, perhaps, to the Negroes who brought the morning to Montgomery.

Apropos of honors, *The Nation's* editors have additional reason for satisfaction. Of the seven writers recently added to the membership of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, four have appeared, at one time or another, in these pages: Arthur Miller, Kay Boyle, Saul Bellow and Albert Guérard. All of these are writers with a strong sense of social responsibility; and if the honor awarded Miss Boyle touched us most closely, it is only because she has written for us so frequently of recent years, and fought alongside us for so long a time, on the battlefield of human rights.

## The Moles

A new item has appeared in the long series of ideas and events which fall under the heading of what C. Wright Mills has labeled “crackpot realism.” Latest word comes via the West Virginia Business and Industrial Bulletin, published by the West Virginia Industrial and Publicity Commission. The bulletin announced in part:

A campaign to interest defense industries in taking a good look at limestone areas in West Virginia as possible sites for underground plants was revealed by Governor Underwood. . . . The program, as outlined by the Governor, centers on the limestone areas in the state's Eastern mountain section [which] has a limestone stratum, largely horizontal, for the most part one hundred feet or more in thickness. Facilities there, the Governor said, would be available for peacetime production, but could be converted to defense purposes without interruption even in the face of enemy bombs or long-range missile attack. The area is protected by mountains and though distant from any critical target areas, is still near to principal markets and large population centers.

Climate, resources and natural beauty are now old-fashioned attractions. Our newest “realistic” appeal is the promise of burrowing underground.



# Dual Standard for Corruption . . by Frederic Meyers

THE McClellan Committee has revealed that some labor leaders have misused their positions of power to profit selfishly at the expense of their constituencies. No one denies that something ought to be done to halt such reprehensible practices. But the brutal fact is that while the conduct of these men may fall far short of what society and the labor movement expect of them, it is generally quite consistent with that of the business community. The basic trouble with the labor movement is that it has been infiltrated by the businessman's code of ethics.

Consider two officers of Corporation X, the one its sales manager and the other its industrial-relations director. The sales manager sends, at the expense of the corporation, a \$150 gift to the purchasing agent of a prospective customer. No one would think twice about the offer of this gift, or its acceptance; it is standard business practice to "butter up" the potential buyer with a gift. But suppose (it rarely happens) that Corporation X's industrial-relations director sent a \$150 gift to the business agent of the union which represents the corporation's workers. If the gift were accepted (and nine times out of ten it would be refused), there would be new grist for some Congressional committee's mill and new demands for legislation to "clean up" the labor movement.

Yet in both instances the purpose is identical: the gifts are offered to bribe the recipient to act more favorably toward the corporation. The purchasing agent, in accepting the gift, is either accepting personally something which belongs to his stockholders—obviously the gift is given to the office, not the man—or is robbing his stockholders by placing an order where he might otherwise not do so. In the case of the business agent accepting the gift, it is easy to see who ultimately may have to pay the bill.

A second example: suppose that I am one of a million members of

the United Automobile Workers, and also one of a million stockholders in General Motors. I present myself at the offices of my union and demand to know in detail what is being done with my dues money, and am told that I cannot have access to anything other than the reports made through the usual channels. The next day, I present myself at the general offices of the General Motors Corporation, and demand to know in detail what is being done with my investment, and receive the same answer. Again, one case makes headlines when I testify to it before a Congressional committee; the other case is ignored simply as the way business operates.

A third example: a corporation gives to its executives stock options enabling them to buy corporation stock at less than market price. The executives can sell either the options or the stock at a profit. The executives who ordered the distribution of the options are, of course, among those who will benefit. But their benefit is at the expense of the corporation, which could have sold the stock to the public at a higher price. Similarly, a union builds a home for one or more of its officers, which it subsequently repurchases. The union officers deciding to do this are among the officers who benefit at the expense of the membership. Yet the stock is regarded merely as one way of beating the tax collector; the union's transaction is considered corrupt.

THESE transactions, and others like them, are reprehensible. It is a profound compliment to the labor movement that so few occur within its ranks that they arouse widespread indignation when they are uncovered.

These comments are made, not to minimize the findings of the McClellan Committee, but rather to point to the wide ramifications bound to be involved when specific labor legislation is drafted. Unionism and collective bargaining are inextricably interwoven into our business life—so much so that union leaders all too often act like businessmen. And when

union activity is touched by legislation, the usual activities of business enterprise may be equally affected.

It is easy enough to imagine instances. Health and welfare funds, in individual cases, have been subject to various forms of corruption. One of them consists of the payment of unearned commissions to relatives of union officials for placing insurance policies provided by certain welfare funds. Suppose the payment of commissions "for work not performed or not to be performed" (the anti-featherbedding language of the Taft-Hartley Act) was made unlawful by federal statute. Such a provision might undermine a considerable body of state legislation, having nothing to do with labor matters, which commonly *requires* the payment of commissions on the writing of insurance business even though no broker or agent is involved. Or, to put the case somewhat differently, no one has proposed *federal* legislation to prevent a slick insurance operator from robbing the Texas labor movement blind again, as has recently happened. Yet federal legislation does seem in the offing to prevent a union official from stealing from the welfare funds of his union, and such legislation might easily be extended to cover in some measure the first kind of case.

FINANCIAL corruption is one problem; corruption of union democracy is another and closely related one. Here also higher standards are demanded of the labor movement than of other institutions. How much real difference is there, for example, between the casting of votes of a local union by maintaining a national union trusteeship, and the temporary transfer of stock in the New York Central from the Alleghany Corporation to two friends of Robert R. Young for purposes of voting in a struggle for control? No labor union officer is as oligarchically entrenched as the executives of A.T.&T. In fact, the "people's capitalism" of widespread stock ownership assures executive power without responsibility. Curtis Sims was removed from the Executive Board of the Bakery

*FREDERIC MEYERS is on the faculty of the University of Texas.*

*March 1, 1958*



Workers Union for his opposition to the entrenched political machine. In July, 1956, certain duly elected delegates to the convention of the Texas Democratic Party were denied seats by the entrenched machine because of their opposition to Senator Johnson and Governor Daniel; at the same time, representation on the State Democratic Executive Committee of certain areas was hand-picked by the Daniel-Johnson forces to assure their control of the party machinery. Johnson himself was seated in 1948 by the U.S. Senate despite clear evidence of corruption in his election, which turned on a matter of less than a hundred votes. Federal legislation is now proposed to assure workers of their right to representation by officers of their choice. But the standards of conduct we require of politicians and businessmen are so much lower that no one proposes federal legislation of anything like the same degree of stringency to assure stockholder representation, or even political party member representation, by officers of their choice. Again, this seems to me to be the highest kind of compliment to the labor movement.

IT IS TO be hoped that society and the labor movement itself will continue to hold unions to these traditional high standards. It is to be hoped that these standards will become applicable also to the business and political worlds. And in each case, it is to be hoped that the application of these standards will not be such as to endanger the potential maximum social contribution of the institutions involved.

One may hold with some validity that honesty and democracy are of greater social importance in the labor movement than in the business, if not the political, world. Certainly it is relatively easy for the individual stockholder—unlike the union member—to withdraw his participation from a particular enterprise. Furthermore, the ordinary stockholder expects nothing but dividends from his participation, while the union member is deprived of many important non-material values when his union is corruptly run.

But, as the experience of the labor

movement indicates, the ethical values of a business society cannot be confined. They permeate the whole fabric of the community. "Business-like" is a complimentary term and, before the recent exposures, Dave Beck was highly regarded by much of the community for his business-like management of the Teamsters Union. His mistake was in carrying too far his imitation of many businessmen. How many ex-businessmen in government, when discovered with conflicts of interest not unlike those of Hoffa, protested that this was the way that business was run, and that they saw nothing wrong in what they were doing?

So, quite apart from all other reasons, corruption in the business world must be controlled as a "germ carrier" which threatens our whole society.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has proposed a series of measures intended to mitigate the problem of financial and political corruption in the labor movement. With respect to financial corruption, the President has proposed three basic steps. The first proposal requires full reporting of all health, welfare and pension funds to the Department of Labor, the accounts to be open to public inspection. The accounting would be required whether the funds are administered by unions, employers or both. (It should be noted that most of the abuses so far discovered have been in plans jointly administered by unions and employers, under a provision of the Taft-Hartley Act which requires employer participation in the administration of plans to which employers contribute.)

This proposal seems to me to be wholly unobjectionable; indeed, the principle should be extended. Worker policy-holders should be protected against fraud by law, and in the current instance, federal law seems to be the only adequate kind of protection. But in Texas, during the last few years, worker and non-worker policy-holders alike were defrauded of huge sums of money by commercial insurance companies. Interstate competition to attract the insurance industry has made only partially effective state efforts to regulate the

industry. Federal legislation should require full accounting and disclosure of the funds of all insurance-type funds, whether their beneficiaries are solely the employees of certain employers or not.

The second proposal made by the President is directed against improper financial relationships between employers and union officers. Employers would be forbidden to make payments to union officials except as authorized by law, and they also would be required to report all financial dealings with union officials and unions. It would be made a criminal act for an employer or a union official to give or receive payments intended improperly to influence the actions of the other. This proposal, at least in general terms, is also completely unobjectionable. Corporations



and unions are institutions of great public import, and their activities should all be in a goldfish bowl. And bribery in any form, by anybody, should be criminally punishable. Drafting the legislation so as to prevent improper payments while allowing perfectly proper ones is no easy task, but it can and should be done, for the protection of both workers and stockholders.

In fact, the legislation should be made more general. Union and corporation officials should be required to report *all* payments made to *anyone* except for goods or services necessary to the discharge of the union's or corporation's functions. The prohibition of improper payments as between union and corporation officials is necessary to protect not only the union member, but the stockholder as well. And stockholders should be protected against other forms of abuse. Gifts and expensive entertain-



ment, as well as outright bribes or kickbacks, indulged in by corporation officials enrich the official at the expense of the stockholder and should be forbidden. They are intended bribery even if they are tax deductible for the giver. A first step toward honesty in this respect might be for the Internal Revenue Service to check the receivers of corporate "gifts" in kind to determine whether they have been reported as taxable income.

The third of the President's proposals would require detailed reporting and accounting of union funds, with a further provision that such accounts be available for the inspection of members. Under Taft-Hartley, unions are required to file certain financial reports with the federal government, and to certify that these reports have been made available to members. In essence, unions covered by this provision already have the same obligation to members as corporations have to stockholders—that is, to make some kind of report. I would agree that this is not enough. All members should have a right of access to the records of their unions, just as all stockholders should have a right of access to the records of their corporations. This right should be limited only in such fashion as to protect the record-keeping and accounting process itself, so that both corporations and unions can perform this function without substantial and continued interruption by purposeless visits of constituents.

THE PRESIDENT has also proposed certain measures designed to protect the internal democracy of unions.

These provide for the reporting of detailed information concerning the constitutions, by-laws and procedures of unions, and require proof that members have both a right and an opportunity to elect local officers by secret ballot not less than once every four years, and a similar right with respect to superior officers, either directly or by election of representatives to delegate bodies. Such a provision in the law, though harmless, would probably be ineffective. Any good politician knows that laws protecting the secrecy of the ballot

and the opportunity to vote are not sufficient to prevent the development of corrupt political machines. This is even truer in the case of one-party government. And the labor movement is almost universally characterized by one-party (or no-party) government.

There are quite good reasons for labor's "one-party" structure. Unlike unions in most of the rest of the world, American unions are undivided on the basic question of their role in society, and almost unanimously accept the basic institutional framework of free enterprise. In this country, virtually all union leaders and members conceive the central function of their organizations to be collective bargaining. There are, therefore, no permanent issues upon which political parties can be built inside the labor movement. The only issues upon which union elections can be fought are those that arise over the question of which individual or group of individuals is best able to perform the agreed function. "Me-tooism" is necessarily ubiquitous in the labor movement, and, as many politicians justly complain, "me-tooism" is destructive of an effective two-party system.

CLARK KERR, in a very illuminating discussion of these problems recently published by the Fund for the Republic, suggests that to preserve union democracy, the essential requirement is that it should be possible for opposition factions to form and "wait in the wings" for the possibility of "competitive discharge" of inefficient, unresponsive or corrupt leadership. No legislation can assure the formation of such opposition factions. Legislation can only protect an opposition from discrimination or retaliation and, possibly, assure the honesty of elections, so that when the political opportunity for discharging leadership by the election process appears, the will of the membership will not be vitiated.

Unions cannot insist upon the right to negotiate compulsory union-membership agreements, or object to ready procedure for decertification of their representation rights, and at the same time maintain complete autonomy over their internal affairs.



Once the power of individual or collective withdrawal is limited, effective internal democracy is the only remaining check upon internal autocracy or corruption. The society and the individual are entitled to such protection as the law can provide against abuses of the individual and perversions of the useful social functions of unions. And the fact that abuses are rare is no real argument. Murder is rare, and would be even were there no law against it, but no one would argue that murder should not be unlawful.

The caveat I would offer, however, is that legislation is unlikely to alter the situation materially. From what I know of the teamsters, they would have elected Hoffa to office even in a completely unrigged convention.

Unions are in fact quasi-public bodies with tremendous power. That power is ordinarily exercised in accordance with the proper, useful and legitimate functions of unions. But as powerful, non-private organizations, they should be subject to such regulations as will protect the society and the individual against occasional abuse.

President Eisenhower's proposals in respect to prevention of financial and political corruption, insofar as they have been discussed here, do not seem to me to be unduly harsh or ill-considered. They would hold the labor movement to standards not required of other groups in society, especially business and businessmen. But this is no argument against their application to the labor movement. It is an argument for their more general application.



# Why We're Losing the Propaganda War... John C. Schneider

THE guy says to me, "If you had the job of directing American propaganda—"

"No, thanks," I interrupted hastily. "I'm not *that* hungry."

I was thinking that as propaganda boss a fellow would have to send out to the rest of the world carloads of dreary "truth"; he'd have to paint pretty pictures of the works and ways of old Diehard Dulles; he'd have to do the impossible. And may God have mercy on his tormented soul.

"Look," the guy says, "I'm not asking you to believe that all's for the best in this best of all possible nations—although we agree that on balance it probably is the best of existing national societies. Certainly the United States at its worst is preferable to the Welfare State as typified by England, the Chaos State of France, the old Corporate State of Mussolini, the Great Beast State of Hitler or the Unspeakable State of the Communists. Agreed? Good. So we admit that our product isn't very good, even though it's the best available. We're just assuming that you have this job to do. Your client is not only the government, it's also the people, culture, economy of the United States—the works. Your immediate assignment is to turn the tide in the propaganda war. We've been losing: you tell us how we start winning."

"But I've got no 'expertise' on the subject."

"Who has?"

The guy had me there. Who has? "I'll give it some thought," I said lamely. And I did. A lot of thought. Conclusion: negative.

There simply is no solution to our propaganda dilemma, not unless (a) there should occur a sudden miraculous, impossible, across-the-board improvement in our government, economy, educational system and cultural level, or (b) we should—un-

thinkably!—silence the press in order to make possible use of what the guy calls "Madison Avenue techniques." It's an unpleasant view from here, but we might as well face it. We can't win a propaganda war with the Soviets. However, we can do better than we've done—and hope the opposition will blunder itself over onto the losing side.

It might be helpful to consider why we're losing and they're winning, and what unattainable desiderata would give our propagandists a fighting chance. As a starting point, we might try to figure what it is that gives to Soviet propaganda its undeniable high potency.

SIMPLE! Soviet propaganda has what public-relations men and admen call a "pitch" — a direction. Everything that's poured into the propaganda funnel, everything from statistics to sputniks, comes out as part of the pitch. The Soviets have analyzed their market, and shrewdly. They found that the whole, big, neurotic world wants *peace*. So peace is the first part of the one-two propaganda pitch. But great areas of the world, notably in Asia and Africa, also desperately want *progress* — in technology, manufacturing, agriculture, power development, transportation. Moreover, they want this progress *communally*, not for the enrichment of capitalists.

So the Soviets plug peace for everybody, but especially for Europe, and full bellies and electric lights for Asia and Africa. It's a solid propaganda pitch, and it works. Even the peace-angle works, despite the massive weight of evidence indicating that Russia is about as peace-loving as was Hammering Henry Armstrong in his savage prime.

We have no pitch and we need one. Not a slogan, mind you, not an endlessly repeated sales spiel. What we need is a propaganda policy which will enable us to use almost every conceivable kind of material to support and sustain the policy.

Demonstrably, we've been doing badly without such a pitch. We've

operated, or so we've been told, from a pious premise which holds that the best propaganda is simply to "tell the truth." Which is naiveté carried to the point of absurdity. Telling the truth—to the extent that we have—has kept us on the defensive, busy replying to charges made against us, and it has so dispersed and diluted our propaganda words that they have come to mean anything and nothing.

What should the American pitch be? At this point, let us turn to market analysis. The question is, what does the rest of the world want us to be? Peaceful, of course: which we are, though we seldom show it. We need not concern ourselves with the "progress" which is an imperative for the Soviets: natives in the most remote Indian villages know that we're just awfully good at making automobiles and stuff; they know, too, that they were getting dams and power plants from us long before the Russians got into the act. I submit that what both our allies and the uncommitted nations want us to be, first of all, is a *mature*, hence a responsible, power. In all the long years of Britain's world leadership there never was any question about her maturity and responsibility. She was usually greedily exploitative, often aggressive, frequently dead wrong—but always she was respected as a proper leader of nations. We aren't.

SO IF I were bossing propaganda—and once again, heaven forbid!—I'd try to sell the United States as a peaceful and mature national society. *Peace* and *maturity*, then. A good, solid pitch but, as has been noted sadly, impossible. It would require first some impossibly heroic deeds to give this propaganda a fighting chance. Let's see. First, speaking of *Peace*:

The Army, Navy and Air Force would have to cease operating as huge talent agencies vigorously promoting their top brass to any radio or television program which will have them. And damn near every program does have them, in droves. Daily,

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hourly, the generals and admirals are on the air bickering and bragging, bidding, doubling and redoubling. Inevitably, the most sensational and irresponsible of their comments get into the channels of international communications. This is the voice of a peace-loving nation? Hah! It would be a great day for American propaganda if someone would tell all those military-theatrical hams to shut up and go back to work.

And wouldn't it be wonderful if Mr. Dulles should manfully disengage himself from that attitude which had its origin in his political campaign speeches of 1952? Thence flowed such non-peaceful propaganda as "massive retaliation" and "brink of war" and "unleashing Chiang" and "liberation." Mr. Dulles alone makes it almost impossible for American propaganda to use a peace pitch.

But he is aided and abetted by the military and the press in the hysterical overemphasis on weapons development. To an observer overseas it must seem that skies over the United States are black with missiles and rockets, with ICBM's, IRBM's and presumably BMT's and IRT's. Scores and hundreds of unrestrained news items about launchings, delayed launchings, attempted launchings, projected launchings. Is it really front-page news when one or another of the warring services announces with appropriate fanfare that it has successfully launched the first rocket stage of an experimental three-stage missile? Small wonder if the observer overseas concludes that these Americans are missile-mad and rocket-rabid. (Note that the same observer gets no such impression of the Soviet Union, which frugally saves its news for an awe-inspiring speech by Khrushchev or an awesome fact such as sputnik.)

Finally — although it would be easy to go on and on—the American citizenry itself makes it rough for the propagandist who's trying to picture Uncle Sam as a peace-loving character. The citizenry, and its elected representatives, reacted semi-hysterically to the completely hysterical editorials which followed close on the flying heels of the sputniks. What the world heard was a cacophony of hypochondriac voices

screaming: five billions . . . crash program! . . . ten billions . . . control of space is control of the world! . . . thirty billions . . . fifty thousand engineers, right away! . . . fifty billions . . . a couple thousand submarines armed with nuclear rockets! . . . eighty billions . . . we gotta get to the moon ahead of the Russians, we gotta! . . . 100 billions . . . billions, billions, billions.

I said to the guy, "Look, do not even these few examples prove that it's impossible for American propaganda to convince the rest of the world (always excluding the USSR and satellites) that America is in truth a peace-loving nation? Thank you. Knew you'd see it my way."

Now let's consider what we're up against when we try to propagandize America as a mature, hence an emotionally stable, intellectually adequate and trustworthy *leader* of the free world.

And, oh, dear!—how can others see us as anything other than a childish, rich, uneducated, excitable, headstrong, quarrelsome, spoiled brat of a nation?

Are America's ugly and discriminatory immigration policies those of a mature and enlightened society? No.

Is it a mark of maturity to have Radio Free Europe constantly needling the satellite peoples—as the Hungarians bitterly alleged—when there is absolutely no chance of "liberation" in the foreseeable future, and when existence itself may depend on reducing frictions and irritations between the two colossi, Russia and America? No.



Is it the wisdom of maturity which insists that old islander Chiang Kai-shek is the logical and only representative of the Chinese people? No.

These are the things which make a propagandist wish he'd stuck to popularizing soap or plugging Broadway shows. But there are even bigger obstacles. For example, I'm informed in reply to an inquiry that yes, our propagandists do still promote the concept of "free, competitive enterprise" as basic in the American economy. Now this is ridiculous. In the first place, it isn't true, and in the second, even if it were it would be thoroughly bad propaganda.

CONSIDER. Almost all of the world, including the United States, simply does not want a competitive, "free enterprise," capitalist economy. Smacks too much of the bad old days of exploitation, colonialism, want and fear. Therefore our propaganda would be much more palatable if it told the truth. So long as there is no competition in either prices or wages, ours is *not* a competitive economy. In all basic industries we have the administered price—and we're *almost* given over to what might well be called the administered wage. We're not "competitive," nor are we "free enterprise," or capitalist. What we have is a union-management corporative economy, and we should come right out and say so. It might be good news to those nations which are shopping the non-capitalist markets, looking at communism, socialism, welfare state-ism and other forms of economic organization. The United States appears rather childish to be still going for the old, discredited capitalism stuff—it's as if a great, hulking man went about prating that he still believes in Santa Claus.

Then there is the stubbornly held, and far too often voiced, conviction that the United States is a "Christian nation." This Big Lie thunders from political platforms, from the floors of House and Senate, from all manner of sources whence it is sure to get into world-wide circulation. Which is too bad. After all, Christians make up a tiny minority among the peoples of the earth. And it would be very good propaganda if



we should explain to Moslems, Jews, Buddhists and atheists that the United States is *not* Christian. Specifically and categorically. The Constitution says so. And never has this nation seemed so mature, so wise, as when the framers of the Constitution put religion in its place.

Well, occasionally the poor propagandist gets a break. We've shown

some remarkable maturity in sending abroad as representatives of American culture such admirable artists as Marian Anderson and the *Porgy and Bess* company. At the same time the propagandist would wish, but wistfully and knowing the futility of it all, that somehow America could reduce its booming export of rock 'n roll, ambulatory super-

markets, bodies beautiful, Cohn & Schine, lush-living military officers, prize-fighters, semi-literate and bad-mannered tourists, vacuous TV shows and Billy Graham.

See? I told the guy there just wasn't any solution to our propaganda problem. Any fool could tell him why we're losing: there's nobody, nobody, to tell him how to win.

## CASE of the OUT-DATED VICTIM . . by Dan Wakefield

*We've got to wrap it up.*

—Arthur Kahn, Law Officer of the New York City Board of Higher Education

THE PHENOMENON called "McCarthyism," as everyone knows, had long and securely been buried by the spring of 1957. The newspapers, magazines and public prophets had said so many times. Surely then, a scholar and professor of Renaissance Literature who had marched in a May Day parade in 1937 and attended a picnic which also was attended by faculty members who later were found to be Communists, had little to fear from such shadows of the past when the telephone rang on the afternoon of May 30, 1957, and a voice at the other end announced itself as the Law Officer of the Board of Higher Education.

The officer told the professor that the Board was going to meet that night to reach a decision on his case.

"We've got to settle this thing," the officer said. "We've got to wrap it up."

"This thing" which had to be settled consisted of three-year-old charges concerning twenty-year-old associations of Professor Warren B. Austin with faculty colleagues at the City College of New York who were later found to have been members of the Communist Party.

What was about to be "wrapped up" was the distinguished twenty-six-year teaching career of Warren Austin.

May Day of 1937 was a distant

memory to Dr. Austin until September 16, 1954, when he was summoned to testify before the Board of Higher Education's "Special Committee on Section 903 of the City Charter, Feinberg Law, and Related Matters" which was investigating suspected Communist influence in the municipal colleges. He testified again on June 6, 1955, and both times swore that he had never been a member of the Communist Party. The main suspicion of such membership seemed to be based on his friendship with Morris Schappes, a City College teacher who belonged to the Communist Party. That friendship began in 1931 when Austin, as a recent graduate of the college, was taken onto the faculty. Louis Freeman Mott, then head of the English department, asked Schappes to show Austin around and help him get started. Austin swore that, although he and Schappes were friends, and he later learned that Schappes was a Communist, he himself had never joined the party or participated in any of its activities. Professor Austin did readily admit to having marched in the May Day parade in 1937. According to *The New York Times* of that year, he was one of 70,000.

Professor Austin heard no more from the Special Committee after the two hearings in 1954 and 1955, and thought no more about it until the fall of 1956, when he was, without explanation, passed over for expected promotion from assistant professor to associate professor. He asked Dr. Buell Gallagher, president of City College, why he hadn't been promoted, and was told that his

promotion was being held in reserve until he was finally cleared by the Board's Special Committee. He asked for a chance to testify in his defense, and did so before the committee on November 13, 1956. He once again swore that he had never been a member of the Communist Party.

The next word that came to Austin was the telephone call on May 20, 1957, with the information that the Board was meeting that night to decide his case and was anxious to "wrap it up." The law officer, Arthur Kahn, asked Dr. Austin if he had considered resigning from the faculty at City College. Dr. Austin said he certainly had not, and that he wanted a chance to appear before the Board to defend himself. Mr. Kahn said that if he wasn't considering resignation, he probably wouldn't be able to meet with the Board that evening.

The next morning, on his way to City College, Professor Warren Austin bought a copy of *The New York Times* "to see if I had been suspended." The *Times* report of the Board meeting, however, made no mention of the Austin case. Professor Austin went to his ten o'clock class with what small measure of relief could come from finding that the morning paper carried no news of the end of his career. He went on about the business of giving an English test to his class, and was about half way through the hour when the college president's secretary came in and asked him if he had heard from the department chairman.

"I said I was conducting a class, but I would see him as soon as the

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period was over," Dr. Austin recalled.

It seemed a reasonable proposal. But the institution which Warren Austin had served for twenty-six years would not wait twenty-five minutes to hand him the papers which ended his personal career and announced his public disgrace. Before the class was over, the acting chairman of the English department, Samuel Middlebrook, entered the room to interrupt the test and tell Warren Austin that a man was waiting outside to serve papers on him. Dr. Austin was charged with "conduct unbecoming a faculty member" on the grounds that he allegedly had testified falsely in denying past membership in the Communist Party.

Dr. Austin remembers now, as he will always remember, that moment:

"I had to stop the class and explain to my students what was happening. Middlebrook had brought along a colleague to take over the class. As soon as I stepped outside the door the man from the Board gave me the papers."

Dr. Austin protested the charges, and the Board of Higher Education arranged a trial. A special three-man trial committee was appointed, and hearings were held intermittently over a four-month period.

SHORTLY before the trial began, it was announced that the special investigating staff of the Board's Special Committee on subversion in the schools was being disbanded. The era it had flourished in was clearly over. The still-remaining charges against Dr. Austin were something that happened to be left over from it. Their presence was a bothersome hangover; something that needed to be "wrapped up." The ensuing trial that wrapped them up was itself a political, moral and emotional hangover. Its dialogue is the kind that would be expected today only in badly-written television dramas on the theme of political witch-hunts. But our literature is ahead of our reality; Warren Austin's career was smashed on lines and plot that no editor would now accept as "true to life."

One of the final facts in the trial committee's report of condemnation

is, in its own words, "Austin's taking at the Jefferson School a course in the Russian language (a subject which had no visible relation to his work as an instructor in the English department of the college . . . )."

Warren Austin reads five languages in addition to English. He patiently explained to the trial committee when questioned about the study of Russian:

As I look back on it now, I think it was rather foolish of me to spend my time, but languages have always been something of an avocation, and I had learned French and Italian by myself, and I tried to do the same for Russian, and I found that it was



somewhat more difficult, and, actually, I enrolled at three different places because I didn't have much time and I thought if I can get this in between day sessions and the evening session or in an odd few hours why it would be so much to the good. Under those circumstances I enrolled at the Jefferson School and took the Russian course. It was a good course. It was given by a man from NYU whose name I do not recall; I should certainly have continued it and finished it except that the hours were inconvenient at night. My recollection is that I was enrolled for possibly—well, not more than three weeks, I would say.

Another of the conclusions supporting the trial committee's decision of Austin's Communist membership was "Austin's own procurement as well as his receiving from Schappes Communist publications . . ." Schappes gave Austin "pamphlets or booklets of various phases of literature in the Soviet Union. But Austin also procured for himself books prominent among the Communist classics." It

is part of the case against a college professor that he did purchase and read *The Foundations of Leninism* and *The History of the Communist Party in the Soviet Union*. When asked if Schappes had given him the latter book, Austin testified:

No, I think I had that—I do not know whether I have it now, but I did have a copy of it. But I do in that case remember how I got it. I bought it at Collet's book store, which was then on Charing Cross Road, in London—I do not know whether it still is—in London. I bought that and I suppose I must have bought *The Foundations of Leninism* at one time, I do recall, because of my own interest in getting at the thing and finding out about it.

The desire of a man to "get at the thing and find out about it" can only be construed as subversive by the trial committee of the Board of Higher Education of the largest city in the United States.

Such a concept indeed seemed foreign to the attitudes of the trial committee. The record reads as if the members were more concerned with their image of the time they were talking about than with the time itself and the people involved. The sinister overtones were so lacking from Austin's testimony that it sometimes proved disturbing to the trial committee—as in the following exchange, when Austin was asked if a certain visit that Morris Schappes made to his home was in any way related to the Communist Party:

A. This was utterly unrelated. He [Schappes] came with his wife and we were having an outdoor grill, we had hamburgers or something, we put on an extra one—

Q. You were very interesting in your discourse, but you see, you go into details that increase our stenographic bill. But that is not the only reason: it is also time-consuming.

The picture of Morris Schappes, a friend and colleague, stopping by Austin's home for a hamburger seems quite removed from conspiracy. The trial committee much preferred the picture presented by its only witness against Austin, one Lewis Balamuth. As the trial committee report stated with such savor:

His [Balamuth's] testimony drew



the now familiar picture of clandestine meetings in private homes, fictitious names, dues books, study of Communist classics, subjection to party discipline....

There's the stuff! In that clandestine world of dark intrigue, there was surely no one eating a hamburger.

Lewis Balamuth, the man whose testimony painted the picture of that clandestine world and inserted Professor Warren Austin into it, is a former Communist who taught at City College from 1937-42. He admitted under cross-examination at the trial that he had falsely accused two other persons of having testified falsely in other trials. The trial committee conceded that Balamuth was a confessed perjurer and that "on his present testimony standing alone no decision averse to Austin could be rendered." The conclusion of the trial committee stated also that "Any one of the many facts established in this trial about Austin would not, if isolated and standing alone, be sufficient to sustain the charges. But a different evaluation emerges when all such facts are considered together, and in the light of all the evidence and the whole record. . . ."

"Such facts" as Austin's reading of Communist books, his march in the May Day parade, his interest in learning the Russian language, are then mentioned, and it is concluded that "These facts, and others in this record, mesh into a pattern which common sense and experience readily perceive and evaluate."

In his brief for the defense, Austin's attorney, Ephraim S. London, wrote that "It is submitted that the charge against Dr. Austin was disproved; that the trial committee's conclusions are untenable; and that its findings are based upon the unreliable testimony of an admitted perjurer, upon conjecture, and upon rags and tatters of evidence of no substance or significance."

The Board of Higher Education considered the two reports on the case, and voted unanimously on December 16, 1957, to adopt the recommendation of the trial committee that "the disciplinary action be the immediate dismissal of Warren B. Austin, without pay during the period of his suspension other than

the pay heretofore received by him during such period of suspension."

Ephraim London immediately announced that he would appeal the case to Dr. James E. Allen, state education commissioner. Foreseeing this action, the trial committee had written at the end of its recommendation that "In the matter of this recommended disciplinary action, we call attention to the fact that in the recent case of Professor Hugh McGill, who perjured himself before the Rapp-Coudert committee in 1941, the Board's sentence of dismissal was sustained by Commissioner Allen, notwithstanding that McGill fully admitted the perjury and expressed remorse. Here the respondent under oath repeated his denials."

WARREN Austin now sits in his Yonkers apartment and waits for the further working out of his fate. The tangible remains of his life work seem largely enclosed in a brown folder which bulges with letters of sympathy and friendship from former faculty colleagues, students and friends.

A letter on stationery of the CCNY department of English says: "I looked for you yesterday to try to tell you how shaken I was by the news in the *Times*, and also to tell you that I can think of no one in the department whom we can less well afford to lose. . . ."

Among notes of similar sentiment from colleagues is a resolution passed on May 23, 1957, by the unanimous vote of the department of English at CCNY. It states:

Dr. Austin is a thoroughly able, efficient and conscientious teacher. Every task that he has been asked to assume he has done faithfully and well.... His scholarship is superior. His Ph.D. dissertation on Nashe and Harvey was adjudged by so distinguished a commentator as Professor Marjorie Hope Nicholson "an important contribution to English literature".... As his colleagues through the years, we wish also to express our genuine regard for Dr. Austin as a man who has displayed, to the best of our knowledge, the highest personal integrity in all his dealings with us and with his students, and who has never given us cause to question his loyalty to the government of the United States.

Perhaps the most moving of all are the letters from students. A typical one stated:

As a student I feel your suspension is an injustice and a great loss; a loss of a teacher who could make the difficulties of the English language seem easy and who could bring fun into the classroom as well as knowledge.... I am sincerely proud to be your student....

A former student who went in the army wrote Warren Austin that "I say in all honesty, Professor, that many of the things which I learned in your Bible course, I've been able to put into use when clarifying something in my own religion for a buddy or even in helping him to better understand his own. And that does make life a bit easier."

Warren Austin, a quiet, gray-haired, scholarly man, sits now waiting and talks of his gratitude to friends who "have rallied around us." But nothing can erase the memory of his trial, and the reality of its repercussions. Perhaps the most painful aspect of all has been Warren Austin's fear of the effects on his family—his wife and son and daughter.

The worst of the fears have already been realized. Professor Austin's daughter graduated from college last June and was hired as a trainee by American Telephone and Telegraph in White Plains, New York. She loved the work, and was told by her boss that she was ranked Number One in the group of twelve trainees she was working with. Last September she was called in by her boss and asked to resign. At first no reason was given, but finally she was told that it was due to the publicity over her father's case. She now is working as a salesgirl in a New York department store.

In such a way has the action of the Board of Higher Education kept us all safe from subversion. The pattern and the plot are old—indeed, they are out of date. The era of McCarthyism that spawned such stories is over. The books closed, as they were opened, with a victim. It can be little solace to Warren Austin to know that he was the last, or that the weapon which wrecked his career is now obsolete.



# DARKNESS UNDER the DOME . . by David Cort

IN THE CHARM war with Russia, the natural arena is the so-called international trade fair which has become increasingly popular among the underdeveloped countries. Here the local people can see for themselves what the two competing worlds have to offer. Our own participation in these endless fairs makes an instructive story. Here is a working test of what our government thinks is charming about America, how charming our mass-produced merchandise is to other people, how capable Russia has become at duplicating it, what is America's real charm and power, what in general charms whom. If it seems sometimes that the present American government cannot charm beetles, it may be because we are at present infatuated with our own merchandise, and imagine that anybody else would be too.

The trade fair was not fully understood, as late as 1954, by our concerned agencies, the State and Commerce Departments. That year, when the great Milan Triennale invited us to exhibit, our government sneered that this was a matter for private enterprise. A little magazine called *Interiors* did invite Mr. Buckminster Fuller (truly private enterprise, at both ends) to install one of his geodesic domes at Milan, and in fact this won the Grand Prize. If the reader is not long since familiar with the geodesic dome, I will describe this object later.

On August 1, 1956, another little trade fair was to open in Kabul, Afghanistan. The strategic importance of Afghanistan was formerly well-known to the masters of the British Empire who had not, however, bothered to pass on this crucial information to the new masters in Washington, who seem to have been unable to work it out for themselves. For 2,500 years Afghanistan has been the door to India, and the only door overland. The Russian passion to push the Turk-Sib railway into Kabul had been blocked by the British

for a hundred years. The British Ambassador's palace in Kabul is still bigger than the King's, but the British have ceased to care.

By themselves, the Afghans are interesting people. They have had a dozen emperors and kings of India. They were the tribesmen who poured into Kashmir and gave Nehru an excuse to send in his troops and instigate the most volatile unfought war on the agenda, not against Afghanistan but against Pakistan. They are born to the mechanics of mobility. They are superb mechanics. They take a piece of junk and turn it into a beautiful rifle. They buy exhausted, third-hand American taxis and make them run with hand-made parts. Seeing this, the Russians paved a good stretch of Kabul highway for the Afghans to race on. A little later, Russia was allowed to push its railway into Kabul; tomorrow, India and the world. The slumber in Washington was still sweet and untroubled.

AND THEN came the cables from the American Ambassador in Kabul describing a most peculiar interest in the Jeshyn Fair by the Russians, the Chinese, the Czechs and the East Germans. Why, the exhibits of the two greatest Communist powers were to cover 32,000 and 22,000 square feet. In Kabul, of all places! And the Jeshyn Fair was to open in two months.

What to do? A miracle was required. The growing American philosophy is that miracles are produced by corporations. But what was wanted was far beyond any existing American corporation to deliver. It was to complete a large building in its component parts within one month, load them on a single DC-4 plane and deliver them in Kabul prepared for erection in a day or two. Since America is lucky enough to number individuals as well as corporations, the Department of Commerce was lucky enough to find a South Asian expert named Jack Massey who was smart enough to know about Buckminster Fuller. Both individuals. As usual, in a genuine emer-

gency, the individual has to be found.

After consultation with his staff, Mr. Fuller said that he could and would do it, at cost. And at a minute fraction of what any other structure would have cost.

Before the month was up, the dome was delivered at Raleigh, N.C., airport—a 100-foot clear-span frame of aluminum tubes and vinyl-coated nylon skin. It was approved, packed on the DC-4 and flown to Afghanistan.

IN KABUL it was erected by a few Afghans in a day. Its materialization, immense and gleaming-white, was stunning to the Afghans. Some came inside, fell on their knees and prayed. Others said that it was merely ancient Afghan architecture, for indeed it applies the same universal principles as the nomad's yurt, made of interlaced saplings and sheepskins.

The dome was the sensation of the Kabul fair. It outdrew the huge Chinese and Russian exhibits which were four and three times as big, by heavy margins. The number of visitors, 202,000, was equal to the population of Kabul.

Every testimony was that this last-minute victory in the charm war was won by the dome, not by the merchandise inside. This latter is exceedingly interesting as showing what American bureaucrats believe to be America's charm: the Borden talking cow, Lionel toy trains, bouncing ball-bearings, a cranky hi-fi set, a TV screen on which the Afghans saw themselves looking at the screen, and movies of American football games and drum majorettes.

America is full of better things than these. The electronic gadgets of automation, for example, open up the world of applied brain and spirit. A lot of modern children's toys are quite fascinating. But merchandise, simply as merchandise, means nothing without a local production and distribution system, or a big import operation.

The dome was different. The Afghans were so delighted with it they kept climbing up the frame and sliding down the taut, suspended skin,

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March 1, 1960



with whoops. They were doing so when the King drove around the dome several times, and had his police drag his subjects off their slide. The King conveyed to the U.S. Ambassador that he would be happy to accept the geodesic dome as a gift. The request should have been granted at once. But the Department of Commerce had no budget item to cover it. The King was refused. The Russians at once consoled him with a plane worth at least \$150,000, five times the cost of the dome.

THE FULLER dome, I should explain, has evolved over a period of thirty years out of a quite complicated mathematics describing the tensions on the surface of a hollow sphere. Being based on sound universal dynamics, the structure is incredibly strong, though it looks fragile. It is the basic component of the Defense-Early-Warning line of radar stations and of the Marine Air Force's mobile installations. It is as typically and individually American as the first Model T Ford car—the simplest and best way to be a difficult thing.

The Kabul dome was packed up toward the end of 1956 and flown to another trade fair in Bangkok, Thailand, then in the middle of last year to another in Tokyo, to go in 1958 to still another in Osaka. In Thailand and in Japan, as in Afghanistan, the people said, "But that is our own traditional architecture, industrialized." The Japanese are building a half-dozen of their own. Since Fuller has no Asian patent, they need pay no royalties. One in Tokyo is, however, called the Fuller Dome, in honorable apology.

The dome was by now basic propaganda, and the Department of Commerce invested in a fleet of them to be flown about the globe. Two, of 100-foot clear span, were at the Casablanca and Tunis trade fairs in the summer of 1957. One of 114 feet was the center of the fair at Poznan, Poland, our first entry behind the Iron Curtain, in the summer after the Hungarian rebellion. In this political climate, the dome must have revived some of Europe's faith in the continuous American revolution of fresh, untrammelled thinking. Later

the Poznan dome was flown to Istanbul, Turkey, while another went to the fair at Salonika, Greece. One of eighty-four feet at the 1957 Milan Triennale won the Grand Prize again from a jury of seventeen nations, to round out the story. Other domes covered American exhibits at the trade fairs in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, India, and in Rangoon, Burma.

A comparison is insistent between the charm of the geodesic dome and of the rocket missile. Certainly the development of the rocket was equally individualistic until Hitler took it over for the V-2. Afterward, the Russian and American corporations took it over. Since it seemed competitive with manned aircraft, the American effort could not be much advanced by the young air generals who could not help regarding the missile as something aimed at shooting boy generals out of the air and the aircraft companies into the red. Russia's air generals had no claim to having "won the war" and no prestige. Thus, the Russians beat us into the sky with the satellite. The charm, as we can still painfully remember, was instantaneous and universal. Our own satellite four months later seems to me to have been the more charming by its relative lightness and efficiency. And it was put up by what was formerly the heavy-handed branch of the services, the ground army. Yet here again the job was saved by individuals, by Wernher von Braun and the court-martialed Colonel Nickerson. When the Russians put a dog into their second sputnik, they even put the concept of an individual into the sky, and into the minds of men.

This sequence strikes me as very interesting. The present government of the U.S.S.R. is the enemy of the individual, quite frankly; yet it takes an individualistic invention and projects it as individualistic charm and has an immense success. I begin to remember again the many charming feats of Adolf Hitler, such as the Volkswagen and the Autobahnen, not to speak of the V-2. These fellows, it seems, can always out-charm us.

WE NEED only move on to the trade fair in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, in

September, 1957, to read a climax in American and Russian policies in the charm war. The American exhibit had no geodesic dome this time, but it had a lot of merchandise, admirably reported by the American press. Contributed by the Chain Stores Association, it was assembled in a reproduction of a typical American super-market crammed with frozen lamb chops, spinach and ice cream, the putative contents of the American belly. Since the Yugoslav beholder had no way of getting any of this, he either regarded it as a sort of museum exhibit or a personal insult. The message was: "Eat your heart out."

*Life* in particular said that it found this propaganda for the American way of life simply splendid. Since propaganda is a subjective matter, I do not want to sound cocksure about anything here. Nevertheless, for myself, I can say that I have a very limited interest in how well somebody else eats—somebody I don't know and probably wouldn't like anyway. The consumption of food, as all fiction editors know very well, is beautiful in babies, still charming in children, acceptable in teen-agers and repulsive in adults. Try to sell a story about gluttony. My thought is that our Zagreb exhibit was about as offensive as it is possible to get. It had no mark of brain, spirit, abstraction or hope; it simply presented a marvelously refined bestiality of the belly. Yet this is the level of our foreign policy, because it is also the level at which corporate advertising works.

Am I subversive if I say that America stands for something very different? We were once a masculine, ascetic, roving, adventurous people who created new solutions as fast as new problems arose. And in fact that same personnel is still here, though in the shadow.

The ruling personnel of America had their total failure rubbed into their noses, right there at Zagreb. There was of course no American geodesic dome. And so the Russians now proceeded to raise over their exhibit a vividly colored geodesic dome, of aluminum tubes, but of canvas instead of plastic. It was, of course, as it had always been under the United States flag, an enormous success.



# GUATEMALA TRIES AGAIN . . by David L. Graham

GUATEMALA'S national elections have come and gone, peacefully and with an all-time minimum of fraud and manipulation. Probably never has so little excitement been covered by so many foreign correspondents. Hopeful as this tranquility was for the future of popular government in Guatemala, the results were inconclusive, if not ominous.

One surging trend there was, however—that of voters bent on slapping down the presidential ambitions of Cruz Salazar, inheritor of Castillo Armas' Liberation or MDN Party and hence the U.S. State Department's favorite. Thus, with uncanny fidelity, the Administration has once again revealed an affinity for the unpopular man and the discredited cause.

Thanks, however, to a post-election deal between Cruz and General Ydigoras, the wily old right-winger who won a plurality but not a majority in the presidential race, MDN henchmen are expected to get three ministries in the new government and Cruz himself an ambassadorship for withdrawing in favor of Ydigoras. In short, both principals pulled the rug from under their own followers.

THE JULY assassination of Castillo Armas was taps for the Liberation. With him gone, the Liberation was dead; decomposition set in almost at once. Realizing that they were done for if the people could express themselves at the polls, the MDN made desperate efforts to rig the October elections. So blatant were its machinations, however, that the MDN Government had to bow to popular indignation: the elections were annulled and the MDN provisional president resigned and went to visit relatives in Washington.

DAVID L. GRAHAM is a free-lance writer with a special interest in Guatemala, which he has visited several times. He reported on "Liberated" Guatemala in *The Nation* of July 14, 1956; another article, *Castillo's Guatemala*, appeared in *The Nation* of May 21, 1955.

March 1, 1958

An era was now finished. Exiles came flocking back to Guatemala, the press shook off its shackles, and a real opposition party, the PR (Revolutionary Party) under Mendez Montenegro, came out in the open. Conditions for a free election had never been better.

Part of the U.S. press took up its old cry: the Government's opponents were Communist-infiltrated, Communist-dominated; Moscow had laid a big-inch pipeline into the heart of the banana belt. Such bloodshot, barstool perspectives stirred laughter only in observers on the scene. Actually, throughout the campaign the PR followed a decorous, liberal line, avoiding violence, shunning the support of the old left-wingers of Arbenz' time and fearful of the Communist taint. "My worst enemies," Mendez Montenegro called the Communists.

Major planks in the PR program were: recognition of human dignity and the rights of man, including the right to organize in unions and the right of all Guatemalans to live in Guatemala, free from political reprisals; war on illiteracy, disease and destitution—the common lot in Guatemala; an income tax (there is none) instead of hidden taxes on food and other necessities; and even recognition of the need for foreign investments to speed progress—a program, in short, dedicated to bringing true democracy to Guatemala and "repudiating *all* types of totalitarianism, Right or Left, including communism, falangism, fascism, etc."

All three important parties (PR, MDN, and Ydigoristas) jockeyed for the middle lane, the PR rebuffing the 1944 revolutionaries, and the MDN and the Ydigoristas trying to shove each other to the Right.

The Ydigoras who "lost" the October elections by opposing the sure-thing government candidate, just as he had lost to the leftist Arbenz in 1950, went on to win the January elections with a 52,000 plurality. This was no surprise to anyone, except maybe *The New York Times* which, though its reporters knew better, had been scoffing editorially at the general's chances as late as January 15,

echoing State Department sentiments by predicting a Cruz victory.

What did astonish everyone, including the PR people themselves, was the showing made by Mendez Montenegro. That ambitious 47-year-old lawyer and ex-mayor of Guatemala City picked up some 135,000 votes after less than two months of electioneering. "Next time," predicted Guatemala's leading journalist, Marroquin Rojas, himself an Ydigorista, "the PR will win without question."

MANY Guatemalans, including thoughtful PR supporters, regard the victory of Ydigoras as a good thing—provided he strives for a genuine reconciliation government as promised. "Law" was his slogan, and people voted for him because they felt that justice in Guatemala needs a stronger hand. For three years the secret police has been trampling on civil rights, arresting and exiling critics of the Government even when they have protective injunctions from the supreme court.

How Guatemala develops in the next few years depends mainly on two factors: what will Ydigoras do, and what about the U.S.? If Ydigoras harks back to his early training, or inclines toward the policies of his alleged backer, Generalissimo Trujillo, then civil strife seems certain. Longings for freedom, economic opportunity and national self-determination have proliferated in Guatemala since 1944. The people cannot be herded back to dictator Ubico's five-cents-a-day wages and government by gunmen.

Despite surprises and setbacks received, U.S. foreign policy seems still blind to the facts of Latin American life, still confident that it is good business and justifiable morality for us to support such dictators as Castillo Armas, Somoza, Pérez Jiménez.

Even if economic aid were to bring prosperity to the Guatemalan people—at present there is only a slight trickle-down—Venezuela should have reminded us that prosperity is not enough. A self-respecting people wants freedom.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Science of Life

*LIFE: AN INTRODUCTION TO BIOLOGY.* By George Gaylord Simpson, Colin S. Pittendrigh, and Lewis H. Tiffany. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 845 pp. \$10.

### Carl Dreher

VANNEVAR BUSH, respected as an administrator, engineer and scientist in both the capitalist and Communist worlds, said recently in a television interview: "If I were a youngster today, I would become a biologist." But why be resigned? Any engineer, young or old, can benefit spiritually, perhaps even vocationally, by studying a science more directly related to an understanding of life than the physics, mechanics, electronics, nucleonics and rocketry which so obsess our lopsided culture. For that matter, can anyone call himself educated without at least an amateur's interest in the life sciences, all of which radiate from biology?

*Life: An Introduction to Biology* is primarily a college textbook, but it is so well organized that it can serve as a self-contained home study course. As such, if every word is read (there are at least 600,000) and every illustration is scrutinized (there are more than 500) several hundred hours may profitably be spent on it. It may, of course, be read solely for pleasure in a fraction of that time. As a college text it will make its own way. The general reader, unhappily, is less likely to discover it. In the chronic log jam of commercial book reviewing an important technical work cannot expect to be noticed in competition with books on the Civil War, astrology and the consolations of religion. An even greater handicap is that textbooks are sold at a 20 per cent discount to the retailer, as compared with the 40 per cent discount on

"trade" books. The bookseller will order a copy for a customer, but he will not stock the book. To get the book into the stores, the publisher must issue a separate trade edition at a retail price one-third higher than the text price, which, in the case of a heavily illustrated book of large size, gets to be pretty steep for the average buyer.

The authors of this truly monumental work have an old-fashioned sense of a mission and the courage to proclaim it. Their preface begins:

This book is based on strong convictions. We believe that there is a unified science of life, a general biology that is distinct from a shotgun marriage of botany and zoology, or any others of the special life sciences. We believe that this science has a body of established and working principles. We believe that literally nothing on earth is more important to a rational living being than basic acquaintance with those principles.

They say further: "General biology... is an exciting subject. It is another of our convictions that writing about it should not be flat, awkward, or didactic. We have not fully reached but we have striven toward the ideal that an introduction to biology should be interesting and should have literary quality." They have scored on all counts.

BECAUSE they have been so ambitious and so successful, the book is not easy to review. Part one gives a preview of the principal themes, including an outline of the conceptual schemes of modern science which most scientists as well as all non-scientists could read with profit. Part two deals with the materials and energy traffic of cells, tissues, organs and organisms. Here, as elsewhere in the book, the student is supplied with the physics and chemistry he needs for meaningful biophysical and biochemical discussion. Part three, "Maintenance and Integration of the Organism," ranges from the metabolism of microscopic

unicellular animals to the innate and learned behavior of insects and men. Part four, "Reproduction: The Continuity of Life," and Part five, "The Mechanics of Evolution," contain some of the most informative, eloquent and wryly humorous disquisitions since Thomas Henry Huxley set out to enlighten the laity. The last five sections are on "The Diversity of Life," "The Life of Populations and Communities," "The Geography of Life," "The History of Life" and "The History of Biology." In such a range, where does one start reviewing?

By way of an exploratory operation in one small sector, I want to consider a connection between sex, heredity and politics. It is not explicitly discussed by the authors, but the value of a book of this kind is as much in what it enables the reader to clarify for himself as in what the authors clarify for him. While the causal relation between copulation and reproduction in man has been realized in Western culture for some 2500 years (about one-tenth of a second on a twenty-four-hour biological scale), an understanding of the cellular nature of the development of a new organism had to await the invention of the microscope late in the seventeenth century. Following the discovery of spermatozoa and ova, a kind of neo-scholastic controversy broke out between the *ovists*, who argued that the preformed adult was contained in the egg, and the *spermists* who held that it was contained in the sperm head. Both groups realized that if either theory was valid, the zygote or germ cell must contain a tiny homunculus with a reproductive organ, which in turn contained smaller sperm or eggs, which contained still smaller humans, and so on. Neither school regarded this as a *reductio ad absurdum* and the dispute raged on into the eighteenth century.

The authors of *Life* point out that the actual process by which an adult organism develops from the zygote requires as great a stretch of the

CARL DREHER spent many years as an engineer before he turned to writing. His latest book is *Automation*.



imagination as the fantasies of the seventeenth-century microscopists. Within the zygote, which in man is two-tenths of a millimeter in diameter, there is contained, in a volume which is probably less than a thousandth of the entire cell, an instruction code for the differentiation and organization of the trillions and trillions of cells of the mature adult. These instructions, which the authors discuss in the light of current information theory, are in chemical form and appear ultimately to be embodied in molecular surface shapes acting as templates. Translated into verbal information, the hereditary message would fill millions of books. The instructions are recorded in the chromosomes, half of which, in sexual reproduction, are contributed by the male and half by the female.

ALTHOUGH proof of the chromosome theory was not adduced until 1913-1918 (and is more important than anything that occurred during those same years on the battlefields of the first World War) there had long been speculation on the mechanism and range of heredity in man. Democritus reasoned that there must be representative particles, *pangenes*, which rushed from all parts of the body to the semen and accounted for the intensity of orgasm. Aristotle, however, pointed out that if this were so, a man who had lost an arm should have one-armed children. Aristotle's view was close to the modern one, that what is inherited is a potentiality to develop. Much later, Weismann showed that the germ cells of each generation were direct descendants, through intermediate unspecialized cells, of the germ cells of the previous generation, and that therefore acquired characteristics could not be transmitted by a genetic mechanism. Changes do, however, occur in the germ cells through random mutations and the constant reshuffling of the genes in mating.

Biological inheritance has little to do with cultural inheritance, which in man is of transcendent importance. The tendency to project biological theories into fields where they have no relevance is illustrated

by Lysenko's revival of pangenesis and its adoption by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The idea that social revolution is foredoomed by biological heredity ("human nature doesn't change") is naturally repugnant to Communists. It also happens to be untrue. But instead of arguing that environmental factors predominate in society and heredity plays only an indirect and indecisive role, the Soviet politicians made a gratuitous foray into a field in which they had no competence. They succeeded only in discrediting their cause among scientists all over the world. It must be added that their more pejorative critics were not without fault either, for Lysenko's fallacy had a most respectable ancestry, including among its sponsors Charles Darwin himself.

Vannevar Bush would choose biology because he surmises that the major "breakthroughs" are more likely to come in that field than in the ones to which we are now devoting the major part of our research and development. Insofar as an introductory text can further the development of a science, the authors of *Life* have done everything possible to make the future of biology

## Verrà la morte

(From the Italian of Cesare Pavese)

*Verrà la morte e avrà i tuoi occhi—  
questa morte che ci accompagna*

Death will come and will have your eyes—this death which attends us from morning to night, sleepless, deaf, like an old remorse or absurd vice. Your eyes will be a vain word, a stilled cry, a silence.

Thus you see them each morning when upon yourself alone you bend into the mirror. O, dear hope, on that day we too will know you are life and nothingness.

For all death has one glance. Death will come and will have your eyes. It will be like quitting a vice, like seeing in the mirror a dead visage unfold, like heeding closed lips. We will descend into the abyss muted.

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

as bright as the future of missiles and space ships. They have completed, in the publisher's words, "an immense project that has been accomplished with consummate skill, great beauty, and almost unbelievable clarity." It is a pleasure to agree, for once, with the mandatory eulogism of a book jacket.

## Remember Madrid

**SPAIN'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.** By Lawrence Fernsworth. The Beacon Press. 360 pp. \$6.

Jane Stolle

SPAIN, twenty years ago, was a religion—not a country. Hard-bitten reporters who covered the Spanish Civil War (1936-39) came back changed and dedicated men. Their eyes had seen the glory of Good (the Republican Loyalist forces) fighting with muskets and pitchforks against the superior materiel of Evil (the Franco rebels). They fought the good—though losing—fight with their typewriters, and as a result, never has the American public

become so emotionally involved in another country's war.

But one has just so much emotion to spread around, and World War II, the Korean War, McCarthyism and the arms race have so addled the public psyche that such a simple, straightforward thing as the struggle of a people for basic freedoms has lost its reader appeal. Too, Franco has dulled the public mind toward Spain through keeping the opposition as silent as his censored press and police can manage. A few conscientious and courageous foreign correspondents have learned methods of burrowing their way behind the Franco façade—sometimes in a cloak-and-dagger atmosphere in which even their physical well-being was threatened. But by and large, information about post-Civil War Spain has come in the form of travel brochures, with pictures of bull fights and fiestas replacing the apostolic prose of the Hemingways, Orwells and Brenans.

It is good to see, then, that an early

JANE STOLLE has written, at various times, a weekly column in *The New York Post* from Mexico, a column in the *Irish Independent* of Dublin from Rome, and has been a free-lance and subsequently staff writer for *The New York Times*. She lived and worked in Spain from 1951 until 1956.



convert to the Republican cause, Lawrence Fernsworth, is still worshipping at the same old altar; that his recently published *Spain's Struggle for Freedom* reactivates those atrophied, simple emotions. No cerebral cudgeling here about arms race vs. disarmament, science vs. the humanities, etc. Just the fight of Good vs. Evil.

ANOTHER merit of the book is its timeliness. The struggle for freedom still goes on in Spain, and is accelerating. The uneasy truce under which dictator Franco has held the Spanish people for twenty years shows increasingly recurrent signs of breaking down. Student riots, strikes (illegal in Spain), significant shifts in the government are all symptoms of a general unrest that could explode into action any day.

As Fernsworth says, "In Spain, catastrophic popular movements have never been planned. A sudden rumor sweeping through the city, the outcry of a single voice during a demonstration, a truth that emerges from widening circles of rumor, a battle cry taken up by the people—these have been the sparks to touch off explosions."

In his zeal to carry once again the gospel of Good vs. Evil, Fernsworth may err on the side of over-simplification when he records the chaotic five-year period of the second Spanish Republic which ended in the Civil War. Like a too-indulgent mother who blinks at brattiness, Fernsworth can see no wrong in "The Child," as the Spanish Republicans fondly dubbed the Republic which was born in April, 1931. Despite a statement in the introduction to the book that his purpose is "... to meet the pressing inquiries of the many persons who are perplexed by the riddle of Spain and are anxious to get a factual report on the subject," Fernsworth writes often with his heart rather than his head. But he is to be forgiven; his heart is in the right place.

Fernsworth devotes the first third of his book to the stormy ancestry of "The Child"—from its hazy Iberian beginnings through Roman, Visigoth and Moorish invasions, to its evolution as a monarchy under Hapsburg and Bourbon kings from the other side of the Pyrenées. Battling their way through the centuries, the Spaniards managed to maintain their inborn sense of democracy, despite the additions of new authoritarian-bred blood strains and the strong-arm tendencies of the majority of their rulers. Plunged, untutored by the French Revolution and the maturing of liberal ideas in the 19th century, into a belated political adolescence after the

fall of the Bourbon monarchy in 1931, Spain emerged as a democracy poorly prepared to run its own life. That it failed after five years was due directly to the treasonous revolt led by Army General Francisco Franco against the duly constituted government.

But Fernsworth, unlike the soberer Spanish Republican refugee scholar, Salvador de Madariaga, does not like to see, or write, that "The Child" contributed indirectly to its own demise throughout its idealistic but unruly lifetime. Franco's bullets hit an already bared chest.

Madariaga says in his *Spain*: "This and no other is the deepest cause of the downfall of the Republic: its inability to co-ordinate and harmonize the dispersive tendencies of the energetic and at times violent Spaniard; its failure to kindle a high national passion strong enough to absorb into a national unity the two negative passions of the Spaniard: dictatorship and separatism." Ferdinand and Isabella united the various regional petty kingdoms under one central government in the 15th century, but their peoples have remained to this day as individualistic as Texans. Madariaga's use of the word "dictatorship" refers to the Spanish reluctance to play follow-the-leader because each one wants to be "it" himself. Franco has been the unchallenged *Caudillo*, or leader, for twenty years only because of the physical and moral debilitation which followed the

Civil War. The virile generation born during, and since, the Civil War is what worries Franco.

In his final chapters, Fernsworth raises the question of Spain's future—and of the role the United States is taking in it by allying itself with Franco in order to build military bases in Spain. The question remains unanswered, but Fernsworth feels that the democratic forces now clandestinely active in the country will successfully work out their own destiny, despite the problems—still existent—that Madariaga outlines above.

The U.S. bases? "Will Franco keep his promises?" Fernsworth asks. "The answer to this question must be the same as it would be if the question were asked by a banker of a man seeking credit. The banker wants to know: 'What is his record? What is his character?' The record is one of betrayal after betrayal. The character is one of thorough unscrupulousness." He makes a good—and, this time, completely factual—case to support his argument. Fernsworth says our own guns could easily be used against us if Franco, the political acrobat, decided the other side were stronger. Timely, again, in view of recent talk of Spain's entering NATO through a side door.

*Spain's Struggle for Freedom* is another sign that times are changing. First, peace loses its connotation as a dirty word, and now Good and Evil are with us again.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

IN WRITING about *Look Back in Anger*, I tried to suggest John Osborne's importance as a reflection of some of the moral and intellectual doldrums of contemporary England. Added to this is a certain rhetorical gift, an odd combination of witty nastiness, exasperated sentimentality and an histrionic violence which plays well.

*The Entertainer*—Osborne's second play (Royale)—which he assures us is his "best"—was sold out before the opening of its eight-week run because of an interest in the new author and more especially because of Laurence Olivier's presence in the central role. (If you can't get seats you can read the play which is published by Criterion Books.) It is more ambitious than the earlier play, both in its form and in its attempt to provide us with a wide range of characters as a social

background to identify the origin of Osborne's mood.

There is the old music hall comedian who represents the confident England on which the curtain fell in 1914. He tells his granddaughter "You haven't lived, most of you. You've never known what it was like. You're all miserable really. You don't know what life can be like." The girl he speaks to represents that segment of the younger folk, idealistic but uncertain, who suddenly find themselves at rallies in Trafalgar Square because they get "steamed up about the way things are going" and ask themselves, "My own people—who are my people?"

The core of the trouble, apart from the feeling of resentment at the lack of any strong and concrete action to prevent atomic warfare, is expressed by one of the grandsons—the one who



refused to go off to fight over Suez (his brother was killed there). "Can you think of any good reason for staying in this cosy little corner of Europe?" the embittered boy asks. "Don't kid yourself anyone's going to let you do anything or try anything here . . . You haven't got a chance. You'd better start thinking about number one. Nobody is going to do it for you because no one believes in that stuff any more. Oh, they may say they do, and may take a few bob out of your pay packet every week and stick some stamps on your card to prove it, but don't believe it. . . . They're all so busy, speeding down the middle road together, not giving a damn where they're going, as long as they're in the bloody middle!"

The central character—the crooner and hooper who represents the present and whose lower middle-class wife whimpers in her cups, "Oh Christ, I wish I knew what was going to happen to us!" and sees salvation only in emigration to Canada—this vaudevillian, played by Laurence Olivier, is a mess of vulgarity, bewilderment, heartlessness, seedy and aberrant sexuality, frustration and sentimental artistic yearning. "And do you know why?" he cries out, "Because we're deadbeats and down and out. We're drunks, maniacs, we're crazy . . . the whole flaming bunch of us. We have problems that nobody's ever heard of, we're characters out of something that nobody believes in. . . . But we're really not funny. We're too boring. . . . We don't succeed in anything. . . ."

I HAVE quoted from the text itself because whatever value the play has is in its expression, however raw, of the fits and starts that now beset English society. The play is a symptom, and it is right that the English in particular should take it seriously and make a controversial subject of it.

But it is not a good play. (That, however, is no reason for dismissing it.) I do not believe with its author that the music hall, which he may be correct in calling "a significant part of England," can be employed as a symbol for England—certainly not as he has employed it. I believe in the blowsy wife in the play as an authentic character sketch (especially as played by Brenda de Branzie); but generally what is communicated is neither a poetic nor a realistic symbol of a dying society (even decadence may have grandeur or at least pathos), but so many rather grubby, repetitive and, though youthfully explosive, not very sensitive,

"slices of life." The fact that these are sandwiched in between music hall turns in which Archie Rice delivers rancid monologues and grinds out soiled ditties on the play's themes does not give the play any larger dimension than the content of the individual scenes.

*The Entertainer* is the immature work of a gifted, ambitious, battling young man. Because he is one of the very few able writers in England attempting to express something of the present situation there in cogent stage terms, Osborne occupies a more prominent place on the cultural horizon than the actual creative value of his work as yet warrants. A certain crudeness in such a young writer is to be expected, but it may prove damaging to him and to ourselves to mistake his vehement statement of certain facts about which he feels strongly for the revelation of some great truth.

YOUNG writers must learn that the function of the artist is not to produce a sensation but to fashion objects which have an impersonal validity, putting us in contact with both the immediate world and with an overall sense of life we are all happy to share. Chekhov's plays are also about a society in decline, peopled with unhappy, foolish, often feckless people; but they are seen

through the eyes of someone who realizes the sources of greatness in all men. Osborne's indignation and iconoclasm often sound like the complaints of youths who fear they may be denied their chance to become men, though they do not yet know what it means to be a man. These are justified complaints, but they are not to be taken either as wisdom or as the voice of humankind.

This spasmodic play is sustained by a brilliant cast and direction which lend a certain sparkle and brio to what might become painfully drab scenes. Laurence Olivier is theatrically consummate without being moving. Only so remarkably endowed an actor could conceive and execute so many character traits (including an unforgettable make-up) with such thoroughgoing dexterity; yet at the end we remain strangely deprived of any unified impression apart from our astonishment at the actor's virtuosity. We do not feel we know Archie Rice or for that matter the actor who plays him. Both have been consumed in the dazzling energy and bravura of the actor's technique—as if a painter in doing a portrait performed so many juggling tricks with his brush, tubes, palette and easel that we forgot to look at the face he had promised to set down on the canvas.

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

OF ALL the small record companies that have sprung into existence during the past few years, one of the most intriguing is Composers Recordings, Inc., a firm which devotes itself almost entirely to music written by the large and qualitatively significant membership of the American Composers Alliance. The names on the Alliance roster range from such older-generation musicians as the late Charles Ives, Wallingford Riegger, Quincy Porter and Henry Cowell, down through a younger group represented by such men as Arthur Berger, Ben Weber and Roger Goeb. Feeding into the Alliance, and therefore into Composers Recordings as well, is still another body of composers, many of them in their twenties, who give signs of developing into important figures in American music.

In an organization which comprises, roughly, 120 composers, a great diversity of styles must naturally prevail, and on the CRI discs I have before me, everything from the twelve-tone

system to folklorism is represented. CRI 113 pairs Adolph Weiss's twelve-tone *Variations for Orchestra* with Antonio Lora's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*. The Weiss *Variations* is, in my opinion, an extremely handsome work: intense, emotional and possessed of considerable melodic beauty. It, like the Lora piece, is performed by F. Charles Adler and the Vienna Orchestra, and though in at least one place the performance deviates inexcusably from the composer's tempo indications, the overall effect can only be called impressive and, in some spots, downright moving. The Lora *Concerto* lies at an opposite stylistic pole. Its harmonic language is romantic-impressionist. And yet, despite its backward-looking nature, the work has an air of surprising freshness and considerable buoyancy. Eva Wollmann is the soloist.

CRI 117 brings together Wallingford Riegger's *Romanza*, played by the Orchestra of the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia-Roma under Alfredo An-



tonini, and his *Dance Rhythms* and *Music for Orchestra* as performed by the same conductor with the Oslo Philharmonic. On the same disc are Jacob Avshalomov's tone poem *The Taking of Tung Kuan* and Norman Cazden's *Three Ballads from the Catskills*, both of which are recorded by Igor Buketoff and the Oslo Philharmonic. The Riegger works contrast so surprisingly with one another that I assumed they must date from different periods in his long career. But no, all of them were written in the fifties. The seventy-three-year-old composer is apparently carrying along several styles at once: the Wagnerian one of his youth, in the *Romanza*; the smooth, big radio-orchestra style of the thirties in his *Dance Rhythms*; and, in the *Music for Orchestra*, a sleekly dissonant garb that is his latest acquisition. I regret that the sampling of Riegger's music did not lean more heavily on this most recent phase of his output, for he has written in it some music that I find more arresting than the first two of these pieces; music which I am sure will ultimately be considered of great significance.

*The Taking of Tung Kuan* is a real swashbuckler, full of sound and fury, as befits its title and, like most tone-poems, a little out of date in conception. It is an attractively ornate piece, however, and shakes the rafters. The Cazden *Ballads*, on the other hand, flow along in a modal, bucolic atmosphere that is slightly damaged by the poor solo string sound of the Oslo musicians.

Among the most distinguished discs the company has presented is CRI 120, pairing Roger Goeb's *Symphony No. 3* with Ben Weber's *Symphony on Poems of William Blake*. The first of these is as rambunctious and "American" a work as you could hope to find. Terse thematic nuggets and uninhibited, virile rhythms are stated, piled one upon the other, and then expanded into a structure that is as logical as a Beethoven symphony and as Dionysian as a good session in the right night club. Weber's *Symphony* is a good counterpart. In it, by virtue of his striking creative gift and by means of the twelve-tone system, a heady, humming orchestral texture has been created, through which the baritone voice of Warren Gajour penetrates in an almost dream-like fashion with the words of William Blake: "O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained/With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit/Beneath my shady roof." Both of these works merit the highest praise, and Leopold Stokow-

ski has given them admirably penetrating readings with "his orchestra."

DECCA'S new release of the Beethoven opera, *Fidelio*, is a critical puzzler. Orchestrally, it is splendid. Ferenc Fricsay and the Bavarian State Orchestra make music in a feeling and sophisticated manner—one that reveals the composer's dependence on the Mozart operatic style no less than it exposes some urbane aspects of his own personality that are perceivable in no other works. Irmgard Seefried and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sing in their usual, nigh-irreproachable manner as Marcelline and Don Pizarro. Gottlob Frick, who sings the role of Rocco, behaves for the most part with circumspection and obtains pretty good vocal results. But in the crucial part of Leonore, as sung by Leonie Rysanek, the listener is made miserable by wavery vocalism and distinctly unbeautiful sounds. Ernst Häfliger's Florestan is of only moderate quality, without much to recommend it on the score of attractiveness or musical conviction. And Friedrich Lenz, as Jaquino, sounds like an adolescent dragged in, startled, from the sidewalk. To further complicate matters, the spoken dialogue, which gives *Fidelio* its continuity and, at the same time, its other-worldly, antique flavor, is handled by a separate cast of characters who mutter and whisper porten-

tously in a style that European radio stations sometimes imagine is dramatic. What is one to make of a *mélange* like this? From the orchestral point of view, so much is good; vocally, too much is just passable. (DXH-147 2 discs)

Another Decca issue, this one thoroughly successful, is a three-disc album linking Bruckner's *Symphony No. 4* ("Romantic") with his *Symphony No. 7*. (DXE-146) Eugen Jochum conducts them both, employing respectively the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio and the Berlin Philharmonic. His approach is unhurried, well-meditated and subtle. The Fourth Symphony's evanescent, elegiac moods are evoked with careful attention to each note and lingering pause; the elevated statements of the Seventh are made to sing out with full voice and yet maintain their sense of sobriety at every moment. I think Bruckner fans will find these readings both convincing and spiritually satisfying.

Leopold Ludwig's performance of the Mahler *Symphony No. 4* (Decca: DL-9944) with the Saxon State Orchestra of Dresden is less compelling. His orchestra sounds a bit scrawny; the basses tend to bumble and the horns to blurt; and the conductor's interpretive ideas seem not only labored, but lacking in elegance. Anny Schlemm is an adequate, but hardly exciting soprano soloist in the symphony's final movement.

## LETTER from PARIS

### Elliott Stein

A MINOR PLAY, *La Reine de Cesarée* (The Queen of Caesarea), by Robert Brasillach, opened at the Theatre des Arts, November 18, in the midst of street brawls so tumultuous that several critics had to punch their way into the theatre. In one evening, it brought back to violent life the conflicts and confusions of the Liberation. The issues its performance created, or seemed to create, were commented upon at great length in Parisian newspapers for weeks, France's chief philosopher contributed a propaganda article which merely helped confuse minds, and the play itself has only now folded its baneful tent.

Brasillach, who was executed in 1945

*ELLIOTT STEIN is a young New Yorker who has been living for several years in Paris. His short stories have been published by Partisan Review and in the New Directions annuals; his poetry has appeared in Botteghe Oscure.*

at the age of 35, for "assistance to the enemy," worked during the 1930s for *L'Action Francaise*, (the leading French pre-war monarchist-fascist newspaper) and in 1938 became editor of the rabidly anti-Semitic *Je Suis Partout*. At the outbreak of war he was mobilized, then taken prisoner; he was released from a German prison camp in 1941 and given back his old job on *Je Suis Partout* for which he wrote scores of pro-Nazi pieces during the occupation.

At his trial, Brasillach was defended by Jacques Isnorni, who was later to defend Pétain, and is at present one of the leaders of the *Indépendant* party in the Assembly. Brasillach stated in his defense that his politics were motivated by principles which had been his before the war, and which were in line with a certain French tradition that one might reject, but which had existed well before Hitler—he himself had merely acted out of love for France. When ac-



cused of systematically attacking Hitler's enemies, he answered that he had acted with moderation, and had never gone so far as some of his Anglophobe colleagues who had claimed that Shakespeare was a Jew. "I never yielded to these errors," he remarked.

While in captivity in Germany, Brasillach wrote *La Reine de Cesarée*, based on Racine's *Bérénice*, which he dedicated to an actress friend, Alice Cocéa. In 1942, he gave her all the rights to the tragedy, which according to Mme. Cocéa could not be performed during the occupation because it was "too pro-Semitic."

AT THE *générale* (seats by invitation) last November, when the play was performed for the first time in France, critics and guests met with a crowd of 400 demonstrators led by the Socialist deputy Daniel Mayer, Mme. Pierre Brossolette (widow of the Resistance hero) and a Dominican priest, Father Thierry, former chaplain in the Gaullist army. Copies of an issue of *Je Suis Partout* in which Brasillach had thanked Hitler for his kindness to France, were distributed. Fighting broke out, there were cries of "Forbid the play, hang the collaborators!" The mob charged the police, theatre windows were broken, flowers which admirers had brought to fling at Alice Cocéa were snatched away and deposited in front of neighborhood memorials to Resistance fighters. Aided by the police, the audience entered, though the vice-president of the Paris Municipal Council was smacked, Isorni was hit with a stick, and the curtain went up an hour late with fifty plainclothesmen in the theatre.

The following evening, at the first public performance, the play got no further than its opening line—"War is a beautiful thing." Screaming manifestants rose, including some venerable gentlemen with decorations who started singing "La Marseillaise." The actor, Raymond Hermantier, who has a very honorable war record and a hand permanently maimed by the Germans, raised his arms, shouting—"The theatre and politics are two different things. Listen to the play and judge it for yourselves!" He was answered by cries of—"The play is judged—we ban it!" Fighting went on inside the theatre for nearly an hour, shouts of "Dirty Jew" and "Filthy collaborator" were exchanged, and both sides cried "Liberty! Liberty!" and chanted "La Marseillaise." Half a dozen Black Marias arrived and the police cleared out the house. Mme. Cocéa, who had continued emoting during the riot, attempted to finish the

play before the empty theatre, as a symbolic gesture, but the police chased her off the stage. The next day she stated to the press that it had all been the work of a jealous young actress, the mistress of a highly-placed person.

Several Resistance organizations sent a request to the Paris Municipal Council demanding that the play be banned and the Council adopted a motion "inviting" the Prefect of Police to close it. The prefect replied that he could not do so unless public order were again disturbed because it would mean instituting theatre censorship. The Minister of the Interior authorized the play's continuance under a system of "paid invitations," and performances resumed on November 27.

*La Reine de Cesarée* follows the general outlines of Racine's tragedy, in which the Emperor Titus and his mistress find the Empire opposed to their marriage because the Romans will not submit to the rule of a foreign queen. In Racine, Berenice, moved by the spectacle of her lover crushed between the equally strong claims of "reasons of state" and "reasons of the heart," consents to leave him. In *La Reine*, the motivation has been displaced and the theme is the loss of youth, the implacable passing of time. Berenice is eleven years older than Titus; he is still the energetic statesman, but she is a tired middle-aged woman. Brasillach's Paulin, a young "militant" Roman for whom the state is everything, is opposed to the marriage because he would maintain the "purity of Rome's imperial blood." Paulin's racial arguments

carry no weight with the emperor, and for everyone in the play Paulin is merely an offensive young thug. The work as it was performed did not seem anti-Semitic; its title character, the Jewish queen, is noble and sympathetic, and if the play is successful theatre, it is because one finds her destiny affecting. On the other hand, in the original printed text, Brasillach somewhat sinuously tried to have it both ways—though Paulin is the only racist, and his anti-Semitic slurs make no headway, there were an uncomfortable number of them, and the author's views on the subject are well known. Most of these speeches were cut, as were almost as many references to Berenice's age—"That proud old woman" changed to "that proud woman," etc. If there was a politic in the scissoring, it was at least partly that of an actress who obviously cannot play juveniles any more, but didn't want the fact underscored.

AS performed, *La Reine* was interesting drama, often beautifully written, superior to most new plays seen here this season. There were two fine performances—Gil Vidal, one of the French screen's most accomplished *jeunes premiers*, as Paulin, and Mme. Cocéa herself, a tiny nervous actress whose style

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is a rather weird amalgam of Bankhead and Lillian Gish.

The Communist press sent no critics, did not review it, and demanded that the police shut the theatre. There were several enthusiastic reviews, scattered Left, Right and Center, and the *Figaro* offered two editorials in defense of the play. Robert Kemp in *Le Monde* called it "a distinguished tragedy, its prose of great musical purity." He added, "We should have been spared all this. Brasillach paid for his poisonous ideas—because he was a man of letters; he hadn't built impregnable ocean walls. Others are still spending their war profits." (The "ocean walls" snipe was a scarcely-veiled reference to André Morice, Guy Mollet's Defense Minister, against whom the *Express* led a campaign a few months ago when it was revealed that he owned one of the construction companies which had built the Atlantic Wall for the Germans.)

François Mauriac declared that "vengeance disguised as justice is the most horrible grimace of all. If Brasillach had disappeared after the war, his friends might now get him elected to the *Académie Française*." (The next election at the *Académie Française* will probably result in the admission, not of André Malraux, as many had hoped, but of the reactionary writer and diplomat, Paul Morand, who was Pétain's ambassador to Bucharest. Morand raced to Switzerland at the Liberation, and sat out the period of the post-war treason trials there, a lion of the Vichyssois émigré colony.)

SARTRE published a long polemic in the December 5 *Observateur* demanding that the play be banned. His article set off many sparks, here and abroad. When "*L'Affaire Brasillach*" was reported on in the liberal British press, it was with reference to the Sartre piece, assumed to be the final statement on the matter by the French Left, and a brilliant indictment of a shackled French stage. But it was actually one of the more illiberal affirmations that the affair had evoked.

Sartre's thesis was that banning the play would not restrict liberty, because liberty has vanished from the French theatre. "In all Paris theatres, those of the Right give plays for publics of the Right. No liberty for the enemies of liberty!" The enemies of liberty are those who support *La Reine* as part of a fascist plot to dupe the Left. These same elements, according to Sartre, were responsible for the creation of a fear psychosis in press and government which resulted in the suppression of

Jean Genet's new play *Le Balcon*, ■ work based on no political conception, but which Sartre claimed would be immoral for those who found nothing shocking in *La Reine*. He concluded—"True liberty of the theatre will exist only when the theatre has been snatched from the hands of the *bourgeoisie* and is given to all."

Sartre's conclusions would be questionable, even if the case he presented were unshakable. But a glance at what is being performed here fails to disclose that "in all Paris theatres, those of the Right give plays for publics of the Right." One discovers almost the opposite, and what one certainly does not discover is a situation which would validate theatre censorship in the name of justice—to Right or Left.

Excluding the national theatres (classical repertory) and musicals, there were thirty-five plays on in Paris, the first week of February. Of these, eighteen are *comédies de boulevard*, of little or no intellectual content, and seven are classics—Shakespeare, Molière, Strindberg, etc. That leaves ten, including *The Caine Mutiny*; two Ionesco comedies; *La Reine de Césarée*; *Uncle Otto*, a farce satirizing the German denazification program; a play about a Spanish Republican hero; a revival of Gabriel Arout's *Lieutenant Helt's Party*, whose protagonist, a British officer stationed in Israel after the last war, chooses to commit suicide rather than follow orders to execute a Jewish terrorist; a French translation of a German antimilitarist play; Marguerite Jamois' production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, which has won several prizes, is the biggest hit of the season, is sold out every night and will probably run for years. And two plays opened last week—both with subsidies by the French Government: a production of Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, which arrived here after a successful tour of the

provinces and was hailed by all of the critics, and *Paolo Paoli*, a new work by Brecht's foremost French disciple, Arthur Adamov. *Paolo Paoli* is a violently anti-clerical, anti-bourgeois piece of *théâtre engagé*, which got lengthy attention in all of the papers, and was even found "extremely interesting" by the critic for *Paris Presse* (the Paris equivalent of the New York *Journal-American*). And in March there are to be two Paris productions of the grandfather of all modern French anti-bourgeois plays, Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*.

"No liberty for the enemies of liberty." If men like Camus and Mauriac have more authority in France today than Sartre, it is because, unlike him, they are never prisoners of their own rhetoric, or uniquely concerned with political efficiency for its own sake. The real *coup de grace*, however, to Sartre's tract was the announcement a few days ago that Peter Brook, the English director, had arrived in Paris to stage Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*, and Genet's *Le Balcon*. The original production of *Le Balcon* was canceled because the producer reneged at the idea of putting on a non-conformist play in a large theatre. Brook and Marie Bell, who is to star in it, have faith in Genet's work, and have stuck to their guns; it will be put on at the Antoine Theatre, as planned.

P.S. In the January 14 *New Yorker*, Janet Flanner stated that the production of *Le Balcon* had been canceled out of fear of demonstrations "because of the pro-Nazi overtones in Genet's novel *Pompes Funèbres*." Nothing could be further from the truth. The play has been unanimously defended in the French liberal press, unanimously attacked in the neo-fascist press. Several of Genet's plays have been performed in Paris since the war, and no demonstration has ever occurred.

## To the Painter Paul Klee

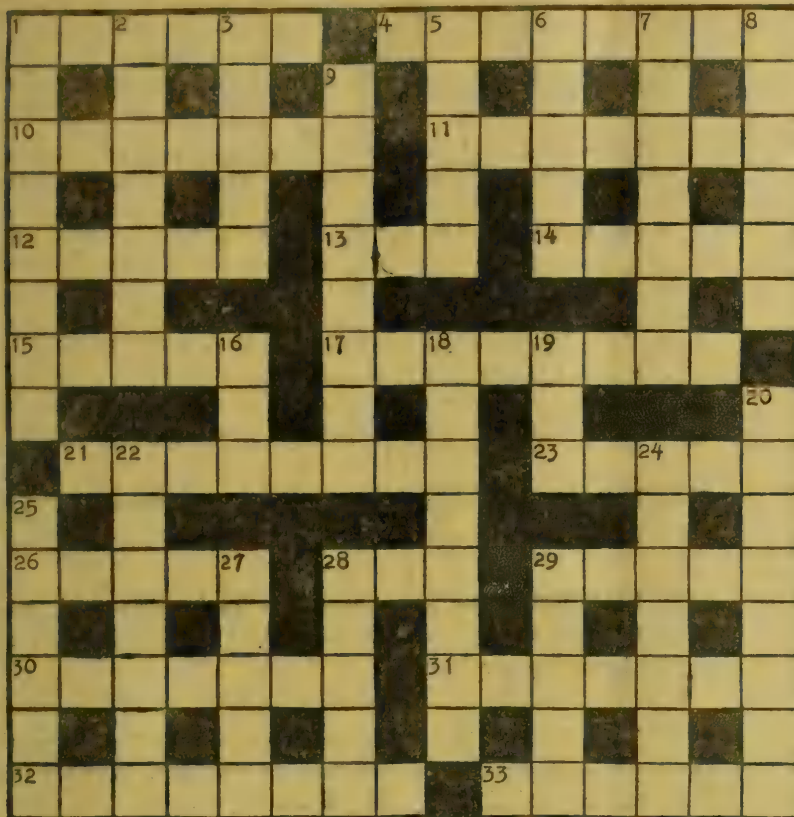
As I sought in the corridors of my yesterdays  
For a boy lost there,  
You came and showed me once again  
The doll eyed creatures in the grass  
And the suns and moons shining like orchids.  
He came to me there. And raising his hand  
(As if in greeting)  
Blessed me with the peace  
Of the past, winnowed to a gold grain.  
You, alchemist,  
Made that hour gay as the grasshopper  
In the sun, in a field of morning.

HYAM PLUTZIK



# Crossword Puzzle No. 761

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 See 19 down.
- 4 Sounds as though the British race is even more likely to be at your throat. (5, 3)
- 10 Are not present in open space. (7)
- 11 Older teachers were more likely to have received such a wad. (7)
- 12 A guide to beef selection? (5)
- 13 See 30 across.
- 14 and 16 down Evidently the pipes aren't functioning properly, but when full it used to speed things up. (8)
- 15 In the vernacular, a beefed-up shake with a place having cross associations. (5)
- 17 Chopped material cast off, or just stored there? (8)
- 21 Replayed badly, and discussed the terms of the contest. (8)
- 23 Health slogan to suit almost anyone! (5)
- 26 The ultimate course of 12, possibly. (5)
- 28 Starting command, or just voicing surprise? (3)
- 29 Vessel found in the region of the lumbar, generally. (5)
- 30 and 13 A stout woman does when reducing, but she wouldn't want to be compared with one. (10)
- 31 Disturbance or chest condition implying suitability for light work. (7)
- 32 Not the main attraction, but it

- shows the teams the way to make out. (8)
- 33 Possibly beaten down and mashed. (6)

## DOWN:

- 1 They might be overlooked even by the most curious. (8)
- 2 See 24 down.
- 3 and 29 down Brother Lew slept here, but it doesn't sound like superior breeding. (5, 5)
- 5 Put on short rations, possibly. (5)
- 6 Made from old ropes. (5)
- 7 Four or five more in England than America. (7)
- 8 Silent way to get support. (6)
- 9 Incidentally, this might be the location of a Guest House. (2, 3, 3)
- 16 See 14 across.
- 18 Miscellany, perhaps. (8)
- 19 and 1 across The accumulated listing of U-boats is only part of the tally! (9)
- 20 It is emphasized that what is brought up as a matter of course should be after 26. (8)
- 22 Such a date pad could be made to fit something! (7)
- 24, 2 down and 27 down Never send to know it? (Both fellows roll them!) (3, 4, 3, 4, 5)
- 25 Such families seem to be set up around a good sort of 26. (6)
- 27 See 24 down.
- 28 Verve is nothing more than a breath of wind! (5)
- 29 See 3 down.

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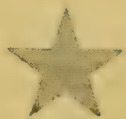
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# LETTERS

## Prisoners in China

Dear Sirs: It was a sad disappointment to read in the January 25 *Nation* such a review as that by Donald S. Taylor of Allyn and Adele Ricketts' *Prisoners of Liberation*. . . . His review quite misses the central interest and significance of the book, both as a moving personal record of psychological travail under extraordinarily difficult conditions, and as a uniquely informative account of the techniques which the Chinese Communists call "thought reform" and we ourselves term "brainwashing." Regardless of whether or not one agrees with the Ricketts' own evaluation of the acts for which they were imprisoned as really constituting "espionage," it is difficult not to be impressed by the unflinching honesty and sincerity with which they narrate what happened and what they thought during long years of isolation from everyone and everything formerly known to them.

Of all this, Mr. Taylor's review gives only a hint. Instead, he devotes its greater bulk to an indictment of what he considers the failure of the Ricketts to defend democracy more strongly, and the "enthusiasm" with which, in prison, they came to "indulge in the methodical destruction of human dignity's last resort—a man's opinion of himself." Mr. Taylor shows himself curiously insensitive to the difficulties of conducting such a defense when isolated from the rest of the world in such an ideological environment as that wherein the Ricketts found themselves. . . . He seems not to realize how hard it is to defend, even against non-Communist critics abroad, the often rather intangible virtues of a democracy whose most conspicuous manifestations, in the eyes of such critics, commonly consist of McCarthyism, Little Rock, "brinkmanship" à la Dulles, and other excrescences of an analogous nature, both past and present. . . .

Perhaps even more misleading than the review itself is the headline, "Underdeveloped Americans," which your review editor has chosen to give it. . . .

DERK BODDE  
Professor of Chinese  
University of Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: . . . I am annoyed by Mr. Taylor's condescending sneer and perceptive bias toward *Prisoners of Liberation*. Fundamentally the Ricketts were faced with this dilemma: the

moral problem of the primacy of self-interest or group interest.

Our economy is based on self-interest. . . . The challenging of this idea by the concept of the primacy of group interest is the essence of what Mr. Taylor dubbed "brainwashing." Both cultures, ours and the Chinese, lay claim to democracy, and Mr. Taylor's final complaint, "If our citizens can say no more for democracy than the Ricketts said, then democracy has become inert for them," is really invalid.

The point that seemed to escape Mr. Taylor is this: the Ricketts were not called on to defend the idea of democracy; they were called on to defend the realities of capitalism. And this they were not able to do. . . .

DAVID BERNOFSKY

Brooklyn, New York

## Reviewer's Answer

Dear Sirs: First, the Ricketts did not ask for my sympathy. They asked that I rejoice with them over their change of heart. But I cannot rejoice over a process which deprives a human being of his dignity and his individual moral freedom and responsibility. I tried to show, by extensive quotation and analysis, that the Ricketts underwent such a process. Second, I did refer quite specifically to the insights into present Chinese attitudes and methods offered by this "painful . . . honest and useful" book. Third, I attempted to indict, not the Ricketts, but the American education which left a vacuum where their political, moral and social principles ought to have been. If these principles are less tangible than McCarthyism, Little Rock and our foreign policy, then let us make them more tangible—and let us understand them.

Mr. Bernofsky thinks the Ricketts underwent an economic experience. I find this view untruthful and in bad taste. I think they were called upon to defend not only the ideals of democracy and the realities of capitalism, but also the integrity of their personalities. In each case they declined. I'd guess that Mr. Bernofsky has a pretty good idea of what I mean by democracy, whatever the Chinese may mean, but let me be this explicit: my idea of democracy would not include the four-year expunging of a weak and resourceless human being's individuality, not even in the name of group interest. *Group* was once a warm word; of late it has

become rather chilling, and I should advise Mr. Bernofsky to reach for himself when someone begins to urge the group upon him.

DONALD S. TAYLOR

Seattle, Washington

[The title of the review, to which Dr. Bodde objects, was not intended as a jibe at the Ricketts but as an allusion to the lack of social conviction now too general among Americans. We believe that in the context of the review this reading is evident.—The Editors.]

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## EDITORIALS

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### Missile Nightmare

The United States and Great Britain have solemnly signed an agreement for installation of a secret number of Thor "city-busting" missiles—sixty, so the reports go—in Britain and Scotland. The cities to be busted are, naturally, in the Soviet Union.

The Thor is a typically unstable, liquid-fueled rocket of low reliability, unknown accuracy and high launching time, an almost ideal combination from the standpoint of the putative enemy. Minister of Defense Duncan Sandys, although somewhat embarrassed by Laborite questioning, declared that the Thor was in its "final stage of development" and "we are quite satisfied that it will be a satisfactory weapon." High administrators are often more easily satisfied than engineers—until the device is put to use. The defects that are never discovered until after extensive field experience are numerous and unpredictable. The American engineer who will be responsible for manufacturing the Thors, and the Anglo-American squadrons charged with launching them, may be less confident than Mr. Sandys.

The arrangements for launching the Thors are almost as involved as the missiles themselves. To calm British fears and salve British pride, it is announced that the bases will be manned by R.A.F. squadrons after training in the United States. But since some desperate situation to which the public is not privy requires that the missiles be launched by the end of this year, and it takes eighteen to twenty-four months to train an IRBM crew, the bases may at first be manned by Americans. The thermonuclear warheads will remain under American control. The British and American Governments will collaborate at the highest levels—"joint positive decision of the two Governments"—before a missile is launched. If what appears to be a Russian missile swims into the ken of some radar watcher of the skies, a Thor will be fueled, armed and released with the personal blessing of the President of the United States and Her Majesty's First Minister, even if it is necessary to wake these gentlemen out of a sound sleep. Since the transit time of a westbound IRBM—if the Russians kindly refrain from jamming the radar and the missile is sighted immediately after launching—

will be less than fifteen minutes, this will require remarkable speed in communication, even for these days.

Nothing is said about what will happen if the presumed missile should turn out to be a meteorite or some unfortunate artifact of the long-range radar, and the Russians, not realizing that it was all an honest error, should retaliate in kind. Then the British, not to speak of the rest of civilization, would have real occasion to look back in anger.

### Bully for Time

No weekly is more widely used in American classrooms than *Time*, particularly in journalism classes, and the reason is not hard to identify. *Time* is a clever publication and, as such, it can be used to illustrate how best to execute difficult editorial maneuvers. For example, the young journalism student must learn how to reverse editorial positions with so much dash and elegance that the reader—dazzled by the performance—forgets the record. On this score *Time* has no peer. The current issue opens as usual with a section on The Presidency; the subheads read: "President Stays by Fireside Again," "Eisenhower Goes for Auto Ride." Several columns of waspish comment devoted to the President's feeble leadership and waning health culminate with this tart passage:

"You do not have a sick, ailing old man," says one of the President's close associates. "The country can continue to put its trust in him on the big decisions." But if allowed to slide, small problems can snowball into major cases, e.g., the present economic recession, and it is in this area that the President's inability to ride constant herd is most felt.

But who was it that induced this "sick, ailing old man" to seek a second term after two major illnesses? "He got a roar of happy acclaim when, looking fit and ruddy, he proclaimed: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I feel fine'" (*Time*, September 14, 1956). "The Eisenhower health issue has been knocked out by Ike's robust appearance" (*Time*, October 15, 1956). "... His health was never an important issue in the campaign. One big reason: everywhere he went, the people saw a picture of good, vigorous, glowing health" (*Time*, November 12, 1956).

Now, in terms of classroom use, the practical journal-



istic problem posed is this: how, having endorsed this "sick, ailing old man" for reelection, does one go about suggesting, one year later, that he should resign? First, devote a handsome art cover to the late Theodore Roosevelt. Use the Big Stick as background symbol. Under the caption "Heroes," describe T. R. as "a man for today." Didn't he proclaim the American Century? Wasn't he the man who used "the steel of power to safeguard the warm glow of hope"? Didn't he specialize in "decisiveness," based on the realization "that inspiration is made out of specific minute-by-minute leadership"? And he was only forty-two when he took office, "the most vigorous President" we ever had, the man who said, "I believe in a strong executive . . . I believe in power."

Bully for you, *Time*. It makes a neat package, what with the plug for the American Century thrown in for good measure. The bright young things in Journalism 1-A will have learned something about the art of the quick switch and the public will doubtless get the point. But some, with longer memories, may resent this attempt to take today's mark-down on yesterday's high-priced item and to sell before the market drops even lower. Even T. R. might have resented being used as a pawn in this gambit.

## Mammoth Rally

The mammoth rally staged by Eric Johnston, the movie impressario, with an all-star cast including Harry Truman, Dean Acheson, Mayor Wagner, Bishop Sheen, Adlai Stevenson, Senators and Representatives and other luminaries too numerous to mention, and the President himself, may have impressed those who staged it; it did not impress us. The purpose, of course, was to display bipartisan support for a foreign-aid program; but the program is no such thing. The total amount involved is \$3.9 billion, but of this \$1.8 billion is for military assistance to U. S. allies, and another \$385 million for "defense support"—likewise a military item. Still another \$200 million is earmarked for "future contingencies," which usually turn out to be military. What is left, then, is about \$1.1 billion, or 28 per cent of the total; and for this technical aid, which certainly has some military implications, the President found it necessary to send a highly emotional message to the Congress, threatening "ultimately a beleaguered America, her freedoms limited by mounting defense costs, and almost alone in a world dominated by international communism."

The fact is, of course, that the total requested, even if every dollar of it could be honestly described as non-military, appears in ludicrous disproportion to the \$40 billion defense budget, not to mention the \$200 billion that we will spend for direct military purposes in the next five years. Even this rally, staged as a three-ring political circus, will not make it any easier to pass on

the program as one of non-military aid. It will probably be approved—given the big bipartisan build-up—but for what it is, namely, a supplement to the military budget.

## Seminal Ideas

Shortly after he took over as chief editorial writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, William J. Miller sent in a series of recommendations to the editor, including this one: "The seminal ideas which are about to catch and hold the interest of thinking people do not, very often, appear in the daily press. They pop up in small-circulation intellectual magazines. . . . We ought to . . . ride close herd on all such publications, extract significant thoughts from them." A sound perception, this, and one more widely observed than the mass-circulation publications will concede. Witness:

1. On February 23, Senator A. S. (Mike) Monroney proposed the establishment of a new international agency to make long-term, multilateral, low-interest loans to underdeveloped countries, using the foreign currencies accruing to the United States from the sale of agricultural surpluses. For the seminal ideas from which this proposal germinated, see U. S. Surpluses and a Hungry World, by the American economist Mordecai Ezekiel, in *The Nation* of September 24, 1955. Time lapsed during germination: two years, four months and twenty-nine days.

2. Last week, New York State Assemblyman Sidney H. Asch, in presenting a bill to amend the state law on narcotic addicts, read from Dr. Alfred Lindesmith's article in *The Nation* of April 21, 1956 and, in doing so, emphasized his basic agreement. Lapsed time during germination: one year, nine months and twenty-nine days.

3. Last week Nathan Leopold was finally granted parole. The distinguished Chicago lawyer who won parole for him, Elmer Gertz—a frequent *Nation* contributor—had occasion to tell us that the article, *The New Psychology and the Franks Case*, by Dr. Leonard Blumgart, which appeared in *The Nation* of September 10, 1924, was, for all practical purposes, the only article in the American press that talked sense about the case that year. It was cited both in the application for executive clemency and at the parole hearing. "If *The Nation* had done nothing else that year but publish the Blumgart article," Mr. Gertz told us, "it would have justified its existence." Thirty-four years later the article still makes good reading. "I do not indict the parents," wrote Dr. Blumgart, "I indict all society."

The pages of *The Nation* are a launching pad from which each week a series of ideas are projected. Some are lost; some just refuse to take off (like the Army, the Navy and the Air Force, we have our share of failures); but it is surprising how many find their way into orbit.



# A PAGAN SERMON to the CHRISTIAN CLERGY

. . by C. Wright Mills

TO SAY THAT war has become total is to say that the reach of modern weaponry now makes every soul on earth a quite possible victim of sudden hell. It is to say that weapons have become absolute, and that every calculation from on high now includes a military calculation. It is to say that the decision-makers of every nation, in particular those of the United States, are now possessed by the crackpot metaphysics of militarism. But more than that: it is to say that the morality of war now dominates the curious spiritual life of the fortunate peoples of Christendom.

World War III is already so total that most of its causes are accepted as "necessity"; most of its meaning as "realism." In our world "necessity" and "realism" have become ways to hide lack of moral imagination. In the cold war of the politicians and journalists, intellectuals and generals, businessmen and preachers, it is above all else moral imagination that is most obviously lacking. One reason for this lack, I am going to argue, is what must surely be called the moral default of the Christians.

The ethos of war is now the ethos of virtually all public thought and sensibility. But I must limit this article to the fact of moral insensibility in the Western world and to the religious failure that supports it.

By moral insensibility I refer to the mute acceptance—or even the unawareness—of moral atrocity. I mean the lack of indignation when confronted with moral horror. I mean the turning of this atrocity and this horror into morally approved

conventions of feeling. I mean, in short, the incapacity for moral reaction to event and character, to high decision and the drift of human circumstance.

Such moral insensibility has its roots in World War I; it became full-blown during World War II. The "saturation bombing" of that war was an indiscriminate bombing of civilians on a mass scale; the atomic bombing of the peoples of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was an act committed without warning and without ultimatum. By the time of Korea, the strategy of obliteration had become totally accepted as part of our moral universe.

THE pivotal decision, made by the United States and by the Soviet Union, is the monstrous one, as Lewis Mumford has put it, of trying "to solve the problem of absolute power, presented by nuclear weapons, by concentrating their national resources upon instruments of genocide." The spokesmen of each side say they know that war is obsolete as a means of any policy save mutual annihilation, yet they search for peace by military means and in doing so, they succeed in accumulating ever new perils. Moreover, they have obscured this fact by their dogmatic adherence to violence as the only way of doing away with violence. There has not before been an arms race of this sort—a scientific arms race dominated by the strategy of obliteration. And at every turn of this hideous competition, each side becomes more edgy, and the chance becomes greater that accidents of character or of technology will trigger the sudden hell.

The key moral fact about this situation is the virtual absence within ourselves of absolute opposition to these assumptions of our ruling elites, to their strategy, and to the policies by which they are carrying it out. And the key public result is the absence of any truly debated alternatives. In some part the absence both of opposition and of alterna-

tives rests upon, or at least is supported by, the fact of moral insensibility.

Between catastrophic event and everyday interest there is a vast moral gulf. Who in North America experienced, as human beings, World War II? Men fought; women waited; both worked. About the war they all said the same kinds of things. Nobody rebelled, nobody knew public grief. In the emotional economy, there was efficiency without purpose. It was a curiously unreal business. A sort of numbness seemed to prohibit any real awareness of what was happening. It was without dream and so without nightmare, and if there were anger and fear and hatred—and there were—still no mainsprings of feeling and conviction and compassion were let loose in despair or furor; no human complaint was focused rebelliously upon the political and moral meanings of the universal brutality. People sat in the movies between production shifts watching with aloofness and even visible indifference, as children were "saturation bombed" in the narrow cellars of European cities. Man had become an object; and in so far as those for whom he was an object felt about the spectacle at all, they felt powerless, in the grip of larger forces, having no part in those affairs that lay beyond their immediate areas of daily demand and gratification. It was a time of moral somnambulance. And worst of all, from the religious point of view, the people of this continent were often brightly hopeful—while what used to be called the deepest convictions were as fluid as water.

It is as if the ear had become a sensitive soundtrack, the eye a precision camera, experience an exactly-timed collaboration between microphone and lens. And in this expanded world of mechanically vivified communications, the capacity for experience is alienated, and the individual becomes the spectator of everything but the human witness of nothing.

In all the emotional and spiritual

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realms of life, facts now outrun sensibility, and these facts, emptied of their human meanings, are readily gotten used to. There is no more human shock in official man; there is no more sense of moral issue in his unofficial follower. There is only the unopposed supremacy of technique for impersonal, calculated, wholesale murder. This lack of response I am trying to sum up by the altogether inadequate phrase "moral insensibility," and I am suggesting that the level of moral sensibility, as part of public and private life, has in our time sunk below human sight.

RELIGION TODAY is part of this sorry moral condition; to understand the crucial decisions of our pivotal times, it is not necessary to consider religious institutions or personnel or doctrine. Neither preachers nor laity matter; what they do and what they say can be readily agreed with, and safely ignored. I am aware that there are exceptions, but the average output is correctly heard as a parade of worn-out phrases. In the West, religion has become a subordinate part of the overdeveloped society.

If there is one safe prediction about religion in this society, it would seem to be that if tomorrow official spokesmen were to proclaim XYZ-ism, next week 90 per cent of religious declaration would be XYZ-ist. At least in their conforming rhetoric, religious spokesmen would reveal that the new doctrine did not violate those

of the church. As a social and as a personal force, religion has become a dependent variable. It does not originate; it reacts. It does not denounce; it adapts. It does not set forth new models of conduct and sensibility; it imitates. Its rhetoric is without deep appeal; the worship it organizes is without piety. It has become less a revitalization of the spirit in permanent tension with the world than a respectable distraction from the sourness of life. In a quite direct sense, religion has generally become part of the false consciousness of the world and of the self.

Among the cheerful robots of the mass society, not human virtue but human shortcomings, attractively packaged, lead to popularity and success. They are men and women without publicly relevant consciousness, without awareness of shocking human evil, and their religion is the religion of good cheer and glad tidings. That it is a religion without dreary religious content is less important than that it is socially brisk and that it is not spiritually unsettling. It is a getting chummy with God, as a means to quite secular good feelings.

With such religion, ours is indeed a world in which the idea of God is dead. But what is important is that this fact itself is of no felt consequence. Men and women, in brief, are religiously indifferent; they find no religious meanings in their lives and in their world.

The verbal Christian belief in the sanctity of human life has not of course been affected by the impersonal barbarism of twentieth-century war. But this belief does not itself enter decisively into the plans now being readied for World War III. A savage politician once asked how many divisions the Pope had—and it was a relevant question. No one need ask how many chaplains any army that wants them has. The answer is: as many as the generals and their other satraps feel the need of. Religion has become a willing spiritual means and a psychiatric aide of the nation-state.

Total war must indeed be difficult for the Christian conscience to confront, but the current Christian way out makes it easy; war is defended morally and Christians easily fall in-

to line—as they are led to justify it—in each nation in terms of "Christian faith" itself. Men of religious congregations do evil; ministers of God make them feel good about doing it. Rather than guide them in the moral cultivation of their conscience, ministers, with moral nimbleness, blunt that conscience, covering it up with peace of mind.

THE MORAL DEATH of religion in North America is inherent neither in religion nor specifically in Christianity. At times this religion has been insurgent; at other times, complacent; and it has been characterized by repeated revivals. Just now it is neither revolutionary nor reactionary, and it makes no real effort to revive itself in order to examine great public issues and the troubles of individuals from a fresh religious perspective. It does not count in the big political balance of life and death.

This is not surprising. In their struggle for success, religious institutions have come into competition with two great contemporary forces: amusement and politics. Each of these has been winning over religion; and when religion has seemingly won over them, it has failed as religion.

The most obvious competition is with the world of industrialized entertainment. Competing with these mass means of distraction, churches have themselves become minor institutions among the mass media of communications. They have imitated and borrowed the strident techniques of the insistent publicity machines, and in terms of the pitch-man (with both the hard and the soft sell), they have quite thoroughly banalized the teachings, and indeed the very image, of Christ.

I do not believe that anything recognizably Christian can be put over in this way. I suggest that this religious malarkey *diseducates* congregations; that it kills off any real influence religious leaders might have. Even if the crowds come, they come only for the show, and if it is the nature of crowds to come, it is also their nature soon to go away. And in all truth, are not the television Christians in reality armchair atheists? In value and in reality they live without the God they profess;





despite ten million Bibles sold each year in the United States alone, they are religiously illiterate. "If Christ had been put on television to preach the Sermon on the Mount," Malcolm Muggeridge has recently remarked, "viewers would either have switched on to another channel, or contented themselves with remarking that the speaker had an interesting face. Christ might have become a television personality, but there would have been no Christianity."

If you, as Christian ministers, accept the entertainment terms of success, you cannot succeed. The very means of your "success" make for your failure as witnesses, for you must appeal to such diverse moral appetites that your message will necessarily be generalized to the point of moral emptiness. If you do not specify and confront real issues, what you say will surely obscure them. If you do not alarm anyone morally, you will yourself remain morally asleep. If you do not *embody* controversy, what you say will inevitably be an acceptance of the drift to the coming hell. And in all this you will continue well the characteristic history of Christianity, for the Christian record is rather clear: from the time of Constantine to the time of global radiation and the uninterceptible missile, Christians have killed Christians and been blessed for doing so by other Christians.

POLITICS, like religion, has of course also come into competition with and been deeply influenced by the world of entertainment and its means of attraction and distraction. But the realities of politics and of economics are nowadays very difficult to ignore; they just won't down, for they are part of the insistent military lie that now dominates official civilized endeavor.

Religion cannot compete with this political peril. What vision of hell compares with the realities we have and do now confront? And the point is that ministers of God are not foremost among those few men who would define and expose the morality of the political decisions and lack of decisions that lie back of these morally atrocious events and preparations. For a church whose congregation con-

tains all political views and which is out for statistical success feels it must prosperously balance "above" politics—which means that it serves whatever moral default the affairs of mankind reveal.

As a mass medium, religion has become a religiously ineffective part of the show that fills up certain time slots in the weekly routine of cheerful robots. The minister goes his curious way, bringing glad tidings into each and every home.

BELIEVE ME, I do not wish to be rude, but I am among those pagans who take declarations seriously, and so I must ask you, as declared Christians, certain questions:

What does it mean to preach? Does it not mean, first of all, to be religiously conscious? I do not see how you can preach unless as a man you are the opposite to the religiously indifferent. To be religiously conscious, I suppose, is to find some sort of religious meaning in one's own insecurities and desires, to know oneself as a creature in some kind of relation with God which increases your hope that your expectations and prayers and actions will come off. I must ask: for you, today, what is that religious meaning?

To preach, secondly, means to serve as a moral conscience, and to articulate that conscience. I do not see how you can do that by joining the publicity fraternity and the weekend crusaders. You cannot do it by "staying out of politics." I think there is only one way in which you can compete as religious men with religious effect: you must be yourself in such a way that your views emanate unmistakably from you as a moral center. From that center of yourself, you must speak. So I must ask: why do you not make of yourself the pivot, and of your congregation the forum, of a public that is morally led and that is morally standing up? The Christian ethic cannot be incorporated without compromise; it can live only in a series of individuals who are capable of morally incorporating themselves.

Do not these times demand a little Puritan defiance? Do not they demand the realization of how close hell is to being a sudden and violent

reality of man's world today? Should not those who still have access to the peoples of Christendom stand up and denounce with all the righteousness and pity and anger and charity and love and humility their faith may place at their command the political and the militarist assumptions now followed by the leaders of the nations of Christendom? Should they not denounce the pseudo-religiosity of men of high office who would steal religious phrases to decorate crackpot policies and immoral lack of policies? Should they not refuse to allow immorality to find support in religion? Should they not refuse to repeat the official, un-Christian slogans of dull diplomats who do not believe in negotiation, who mouth slogans which are at most ineffective masks for lack of policy? Should they not realize that the positive moral meaning of what is called "neutralism" lies in the resolve that the fate of mankind shall not be determined by the idiotically-conducted rivalry of the United States and the Soviet Union?

I do not wish to be politically dogmatic, but merely brief and, as you gentlemen surely have recognized, I am religiously illiterate and unfeeling. But truly I do not see how you can claim to be Christians and yet not speak out totally and dogmatically against the preparations and testing now under way for World War III. As I read it, Christian doctrine in contact with the realities of today cannot lead to any other position. It cannot condone the murder of millions of people by clean-cut young men flying intricate machinery over Euro-Asia, zeroed in on cities full of human beings—young men who two years before were begging the fathers of your congregations for the use of the family car for a Saturday night date.

There is no necessity for more military emphasis on missiles. There is no need for more "science" in education; it is not "realism" to spend more money on arms. Necessity and need and realism are the desperate slogans of the morally crippled. The necessity is for moral imagination. The need is for political new beginnings. Realism means to stop at once and if need be unilaterally all prepa-



rations for World War III. There is no other realism, no other necessity, no other need.

You will not find in moral principles the solution to the problems of war, but without moral principles men are neither motivated nor directed to solve them. But nowadays we pagans see that Christian morals are more often used as moral cloaks of expedient interests than ways of morally uncloaking such interests.

War is not today inevitable; it is, immediately, the result of nationalist definitions of world reality, of dogmatic reliance upon the military as the major or even the only means of solving the explosive problems of this epoch of despair and of terror. And because this is now so, to lift up and to make knowledgeable the level of moral sensibility is the strategic task of those who would be at peace. Your role in the making of peace is less the debating of short-run and immediate policies than the confrontation of the whole attitude toward war and the teaching of new views of it by using them in criticism of current policies and decisions. And in the end, I believe the decisive test of Christianity lies in your witness of the refusal by individuals and by groups to engage in war. Pacifism, I believe, is the test of your Christianity — and of you. At the very least, it ought to be *the* debate within Christendom.

The brotherhood of man is now less a goal than an obvious condition of biological survival. Before the world is made safe again for American capitalism or Soviet communism or anything else, it had better be made safe for human life.

BUT you may say: "Don't let's get the church into politics." If you do say that, you are saying: "Don't let's get the church into the world; let's be another distraction from reality." This world *is* political. Politics, understood for what it really is today, has to do with the decisions men make which determine how they shall live and how they shall die. They are not living very well, and they are not going to die very well, either. Politics is now the locale of morality; it is the locale both of evil and of good. If you do not get the

church into the moral issues of politics, you cannot confront evil and you cannot work for good. You will be a subordinate amusement and a political satrap of whatever is going. You will be the great Christian joke.

Men and ideas, the will and the spirit, are now being tested, perhaps in all truth for the final time; and in this testing so far, you Christians are standing in default. The key sign of this is the fact of your general lack of effective opposition, of your participation in the fact of moral insensibility. That, of course, is a world fact about publics and masses and elites, but it is all the more grievous among Christians, if



only because of the expectations that they have aroused about themselves. Yet who among you has come out clearly on the issues of internecine war and the real problems of peace? Who among you is considering what it means for Christians to kill men and women and children in ever more efficient and impersonal ways? Who among you uses his own religious imagination to envision another kind of basis for policies governing how men should treat with one another? Who among you, claiming even vague contact with what Christians call "The Holy Spirit," is calling upon it to redeem the day because you know the times are evil?

If you are not today concerned with this—the moral condition of those in your spiritual care—then, gentlemen, what is your concern? As a pagan who is waiting for your answer, I merely say: you claim to be Christians. And I ask: what does that mean as a biographical and as a public fact?

In moral affairs you are supposed to be among the first of men. No moral affair today compares with the morality of warfare and the preparation for it, for in these preparations men usurp—as you might say—the prerogatives of God. By sitting down and by keeping quiet, by all too often echoing the claptrap of the higher immorality that now passes for political leadership—you are helping to enfeeble further in this time of cruel troubles the ideals of your Founder. Christianity is part of the moral defeat of man today. Perhaps it is no longer important enough to be considered a cause of it; perhaps it is only among the passive doctrines of the spectators of man's moral defeat.

I HOPE you do not demand of *me* gospels and answers and doctrines and programs. According to your belief, my kind of man—secular, prideful, agnostic and all the rest of it—is among the damned. I'm on my own; you've got your God. It is up to you to proclaim gospel, to declare justice, to apply your love of man—the sons of God, all of them, you say—meaningfully, each and every day, to the affairs and troubles of men. It is up to you to find answers that are rooted in ultimate moral decision and to say them out so that they are compelling.

I hope your Christian conscience is neither at ease nor at attention, because if it is I must conclude that it is a curiously expedient and ineffective apparatus. I hope you do not believe that in what you do and in how you live, you are denouncing evil, because if you do, then I must conclude that you know nothing of evil and so nothing of good. I hope you do not imagine yourselves to be the bearers of compassion, because if you do, you cannot yet know that today compassion without bitterness and terror is mere girlish sentiment, not worthy of any full-grown man. I hope you do not speak from the moral center of yourself, because if you do, then in the dark nights of your soul, in fear and in trembling, you must be cruelly aware of your moral peril in this time of total war, and—given what you, a Christian, say and believe—I, a pagan, pity you.



# HEALTH HINT from BRITAIN . . by George A. Silver

WHEN STORM warnings were lifted over Great Britain's National Health Service last spring, polite and dignified, but positive, jubilation found expression in the conservative American press. "Britain's doctors weary of socialism," crowed the *Saturday Evening Post*. Even the usually equable (in medical politics) *New England Journal of Medicine* took stern satisfaction:

British physicians, who loyally acceded to the demand for a National Health Service in 1948, have found themselves recalling Aesop's fable of the frogs who petitioned Zeus for a King. The differences are that they did not ask for the situation in which they have found themselves, and the leadership that the government has provided for them in a succession of ministers of health has sometimes resembled rather the King Stork than the King Log variety.

Does Britain's current crisis demonstrate that "socialized" medicine—medical services supported by the tax dollar—is a dangerous mistake? Well, the symptoms of a serious illness are present all right: doctors and Government are in a hassle, wages are in dispute, and a pattern of settlement for doctors remains to be worked out.

When Britain's National Health Service was established in 1948, a plan for adjusting rates of pay to economic circumstances in a kind of "cost-of-living" escalator clause was apparently agreed upon by both doctors and Government (the Spens Committee Recommendations). One such adjustment, after arbitration, was made in 1950 (the Danckwerts Award). Britain's doctors are now asking, under the Spens formula, for another adjustment. During eighteen months of negotiations, of thrusts and counters, the Government grudgingly yielded a small increase (about 5 per cent in place of the 24 per cent demanded) and appointed a Royal Commission—a valuable

delaying tactic—to make final recommendations. Meanwhile the small increase stands.

The physicians remain unhappy. There have been explosive meetings of the British Medical Association. Doctors have been threatening to strike. Yet no one, neither doctors nor Government nor patients, wants an end to the National Health Service. In a sociological survey made in March of last year, almost 90 per cent of British consumers believed the current dispute would be settled amicably, and 80 per cent *wanted* the service to continue.

AS PART OF my job, I have visited the British Isles on three occasions since 1948. In 1950, I spent six weeks in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland, observing the operation of the National Health Service. In 1954 and 1957, I was in England and Scotland. On all these occasions I took the opportunity to meet with doctors in their surgeries, in hospitals, at medical-society meetings and at local authority conferences. I made home visits with a country doctor outside of Inverness, and with a health officer in Bristol. I had tea with a group of country practitioners outside of Cambridge, a group of city doctors in Manchester, a teaching group in Edinburgh, public-health teachers in London, and regional hospital-board members in Birmingham and in Aberdeen. I talked with the public, as consumers of medical care, in doctors' surgeries, in hospitals, in their homes, and in the varied casual ways travelers talk with other travelers. On several occasions I interviewed responsible officials of the Ministry of Health in London and the Department of Health for Scotland.

Over and over again, patients noted approvingly that they could now attend a doctor's office when the need arises. Over and over again, doctors expressed satisfaction that it was no longer necessary for them to bargain for fees or to evaluate their own services. Definitely, it is not the health system itself which has aroused dissension or created dissat-

isfaction in either patient or doctor. The dissatisfactions are built into conditions of British general practice which long predated inauguration of the system on July 5, 1948.

The expressions of this dissatisfaction became more evident each time I visited Britain. In the winter of 1950, I found excitement, enthusiasm and determination among the doctors. "Of course, the office is much more crowded," said a gentle country doctor at a medical meeting in Belfast, "but many more people are using the service. They couldn't afford to come before. We've got to face up to that and make provision for it." A younger, crisper Saffron Walden doctor added, "We want the service! No one is against it! We do want a better way of living for ourselves, though. We need more contact among ourselves professionally, some hospital opportunities, and especially a rotating night service."

In 1950, Joseph Collings, an Australian physician, surveyed British general practice and wrote: "The present state of general practice is unsatisfactory. Its defects existed before the National Health Service Act. . . . The National Health Service Act has done nothing immediately or directly to disturb the structure of general practice."

In 1954, discontent was strong and feelingly expressed. "I'm forty now," said a Manchester doctor, grimly. "I thought the Health Service meant the end to the rut. I'm still in it."

By 1957, a note of resignation, with anti-American overtones, had crept into the conversation. "You see," said the Edinburgh professor, "we haven't the money to build a NATO force and also to maintain welfare services. We haven't the money you Americans have."

THE National Health Service, embodied in a comprehensive social-security system known as the Beveridge Plan, was designed to remedy the defects of a health-insurance system dating back to 1911. The present service provides free medical care in home, office and hospital, and free appliances and drugs as needed

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except for a recently imposed shilling (14 cents) charge for each prescription. Included in the services provided are dental care for school children, ophthalmological services (including glasses) and an as yet imperfectly organized neurosis treatment service.

The health service as a whole falls into three categories: general practitioner services, hospital and specialist ("consultant") services, and local health services. Its entire budget comes from tax funds; this is *not* an insurance scheme.

The funds for the general practitioner services are disbursed by the Ministry of Health through Local Executive Committees, composed of local physicians, dentists and appointed officials who serve without compensation. The committees supervise payments to general practitioners, pay travel allowances, and also pass on grievances and local problems of placement and physician exchange. General practitioners are paid monthly for each person registered on their panels.

Money for hospital and specialist services is provided by the Ministry of Health through Regional Hospital Boards which, in turn, establish budgets for the hospitals in the region. Specialists staff these institutions and receive salaries for the services they render in hospital. These salaries are part of the hospital budget. Teaching hospitals operate on budgets independent of the Regional Boards, receiving their funds directly from the Ministry.

The third category, local health services, are provided by Local Health Authorities operating on budgets supplied by local government augmented by the Ministry. They supply local public-health supervision, ambulance and nursing service in the home, and midwifery (a minority of British babies are delivered by physicians, and only a minute percentage by obstetricians).

In the original plan, increasing funds were to be made available to remodel and renovate old hospital facilities and encourage the development of local health centers for closer liaison among physicians in all three administrative channels. The original budget of £390,700,000 in 1949-1950



has risen to £607,229,300 in 1956-1957 (the £ is \$2.80). But the whole of this increase was due to inflation, a wider use of services by some patients, and use of services by many persons who had never before used a doctor. None of the money has gone into modern construction. A rare health center like Woodberry Downs is a lonely tribute to the ideal. Hospitals decay without the capital investment necessary to keep them from rotting. Darbishire House, Britain's solitary effort to demonstrate liaison between hospital, health authority and general practitioner, is financed out of Rockefeller funds.

WASTEFUL preparations for war and defense, Tory unwillingness or inability to provide the tax funds for welfare services, add up to the crippling and decline of the brave new health service. The patients don't have to pay, but someone must. The defect of Britain's National Health Service is not in too much socialism, but in too little. The coalition government that inaugurated the new service was very careful not to tamper with the status quo of medical practice. Succeeding governments have been equally careful to retain the outworn traditional features.

The twentieth century requires a medical system that will allow the full benefit of accumulated and changing medical knowledge to be applied to the patient. While the family doctor is still necessary, the general practitioner is outdated. Specialized knowledge shifts and expands so rapidly that only highly trained specialists can apply it.

These specialists must have an organization for communicating with each other, enabling them to economize on time and effort. This is group practice. And group practice needs a center—a physical home. Further, group practice must be intimately associated with modern hospitals, for care, for supervision, for continuing study. British hospitals, ancient, decrepit, physically inadequate, demand repair or replacement, but funds are lacking.

WHILE health centers were recommended in the Beveridge report, they got a very low priority in impoverished post-war Britain. The pattern of British practice has been for individual general practitioners to lead their lives in their "surgeries," maintaining no connection with hospitals. The hospitals are independently staffed with "consultants" (specialists) paid now by the Health Service. And general practitioners and consultants never meet or associate. The complex pattern of modern practice does not allow for such professional dissociation.

Furthermore, this system of separation and limited educational opportunity for the general practitioner is fixed, and no effort is being made to change the status through phased increasing of specialists with an eye to a complex specialist service. On the contrary, the opportunities for specialists have *diminished* as a wholly-paid consultant service in hospitals came in with the Health Service, and private consulting work disappeared. Where, in free-enterprise days, young consultants occasionally opened offices in Harley Street or its equivalent, and waited hopefully for the "guinea practice" to develop, that avenue closed when 97 per cent of the British people enrolled in the Health Service.

As a consequence, where logic would dictate that several hundred specialists in internal medicine should be turned out each year to take their places as the new family doctors of a group-practice system, far fewer are trained, and no such openings are available. The iron-clad consultant system provides openings for only about 250 of the more than 1,000 specialists of all kinds who are



finishing their training each year. While a hundred of those who cannot be placed may go into general practice in despair, each year the remaining 650 take further temporary hospital jobs or emigrate. The London *Observer* recently related the sad adventures of an ambitious young doctor who was unable to penetrate the hard shell of bureaucracy to get a lucrative consultant's job.

This serious problem of the lack of opportunity for young doctors, coupled with the archaic medical-practice system, will undoubtedly have a detrimental effect on both recruiting and good patient care in the future. In this way lack of mobility and of new facilities compound the deterioration. Inadequately trained, without refreshment in hospitals over the years, the general practitioner's area of knowledge constricts. The poverty of the economy

is reflected in a payment scheme that forces the doctor to defray the cost of equipment, periodicals and textbooks out of his own income. Without the incentive or opportunity to improve his knowledge, his skill or his facilities, it would be surprising if the level of his work were any better than it is. All these conditions predate the National Health Service.

For the United States, the picture and the lesson are clear. A plan for removing the economic barrier to twentieth-century medical care has to be coupled with a program for orienting medical practice to the twentieth century. It has to add physicians in far greater numbers, train them adequately in specialties, provide a framework for group practice and hospital association for physicians, encourage research in design (as well as fundamental science) and offer modern, easily available facili-

ties and equipment. This requires planning and money.

The problems of the British National Health Service stem partly from penny-pinching conservatism in government and partly from a tradition-bound medical profession. Curiously enough, these are the defects that plague our own health services in the United States. So there is an ironical aspect to the pious thought on which the *New England Journal of Medicine* concludes the editorial quoted at the beginning of this article:

The physicians of America, disturbed at these revelations of the ill relations that can exist between the government of a free state and its medical profession, must continue to congratulate themselves, even as they sympathize with their brethren overseas, on having so far escaped being caught in such an unhappy toil.

## A Way Out of the Blackboard Jungle.. by Jackson Toby

AS JACOB RIIS suggested a half-century ago, crime waves are created by newspapers. The excitement over hoodlums in New York City schools illustrates his point. Recent news stories about rapes, assaults and thefts in public schools are (for the most part) factually correct, but they could have been duplicated in any previous year. A school crime wave occurred in 1958 because newspaper editors — prodded by Judge Leibowitz and a Kings County grand jury — decided that school offenses were worthy of more detailed coverage than the hundreds of other crimes committed every day.

The outward symptoms of the blackboard jungle are unruly children (mainly boys) who disrupt classes and demoralize teachers. Their acts of aggression are usually infrac-

tions of school rules, but sometimes they commit serious, even horrifying, crimes. Schools vary in the proportions of intractable youngsters in attendance. Where such students are in the majority, the school is a school only in name. Teachers are too busy keeping order to do much in the way of education. In most schools, however, disciplinary problems are the exception rather than the rule; the staff is firmly in control. To assign a policeman to the average school is equivalent to attacking a spider with a meat ax. Whether to station policemen at the "difficult" schools is another matter. Such a repressive measure might help to hold the lid down. But it would imply that the American experiment with mass education is a failure. After all, the assumption behind compulsory school-attendance laws is that every child can profit from formal education. If some youngsters are so resistant to classroom training that it is necessary to station a policeman within call of the teacher, either the educational enterprise is so poorly conducted that it is failing the needs of

some students, or else the democratic assumption of universal educability is unjustified.

PESSIMISTS about universal education say, "Throw the troublemakers out. Suspend them. Expel them. We cannot permit 1 per cent of the student body to prevent the 99 per cent who want to learn from learning." This course of action would certainly reduce the problems of harried school administrators. But what would become of youngsters who are branded ineducable and thrown upon the labor market at fourteen or fifteen? Some voices can be heard saying, "Let them work—as I did when I was their age. Nothing will rehabilitate them so fast as honest work." But the work histories of slightly older youths who leave school upon reaching the age when state law no longer can compel attendance, show that poorly educated teen-agers fare badly in American industry. Early school-leavers do not know how to look for a job suited to them. They are dissatisfied with the low pay and menial duties to which

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their lack of experience and education restricts them. They quit or are fired after characteristically brief employments, largely because of their rebellious attitude toward supervisors. In short, they flounder from one blind-alley, monotonous job to another—with long intervals of non-employment in between. These gaps are sometimes involuntary; child-labor laws and industrial-personnel policies greatly reduce the employment opportunities for early school-leavers—even in times of economic boom. But in many cases, discouraged, they withdraw from the labor market of their own volition.

HO Wcan such a boy escape from a pattern of defeat? Psychically uncommitted to school or job, he “hangs” around the street corner with other unsuccessful youngsters. He needs their approval as compensation for the rejection of school authorities and employers. The price for their approval runs high. He must show that he is not “chicken,” i.e., cowardly. The way in which he can do this is by manifesting a reckless willingness to steal, to fight, to try anything once. He must repudiate the bourgeois virtues associated with school and job: diligence, neatness, truthfulness, thrift. He becomes known as a “loafer” and “troublemaker” in the community. When family and neighbors add their condemnations to those of teachers and employers, all bridges to respectability are burned, and he becomes progressively more concerned with winning “rep” inside the gang. For him, stealing is not primarily a way to make money. He will take an odd job when he wants to buy a new jacket or pay a repair bill on his car. Stealing is a means of gaining approval within a clique of outcasts.

In short, throwing a troublesome youngster out of school is no solution to the problem of creating a place for him in legitimate society. On the contrary, expulsion is simply transfer to a less well supervised situation, where he is a potential recruit for the delinquent gang.

Many professional educators are tempted to try to have their cake and eat it too: to keep “difficult,” i.e., unmotivated, youngsters in

school but to segregate them physically (or psychologically) from students who are willing to learn. Too often, special classes and special schools are devices to get rid of disciplinary problems. Students sent to them mark time until they can legally withdraw, learning little except how to annoy the teacher. For all practical purposes, such classes and schools are part-time jails and have no promise of reducing delinquency in big-city school systems. Of course, special classes and special schools don't *have* to be dumping grounds. They can provide opportunities where exceptional teachers, using a flexible curriculum, come to grips with obstacles to learning that cannot be surmounted in jumbo classes. In the long run, these “trouble-shooting” programs may bring the problem under control. But, for the immediate present, the public should not expect too much too soon.

There are not enough teachers who have the skills or the desire to work with large numbers of “difficult” students. In New York City, for example, the Board of Education cannot readily induce experienced teachers to accept assignment to “tough” schools. As a result, schools with the most troublesome students also have the least able teachers, i.e., young teachers just starting out or strict disciplinarians whose talents lie in custodial prowess rather than in academic subjects.

Moreover, students shunted into such programs suffer from reading and arithmetic difficulties so serious that the youngsters themselves have long since abandoned hope of academic success. Their defeats began in the early grades, sometimes because of meager intellectual endowment, but more often because no one at home or in the neighborhood made school effort seem meaningful. After all, for the young child, forced to come to school at set times, to refrain from pinching his roommates, to keep quiet so that the teacher can instruct the class as a group, school is a discipline imposed upon him rather than an extension and development of his own interests. Why should he cooperate? The vicious circle of neglect and failure

accumulates. Within a few years, he is retarded in the basic skills necessary for successful performance in the higher grades. Whether he is promoted or left back, the more successful students and the teachers consider him “dumb.” This makes school still less pleasant, and his disinterest and neglect increase. By adolescence, he may well decide that he is fighting a losing battle. Is it surprising that he becomes a truant and a disciplinary problem? For such teen-aged casualties, the prognosis for reintegration into the school program is poor. Young though they are, they have years of disenchantment behind them. They are convinced that, whatever value education may have for others, it is too late for them; they are too far behind to catch up.

IF HIGH-BUDGET special programs are unlikely to make these youngsters look upon school as an opportunity, if expulsion means driving them further into anti-social activities, what can be done? For such a dilemma, there is, of course, no simple solution. The sociological principle is, however, reasonably clear. When a youngster is given a vested interest in a law-abiding role (in the school or in the community), he has less incentive to become a hoodlum. In the long run, therefore, the way to avoid hoodlums in the schools is to prevent educational casualties, beginning in the earlier grades. This would necessitate providing all youngsters, bright and dull, white and Negro, rich and poor, with the little victories that give them a stake in an acceptable social order. This is no small task in a mass-production school system.

In any case, this is a long-run measure and cannot be expected to alleviate the present crisis. Let's remember, though, that the “crime wave” in the schools is no more than a public focusing of attention on a chronic problem. The crisis has been a long time in developing, and will necessarily be a long time in improving. Meanwhile, until the long-run preventive measures begin to pay off, short-run palliatives should be considered. For example, attempts have been made in seven large commu-



nities (Detroit, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Richmond, Roanoke, St. Louis and Youngstown) to ease the transition from school to work by providing job counseling for young school-leavers and voluntary training courses in elementary work habits. These attempts have been on a relatively small scale, so it is difficult to evaluate their impact. Moreover, they suffer from an unfortunate disadvantage: in no instance could they control the work situation itself; they could only attempt to fortify the young people who were entering a crowded and highly competitive labor market. The guiding conception of these programs was, however, sound. The work situation represents society's last chance with a delinquency-prone group. Family and school have already failed them; if now they feel

that jobs have nothing to offer them, what will deter them from giving vent to anti-social impulses? Only fear of punishment — an unreliable deterrent.

Perhaps the transition could be bridged more effectively by sheltered employment for teen-aged school-leavers until they reach an age when they are better able to compete in the labor market. Such employment, based on the developmental needs of the worker rather than upon the profitability of production, would have to be undertaken by government or by large, social-minded corporations or labor unions. There are some grounds for hope that sheltered employment might be successful in reintegrating marginal adolescents into legitimate society. School failures yearn for the independence

which "making money" can give them; they usually enter the labor market with initial enthusiasm. Their disillusionment comes later, when they learn that they have not escaped their pattern of defeat by going to work. Easing the school-to-work transition capitalizes on this initial enthusiasm and thus may provide a constructive alternative to the hoodlum role.

Some will say that it is a financially expensive alternative. True, but it promises to pay large dividends in decreased delinquency rates (in school and out), in reduced labor turnover and absenteeism in industry (by inculcating good work habits in young workers), and best of all, in reducing the human tragedies that lie behind the crime news in the daily paper.

## REVENGE of the CAR-OWNER. . . by Milton Moskowitz

AS A RECESSION of indeterminate length and indeterminate magnitude grips the nation, many eyes are fixed on Detroit. Having sold the American public 19,000,000 cars in the past three years, the automotive industry appears to have run into a solid log-jam of consumer resistance. Manufacturers turned out fewer than 500,000 cars in January, a decline of more than 25 per cent from January, 1957. Sales in January slipped to 380,000, the lowest level since 1952. *Ward's Automotive Reports* says the rising dealer inventories, dictating a slower production pace, "may see car output in the first quarter of 1958 slip to the lowest level since 1952." The failure of the 1958 models to excite consumer interest is a bitter pill for Detroit; the industry had been looking forward to this year as another 1955, when the sale of 7,200,000 new cars broke all records. In 1956, sales fell back to 5,955,000; last year, they remained about the same—5,982,000. Economists for the auto companies figured that many of the 1955 buyers would

now be ready to re-enter the market.

So far, though, dealers have had plenty of time for solitaire. No one is breaking down the doors.

Like most business executives, the automobile magnates are loath to admit that there is any shortage of consumer purchasing power. In a recent double-page ad in *Automotive News*, Benson Ford, vice-president of Ford Motor Company, tried to buck up the dealers with these words: "Savings accounts are at record high levels. All the evidence indicates that most people have money to spend and are in a good credit position." And George Hitchings, chief of Ford's economic analysis department, told an American Management Association meeting that consumers could help to reverse the recession by spending instead of saving their money; he warned that if consumers did not spend freely, the recession would only be aggravated. Edward T. Ragsdale, general manager of General Motors' Buick division, is another who believes the public is needlessly hoarding its money. "I don't think the sales lag is a matter of pricing," he told a press conference. "It's a matter of confidence."

Mr. Ragsdale offered the explanation that consumer confidence had been sapped by all the talk about recession and the Soviet's success in putting a satellite aloft. He blamed the newspapers for doling out this steady diet of unsettling news. "I think the papers have a responsibility to inspire confidence on the part of the public," said the man who had just fired Buick's advertising agency after his product lost third place in sales to Plymouth.

In all this theorizing there is, of course, never a hint that Detroit's product may have something to do with sales resistance. Detroit has invested millions in the big, gaudy, powerful, gas-hungry automobile; it has spent millions of advertising dollars telling the consumer that this is what he wants. It is certainly not going to admit now that it was wrong. Evidence is mounting, however, that more and more American drivers are fed up with their cars.

You have, for example, the Mayor of the nation's largest city asking the auto makers to consider the production of smaller cars to alleviate metropolitan traffic paralysis. You have the heads of the major auto

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companies brought before a Congressional committee and questioned rather sharply on how they know so far in advance that the public wants a big car. You have, finally, in the face of declining car sales, a sensational increase in the sale of foreign-made automobiles.

FOREIGN producers entered the U.S. market in 1948, when Britain's Austin Motor Company sold 8,600 cars here, but they plodded along for seven years without making any appreciable progress. Foreign-car sales rose to 30,000 in 1952 and then slid to 28,000 in 1953 and 23,000 in 1954. In 1955, when Volkswagen began shipping cars here in quantity, sales zoomed to 59,000. In 1956, while U.S. auto makers were experiencing a 25 per cent decline in sales, the foreign makes spurted ahead by 60 per cent to sales of 100,000. In 1956, for the first time, foreign cars accounted for more than 1 per cent of the U.S. auto market. Last year, foreign cars registered a sales gain of nearly 100 per cent, coming close to the 200,000 mark and accounting for 3 per cent of all new car sales. In the last few months of 1957, they were taking 5 per cent of the market. Volkswagen, in 1957, outsold the following U.S. makes: Hudson, Packard, Nash, Edsel, Imperial, Lincoln and Studebaker.

Foreign manufacturers have been encouraged by this success in the world's greatest automobile market. Sweden is now sending over the Saab and the Volvo; Britain's Standard Motor Company is currently introducing a new economy car in the American market; Italy sent the Fiat here last year; a new small car, destined for this market, is being produced by a Dutch company; and the Japanese have put two small cars into production for eventual marketing in the United States.

American Motors Corporation, maker of the Rambler, which suffered during the heyday of the big car, is now making a comeback. The company's sales were up 26 per cent in January, a striking contrast to the industry's performance, and Rambler ads are hitting out aggressively at the Big Three. In an ad

that ran in some 1,800 newspapers across the country during the last week of January and the first week of February, George Romney, president of American Motors, charged that Ford, G.M. and Chrysler have—by their design, selling and advertising—“clamped an iron mold of big-car conformity on the U. S. public.” The Big Three, said Mr. Romney, are making a car “that crowds your garage, overlaps the parking meters, and gulps gas like a B-29.”

Is the consumer really expressing a preference for the small car? Testifying before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee, Lester L. Colbert, president of Chrysler Corporation, said his company marketed a small car in 1953 and saw its share of the market skid from 20 per cent to 13.1 per cent. “It was obvious the public wanted bigger automobiles,” he said. “We learned quite a lesson.” Mr. Colbert was undoubtedly right. With Ford and G.M. coming out with longer, lower cars, it would probably have been suicidal, at the time, for Chrysler to buck the trend. Chrysler made a quick switch to the big tail-fin and “The Forward Look,” recouping some of the ground it had lost. Now the company is stuck on the big-car bandwagon and cannot easily afford a change in consumer taste. Ford and G.M., at least, can import small cars from their European factories. Chrysler does not have this source available.

The statistics and the big-car-vs.-small-car argument tell only half the story, however. The real measure of Detroit's marketing problem today can be taken in the steady stream of gripes that punctuate the day-to-day conversations of American automobile owners. Talk to a car owner and you strike an artesian well of grumbling. He is unhappy because his car is a gasoline hog. He

is unhappy because something is always going wrong with his car. He is unhappy because “you can't find a service station you can trust.” He is unhappy over his not inconsiderable bills for repairs, insurance and servicing. He is unhappy because after four years his car is worth less than a fifth of what he paid for it.

Automobile values depreciate so rapidly these days that the owner is more like a renter than an owner. Except, there is this difference: when you rent an apartment, the landlord provides free servicing; in the automobile business, you “rent” the car and pay the service charges as well.

Of all the retailers on the American scene, the automobile dealer probably enjoys the least amount of public esteem and confidence. A neighbor of mine, reading about the recent layoffs in Detroit, said to me: “I feel sorry for those guys, but as for the dealers, it couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of fellows.”

In view of these conditions, Detroit might well consider the revolutionary idea of renting instead of selling cars, providing the renters with free servicing. Pride of ownership among car owners is already at a low ebb and I believe few would object to giving up this dubious privilege in order to be relieved of servicing headaches. Take the average family-car owner, who keeps his auto four years. If he could rent that car for \$800 a year and not have to worry about the servicing, he would certainly not be losing much money—if any—and he would be a happier man.

The ultimate solution for Detroit was suggested by a friend who had been reading too much science fiction and listening to businessmen talk about the importance of obsolescence in the national economy. What Detroit needs, he said, is the disposable car. It would be sold from a vending machine. You drive your car into town, you fold it up and toss it into the wastepaper basket. In the evening, you buy another car and drive home. Think of the production records that would be set! And all the manufacturer would have to worry about is producing a car that is good for one ride.

Now there's something for Detroit to think about.





# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Brain Market

**BRAINSTORMING.** By Charles H. Clark. Doubleday & Co. 262 pp. \$4.50.

**BRAINPOWER QUEST.** Ed. by Andrew A. Freeman. The Macmillan Co. 242 pp. \$4.75.

### Harvey Swados

THE ordinary man—and in this instance I am thinking of someone vaguely like myself, neither rich nor famous nor academically distinguished nor scientifically learned—is often surprised when he discovers that his betters in any of these departments are as likely to be damn fools as he. It can be upsetting to observe, for instance, the Father Of The H-Bomb weepingly assuring solemn-faced Senators that the Russians' sputnik achievement was our worst defeat since Pearl Harbor and that we must instantly protect ourselves by digging some billions of dollars' worth of holes in the ground. Whether the ordinary man's surprise at such shenanigans assumes the form of anger that he has ever allowed himself to be taken in by the types running the show, or of helpless laughter at this goofy world and the gas-filled Men of Distinction who rise to prominence in it, will depend on his own background and the social circumstances at the time of his discovery.

These reflections are occasioned by the two books listed above (each dedicated in its own way to a discussion of the situation of the individual mind in a highly organized society), particularly by the first, which is surely one of the plums of the publishing season. Mr. Clark comes out boldly, four-square and flatfooted, in favor of thinking, and what is more he tells his readers how and when and why and where to begin, in a style that might be described as Reader's Digest Modern: peppy, anecdotal, inspirational and optimistic. People, it appears, have thought before—witness David Sarnoff with his dream of the Radio Music Box, Clarence Birdseye with his quick-frozen fish, etc. But it was given to Mr. Clark and the three titans of BBDO to whom he dedicates this work to discover "brainstorming." As described by Mr. Clark, brainstorming is a group cathartic, a

seance attended by people with a common interest and devoted to problem-solving through uninhibited, free-flowing utterances of ideas as quickly as they rise to the surface. The author advertises a "'Do-it-yourself Brainstorming Kit' designed to do the job, which consists of twelve four-color, flip-flop charts, a word-by-word script, a printed introduction to brainstorming, a bell, materials to use to orient first-time brainstormers.... It costs twenty-five dollars plus shipping charges and can be ordered from Creative Thinking Courses, Inc...." While the knack has been most highly developed for industrial, commercial, educational and other highly bureaucratized groups, the man who wants to solve personal problems can train himself in solo brainstorming. Indeed, my favorite quotation, in a book crammed with goodies, is attributed to Willard Pleuthner, BBDO vice-president in charge of brainstorming, who explains that "We should also take pencils and paper to church. Some people get their best ideas in church. That is not irreverent. I think the Lord gives us an extra reward for going to church. We are at peace with the world, and again that subconscious throws out ideas it has been working on."

THE rewards for the man who thinks, whether in church or on the job, can be considerable. "I have come a long way from that lonely Saturday night on Market Street," Mr. Clark confides winsomely. "I have an apartment just off Park Avenue in midtown Manhattan [sic]. My office is in one of New York's most beautiful office buildings. I have been sent all over the country, even overseas by one of the nation's largest corporations. I have had a wonderful creative adventure because I acted on my ideas."

What makes this creative adventure worth the attention of those who have stuck with me thus far is that Mr. Clark has sold brainstorming, not just to mail-order suckers with \$25 to throw away, but to: BBDO (which brainstormed the Eisenhower campaign), Columbia University, Nationwide Insurance, Dun & Bradstreet, Union Carbide & Carbide, Celanese Research, the United States Air Force, the United States Army, the United States Navy.

The non-brainstorming mind is staggered by the idea of the jolly bull sessions, complete with flip-flop charts and bells to toll off users of "killer phrases" (It's not in the manual—We've never done it that way before—Let's form a committee), at all these august institutions—and by the mentality of those in command.

**BRAINPOWER QUEST** is a very different book. It is the edited transcript of a centennial convocation held at Cooper Union on the theme of developing adequate engineering and scientific brainpower in the America of the future, and it includes the thoughtful comments of some of our topnotch scientists, engineers and administrators. However, the eminence of the company did not prevent an old hand at brainstorming, Mortimer Adler, who has been busy reading all those Great Books, from patiently explaining to the conferees that "Wisdom is what we need, and by wisdom I simply mean the deepest understanding you can achieve of what is fixed or constant in human life in spite of all its changing external conditions."

Thus fortified in their understanding of what they were really after, the participants were spiritually strengthened to absorb the concluding remarks of Admiral Lewis Strauss, who is not exactly a scientist (or a sailor either for that matter), but an administrator of other people's brains and money. He wound up an optimistic assessment of the state of affairs with the following sentence: "A nation that has the skill and daring to begin to explore the secrets of outer space will not fail in its primary obligation to see that its future citizens are educated to cope with both the material and the intellectual problems of its expanding frontier."

I hasten to assure those who would deny the Admiral clearance for being soft on communism that he was not praising the Soviet Union, nor even referring to it, and that these inspiring lines were uttered in October, 1956, about a year before the Russians worked up "the skill and daring to begin to explore the secrets of outer space."

But let us not be flippant about serious matters. John Burchard, Dean of Humanities at M.I.T., read a most pointed paper which, if it did not give answers and assurances in the vein of

*HARVEY SWADOS' latest book is On the Line, a novel dealing with the lives of auto workers.*

March 8, 1958



the Professor or the Admiral, raised the kind of questions that technicians and administrators should be confronted with at such symposia:

What is a society to be like in which the time one works in theory is small but the time one works in practice is large because the world is filled with people laboring at manual hobbies, doing work the machine could do, seeking the primitive retreat, the peasant bread, the open sky on a no longer useful cow pony, doing all the things that used to have to be done but now calling it play because the work they have to do deprives them of any chance for self-satisfaction?... Is it enough to have a fast car, a super-highway, an elegant bridge, a beautiful building, when the whole city is a maze of used-car dumps, parking ramps, neon signs, visual disorder; when every city is like every other city and there is no particular human reason for living in any particular place...?

Unfortunately the confrontations which did take place during the symposium centered on questions of somewhat lesser magnitude, such as the amiable discussions among engineering college presi-

dents on the merits of accelerated programs. When larger matters were raised, they were left hanging.

Thus, on what is probably the most momentous question ever faced by mankind, Dr. Mervin J. Kelly, president of Bell Telephone Laboratories, asserted: "It is evident... that by broadening the scope of the nation's scientific and technical programs to create new facilities for warfare as well as for the civilian economy, the levels of both our security and well-being are preserved and enhanced." He was followed to the platform by Lewis Mumford, who asserted the exact opposite: "The most staring example of this breach between our exquisitely rational scientific means and our irrational and dehumanized ends lies in our present colossal plans for the total extermination of whole enemy populations in a nuclear war...."

As far as one can gather from the book, both gentlemen were cordially received; no one attempted to point out that if one of them was talking sense, the other was necessarily talking nonsense or worse; and the quest for brain-power went on.

Who can deny that it is a worthwhile and urgent quest?

when we know whether the elite, the managers, are or are not themselves products of the same class as the owners. Talcott Parson's belief that status in the United States is "to a high degree independent" of primary group relationships, however attractive a theory for an egalitarian society, proves not to be the case here. Bit by bit, Mr. Baltzell pieces together how family relationships, neighborhoods, schools, clubs, religious affiliations, speech patterns and occupations combine to make up an intricately interrelated group of power and prestige. The phrase, "ruling class," is no empty abstraction in this book.

Mr. Baltzell's great strength is that he has a point of view. Since an eminent American historian has, in the widely-read pages of *The New York Times*, misread *Philadelphia Gentlemen* on this score, it is worth stressing. Mr. Baltzell severely criticizes the shortcomings of the Eastern upper-class, but always as shortcomings. In a Tocquevillean analysis of American society, he sees the greatest danger today to lie in the reduction of all groups to the point where the nation becomes a homogenized mass of isolated individuals. Against this tendency, Mr. Baltzell asserts that "a traditional upper-class composed of families with long-established roots in the local community serves to balance the atomization of modern life, especially at the level of leadership." It does, that is, if it exercises leadership, if it provides society with elite individuals and remains open to elite members from other classes. If Mr. Baltzell seems at moments disenchanted with our Eastern aristocracy, it is surely because he would like to see it maintain itself by fulfilling its function in our increasingly collectivized society. It remains a question whether one can share Mr. Baltzell's hope that the upper-class can, or should, provide one of the bulwarks we need against the power of an anonymous society, but reading *Philadelphia Gentlemen* will make it an intelligent question.

## The American Aristocrat

*PHILADELPHIA GENTLEMEN.* By E. Digby Baltzell. The Free Press. 400 pp. \$5.75.

John W. Ward

THE CASUAL book-buyer might be misled by a delightful and imaginative dust-jacket (credit: Ellen Raskin) into thinking he is getting from E. Digby Baltzell a frivolous treatment of proper Philadelphia in the style of Cleveland Amory. He isn't. He's getting a straightforward, well documented, intelligent study of the emergence of an Eastern, urban aristocracy. The focus is on Philadelphia, but the ramifications are wide.

Mr. Baltzell is a sociologist. Given the stereotype, one must say that he writes competent prose. There is a minimum of jargon and where employed it is necessary and therefore useful. The documentation and lengthy historical description may get in the way of some readers, but it is hard to see where they could be cut. Having turned his back on the witty and (sometimes) illumina-

ting anecdote, Mr. Baltzell has only one course open—to give us the facts and build on them.

*Philadelphia Gentlemen* is organized around a simple distinction between the "elite" and the "upper-class." The elite are those individuals who are successful and are leaders by virtue of their function in society; the upper-class are a "class," a group of families who now comprise the top of the social hierarchy and whose members descend from successful elite individuals of the past. The main sources are *Who's Who in America* (an index of elite individuals) and the *Social Register* (an index of upper-class individuals). One of the pleasures of *Philadelphia Gentlemen* is to see how an intelligent sociologist can derive so much from such obvious sources.

I am not a sociologist and will let Mr. Baltzell's colleagues appraise his method. But for anyone interested, like myself, in American society, *Philadelphia Gentlemen* appears to be an important book because it gets beneath some of the general stereotypes about our culture. For instance, James Burnham's simple distinction between owners and managers takes on some meaning

## Song of the Ants

Today makes 20 days  
that some ants follow the same route  
across 2 of these steps  
never varying from the line.  
Always the same line of ants  
across the same 2 steps.  
They may even be the same ants,  
tho this would make a difference;  
if the line budged one centimeter  
it would make a difference.

And I do not know what the job is  
or when it will be finished.

PAUL BLACKBURN

*The Nation*

JOHN W. WARD, a member of the Princeton English faculty, is the author of *Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age*.



# Satire and Criticism: T. S. Eliot

*THE SWEENIAD.* By "Myra Buttle" (Victor Purcell). Sagamore Press. 66 pp. \$2.

*ON POETRY AND POETS.* By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 308 pp. \$4.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

THE EARLIEST forms of criticism, undoubtedly, were the insult direct and the sly parody. Mankind never lets anything go for good, least of all any device for humbling *hubris*, and so we have amassed a formidable body of satirical texts going back to Aristophanes, at least, and embracing many literatures. The chief weapons of this body of work are comic mimicry and a deadly eye for the victim's least worthy postures. "O woe, woe," cries Ezra Pound in "Mr. Housman's Message"—

The bird sits in the hawthorn tree  
But he dies also, presently.  
Some lads get hung, and some get  
shot.  
Woe! is this human lot.

*Woe! woe, et cetera. . .*

There is some parody of a similar order in *The Sweeney*, an all-out attempt by "Myra Buttle" (Victor Purcell) to discredit the ideas, influence and poetic methods of T. S. Eliot. Mr. Purcell projects an old-fashioned dream-vision, in the course of which Eliot appears as a candidate for canonization and is supported by a Postulator and opposed by a Devil's Advocate. (In the book he is called "Sweeney"—an odd choice of name since Sweeney in Eliot's poems represents everything his creator most detests.) It is terribly late in the day for anyone to be putting forth the hackneyed complaints with which this book is stuffed: against Eliot's religious ideas, against the depth of his pessimism concerning secularized culture, against his obscurity, etc. Nor is it very convincing to read, midway through the book, that Eliot's best-known poem is "a landmark in English poetry," and that his "early verse revealed him as a master craftsman," but that "his reputation has been largely established . . . by interests unconnected with poetry."

*The Sweeney* is more successful when it sticks to plain parody of Eliot and those poets influenced by him. Occasionally, Purcell tries to take off work that in its original form is much wittier than he can hope to match. (MacNeice's "Bagpipe Music" is an example.) But there are amusing echoes of the *Four*

*Quartets*—"Bringing the imbedded bees-wax into dim perusal"—and of *The Waste Land*, among other works. In choosing to burlesque some of Eliot's most beautiful passages, Mr. Purcell commits an error of basic strategy, but at times he hits off something in a way to draw blood: the boring side of the poet's religious preoccupation, or his fastidious horror of the physical, a horror which suggests to him a cloacal foulness in so many aspects of life.

Purcell's long prose sections (and much else) are heavily academic and preachy, and a satirist who loses his head and grows prolix is one of earth's saddest sights. Moreover, the major indignation of the book is directed against Eliot's freedom to think in his own way about both his art and his life. Philistine criticism never forgives an unorthodox approach to what had been taken for granted. That Shakespeare, for all his greatness, might in some sense be said to have failed in *Hamlet*, or that Milton's greatness might represent a peculiar triumph of his genius over the difficulties presented by his latinized diction, must never be thought of for a second! For Eliot to have entertained such thoughts, in whatever context, is regarded as a kind of treason which no amount of later elaboration or even recantation can quite wipe out. No wonder that Yeats used to write, rather wistfully, about how grateful he would be to find again a company of people who could hear a new idea proposed and follow it through without being outraged and without the solemn assumption that the man who had advanced it necessarily believed it to be true.

Is Purcell's attack on Eliot real criticism? I would say so, though it is also bad criticism. It is bad because it says nothing new, and because it does not actually see what it says it sees. It is a romantically moral, priggishly diabolistic attack, and it argues that Eliot's influence has diverted English poetry from its natural channels. These are genuine motives; a man does have the right to be priggish. But the book falls between full-fledged satire, which is permitted to be unjust if only it is powerful and generally witty and relevant, and full-fledged criticism, which is under the obligation to bear an accurate relation to the works criticized.

ELIOT himself, as a critic, does sometimes pontificate absurdly. He bullies us: "I should be inclined to doubt the genuineness of the love of poetry of any reader who did not have one or more . . .

personal affections for the work of some poet of no great historical importance." He nags us: "Too many people . . . approach a play which they know to be in verse with the consciousness of the difference [from ordinary conversation]. It is unfortunate when they are repelled by verse, but can also be deplorable when they are attracted by it. . . ." Yet the same essay in which we are so nagged, "Poetry and Drama," contains the brilliant analysis of the opening scene of *Hamlet* which throws so much light on Shakespeare's technique and on Eliot's own aim as a poetic dramatist. To read this analysis, side by side perhaps with Kenneth Burke's discussion of the fourth scene in *Counter-Statement*, is to learn something of value: how the psychological expectations of the audience enter into the formal character of a work, and how the technique of a dramatist who is also a poet is affected by this consideration.

LIKE the pieces in his earlier *Selected Essays*, those in Eliot's *On Poetry and Poets* are primarily related to the concerns of a practicing poet. As he says in "The Music of Poetry," the critical work of a poet is always motivated by a desire "to defend the kind of poetry he is writing, or to formulate the kind that he wants to write. Especially when he is young, . . . he sees the poetry of the past in relation to his own." One can make no greater mistake than to criticize or exalt such pragmatic formulations in the categorical terminology of pure aesthetics. They bloom into life only in the warmer light of their authors' poetry and its development. Eliot's brief account, in the same essay, of how he learned versification—not through mechanical scansion but through "assimilation and imitation" of masters—can be illuminated by his practice in the several poems in which we see and hear the rhythms, idiom and syntax of Laforgue, or Webster, or Shakespeare, all used and transformed into something unique in Eliot. Yet all these echoes of the voices of masters, all these concerns of craftsmanship, are vital to the poems' effect and meaning. "If, as we are aware," says Eliot, "only a part of the meaning can be conveyed by paraphrase, that is because the poet is occupied with frontiers of consciousness beyond which words fail, though meanings still exist. A poem may appear to mean very different things to different readers, and all of these things may be different from what the author thought he meant. . . . The different interpretations may all be partial formulations of one thing; the ambiguities may be due



to the fact that the poem means more, not less, than ordinary speech can communicate."

Notice that Eliot is not at all dismayed by what he is telling us! He is not "confessing" a failure of modern poetry and criticism, but defining a characteristic realization of the maker of poetry. He can even joke about "obscurity," as in his allusion to Mallarmé, "of whom the French sometimes say that his language is so peculiar that it can be understood only by foreigners." But in fact what he says is all clear and

rational, for he is simply accepting the conditions of his art as he has learned them, and reporting the shape of poetic experience as it has been manifested to him. His essay "The Three Voices of Poetry" is one of our most lucid expositions of the modulations of speaking character employed in poems of various sorts. And of exactly what goes on as a lyric poem is brought to birth. The reader who resents the opaqueness of so many poems may learn from this exposition why "communication" in art is rarely a simple affair.

## Second Impressions

Robert M. Wallace

### Periodical Reviews

THREE YEARS ago, with Number 6, Vance Bourjaily suspended *Discovery* (Pocket Books, 35c ea.), one of the better serials being published by the paperback houses. The volumes sold, contributors were available, but editing a "magazine" and distributing it like a book had become too much work. A year later William Barrett, formerly editor of *Partisan Review*, writing in the very substantial *Anchor Review*, Number Two (95c), surveyed the times and the talents and concluded that the milieu is temporarily wrong for a literary *avant-garde*. Perhaps so. A seventh *Discovery* and a third *Anchor Review* are still awaited. Yet, with number 16, *New Directions* is offered in paper (\$1.35), the first *Panorama: The Laurel Review* (Dell, 50c) contains a good collection of non-fiction reprints, and at least four largely original literary miscellanies are coming from the paperback publishers.

*New World Writing* (12 numbers, Mentor, 50c ea.), oldest and most widely read of these last, with one million copies in print, is obviously not a little magazine, though its stories are sometimes experimental, its essays unorthodox. It uses too many established writers, too many excerpts from novels, but it accepts pieces of unconventional length, including several excellent one-act plays, and is a savory middle-guard miscellany.

*Modern Writing* (3 numbers, Berkeley, 50c ea.), edited by William Phillips

ROBERT M. WALLACE, is a member of the English department at the University of Alabama and is chairman of the governing board of the University Press. He conducts a weekly review of paperbacks over the Alabama Educational Television network.

and Philip Rahv, is a worthy offshoot of *Partisan Review*, not merely a place for items too good to reject flatly. *New Campus Writing* (2 numbers, Bantam, 50c ea.) is disturbingly competent and professional.

*The Evergreen Review* (\$3.50 a year, \$1 ea.), a quarterly which will issue its fourth number this spring, is the little magazine of American paperbacks, made with affection and enterprise but with a little too much odor of the stable of authors. Number 2 has the San Francisco Renaissance as its theme; Numbers 1 and 3 are general, rich with Sartre, Camus, Beckett, Shorer, Hamburger, fine photographers, but with only an occasional new American writer.

Marguerite Caetani's distinguished and, it almost seems, indispensable *Botteghe Oscure*, now at Number XX (Noonday, \$2), is international, multilingual, *avant-garde*, a little magazine of 600 pages, roomy enough for a writer to show his weight. It excludes essays and commentary, which are too common in the newer serials.

Different from these are Penguin's *Science News* and *New Biology* (65c ea.). *Science News* 46, now current, contains probably the best popular treatment of "The Orbit of a Satellite" and other highly competent articles summarizing knowledge most helpfully for broadly interested scientists and moderately informed laymen. This is typical of both periodicals, which are readable but uncompromisingly careful. Reviews and news notes are included.

### Government

*The Declaration of Independence* by Carl L. Becker (Vintage, \$1.25) sketches the Declaration's origins in popular political theory and the pressures and compromises of politics. Basically the same stresses, a blending of the practi-

cal with the theory in the *Smriti* (the codification of Hindu law), appear in *The White Umbrella: Indian Political Thought from Manu to Gandhi* (California, \$1.50); D. Mackenzie Brown illuminates selections from eight Indian writers with his own history and analysis. See also the eloquent *Toward Freedom: The Autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru* (Beacon, \$1.95), which is a revealing combination of political and personal narrative.

The continuing relevance of Becker's points is made plain by the contrast between *The "Higher Law" Background of the American Constitution* (Great Seal Books, 95c), *Harvard Law Review* articles by Edward S. Corwin, and the utterances and policies of Lincoln and Franklin D. Roosevelt. These practitioners come alive in two Rinehart editions, both offering useful editorial paraphernalia: Lincoln's *Selected Speeches, Messages, and Letters* (75c), edited by T. Harry Williams from the published *Works*; and Roosevelt's *Selected Speeches, Messages, Press Conferences, and Letters* (\$1.25), edited by Basil Rauch and including some new material from Hyde Park.

### Herman Melville

*Call Me Ishmael* by Charles Olson (Evergreen, \$1.25) presents a poet's apprehension of Melville's *Moby Dick*, often suggestive, certainly right in its talk of *Lear*, madness, evil, but confused by an ejaculatory style. The convolutions of *Moby Dick* are better explained in more regular expositions, like Alfred Kazin's (Riverside Editions, 75c) and Newton Arvin's (Rinehart, 95c) in their introductions to the novel, or in Arvin's *Herman Melville* (Compass Books, \$1.25), generally accepted as the best critical biography of Melville.

Evergreen published as its first title *The Confidence Man* (\$1.75)—Melville's painful last spurt of productivity in the fifties—and added *White Jacket* (\$1.45), *Pierre: Or, The Ambiguities* (\$2.45), and in January, *Omoo* (\$1.95), his second South Sea tale and generally his most carefree book. From *Typee* (Avon, 35c), through *Redburn* (Anchor, 95c) and *The Shorter Novels of Herman Melville* (Universal Library, \$1.25), most of his prose fiction is now in paper.

### Miscellaneous

*Prejudices: A Selection* by H. L. Mencken (Vintage, \$1.25), chosen and introduced by James T. Farrell, is nostalgic fun, witty and fierce by turns and often salutary, now as in 1919-1927.

*The Enduring Art of Japan* by Langdon Warner (Evergreen, \$1.95), a graceful, variously learned book, relates aes-



thetics to Japanese thought and customs. Profusely illustrated. See also the handsomely produced *Dance of Shiva* by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy (Noonday, \$1.45), fourteen essays interpreting Indian art and culture.

*The Star-Gazer: A Novel of the Life of Galileo* by Zolt de Harsanyi (Universal Library, \$1.25) is a long, gripping story, remarkably faithful to the facts.

*Ten Centuries of Spanish Poetry: An Anthology in English Verse with Original Texts*, planned by the late Pedro Salinas and edited by Eleanor L. Turnbull (Evergreen, \$2.45), emphasizes lyric and shorter narratives; the English is touched very lightly by its frequent scholastic origin.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

IT IS a constant surprise to discover how different each museum is. The Metropolitan, for example, has a high, municipal opulence. The Frick is like a well-kept mansion on view in the owner's absence. The Philadelphia Museum, which I have recently visited, with its wealth of inherited private collections preserved intact, has something of the comfortable mustiness of the home of an elderly relative, while the Brooklyn Museum, more firmly departmentalized, calls to mind the beneficent efficiency and busy bareness of an educational institution or a public office.

Compared with Philadelphia, the Brooklyn Museum is not large. But its collections are easy to examine and extremely well selected. The Egyptian section is one of the finest in the country; even the Metropolitan has not its scope. The small French collection is representative and good, surprisingly good when one learns how long before their general appreciation these pictures were acquired. But the museum's great specialty is American painting. Its collection is big and constantly being enlarged, and ranges from the scrupulous, sign-painterly portraits of Colonial times to the eclecticism of today. There is Gilbert Stuart's *George Washington* with its grandeur of pose, and its pretentiousness of background (columns, tassels, law books, and federal gold furniture) all done in the most vulgar of painting styles; Samuel Morse's *General Lafayette*, theatrically poised in front of storm and sunset under the approving eyes of the marble busts of Washington and Franklin; landscapes by

Guy and Bierstadt, Cole and Cropsey; *The Last Days of Pompeii* of James Hamilton, smoldering in fire and ashes laid on with palette-knife; genre pieces by Mount and Bingham, Homer and Johnson; early Impressionism by Innes, Twachman and Robinson; many Ryders for those who like them; the finest Eakins; still-lives by Peale, Harnett and Peto; Mary Cassatt, Sargent and Duvernich; the Ash Can school complete. Among the well-chosen examples of contemporaries—to mention only a few—Brooklyn owns a Marsh, a Raphael Soyer, a Marsden Hartley, a biting Jack Levine (an official dinner party called *Welcome Home*), a bridge by Hopper in quiet, distinguished color, and Larry Rivers' large, handsome and expressive portrait of an old woman and two boys in *The Back Yard*. There are also the celebrated groups of watercolors by Sargent and Winslow Homer.

It is somewhat disconcerting after this wealth of pictures to enter an enormous loft of period furniture arranged in severe rows like manufacturers' samples in a discount house; and to find plate glass, like the window fronts of a department store, protecting the representative series of Victorian rooms. But the displays themselves are entertaining: a

Louis XV salon from Saratoga with crystal gaslight chandeliers; a hall with scenic stained-glass windows from the old Marquand house at 68th and Madison; the sitting room from the John D. Rockefeller residence at 4 West 54 Street (by Eastlake in 1884) with spindle cornices and chair backs draped in tapestry, inspired by the Alhambra and more elegant than any Pullman car.

The framework of the museum on the whole is severe. One suspects that it is not rich in endowments. But sumptuous or not, the exhibits are well-chosen, well-displayed and inventive. And when one considers the museum's art school, its collection of historical costumes, its Sunday concerts and the character of its many special exhibitions—the famous Peto show for example, or the recent exhibit of American portraiture, or the coming celebration of the Brooklyn Bridge—it becomes apparent that the Brooklyn Museum acts less as a repository for precious objects than as a vigorous institution of public education operating intelligently with the funds at its disposal.

The Philadelphia Museum is much richer; it is indeed a storehouse of treasures. If the Brooklyn Museum has somewhat the dry organization of a de-

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partment store, the Philadelphia, with its inherited collections, resembles an ancestral mansion enlarged by the heirs. It has a friendly, family air. The guards are amiable and the art students and young people one encounters seem both well-mannered and completely at home. The museum's easy good will even affects the Picasso exhibition now being held. With a few changes—some extra Cubist pieces, more prints and drawings, and a show of ceramics—this is the same exhibit shown last summer in New York. But in Philadelphia, in the large, clear, well-lighted galleries, the pictures have a gaiety, a charm, a mocking and child-like wit, that was little evident in the closed-in chambers and stern, doctrinaire atmosphere of the Museum of Modern Art.

THE CENTRAL armature of the Philadelphia Museum is a series of period rooms, complete with paintings, tapestry, woodwork and furniture, arranged as if to be lived in, some even with the comfortable, well-worn look of present occupation. In addition, the museum has set up a series of architectural reconstructions — Romanesque and Gothic portals, a Spanish cloister, an Indian temple, the interior of a Chinese palace. In these rooms and courts are many of the museum's art objects and pictures. Three important collections, however, the John G. Johnson, the Gallatin, and the Arensberg, inherited and maintained as units, are exhibited in their own private quarters.

The Johnson collection was assembled in the great days of American collecting before the first World War. It is enormous. The catalogue claims some thirteen hundred pictures, from the early Italians to the Impressionists, but principally in the old master categories. I find them unrewarding. There are many excellent pieces, but the collection is uneven in quality and the pictures are not always in the best condition. Perhaps we no longer share the aesthetic pre-occupations which inspired their collection for many seem more interesting as examples than convincing as masterpieces. I suspect, however, that the fault lies less with the pictures themselves than with their number. The collection is simply too large for effective display; it would be more impressive if more firmly edited.

The modern pictures are much more lively and arresting. The Gallatin and Arensberg collections, together with the other modern works the museum displays, probably constitute the most important and representative assemblage of modern art available in America.

A. E. Gallatin was an abstract painter working in the flat, bright, angular style of the Cubist revival of the 1920s. He knew the modern painters from having worked with them, and he bought pictures with a friend's opportunities and a painter's taste. His collection is large—almost two hundred objects—limited to the stricter and more schematic kinds of abstract art, beginning with its first foreshadowing in the Cézanne watercolors, through classical Cubism, and on to its fanciful or decorative developments by men such as Mondrian, Calder or Miró. Most impressive is the number of early Cubist works by Picasso, Braque and Juan Gris. There are few great museum pieces. The pictures are small and characteristic rather than large and important.

The Arensberg collection has a wider range; it does not ignore the representational aspect of modern art. It is also incomparably richer in individually important works. Walter Arensberg was a brilliant and charming man, a very fine poet, I am told, as well, whose great passion—aside from the Baconian cipher—was modern painting. Many of his pictures he bought as early as 1913, direct from the Armory Exhibit. Marcel Duchamp, the most hermetic of modern painters and one of the greatest, advised his purchases. His collection is extraordinary. Besides a large pre-Columbian group there are some two hundred pieces of twentieth century art, including all the principal sculptures of Brancusi and Duchamp's entire artistic output. One finds all three versions of the famous *Nude Descending a Stair-*

*case* and the equally famous plate glass window with lead and painted inserts entitled *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even* Marcel Duchamp, as well as practically all the painter's early representational work and his mysterious "ready made" constructions. There is an admirable group of early Braques, Picassos and Grises; some of the finest Klee's; a beautiful Rousseau of monkeys and jungle and one of Dali's most effective and sinister monsters entitled *Soft Construction with Boiled Beans*; de Chiricos, Mirós, Derains, Légers, Ernsts, as well as examples of painters one does not ordinarily see, like Picabia and Gleizes. Nothing, in fact, but what is exceptionally rare, exceptionally fine or exceptionally interesting. No other single collection of modern art has such variety and quality.

COLLECTIONS even as fine as these are always something of a problem to a museum. They are the principal source of its pictures and must be unconditionally accepted. The real purpose of the gift, however, is to commemorate the donor, who insists that it be preserved intact. For as long as possible his wishes are observed. But the works themselves are more important than their grouping. Eventually, before any one has realized it, the pictures have been rearranged, the uninteresting works have disappeared, schools are reunited, collections are coalesced, and the museum has achieved its real end—to present and describe, not its benefactor's name and triumphs, but the history of art and the traditions of painting.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

WHEN the Polish-born conductor, Paul Kletzki, made his first New York appearance recently at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra, critical attention focused upon him with considerable intensity. Only a few days earlier, it had been announced that the Dallas Symphony, formerly led by Walter Hendl, had contracted Kletzki as music director for the 1958-59 season. Officials of the orchestra, it is said, had heard him conduct a pair of concerts in Cincinnati last month; had invited him to Dallas; and speedily fixed upon an agreement. Since this was Kletzki's first visit to the United States and only his recorded performances had been heard here, I was particularly eager to hear what had so impressed the Dallas

officials. After all, in view of the competition that exists for conducting positions in this country, a competition that sends many of our native musicians abroad in painful search of opportunities and keeps a number of them immured on the podiums of semi-amateur orchestras when they are ready and yearning to move on to the professional scene—in view of this situation, the assignment of the Dallas post to a relatively unfamiliar European conductor is an expression of no small trust in his abilities and an event of national interest.

No one can pretend to know *all* about a conductor from a single sampling of his work. But Kletzki, as if he wished to give New York both an evening of



good music and a broad overview of his interpretive powers, scheduled a program that was unusually comprehensive from a stylistic point of view. It began with Brahms's *Symphony No. 4 in E Minor*, a familiar masterwork from the German school; included Debussy's *La Mer*, a work of equal importance and familiarity from the French repertory; and bridged the aesthetic gap between them with Arthur Honegger's *Symphony No. 2 for Strings and Trumpet*. From such a program (and considering further that the Philadelphia Orchestra's quality and characteristics are well known), it is possible to draw some conclusions.

TO BEGIN with Kletzki's reading of the first work on the program—Brahms's Fourth Symphony—I can only say that his approach to it was the most peculiar I have ever heard. His tempi were slow enough to place the interpretation roughly into the category of Germanic performances. But a truly German reading of Brahms, in addition to maintaining a leisurely pace, gives a certain sonorous weight and roundness to the lines and masses, so that they can be sculpted into an entity of the requisite nobility. The sonority Kletzki drew from the orchestra in this work was, if anything, scattered and unresonant; even a bit dry. Indeed, had I not known it was the Philadelphia Orchestra sitting there before me, I would never have guessed it from the sound. The woodwinds (which I have never heard play out of tune) were faintly off pitch; the strings seemed to have lost their legendary richness and polish; even the orchestra's "ensemble" was of a lower order than I have ever known it to be. As for interpretation, the music sounded bumpy, disjointed and lacking in thrust. Movements began, generally, at dangerously lethargic speeds and grew progressively slower. For the first time, I found it difficult even to keep my mind on this music. And the Wagnerian approach that Kletzki adopted for the Andante's final measures would certainly have stirred argument in the days when the Brahmsians and the Wagnerites were still tearing at each other's hair.

Playing Brahms (or any other old music) at a slow tempo is a tricky business. We all know that this composer's time-sense was easy-going; that performances of his music nowadays are more apt to hurry his tempi than to hold them back. But, in the search for an ideal speed, many things have to be considered. Primary among them is the fact that, when a conductor or performer elects to play a piece by Brahms at a

pace that approaches musicological accuracy, he must still sustain the music's forward drive, its sense of volition, and keep it from dying on its feet. If he adopts that most dangerous and potentially complicated of all techniques—the one of slowing down at various places in order to emphasize an element of form or the arrival of a special melody—he must be particularly adroit. Otherwise, the music will simply grow stagnant, the overemphasized joints will become almost blemishes, melodies will be vitiated before they have a chance to sing—and the audience will go to sleep. I did not see any nodding heads in Carnegie Hall. Neither did I observe the attitude of raptness which lays itself over a really "captured" audience. As I have said, I found it difficult to maintain more than a listless, thwarted identification with this magnificent music.

In Debussy's *La Mer*, Kletzki drew a different sound from the orchestra, a handsomely balanced and resonant one, less opulent than that produced by the Philadelphia Orchestra when Eugene Ormandy conducts it, but thoroughly admirable and suitable to the music. Despite its pleasing general effect, however, *La Mer*, too, turned out to be a disappointment. Throughout the first movement, From Dawn to Noon on the Sea, climaxes were, as if by intention, systematically blunted. The music seemed small and suppressed until the last few bars, where it moved to a higher dynamic level. But, even there, I felt the frustration that comes when a major musical climax is incompletely expressed. The final movement, Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea, lacked drama. And in the second section, Play of the Waves, the conductor again had recourse to his habit of slowing down for emphasis. As in the Brahms Symphony, it robbed the music of energy and drive. I could not help wishing that Debussy's waves could just roll along at their own, natural speed.

From a performance standpoint, the evening's most rewarding moments came in the Honegger symphony for strings; specifically in its second movement. This portion of the symphony, considered by itself, is an incredible creative achievement, and I cannot think of another piece of contemporary writing that exceeds it in directness and intensity of expression. It is terribly sad—almost unbearably bereft and agonized of spirit. Whether the fact that it was composed in Paris during the Occupation really had anything to do with its mood, as the program notes affirmed, I do not know. Usually, such tie-ups are inaccurate. But whatever the source of Honegger's message, the long, elevated song

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that constitutes a good part of it is sustained with a concentration that would be excessive if it were not so right. Kletzki's direction of this Adagio mesto was thoroughly convincing. He let the strings dig in and sing, kept the pulse moving along, and did not flinch before the music's unrelieved vehemence. In the first and third movements, where the musical materials are somewhat weaker, I believe he could have made more compensation for the composer's lapses of self-criticism. But since I have found so little to praise in his conducting on this occasion, perhaps I should let that burden rest on the composer's shoulders.

## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

IT doesn't bother me that Joseph Man-kiewicz has almost exactly reversed the point of *The Quiet American*. I don't much admire the book—except as melodrama, and the picture does full justice to that aspect of Graham Greene's talent. As political preachment, Greene's anti-Americanism is too simple—based more on nerves than on reason, more on a refined distaste for our wealth, pious vulgarity and sunny mediocrity than on the real shortcomings of our foreign relations. Americans can be painfully conspicuous and painfully self-righteous, but the present and recent sorrows of the Far East do not really stem from the well-intentioned blunderings of boy scouts in convertible Buicks and, considering the various and dubious roles played out there by French, English, Chinese and Russians, it is absurd to suggest that some kind of gentlemanly accord would prevail if only the Yankees would go home. Moreover, Greene is again up to the trick of so compromising his protagonist that the moral ground becomes quaky and the author in effect evades responsibility for his thesis.

So, what with his patronizing the American rube and his shiftiness under moral scrutiny, I was more amused than not by the way Hollywood has put Greene's yarn through the looking glass. Now, it seems that Pyle, the quiet American, was not at all running contraband explosives to a Vietnam war lord; he was only acting as an unofficial and idealistic advance man for a former Vietnam statesman in exile (and he was severely checked by Washington for his relatively innocuous meddling). And Fowler, the weary, amoral but infinitely

wise and civilized Britisher, now puts Pyle on the spot quite specifically because he wants back the docile mistress whom the American has filched from him for the outlandish purpose of marriage. It is no longer a question of saving Vietnam from bleeding to death because of the irresponsible American zeal for life, liberty and free enterprise; it is a question of an aging man fighting for the last mate he is likely to have and using a craven means to his end.

This ridiculous plot switch was inevitable once the film rights had been sold to Hollywood—American moviegoers are not going to pay to be kicked in the teeth by their British betters—and since the yarn is still a corker and played with great style by Michael Redgrave, Audie Murphy and Claude Dauphin as the French police inspector, my requirements are satisfied. But if Greene was really serious in his novel—and not traducing the Americans because it is the fashionable thing to do or because he was exasperated by the moist chumminess of American do-gooders—it is a wonder he lets this travesty of his story pass unchallenged.

ANOTHER well-known novel that has recently been made into a movie is *The Brothers Karamazov*. As the first scene opened on the screen, a lady in back of me remarked, "Oh, it's in Russia!" so I see that there is no point to taking up the subtler distortions of the adaptation. We go to this picture to see Yul Brynner. As a gauge in the change of emphasis, though, Father Zossima has been reduced to a bit part.

Richard Brooks, author of the script and director of the film, has streamlined the story to an account of the joys and tribulations of Dmitri, the impulsive Karamazov. Dmitri was a lively one, in all truth, and the picture has many of the qualities of a good chase movie—including a rather implausible plot. It turns out that when Dostoevski is foreshortened in this way, his characters become odd, not to say barmy. I defy anyone who has not read the book to figure out what part Ivan (Richard Basehart) plays in the tangle of love and hate. These people are not really as simple as cowboys and saloon girls; when they are treated as though they were, they are not nearly as convincing as the regular characters of the horse dramas.

However, Brynner is both dashing and every mother's foolish, generous boy, and Maria Schell as Grushenka is exceedingly come hither—if you don't mind pink hair, which is how her wig photographs in color. Albert Salmi as Smerdyakov is a virtuoso worm (no Satan here) and

Lee Cobb at least manages to show that the father is a painful buffoon. Cobb has the most strikingly identifiable voice in show business; he sounds like an American crook talking through a kulak beard. I was sorry that Katya (Claire Bloom) was turned into an implacable villain—so much forgiveness and understanding is tossed about in the picture, that a little might have been spared for her. The gypsy orchestra is inspiring and there are at least two full-scale orgies.

As big money action pictures go, this is a good one. I wish I could get over the idea that there is something obscene about it.

A GOOD deal of the pleasure in *Witness for the Prosecution* rests in the splendid surprise gimmick Agatha Christie employed in the construction of it, and I'm not sure that I would recommend the picture to those who know the trick. It can be a weary business waiting for the actors to catch up with you. But for anyone who has not read the book or seen the play or been told the secret by ruthless friends (can there be any such?) the picture is a fair treat. Courtroom melodrama is riotous carnival to virtuoso actors—put a wig on Charles Laughton and he begins to quiver as though from some internal combustion. And when you back him up with two such extravagant personalities as Marlene Dietrich and Elsa Lancaster, you have assured a stew of seething tension. It is a great credit to Tyrone Power that he holds his own in the comparatively inactive role of defendant before the bar and occasion for all the histrionics. Arthur Hornblow has directed the picture in the best Old Bailey style of controlled and traditional savagery—he could scarcely have missed with that script and that cast. So if you don't know what Miss Christie had up her sleeve, it would be a shame to miss this frivolous masterpiece.

### Gannets' Bath

Rumbling  
harsh!  
rumbling  
harsh!  
rolled over shingle  
cold over stone  
gull-crazy  
whale-weary  
stumbling  
harsh!  
where man's not mothered  
nor grain's not gathered  
but sun salt-smothered  
in that cold realm.

FRANCIS SPARSHOTT



# Crossword Puzzle No. 762

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 See 19 across
- 5 Is there perhaps an early post office association with it? (7)
- 9 See 17 across
- 10 11 doesn't get on like 7 without 9. (3)
- 11 Lily's relative on either side of one! (5)
- 12 See 19 across
- 15 One who laments for the more intense? (6)
- 16 and 29 A domestic variety of 32 shouldn't grow so. (4, 3, 6)
- 17 and 9 Several, if thrown your way, might imply an emergency. (4, 5)
- 19, 12, and 1 across What might be precipitated with one who shares a source of supply at the opera, perhaps, implies true comradeship. (4, 6, 4, 3)
- 21 Cuts a measure inside and gets well developed. (7)
- 22 What some people have to pay for the job? (4)
- 23 Might be 8 with a not uninteresting form of 24, but it has its point! (4)
- 25 Writes something to 10 which is received after retiring. (7)
- 27 Admonition to lead, or sever important connections. (6)
- 29 See 16 across
- 33 This brings back what to do when the light's too bright. Scared? (5)
- 34 This bird might be recognized to a greater extent by its sound! (3)
- 35 A memorable spot in one big southern state, or two little ones. (5)
- 36 Do they imply stern control? (7)

- 37 Give evidence of somewhat less than the best and highest point. (7)

## DOWN:

- 1, 4 and 5 down Undernourished royalty with a longing for an unrealistic approach. (7, 8)
- 2 Even a woman in her fifties makes it! (5)
- 3 It takes the essential part to spoil a quarrel! (6)
- 4 and 5 See 1 down
- 6 What slides with a little inside work certainly isn't 2. (6)
- 7 He was quite attached to his revolver. (5)
- 8 Can't be specific with at least one star. (7)
- 13 The head of one gets confused indeed, but somewhat extended. (7)
- 14 Part of a sultan's collection, but the wrong faces are inside all right! (7)
- 15 Expertness is in work now, however difficult. (7)
- 18 and 28 Sounded other than 4, headed for one's place. (8)
- 20 Proverbial vanishing point, when 4. (3)
- 22 He should have a point when one animal swallows another! (7)
- 24 Naval components might be sent here when exhausted and cut off. (3, 4)
- 25 Might be used to mix, or slightly more than mix. (6)
- 26 Certainly the race isn't fixed, but you might consider it a sort of plum. (6)
- 28 See 18 down
- 30 The sort of stand renters sometimes

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take. (5)

- 31 Birds with the makeup of Clio, for example. (4)
- 32 Cordelia when freed? (4)

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# THE NATION

MARCH 15, 1958 . . 25c



## A NEW ETHICS for SCIENCE

*by Philip Siekevitz*



# LETTERS

## Silent Strength

Dear Sirs: I think the public interest demands that Why We're Losing the Propaganda War, by John G. Schneider, in the March 1 issue of *The Nation* should be sent to all executive department heads of our government, to all members of Congress, and to other group leaders and opinion molders of the American public. The article would, I am sure, give many of them a new viewpoint toward our overseas information efforts, particularly their close relationship with our national politics and practices.

A favorable world opinion is important to us. Mr. Schneider brilliantly, wittily and tersely tells the whole story of how ineptly we are now trying to reach this goal. . . . I agree with him that it is unnecessary for us to be as vocal as the generals and admirals are about our military strength. Strength speaks for itself to the Communists, and if it remains silent, does not scare other peoples and provide a propaganda weapon for the Communists to use against us by accusing us of beligerency.

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

Chairman, National Committee  
for an Adequate U.S. Overseas  
Information Program

New York City

## His Duty Done

Dear Sirs: One reason, among others, for our subscribing to *The Nation* is that it records facts faithfully, often from first-hand knowledge. We do not always agree with your interpretations, however. In your recent editorial, Billy Graham's Fizzle (February 8 issue), we feel that too much of the personal element entered in—and that you failed to appreciate the tremendous success of *The Crusade*! Mr. Graham would be the first to welcome a true appraisal of the results. He more than once stated that from an outsider's point of view New York City would seem to move on as usual; that the thousands whose hearts had been transformed and who through the years would be developing into godly, law-abiding citizens might be little noticed. "Man looks on the outward appearance, the Lord upon the heart." Not a high per cent received the Lord when He walked among them.

We feel that 36 per cent is a tremendous victory, considering the fact that

many church members who went forward testified that never before had their hearts been opened to the Gospel. No such interest has ever been shown in any revival campaign. In fact, one life transformed into another Moody, Finney or Billy Sunday, would be worth *The Crusade*. So we conservative, positive-thinking Christians thank you for the facts, but grieve over the interpretation—the counting of the great blessing as a "fizzle." Our Lord's command is to "proclaim"—to speak His Word, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

W. McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, California

[*The Editor of The Nation treasures an aunt who always speaks her mind.*]

## State of McCarthyism

Dear Sirs: To Dan Wakefield's excellent article on Dr. Austin, dismissed CCNY professor (*The Nation*, March 1 issue), I should like to add a postscript: McCarthyism is dead neither in the state nor city of New York. New York City is continuing its investigation of teachers and other municipal employees. In the legislature at Albany, a bill to extend the state Security Risk Act and a bill to apply the repressive Feinberg Law to all city employees is now pending.

McCarthyism will not die until fellow Americans fight for the reinstatement of its victims in city, state and nation.

SYLVIA KATZEN

Brooklyn, New York

## Charity Saves Money

Dear Sirs: Three cheers for Jacob Goldberg for showing who really pays for philanthropy in this country (letters column, *The Nation*, February 22). He only told half the story, however. Take his individual in the 50 per cent bracket. If this individual were fortunate enough to own a security which cost \$1,000, but which after six months was selling for \$2,000, he could give away the security and claim a charitable contribution of \$2,000 and avoid the capital gains tax of the \$1,000 profit. This would make a net cost of the contribution to him of only \$750. Similarly, a corporation would have a net cost of only \$710. His more fortunate individual who is in the 91 per cent bracket would save \$2,070 in taxes for every \$2,000 con-

tribution, thereby making \$70 on the deal.

Yours for greater charitable contributions,

HENRY H. ABRAMS

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

### The Dulles Dilemma

None but the most complaisant pro-Soviet partisans can fail to see that in the current stage of pre-summit negotiations the Soviet foreign office is offering John Foster Dulles a gold brick, but in the manner of his rejection Mr. Dulles is, as usual, somewhat less than adroit. His cries of fraud and misrepresentation are perfectly justified, but what did he expect? As yet neither party is talking primarily to the other, but endeavoring to influence neutrals and detach allies. The Soviet maneuvers are probably better designed to squeeze some final advantages out of the preliminaries than anything Mr. Dulles has said or done so far.

Despite the Secretary's still abundant energy, the querulous, negativistic tone which has become habitual with Mr. Dulles marks him as an old man. General Eisenhower is more youthful and diplomatically outgoing, but since he leaves all the details of rebuttal and policy formation to Mr. Dulles, the good effects are fleeting. If only General Eisenhower had the virility to act as his own Secretary of State—like every strong President before him—or, failing that, if only he could exert some decisive influence on his ostensible subordinate! As it is, the world must get the impression that we have budged little from our time-worn position of waiting for the Soviet Union to collapse.

Mr. Dulles is seldom at a loss for words. If, instead of exuding self-righteousness and injury, he would hit back at the Soviets with some sensible, realistic proposals for a foreign ministers' conference, he might find himself, for once, getting a good world press. What is to stop him from spelling out the issues which the United States is willing to discuss? Could he not concede that under some conditions the United States might be willing to withdraw from its forward positions (which, when all is said and done, are much closer to the borders of the Soviet Union than any bases of the Soviet Union are to the United States) and give a hint of what these conditions might be? Negotiation is difficult and even dangerous, but since there is no alternative except war, the serious bargaining might as well begin. Whoever starts it will gain a considerable advantage in the eyes of the spectators. An impasse is something to get out of, not to remain stuck in indefinitely.

### The Sick Man of Europe

Now that Turkey, with an occasional transfusion from Uncle Sam, finds herself in robust health, the appellation formerly attached to the Ottoman Empire fits France only too well. As the war drags towards its fourth year, the name of the disease is equally obvious: Algeria. Under the Gaillard Government, the prognosis is dubious, and if Robert Murphy effects an improvement it will be a greater miracle than any ever achieved at Lourdes.

If the French Right has not quite reverted to its frenzy in the Dreyfus affair, it is getting there fast (see "An Algerian *J'accuse*" on page 227 of this issue). While the United States and Britain are trying to bring Tunisia and France together, the Independents, the right wing of the Government coalition, demand a strong line toward Tunisia which would effectively dispose of Murphy's dream of a North African federation allied to NATO. The Independents are also pressing Gaillard for strong action against "defeatists" in France, which takes in everyone opposed to war *à outrance* in North Africa or favoring the slightest gesture of conciliation. Obedient to this demand, the Interior Ministry seized last week's edition of three Leftist papers: the Communist *France-Nouvelle*, *L'Express* (which generally follows the views of former Premier Pierre Mendès-France) and *France-Observateur*, banned for the second week in a row. The occasion for seizing *L'Express* was an article critical of the Algerian war by Jean-Paul Sartre, while *France-Observateur* offended with an article by the dissident Socialist André Philip, one-time Minister of Finance, at present touring the provinces in opposition to the Government.

French public opinion is supposedly inflamed against the Algerians and the Tunisians; Rightist sources picture the typical Frenchman as passionately bent on laying his life, and even his property, on the Algerian altar. But then, why is it necessary to suppress newspapers?

The answer, on the basis of modern French history, is probably that something must be done when a war is going badly and the military budget exceeds original estimates by 94.5 billion francs (\$223,800,000) while cuts are being made in the non-Algerian (and there-



fore non-essential) parts of the budget to the tune of 76.5 billion francs.

But French history also teaches that the French Right has always overplayed its hand. M. Philip and his colleagues are being well received by liberals and non-Communist Leftists in their campaign, and M. Mendès-France is said to be hopeful of a parliamentary majority when the Gaillard coalition disintegrates. Things have to get worse before they can get better, and in France they usually have to get very bad indeed before the voice of reason can expect to be heard.

## A First Step

Dr. Edward Teller has so many ideas, and is so little inclined to question their correctness, that he spreads confusion or worse wherever he goes. Thus in an article in *Life* (with Albert Latter), he leaves the impression that an agreement to stop nuclear testing is impracticable because violations would be undetectable. Dr. Hugh C. Wolfe, writing on behalf of the Federation of American Scientists to *The New York Times* (March 4) states that all nuclear tests carried on above ground have been monitored by scientists of several countries and that a limited network of monitoring stations would also detect underground nuclear explosions. The council of the F.A.S. regards an agreed cessation of nuclear testing as urgently necessary, and Dr. Wolfe makes the important point that all statements on this subject, whether pro or con, contain an element of political judgment. For the present, the contamination of the atmosphere by fission products may not be of serious magnitude, but the effects are cumulative and, far more important, the possibility of lethal radiation on a world-wide scale in the event of a nuclear war must be reckoned with. A stop to testing would make such a war less likely by putting a stop to, or at least greatly retarding, nuclear-weapons development. At the same time it would have important psychological consequences: it would be the first reversal in the arms race. It is hard to see how anyone can oppose such a beginning in the long process of moral and physical disarmament unless his preoccupation with weapons development has become an end in itself.

## A Lively and Troublesome Ghost

Detroit is currently witnessing the paradox of a strong union insisting that employers use layoffs rather than the short work-week to adjust production to retail demand. U.A.W. contends that auto manufacturers have been using the short work-week of three or four days as a means of cutting back employment without tapping the funds available to pay supplementary unemployment benefits. Despite unemployment, these funds have been kept at a high level. U.A.W. even insists that plants be closed, if necessary, so that those em-

ployed may receive full paychecks rather than "share the misery" on a short work-week basis.

At the moment such a policy makes a kind of perverse sense. A laid-off worker can probably get as much or more in jobless benefits as he can earn in wages on a curtailed work schedule. Workers in one plant recently averaged only \$24.75 a week, whereas if laid off, they would have collected about \$57 in total benefits. But if the policy is pursued over any length of time it can be dangerous. For one thing, the effect is to drive a wedge between the high-seniority workers, who will be kept on at regular schedules, and low-seniority workers, who will be laid off. Such a policy will also create, over a period of time, a pool of permanently unemployed. Even if demand should bounce back to the level of 1955, the same volume of production could be achieved today with 70,000 fewer workers. And the union's problem, of course, will become more acute as unemployment benefits are exhausted. At the moment the shorter work-week has been shelved in favor of Mr. Reuther's profit-sharing scheme but, as one observer points out, it remains a lively and troublesome ghost in Detroit. Sooner or later, if the recession continues, the proposal to curtail the work-week at the regular forty hours' pay will return to the agenda.

## Dig That Grave

The Southern opponents of desegregation continue to dig their own graves. Virginia's Prince Edward County, long a center of opposition, has been ordered by the Supreme Court (March 3) to make "a prompt and reasonable start" to end segregation. In anticipation of this decision, the local school authorities have voted to abandon public schools and have set up a private corporation, with pledges of \$200,000, to operate "private" white schools. Eventually, these private, segregated schools will undoubtedly be struck down by the Supreme Court as a palpable evasion of its mandate. Prince Edward white parents will then have to tutor their children or let them run wild, for the county will be without a school system, public or private.

Already the segregationists are saying that this will be "the last session" of Virginia's public schools. But Arlington, which lies almost in the shadow of the nation's Capitol, also has been ordered to admit Negro students with the fall term. Here sentiment is less vehement than in Prince Edward County, which is in the so-called "southside" portion of Virginia. If it were not for state law, Arlington would probably elect to integrate its schools. But this town, which last year paid \$9 million in taxes to the state, would have to forego \$1.9 million in state aid if it elected to comply with the court's order. For as part of its "massive resistance" to racially mixed schools, Virginia denies state aid to any county which integrates its schools



under court order. And to tighten this prohibition, the state senate has just passed a bill which would permit the Governor to keep a school closed even if the governing body and local school board requested him to reopen it—in a word, a bill which would make closure mandatory. At this point, however, a new opposition is heard. In a remarkable dissenting speech, State Senator Armistead L. Boothe of Arlington asked his colleagues how long they thought his constituents would permit the public schools to remain closed. "Do you think," he asked, "that its 25,000 children are going to go unschooled? Do you think the schools those people built and paid for are going to stay closed, even with all the might of the Commonwealth of Virginia thrown into the battle?"

Closing public schools, if only in a few communities, will transform the integration issue into a battle for the preservation of public schools and, on this issue, the segregationists will lose. Like the man who was so afraid of dying that he committed suicide, the grave-diggers of the South are driven by their fears to acts of self-destruction.

## Nobel Prize Candidate

Now that the name and talent of Boris Pasternak have, as it were, eluded their political guards and made their way safely to the West (see Ernest Simmons' essay on page 235 of this issue), his world reputation is assured. It is impossible to force genius back into the bottle once it has poured forth, and the publication of the novel *Dr. Zhivago* in Europe and America will almost certainly be followed by editions of Pasternak's lyric poetry and shorter prose works.

The interest in Pasternak is not, like the interest in Djilas, tied to political circumstances; Pasternak, in fact, is not a particularly political man and will be read, not because he defies his masters, but because he encompasses them. He is, almost without question, the greatest poet living today who has not been honored with the Nobel Prize. This oversight, perhaps unavoidable until now, should be corrected at the next election. Pasternak deserves the honor, the free spirits in Russia who emulate him deserve the encouragement that recognition would give them, and the Russian dictators of creative endeavor deserve the embarrassment that the honoring of Pasternak would bring home to them.

## The Movie Habit

The story is the same in England as it is here—movie attendance is off catastrophically in the past few years. Studios have cut their production way back, theatres are closing all over the lot, an era is probably over.

It was the era of the movie habit, which has now been shifted to television. The hordes who crawled out two or three times a week to see a movie and built the

industry into the bizarre colossus of the 1930s, were never an audience in any rational sense of the word. They were addicts who chewed movies much as they chewed gum, and with about as much interest in the flavor. Time was their enemy, and now they can kill it more cheaply and conveniently at home.

But the end of the era does not mean the end of the movies. It might even mean the beginning. There will always be an audience for pictures that appeal to the minds, imaginations and emotions of people who recognize the screen as the great unrealized dramatic medium of our century. Pictures cannot be manufactured on the old assembly lines for such an audience, but they can be made by writers, directors and actors who work in the movies because it is the medium in which they can best express themselves. As a form of art, the movies have never advanced very far beyond the brilliant inventions of D. W. Griffith. Now that the businessmen are through with it, the artists may get their chance. Who could have predicted the present upsurge of off-Broadway theatre or the current interest in Shakespeare—the greatest in a hundred years?

## Whose Right-to-Work?

Will California Negroes, a quarter of a million of whom may vote in the November election, join hands with anti-labor elements to pass a state right-to-work law? (Petitions for the Initiative are being circulated throughout the state; the proposal is expected to make the ballot.) The question is a real one, though Labor does not seem to have grasped it.

In mid-January, the state A. F. of L. called a conference against "right-to-work" legislation. Marl Young, a prominent Negro unionist, and a delegate to the conference from Musicians Local 47, summed up Negro dissatisfaction: "I sat through two days of this conference and I never once heard the subject of discriminatory restrictions based on race, as practiced by some unions, discussed. Whether the labor leaders of California want to face it or not, this practice is going to affect the votes of members of many minorities. It is going to be very difficult to convince a Negro that he should vote against 'right-to-work' legislation if he has gone through the experience of being turned down by a union because of his race."

In Arizona, a similar measure owed its success in no small part to the votes of Negro and Mexican American working people who had been unable to obtain skilled work because of trade-union Jim Crow practices. By voting for the right-to-work law, the dissenting workers explained, they were voting for freedom and progress for themselves.

The day when minority groups will accept the blank checks of a labor movement permeated with racial bigotry has, it seems, come to an end.



# THE PURGING of STASSEN . . by *Frederic W. Collins*

*Washington*

IT IS NOT often that the departure of one man from the government can legitimately be regarded as seriously affecting the national interest. Policy-making has become too institutionalized for that, especially in foreign affairs. It can be demonstrated, however, that in relieving Harold E. Stassen of his duties as principal disarmament officer and negotiator, the Administration has markedly downgraded its organization for handling an issue it continues officially to regard as "urgent." And if it is less easy to demonstrate that the change assures adverse consequences in the prosecution of the national purpose—which we can believe is to progress toward peace—it can surely be argued that such consequences are a probability. The departure of Mr. Stassen is an event at which this country and its allies ought to take a long, hard look.

At the outset, it should be said that the public image of Mr. Stassen is blurred by confusion between his two careers, one as a successful executive officer, the other as a tireless but conspicuously less successful party politician and seeker of elective office. Thus, the fact that his next step is to seek the governorship of Pennsylvania, despite No Trespassing signs erected in his honor by the moribund Republican organization there, has obscured the issues of national policy implicit in the termination of his White House assignment. Mr. Stassen sometimes succeeds in looking ridiculous in his political shenanigans (although he frequently is less ridiculous than he looks). Actually, that part of him has nothing to do with Harold's Other Life. He is a first-class bureaucrat and a first-class negotiator. These are the qualities the Administration now chooses to do without, and these are precisely the qualities it needs most, and nowhere more than in the immensely complex field of disarmament and its encompassing frame,

which is nothing less than the whole subject of how best to conduct relations with the Soviet Union.

Beyond disarmament, and beyond the cold war, there stands still another vital question: Why did President Eisenhower permit Mr. Stassen to be forced out by Mr. Dulles? The President had great respect for Mr. Stassen, probably dating back to Mr. Stassen's contributions to the "labor speech" Mr. Eisenhower made as a Presidential campaigner before the A.F. of L. convention in New York in 1952. By the time Mr. Eisenhower was forming his Government, he had made up his mind that he wanted to use Mr. Stassen, although many of the Cabinet-designates were chilly toward him. In his various offices, including his disarmament post, he did nothing to merit the serious disfavor of the President. Even his developing differences of opinion with Mr. Dulles on basic issues of policy were of a sort Mr. Eisenhower has shown himself able to tolerate, because Mr. Stassen was a master of technical discretion, conducting his arguments within the Executive Branch, as was quite proper and even desirable, and hiding his tracks reasonably well on those occasions when he crossed the border of the Administration to smuggle his views to the outer world.

IT IS PERFECTLY clear that Mr. Stassen was forced out by Mr. Dulles, unseen by the President. There are enough solid reports now from inside the Cabinet and the National Security Council to support the assertion that increasingly, Mr. Eisenhower is permitting Mr. Dulles to act autonomously in the whole field of foreign affairs, rather than as the first agent of the President, which is the proper role of a Secretary. Mr. Eisenhower's characterization of Mr. Dulles as "the wisest and most dedicated man" he knows is a measure of the President's misconception of his own role and of the Secretary's qualities. The Stassen incident is an additional and highly significant entry in Mr. Eisenhower's accreditation of Mr. Dulles as the President of the

United States for Foreign Affairs. Given the nature of the other members of the Cabinet, this status makes Mr. Dulles the dominant figure in the Government in matters of its highest concern.

The Secretary, finding the Government not big enough to hold both him and Mr. Stassen, succeeded in making it untenable for Mr. Stassen. It must be acknowledged that Mr. Stassen might have gone off to the Pennsylvania battles anyway. His ambition to be President flames as hot as ever, and Harrisburg looks like a good jumping-off place. There is reason to believe, however, that Mr. Stassen was not less than half desirous of staying on. He was interested in his mission for its own sake, and could hardly have been unaware that a stroke of success as Secretary of Peace would itself be a great recommendation for a Presidential aspirant. Had he been able to continue in the Administration somewhere in the field of foreign affairs, where he thought he could accomplish most, he might well have stayed. But everywhere he looked he saw a dead end contrived by Mr. Dulles. There was no place to go but out.

In place of Mr. Stassen, we now have James J. Wadsworth, deputy U.S. representative at the U.N., to serve as principal policy-maker and negotiator in disarmament matters "under the direction of the Secretary." To "advise" Mr. Dulles, which is quite a trick in itself, the President has appointed General Alfred M. Gruenther, General Walter Bedell Smith, Robert A. Lovett and John J. McCloy.

The demonstration that this is a downgrading of disarmament activities begins with the fact that they now take place on a lower official level, however "urgent" the State Department may allege them to be. Mr. Stassen was an Assistant to the President, reporting directly to the President, holding designation as a regular member of the National Security Council, fully informed there on highest policy, able to speak there for himself. He had no job other than

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*FREDERIC W. COLLINS is Washington correspondent of the Providence (R.I.) Journal-Bulletin.*



disarmament; his staff were White House officers; his White House license permitted him to hunt across all the departmental hedges. In contrast, Mr. Wadsworth will report not to the President but to Mr. Dulles; he will have no regular status in the National Security Council; his staff work will be done not by White House officers but by State Department officers beholden to Mr. Dulles in their careers; his United Nations task will claim part of his time; he can speak only through or for Mr. Dulles; and in other departments, he is just another State functionary.

Subjectively, it may be noted that Mr. Stassen is an independent cuss who carries his career in his own hands and is more than willing on any occasion to stick his neck out. Mr. Wadsworth, an estimable person, has on the other hand made a career as a subordinate, a second-echelon officer.

There have been dozens of reports that Mr. Dulles found it administratively awkward, as well as damaging to his prestige and sensibilities, to have the disarmament task carried on outside his jurisdiction. That position might have as much validity as any position premised on the aesthetics of symmetry in organization charts, except for one bothersome fact in the record. Before his jurisdiction was violated by Mr. Stassen's appointment, Mr. Dulles and his department had utterly failed on Step One in disarmament, which was to formulate an agreed position within the United States Government. When Mr. Stassen took his job in 1955, the State Department, the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission had locked themselves in positions so different that not even a compromise policy could be submitted to the President for his consideration. The

luster of Mr. Stassen's reputation as a negotiator is attributable in part not to his skill with foreigners, but to his elephant-hide leadership and singleness of purpose in battles with his own colleagues. Few other than those with combat ribbons from those engagements are aware of this. But when the United States presented a disarmament position to the U.N. in January, 1957, the victory was Mr. Stassen's, not Mr. Dulles'.

THIS background activity, perhaps, served to rub the wounds Mr. Dulles's personality had already suffered by reason of Mr. Stassen's exceptional energy, drive, imagination and resourcefulness. Then, as Mr. Stassen got deeper into negotiations with the Soviet Union at the London disarmament proceedings, basic differences of viewpoint between the two men became aggravated. It is useless to analyze these in terms of technical issues like package deals, inspection zones, nuclear tests and so on. The technical differences were there, but overriding them were far more fundamental differences of mood, of spirit and of judgment.

These differences were kept hidden rather successfully, although not completely. When Mr. Dulles flew to London last summer and presided at the liquidation of the disarmament meetings, the fact that Mr. Dulles and Mr. Stassen were at odds could hardly be concealed. The details did not come out in any comprehensive mass, however, until very recently, when they were given authentic expression by one of Mr. Stassen's associates, Robert E. Matteson, retiring director of the now-defunct White House disarmament staff.\*His text is worth studying in full. But at one point, without naming the principals, he provided his own summary of the differences between them.

As to Mr. Stassen's position:

The first, or "relaxation of tension" policy, is one which would recognize the strength of the Soviet bloc and would do more to encourage the liberalizing tendencies within the bloc. It would accept the Soviet as an equal power and would encourage the gradual evolution of the Soviet system toward freedom.



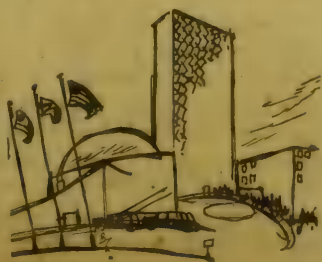
Harold Stassen.

As to Mr. Dulles:

The . . . "increased pressure" policy, on the other hand, is one which would emphasize more the weakness of the Soviet bloc, would look toward pressuring the Soviet leadership into agreements which represent concessions by the Soviets, and would look toward striving to pressure the Soviet system into a collapse without a war.

Mr. Matteson made a stipulation, which may be accepted, that the summary is an over-simplification. He also said, quite rightly, that in every free-world capital these different concepts are in day-to-day competition in the policy-making process.

In the absence of any evidence that Mr. Stassen's viewpoint would imperil the national interest or security, it vigorously claims the right to a trial. With his departure from government, that trial is denied it, except insofar as Mr. Dulles may grudgingly adjust toward those aspects of the Stassen position which are supported by an irresistible popular opinion and by Mr. Eisenhower's own instincts (for Mr. Dulles does not wish to risk his broad autonomy by crossing up the boss unnecessarily). With Mr. Stassen's departure, too, the initiative in disarmament and in the whole formulation of policy toward the USSR largely passes from Mr. Eisenhower to Mr. Dulles, and Mr. Dulles has freed himself from the vexations of non-conformist challenge. One can only hope that all the potentials for adversity contained in this change will not be realized.



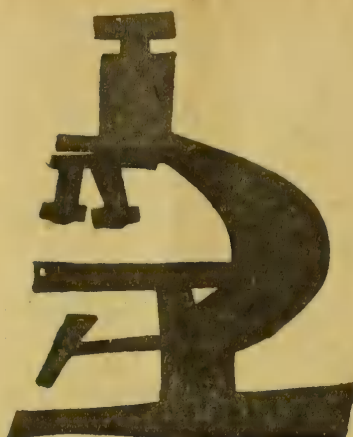


# A NEW ETHICS for SCIENCE . . by Philip Siekevitz

IT HAS OFTEN been said that there are two ways of looking at events, scientifically and emotionally. A witty remark, but false. It places the scientists in an impossible position, that of belonging to a new race of man. Let me try to explain how most scientists work. In each era there is present a great body of scientific work which has been "proven true" in that the facts uncovered are able to coexist in a logically consistent manner. There also exists—in the air, so to speak—a feeling of what is important, of what lines of research one should work on in order to get the most outstanding results. To be outstanding, these results should portend the solution of immediate problems and, just as important, give rise to meaningful questions. The scientist selects a problem, then, in terms of what he already knows, and he designs his experiments in order to find answers which can be readily understood.

Our scientist goes to work with enthusiasm, for he has a curious heart, being childlike all his life. He does not really care what the answers come out to be, as long as they agree with other answers and thus can be said to prove the reliability of the question. Because of this detachment, he has been called brutally cold. But this is not the point. He does not care because he is almost frantically attached to the self-contained truth which is shown by the experimental facts and results. He is fiercely partisan both in defending his way of getting at the truth and in defending his results from attack. He is so attached to this particular truth precisely because he has a burning emotional faith in the reliability of what he is doing to describe the real world (or at least the world which can be revealed to man to be real).

Of course, all of this makes for paradox: the highly rational world of experimentation rests upon nothing



ing more nor less than an abiding faith in the rationale of the experimental approach. This faith rests upon no fact; it is based upon the proposition that man, being a part of the natural world, has precisely those thought processes which are compatible with drawing meaning from the dynamic processes of the world within and outside man. This faith is not any less in degree than that which adorns the mystic in his search for God, abides in the good man in his search for love, or refuses the artist in his reaching for beauty. Thus the scientist is like the artist and mystic in the faith which he places in his power to describe Truth according to his own light.

WORKING in his laboratory, the scientist produces his facts from his experiment. How? He simplifies; he sets up experiments in such restricted forms as enable him to design constants and then test for variables under certain specific conditions. Because he conveniently forgets that which he knows nothing about, his system, designed for study, is an artifact not so much in that it does not exist in Nature—it undoubtedly does, in many respects—but in that it does not exist alone. In isolation, the results which he gets from his particular experiment mean nothing at all. However, every scientist works in a society of other scientists. Because a scientist, working alone on an isolated system, knows of the results of other scientists working

alone on their isolated systems, he can relate his results to theirs, and thus a uniform picture is produced. Again, all this means that when a scientist predicts an event based upon facts already known, his prediction may prove to be correct only in the sense that it fits into a picture consistent with the existence of other facts. This is all that is meant when it is said that an observation proves a theory.

All the fields of science thus gain accretions of knowledge. And the system works only because of the internal consistency within the whole. The hydrogen bomb, to take a presently meaningful case, works because the facts in this case are conformable with all other facts in the field, and we can manipulate the results at will so long as each fact conforms with the basis upon which each was gathered. Now, the question as to whether the theory, or even the facts themselves, mirror the True picture of Reality, is outside the scope both of this article and of the writer's competence.

THE progression of new advances in knowledge from old theories makes a fascinating study. In most cases, there is hardly any discontinuity between the old, large body of work and the new, proven observations. However, in some cases—Newton, Darwin, Einstein, Freud—a large, discontinuous step is taken, a mutation, so to speak, a jump which rests not upon proven fact but upon assumptions sometimes several steps removed from the original observations. In such cases, it must be said, the discontinuous steps are not always so separated as they seem. There are in the air ideas, theories, assumptions, a feeling of what the future will bring. In Darwin's time, many scientists were busy with classification, with taxonomy, mostly for the purpose of creating order out of chaos. In Einstein's time, the ferment produced by the Michelson-Morley experiments exploded speculations high in the air. Under these circumstances, new observations which don't seem to fit older hypotheses

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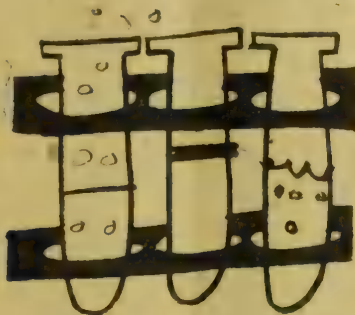
are eagerly seized upon; some are fitted, and some are made to fit into newer theories. A feeling for the necessity for a change projects new ideas into science, and these new ideas are supported in many cases by just those observations which are outcasts from older logical systems. At this very moment there are hundreds of idle observations being dredged up which are no more than that. They are isolated, they cannot be fitted into present logical systems, and must await a new house being built for them.

Someone must build the new house, and this is the role of the genius. Like all geniuses, the scientific variety performs by means unknown. By intuition, by absorbing quandaries for months and even years, his mind suddenly becomes a fire and out of the flames a phoenix arises and a new construction is erected. Again, in this respect, the scientific genius is the same as the genius in art and in literature.

All see lights and visions which bridge the gulf between the known and the unknown. Every scientist goes through stages of brooding over some small difficulties, when suddenly, apropos of nothing, a new and striking relationship actually seems to formulate itself. It is as if, by continually bombarding our brains with our thoughts, we are forcing new, interconnecting channels; nothing connects, no currents of revelation come through until finally, of a sudden, a connection is made, and we learn, to our own surprise, of the new relationship. And let me tell you, this is a wonderful moment, worth all the months and years of a scientist's drudgery.

ALONG WHAT lines of research do scientists work? Here we come to something which, in the light of the folklore about science, seems very strange. Scientific endeavor is not so international as it has been made out to be. Of course, scientists all over the world are aware, and very quickly, of what their colleagues are doing. But this awareness of what scientists in one country are doing seems to have little effect upon the lines of research of scientists in another country. In every country, at

different times and under different social conditions, science has flourished in different directions. Research has been conditioned by the milieu in which the researcher lives. Even a cursory examination of the scientific literature within the individual disciplines, in different countries at different times, will disclose a remarkable *similarity* in fields within a given country and a marked *disparity* in the same fields between



the countries. In my own field, biochemistry, I can readily tell what journals are published in what countries just by glancing at the tables of contents. While this situation is due in part to the presence of influential schools within each country, I suspect that the influence of national traits upon the paths of research is not a small matter. This should not be surprising; consider, for instance, the predominance of the English and Russians in the novel, of the French and Italians in painting. So in this respect we can speak of a Russian science and of an American science.

Now in the term milieu I include, of course, the financial support of scientists. Today it is undoubtedly true that what scientists work on is to a large degree determined by where they can find the money necessary to support their work and themselves. This was not always so. There was a time when scientific research was almost always connected with schools, and as long as the professor taught well, he was allowed to putter for his own edification. As long as the results of scientific endeavor were thought useless in terms of making money and of consolidating the power of the ruling classes, the scientists were left alone. But I emphasize that they were left alone not because they were thought to be

cranks, but because their work did not fit into the social fabric of the time. It was during this time that the ethos of scientific research was laid: freedom of research, open discussion and open controversy, non-interference by non-scientists. Scientists, in short, were a self-enclosed community within the nation.

But in the last few decades, even the most knob-headed of bureaucrats have come to notice the social influences which the results of disinterested curiosity have produced. During this time the role of the scientist has changed. From an individual whose work impinged upon no one and nothing, he has become not only an active participant in society, but one who has in his power the means to change society. Unchanged are his ways in research, his goals, his ethos; but his lines of research have certainly changed. In all countries his financial support frequently comes from those who are actively interested in manipulating, for whatever purpose, the results which he can produce. In different countries, in various societies, the partitioning of this support among the various fields takes different forms. In this respect, we can talk of a democratic and a dictatorial science, of a socialistic and a capitalistic science. I think we can make this statement—indeed, make it with greater force as time goes on—despite the fact that today a good deal of scientific support still operates under the old ethos of social disinterestedness in research and in results. As the power of scientific research to change the world increases, so concomitantly will the influence of scientists over their research decrease. But more about this later.

SO HERE WE are today. I speak now mostly of this country, but what I have to say holds for Western Europe, for Russia (indeed, the prototype is the Russian scientist in his society), for China and the Far East. The realization of the political and social power deriving from scientific research is worldwide.

In a nutshell, while the motivation and the *raison d'être* of the individual scientist have not changed ap-



preciably in the last hundred years, the motivation of those responsible for his very existence as a scientist has changed drastically. As shown by the response to sputnik in this country, there exists a powerful realization of the potentialities which the results of scientific investigations give to those in power. This is true not only in military affairs; in agriculture, in social planning, in engineering, in medicine, there is no room left for argument as to what science can do. Thus, the scientist today no longer lives by the largesse of society; he has become an integral part of society. In a sense, he is forced to work at his trade whether he wants to or not. I do not mean only that in many ways the continuation of our present civilization depends on him. I contend also that the warring groups within society have come to realize that their continuation in power, or their aspirations for power, depend a good deal on the uses to which they can put the fruits of scientific research. Thus the scientist does not lack for positions; he has many sources of funds at his disposal, particularly if he is a physical scientist; and among the ruling groups his status is continually rising.

YET most scientists are worried today. It is only a surface reflection to say that the scientist can write his own ticket, that he ought to feel as free as he was a hundred years ago, in the Middle Ages of Research. Underneath, he knows better. He is concerned at the increasing ease he finds in getting money to support not himself and his ideas, but his work and the results-to-be. This makes him feel like a slave, and his work appear like a job for his masters. *He feels that he must produce.* This being the case, he no longer feels free to work on what he wants, but only on problems for which money is available. This pecuniary motive is more serious than you might suppose, for there are very few scientists who today can work with a shoestring and a piece of wax. The increase in knowledge has brought about an increase in techniques to gain further knowledge, and these techniques require equipment far above the aver-

age scientist's lifetime salary. At the moment, the problem is not yet critical, for today most of the money being doled out, even government money, is still in control of working scientists and not of administrative spokesmen for science. This being so, money coming from, say, a cancer-research group, is not just earmarked for cancer research, but goes to many other, seemingly unrelated, fields. We know, of course, the relevance of results in one field to those in another; and really, not too many scientists are interested in crash programs.

But how long will this situation last? Changes are already taking place; just glance at the aftermath of sputnik. Most of the money the government intends to funnel into science education and research will go into applied research, and even in basic research the heat is on for more physical scientists and engineers, to educate them, and to have them work on problems in which the government is directly interested. This is inevitable, and yet today there are still far too many scientists who would like to repeal the dictum that he who pays the piper calls the tune; they forget that no longer are they divorced from the mainstream of social change. We in this country are not yet reduced to being ruled by "Lysenkos," but in the face of the reality of the moment, in the face of the increasing demand today that scientific research be put into the service of governmental policy, who can misread the signs of danger? Already, we have the spectacle here of scientists connected with government being set up as spokesmen for the rest of us, of each government agency having its own spokesmen for the particular branch of science which interests it. I emphasize government not because of its relative wickedness *vis a vis* private control, but because most of the cornucopia is filled by the taxpayer.

OUT OF ALL this, something very peculiar is happening. Increasingly, scientists are asked to share the seats of power; and what a joke this is! Here is a group of men committed, literally, to changing facts, to altering the existing order into another

more in conformity with newer revelation. Here are men who, like poets, philosophers, mystics and other miscellaneous agitators, spend their lives in search of visions. And these are the men who are being invited to participate in the very processes which insure the *status quo*—namely, those of government. Now, of course, while we scientists are all radical in our scientific outlook, we differ like other men in our social and political thoughts. Most of us, I would say, are liberal; some are conservative, some radical, some anarchist, and a very few fascist. But this is not the point. We are being invited as a group into government because we have the power to change society, and while the government bureaucrats think they can control the change, they are abysmally wrong. Just look at the example of those poor military fools squabbling in the Pentagon because their military devices are being drastically and constantly changed due to the impact of scientific technology. Some former men of power find themselves sitting on paper thrones, and they dislike it. If this goes on much longer, the whole government will be infected by the anarchy in the Pentagon.

Then, are we scientists really a Fifth Column? While at first glance this is a pleasing and refreshing prospect, there is something wrong in the picture. For the scientists are no more in control than is the government which hires and doles them out. Indeed, in the modern era, the scientists never did have any control over the application of their research. In today's world, this ubiquitous lack of control arouses ominous forebodings; ultimately, someone is surely going to seize the wheel. Here is the crux of the matter; and what can we scientists do about it, and what should we try to do about it?

Now scientists are not even much interested in seizing control at this moment precisely because they, like everyone else, prefer to cling to their old habits of work. Here and there some of us are anxious. We sign petitions to ban nuclear tests; but this demands little effort. A Society for Social Responsibility in Science



(SSRS) is founded, consisting mostly of scientists who are pacifists and conscientious objectors. While its appeal is to the utmost in all of us, it will not reach out, for that very reason, to the great bulk of us. Moreover, its members' aim, to refrain from working on military projects, is not so easily realized as it sounds. Scientists in fundamental research have really no way of knowing exactly where their research will lead them or others. It is simple when you are in technology; you work on such and such a problem, with specified aims and consequences of easy perceptibility. But, to take an extreme example, Einstein in his mathematical researches had no idea of the atom bomb, and in such cases it is very difficult to foresee even the next year's future. Moreover, even if immoral results do appear, a scientist is loath to leave his work, knowing full well that if he does so, some other will step in.

HOWEVER, the SSRS might have a point in the idea of a code, moral and ethical, for scientists. This is nothing new. When lawyers and doctors found themselves involved deeply in and with society, they set up a code of behavior. The purpose was not only to protect the practitioners from each other and from society, but also to provide a means to preserve for society the good measures which an ethical practice could give society. While a lawyer was bound to defend anyone who came to him and who confided in him in all honesty, and while a doctor was bound to care for the sick in all cases, friend or foe, there were limits within which this could be done. A lawyer, according to the code, should not use

his power to defeat the purposes of the law, nor should a doctor use his power to gain control over his patients. Similar codes could be set up in scientific research, defining the aim as the search for truth, setting as the goal the individual and common good.

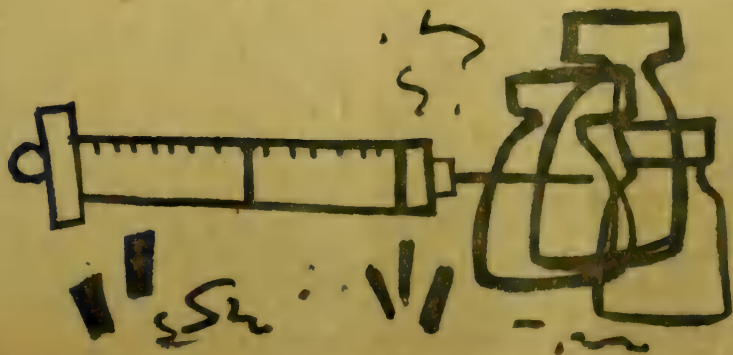
I must emphasize that a code for scientists should not be designed to govern society, but only to assist in the self-regulation of individuals; it would serve not for the control of research, but for the maintenance of standards. It would admonish those psychologists and sociologists who are prostituting their learning for the benefit of a greedy minority of men. These scientists should no longer be recognized as such by those who do not use their learning so that one group of men can gain control over another group. In other words, the code would try to insure that scientists keep out, as a body, from those power struggles within society which are disruptive of the democratic processes. Psychologists have no business helping some groups fashion keys for opening, surreptitiously, the pocketbooks of others. Medical scientists, chemists and bacteriologists have no business working for the special interests of some against the interests of the many. These men are no longer scientists; they are technicians in the employ of men with exclusive interests. What we need is a kind of guild system in science which would exclude such technicians from the practice of research.

All this is necessary, I think, to keep alive the ideas of disinterestedness which were formulated in the good old days when scientific research had not yet entered the power

struggle of private groups and of government itself. It is necessary to preserve the integrity of scientists and the scientific method. It is necessary to insure that, as far as it lies within the power of scientists, the benefits accruing from research be spread throughout the whole nation and the whole world.

NOW WHAT about bacteriologists and biochemists working in bacteriological warfare, of chemists working in chemical warfare, of mathematicians and physicists working on hydrogen bombs, of psychologists and sociologists working on national propaganda? I must say right off that I find this situation disgraceful. The search for order and beauty in the universe, in all aspects of it, should not be put into the services of activities which degrade man, who is a portion of this universe. These activities include war. Now that I have said this, let us think about it. One of the difficulties lies in this illustration: When Einstein learned that the Nazis might be working upon perfecting an atom bomb, should he have urged upon FDR the necessity of our working on one, knowing well that we might be compelled to use it on innocent populations? You might answer that the Nazis were such beasts that we had to go to extremes to defeat them. But this is not a satisfactory answer. While we were truly horrified when the Nazis began their terror-bombing of cities, we later quickly fell into line with this philosophy. War makes beasts of us all. The American people to this day are not ashamed of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The scientists who initially urged the building of the bomb later recanted, but it was too late. The course of the beastliness was set and no one had control, least of all the scientists.

Now, can we, should we, as scientists, assume control over the war preparations—or the lack thereof—of national states at this awful time of impending horror? First, I doubt that we could; it would take the most powerful union ever conceived to prevent scientists from being made to work for governments, particularly when the governments have convinced the peoples that their lives,





honor and freedom are at stake. Scientists are not un-human; they can be convinced, cajoled and forced to do things against their wills, interests and beliefs, just like anybody else. Of course, there are saints among us, but no more, proportionately, than in other groups. I am certain that many scientists working on war preparations dislike what they are doing very much, but have rationalized their actions.

The second question: should scientists set themselves up as final arbiters of national policy? Undoubtedly not. In our political aptitude, our social wisdom, in our humanity, we are neither better nor worse than other groups in the nation. I would dislike living under a regime of scientists just as much as I would under regimes of businessmen, bureaucrats or managers of any sort. While we have more power than any other group to change society, we have not the wisdom to decide alone the extent or direction of the change. Perhaps, then, it is a good thing that most scientists do not look upon themselves as members of a messianic order. Beware, fellow citizens, of scientists who offer not advice, but injunctions, particularly when these injunctions issue from those who have put their power at the service of the ruling groups in the nation.

WHAT, then, should we scientists do, individually and as a group, in this time of crisis, when we are being alternately laughed at and listened to, when we are called in graciously to sit beside the rulers and are then treated as hirelings, when we are simultaneously feared and trusted, when we are being implored to save the nation and damned for not doing so? As scientists, we find ourselves responsible—and damned—for a rapidly changing world; yet we lack the powers that should go with this responsibility. This is a great moment. As men, we are of the biological world and yet just out of it. We can decide our fate as a species. Are we capable?

Let me tell you what I think scientists should not do. We should not try to impose our "scientific" conclusions on the rest of society. We

readily admit to all that we have and are deliberately taking a narrow viewpoint of the world around us. This is our limitation and at the same time it is our glory, our residence of power. And yet there are many among us who pontificate with Holy Science at our side; and unfortunately these men are being presented to the lay public as the images, the spokesmen, for the rest of us. This does not mean that scientists should not speak out on many, varied topics, just like the rest of the people, but it does mean that when they do so it should be not on any basis of "expertise" in scientific thought and methodology, but on the basis of a common humanity.

Another warning: We scientists should be careful in these times how we are identified in the public mind. I do not mean that I worry that scientists are misunderstood; the moment we scientists are liked, admired, understood, we will cease to be scientists. But we *should* worry where we stand in the class and power structure of society. I think it is a mistake, a dangerous one, to let ourselves, as a group, be identified in the public mind as part of the ruling class. We should not let ourselves be jockeyed into the position that we are on the side of the "haves," and not the "have-nots." Increasingly, we are being identified with the apparatus that keeps the *status quo*. No matter how much change takes place—and we are responsible for most of the change—nothing really fundamental has altered. We in the West are living in endless "South American revolutions." Again, except for medical research, we scientists are pictured as destroyers of life, and not only that, but as brutes who have allied ourselves with those who, pictured as benign, are willing to destroy all of us rather than permit change in the international and intranational order. Unless we are careful, events will take place which will make the nineteenth-century assault on spinning jennys and cotton gins appear like child's play. But being careful is not enough. A passive posture of innocence is not enough, nor will outrageous contempt suffice.

I think that at this moment our

duty as scientists demands that we individually and collectively preach and practice a love of life, that we cherish all the universe as holy. Does our trying to take meaning from the universe make it less holy? Does our wrestling with the world make it more ugly, less good? Are we human beings not part of this world? If we can feel its goodness and its beauty, cannot our minds know truth? We scientists must constantly proclaim our revelation: that our minds, which are a part of our bodies, a part of all living things, a part of the universe, can be used to describe to their own satisfaction the workings of this universe. That because we uphold this revelation we revere that which we study; we revere all living things.

And, saying all this, let us act accordingly. We should refrain from all activities which will destroy goodness and justice, mercy and beauty, human life. By what right should we work on devices which make the world uglier, which rob men of a satisfaction in living, which shut out mercy, which make men greedy for that which belongs to others, which deny to men their most prized possession of all, their life on this earth?

However, as I mentioned earlier, this is easier said than done. I cannot answer this problem; I can only pose it. How can we scientists be sure that even our most abstruse research will not lead to evil results? But this problem confronts not only scientists, but all men. All that I can say is this: Results, good and bad, are produced by men. We scientists should do all that we can to make the fruits of our research ripen into goodness, and not sour into wickedness.

WE OWE it, not to ourselves, not even to our fellow human beings, but to our generations and generations of heritage, to our seed and all their time ahead, that each of us scientists not part company from those poets and artists, saints and mystics, in whose realm we belong, that we be allowed to see our visions, and because of the nature of these visions, that what we see be used to benefit all men.



This, then, should be our individual creed; it is a conservative one, for we wish to conserve life. And we should work in our scientific undertakings only as long as they tend to conserve life. When this no longer holds, we should get out. And we should join forces with all other groups of men who wish to conserve the beauties of life on this earth. We should work with them in society and in politics, and when we find that this is no longer possible, we should get out.

Yes, I think we scientists should join others in deciding policy in our society. For we are both revolutionaries and conservationists, and this is to the good. And if we act like true scientists and revere the world around us and within us, this is to the good. And if a group of men who love living things can become powerful and can take part in governing society, all to the good. I see no Utopia, but heaven on earth will be a little closer if we scientists do not play "footsie" with the powers that be, but project our revolutionary, life-revering ways into the political world. It might be a little difficult, taking our methodological ivory towers with us up to the barricades, but it would be fun. And because the stakes are so high, also worthwhile. How this should be done, I am not

prepared to say. But we scientists, individually and collectively, should waste no time in joining other men of good will in seeing to it that a good and just life is to be had by all people on this earth. For this is a part of our creed.

NOW FOR an addendum, for which I will undoubtedly be pilloried by many of my fellow scientists. Let me throw open for discussion the suggestion that perhaps the world about us is changing too fast, and since this changing is due mostly to scientific research, then perhaps we have too much scientific research. Now there can never be too much thought and work done to provide food for all of us, health for all of us, and a reasonable satisfaction in living for all of us. But I see no logical and moral reason for thinking that the time of the next generation, and not the time of, say, the tenth generation hence, should be provided with the means to get to the moon. Nor can I see any reason why our children should be able to move around faster than we already do and be provided with more comforts than their parents had. As long as all our children in this country can have, when they grow up, enough food, enough learning, a place to live, decency and respect, why should the rest of their

physical environment be any different than ours is now?

Yes, let there be research in all those fields which will provide a measure of the good things for all of us—food for our stomachs, thoughts for our heads, and a reasonable satisfaction for our souls. But as for the non-essentials in scientific research, let us call a moratorium. Our species has many, many generations left yet on this earth, and what are luxuries for one generation will be comforts for another, and yet necessities for a third. And what worth is this gain in what are essentially trivialities? Is it the worth of a sense of chaos which a rapidly changing physical and mental environment brings? As long as we have the wherewithal to see to it that all human beings on this earth can live out their appointed lives in grandeur, let us cash in on this wherewithal and bring it about, and not continue our scientific research so that a comparatively few will be provided with the appurtenances of progress, those gadgets which do indeed make for more comfort. But is it really necessary that the next generation and not the tenth generation be given these things? Perhaps before we go ahead much further and much faster, someone should really think about happiness.

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## AN ALGERIAN "J'ACCUSE" . . by Nora Beloff

Paris

THE MEN governing France today, who have hushed up so many violations of human rights, including the recent bombing of Sakiet, would be unwise to count too much on the continuing apathy of the French people. This is the same France which only sixty years ago was roused to furious protest during the *Affaire Dreyfus* for the good reason that one man had been unjustly condemned.

It is in fact just sixty years ago last month that Zola was sentenced

to imprisonment for his famous pamphlet *J'accuse*, in which he had castigated, in what the court judged to be slanderous terms, the men responsible for convicting the innocent Dreyfus, and shielding the real criminal, Esterhazy.

It was the Zola trial which really marked the turning-point of the Dreyfus affair. M. Zola was found guilty, but he and his friends were "in a fair way towards proving" that it was not Dreyfus but Esterhazy who was guilty of selling military secrets to the Germans, as Colonel Picquart had so astutely discovered.

Henceforth, revising the unjust

verdict was only a matter of time. A few months after Zola's trial, Esterhazy, now thoroughly discredited, went to see Rowland Strong, then the Paris correspondent of the *London Observer*, and told him that he himself had written the document on the basis of which Dreyfus had been originally convicted. He explained that he had acted in obedience to his superiors, who were "morally sure" that Dreyfus was guilty, but needed material evidence to convict him.

By September, 1899, Dreyfus had been "pardoned" and released, though it was not until 1906 that a

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March 15, 1958



new trial declared his innocence and reinstated him, with the *Legion d'Honneur*, into the Army.

TODAY, SIXTY years after Zola's trial, a patent miscarriage of justice is once again being smothered by official untruths and public apathy.

Ostensibly the Dreyfus case has very little in common with the case of the twenty-two-year-old Algerian girl, Djamila Bouhired, sentenced to death last July for alleged complicity in a terrorist bomb outrage, and still waiting every day for the President of France to decide whether she shall be guillotined or reprieved.

Captain Dreyfus was loyal to France; Djamila has publicly proclaimed her loyalty to an independent Algeria. Dreyfus was tried when France was at peace; Djamila is a victim of the Algerian war.

Acts of bestial cruelty by the terrorists of the National Liberation Federation (to which Djamila admits belonging) explain, though they do not excuse, the cruelty with which F.L.N. members are treated when they fall into French hands. Djamila spent two weeks in the hands of French parachutists before being handed over to the judicial authorities. The indignities suffered by Captain Dreyfus were trivial compared with what she has suffered physically at their hands.

Nevertheless, there are many revealing points of comparison between the two trials. To begin with, both accused were tried by a military tribunal determined to convict them. Both were the victims of racial prejudice, although the anti-Semitic pressure on the judges in the Dreyfus case was much less violent than the hatred now animating the French colony in Algeria. The public benches at Djamila's trial were occupied exclusively by Europeans — Moslems were barred—who howled "Death to

the assassins" before the trial began. She was defended by a young French lawyer, Maître Vergès, selected last year as the most brilliant member of his generation at the Paris bar, whose mother was Indo-Chinese and who has distinctly Asian features. When he entered the courtroom on the last day of the trial he, too, was greeted by racial insults, with the cry: "*A mort le sale Chinois.*" Vergès asked the President whether this was a military tribunal or a meeting of assassins, and received a reprimand for "contempt of court."

IN BOTH cases there were "reasons of state" for finding the culprit guilty—and a stigma of treachery on those who challenged the verdict. In both cases weak coalition governments needed a verdict to satisfy a wobbly parliamentary majority. In both cases the prosecution produced only the flimsiest evidence—in the first Dreyfus trial, only a single document, secreted in the German Embassy and wrongfully alleged to be in Dreyfus' handwriting; in Djamila's case, only the self-contradictory evidence of an hysterical co-detainee, Djamila Bouazza, whom the court refused to have examined by a psychiatrist.

In both cases the counsel for the defense was not allowed to see the principal document for the prosecution. In Djamila's case the court, on the last day of the trial, suddenly produced an alleged signed confession which had not been in the magistrate's dossier. In the case of Dreyfus, the military judges were secretly shown hostile personal reports on Dreyfus, written by senior officers bent on obtaining his conviction, and which the defense counsel never saw at all. Both victims were wrongly declared to have confessed.

It has been said that "a lie can never be young but once," and in both cases the initial little lie required

an increasingly complicated series of distortions and contradictions to keep it alive and growing. In both cases cabinet ministers staked their honor on the verdict in parliament.

General Cavaignac, then Minister of Defense, told the French Assembly, "I am completely certain of Dreyfus' guilt." M. Lacoste, the French Minister-Resident in Algeria, has equally committed himself, and he even told the Assembly that Djamila had confessed in court—an untruth to which over a hundred people present at the proceedings could have testified.

Again in both cases, the French Army was desperately trying to preserve its reputation after suffering serious defeats. After the verdict against Zola, a German newspaper unkindly commented that this was the first victory of the French Army since its defeat in 1870-71. This time not only 1940, but also the retreats from Indo-China, Morocco and Tunisia have made the Army sensitive of its "honor."

Both Dreyfus and Djamila found a well-known writer to publicize their cases. Georges Arnaud (author of *The Wages of Fear*) has not the international stature of Zola, but he has been a best-selling novelist in France, and his pamphlet, *Pour Djamila Bouhired*, published by *Les Editions de Minuit*, is no less passionate than Zola's famous *Factuse*.

Yet it has to be admitted that despite real anxiety among many brave and thoughtful Frenchmen, there has so far been nothing like the same explosion over this second travesty of justice. After Zola's pamphlet, the government was forced to hold an embarrassing public trial. Georges Arnaud had also hoped for a trial which would expose the irregularities of the Djamila case, but there was so little public excitement that the present government was able to pre-





tend that it had not noticed the intentional provocations.

The Zola trial was followed by a series of dramatic events. Major Henry, who had forged a letter from the Italian Military Attaché clearly incriminating Dreyfus, was exposed, arrested and committed suicide. The Chief of Staff and Minister of Defense resigned.

The Djamila trial has been accepted as just one more episode in the long repression of the Algerian nationalist insurrection. The lies required to cover up the facts of this single case are only a minor part of the vast edifice of double-talk and distortion, necessary to enable the government to out-terrorize the terrorists, and at the same time to soothe French opinion with lullabies about "pacification" and the French "civilizing mission."

There is, however, one important difference. During the Dreyfus affair, the case for putting order above justice "in the interest of the state" was widely accepted by the Roman Catholic Church. Today, on the contrary, *La Croix*, the principal Catholic daily, which was violently anti-Dreyfusard in the 1890s, has helped to awaken the Catholic conscience to the moral responsibilities of acquiescence in the more criminal aspects of the "pacification" policy.

On the other hand, despite M. Arnaud's efforts, the reaction of the French Left has been curiously flab-

by. It is true, no doubt, that human sensibility has been blunted by the colossal slaughter of innocent men and women during the last war. A generation that has known Buchenwald and Hiroshima has, perhaps, become less squeamish about human suffering.

But the French Left has been particularly affected by Marxist ideology, which ridicules bourgeois concepts of human liberties, while the French Communist Party, which has taken over the most dynamic sectors of the French labor movement, has disciplined its adherents into accepting the totalitarian practices of the Soviet bloc.

Those on the Left who have inherited the Jaurès-Blum liberal tradition are so busy preserving their troops from this Communist attraction that they have little time or energy to fight any but anti-Communist battles. Too many use their indignation about the Russian oppression in Hungary as an excuse for closing their eyes to the faults of French rule in Algeria.

Of course, even in the liberal era it took a long time and some very damning evidence before the public reacted effectively against the injustice of the Dreyfus affair. It was only when the real culprit was revealed and the Henry forgeries were exposed that the landslide in public opinion began. In the Djamila case, the reciprocal terrorism of the French

and the F.L.N. makes it virtually impossible for the real criminal in the bomb outrage to be discovered.

None the less, it now seems possible that the French will begin to see for themselves the difference between the facts of what is happening in Algeria and the official myth of "pacification." Professor D. W. Brogan, who is one of the greatest living authorities on the Dreyfus affair and a leading specialist on France, has suggested that the Sakiet air attack may rank historically with the exposure of the Henry forgeries as the beginning of the end of a concerted politico-military attempt to keep the public from knowing the truth.

Not since 1898, when Major Henry committed suicide and the French Chief of Staff resigned, has there been such a devastating unmasking of official untruthfulness. The day the bombers flew over Sakiet the War Ministry in Paris announced that no children had been killed: the next day French journalists saw children's bodies. The communiqué said that only military targets were hit: the French newspapers carried photographs of a school, homes and shops in ruins.

The tragedy of Sakiet and the ordeal of Djamila will have served a purpose if they help the French to see how their government is transforming France, in Western eyes, from an ally into an encumbrance.

## GUILTY or INSANE? A New Test... *Manfred S. Guttmacher*

FOR MORE THAN a century, the rules laid down by English judges following the acquittal, on grounds of insanity, of a mad Scot named Daniel M'Naghten, who had been charged with murder, have formed the controlling test of criminal re-

sponsibility in this country, as well as in England. Today this ancient legal bastion is under heavy assault and shows signs of crumbling.

The chief of these rules states:

To establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of committing the act, the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing, or if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong.

This rule, laid down in 1843, forms the chief element in the legislative statutes and court decisions that constitute the law of insanity in criminal cases in forty-seven of our states. The little, rugged state of New Hampshire alone has stood firm against its adoption. To this so-called "knowledge of right and wrong" test, seventeen states have added another: the "irresistible impulse" rule.

The outstanding early leader in legal psychiatry in this country, Dr.

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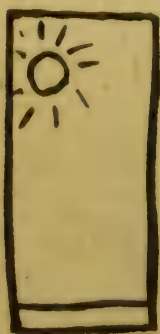
March 15, 1958



Isaac Ray, protested against the M'Naghten Rules soon after they were formulated. Some years later, he was joined in their condemnation by his British counterpart, Dr. Henry Maudsley, who spoke of "the scorn and indignation felt by those who observe with impatience, the obstinate prejudice with which English judges hold to the absurd dictum, which has long been discredited by medical science."

In attacking the M'Naghten Rules, Dr. Ray, a New Englander, professed two guiding principles: (1) that the manifestations of mental diseases were so inconstant and uncertain that no legal definition or test of universal applicability could be devised and (2) that there are forms of mental disease in which the intellect appears to be intact, but the patient is a victim of emotional forces beyond his control. His argument fell on fertile soil in the rugged mountain state of New Hampshire, where at the time three men of unusual ability, Justices Doe, Ladd and Perley, were exercising leadership in the law. In 1868, Judge Doe wrote to Dr. Ray:

...I think the common law is as follows: It does not recognize "only a certain kind or degree of insanity as having any legal consequences"; it recognizes insanity as disease, and so far as contracts and crimes are governed by the common law, they cannot be produced by disease of the mind. Whether, in any particular case there is mental disease, and, if there is, whether a certain transaction is a product of the disease, are questions of fact for the jury and not of law for the court. The court can only instruct the jury that a product or an offspring of mental disease is not a contract or a crime.



*pellucida*

Out of this medical and legal collaboration, a type of conjoint effort that unfortunately occurs rarely, was born the New Hampshire rule, i.e., that a defendant is exculpated if at the time of the offense he was suffering from a mental disease and the alleged criminal act was a product of the disease.

THE CHIEF M'Naghten rule has been assailed by leaders in psychiatry throughout the century of its existence, and especially during the last two decades. Polls of psychiatric opinion in this country and in Canada show that today condemnation is almost unanimous. As the chief element in the determination of legal insanity, it is considered to be unrealistic. The fact is that the majority of patients in institutions for the insane can make ethical judgments accurately. This is a phenomenon of mental life which is not considered in the day-to-day work of psychiatrists. Many of them feel that ethical judgments are outside their special competence, which is to determine the presence or absence of mental disease and its effects on the behavior of the individual.

Among the leaders of the law, on the other hand, there are many staunch defenders of "the right and wrong" test. Some, of course, base their stand on the fact that the rules have served us well; they see no need for innovation. Others, more thoughtful, support the test because they believe that it gives the jury "something definite to hold onto." They observe that the M'Naghten Rules are not intended to serve as diagnostic criteria of mental disease. In their opinion, the rules serve to pick out those offenders whom the threat of punishment would not deter, and for whom punishment would be neither humane nor serve as a deterrent to others. Recently several able men have made skillful modern translations of the M'Naghten Rules and of the "irresistible impulse" rule. Even so, they have failed to meet the basic objections.

Legal criticism of the M'Naghten Rules has not been wholly lacking. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the great nineteenth-century English authority on criminal law, stated that

the rules, if strictly interpreted, totally disregarded emotion and will. More than twenty-five years ago, Supreme Court Justice Cardozo described the rules as "paltering with reality." Professors Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School and Henry Weihofen of the Law School of the University of New Mexico have published scholarly works on the relationship of mental disorder to the criminal law; in both works the M'Naghten Rules are unequivocally condemned.

The first official breakthrough, heralding a change, came in a dissenting opinion by Judge John Biggs of the U. S. Court of Appeals in 1950, in which he boldly declared the rules to be obsolete and said that if legislatures would not discard them, the courts should do so.

This was followed by the report of the British Parliamentary Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, published in 1953, which concluded "that the test of responsibility laid down by the M'Naghten Rules is so defective that the law on the subject ought to be changed." When the Commission was taking testimony in this country, Mr. Justice Frankfurter expressed himself with utmost forthrightness:

...The M'Naghten Rules were rules which the Judges...formulated in the light of the then existing psychological knowledge...If you find rules that are, broadly speaking, discredited by those who have to administer them, which is, I think, the real situation, certainly with us—they are honored in the breach and not in the observance—then I think the law serves its best interests by trying to be more honest about it. ...I am a great believer in being as candid as possible about my institutions. They are in a large measure abandoned in practice, therefore I think the M'Naghten Rules are in large measure shams. That is a strong word, but I think the M'Naghten Rules are very difficult for conscientious people and not difficult enough for people who say, "We'll just juggle them." ...I dare to believe that one ought not to rest content with the difficulty of finding an improvement in the M'Naghten Rules...

THESE EVENTS set the stage for the entrance of Monte Durham,

*The NATION*



whose name is destined to go down into legal history not because he was a great jurist, but because, through a quirk similar to that experienced by M'Naghten, he was involved, at a certain moment in social progress, in a criminal act. He was convicted in a court in Washington, D.C., of breaking into the Georgetown residence of Donald Hiss, a brother of Alger Hiss. When the police surprised him in the house, he made no resistance, but was found crouched in a corner, holding an undershirt in front of his face. Although only twenty-three years old, he had a long history of imprisonment and hospitalization. Before he was twenty, he had attempted suicide and had been hospitalized at St. Elizabeth's. A year later, while serving a sentence for auto theft, his behavior was so abnormal that he was brought before the Municipal Court for a lunacy inquiry, where a jury found him to be of unsound mind. This time he was in St. Elizabeth's for more than a year; the diagnosis was "psychosis with psychopathic personality." Soon after discharge, he passed bogus checks and was returned by a jury to the mental hospital, where on this occasion he was diagnosed as "without mental disorder, psychopathic personality."

It was two months after this latest discharge that he was caught in the house-breaking case. According to his mother and the psychiatrist who examined him a month after his third hospital discharge, and one month before the house-breaking, he had again developed hallucinations. After his arrest on this charge, he was committed to St. Elizabeth's for the fourth time and was given sub-shock insulin treatments. After sixteen months, he was returned to court for trial and was convicted of a felony. His conviction was appealed by his extraordinarily competent attorney, Abe Fortas, who had been appointed by the court to represent him. On July 1, 1954, Judge David Bazelon, sitting with Judges Edgerton and Washington of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, rendered the opinion granting a new trial on appeal.

The opinion contains a scholarly review of some of the more important

psychiatric writings on the tests of criminal responsibility. It rejects the M'Naghten Rules and the "irresistible impulse" rule in favor of the old rule of New Hampshire: If the defendant is found by the jury to be suffering from a diseased or defective mental condition at the time he committed the criminal act charged, and if the jury finds that this act was the product of the abnormal mental condition, he is to be found not guilty by reason of insanity. In reaching its decision, the judge stated, the jury may consider whether the accused knew the difference between right and wrong or whether he acted under the compulsion of an irresistible impulse, but it is not constrained to use *only* these criteria, nor any other narrowly constrictive formula, in reaching its verdict.

SO FAR the Durham decision has been accepted in only one court of review, the Supreme Court of Minnesota, in an extraordinary case which was a civil and not a criminal action.

Mr. Justice Douglas, in an address in 1956, applauded the Durham decision, declaring that its great significance lay in that the broad test adopted enabled the psychiatrist to testify in his own language and to give evidence relevant to the standards known to him. "He is at last free to advise the court and the jury concerning the totality of the accused's personality and condition."

I am in full agreement with this analysis. The spirit and the content of Judge Bazelon's opinion express a sympathetic awareness of the difficulties under which the conscientious expert carries out his function. The opinion aims to have presented to the court and jury a full and objective portrayal of the mental condition of the accused and to do away with the pettifoggery and obscurantism that have often characterized trials in which there was a plea of insanity.

There have been many Cassandras predicting a rash of insanity verdicts in trials conducted under the Durham rule. To be sure, this had not been the experience in New Hampshire during the century that the rule had been in force there. But



the good people of that state are not given to murder, and it is chiefly in capital cases that the insanity plea is made.

Fortunately for our immediate purpose, the city of Washington does not suffer under such a handicap. The United States Attorney has furnished me with statistics which show that from 1952 to 1955, the three-year period before the Durham rule became effective, 0.8 per cent of felony trials resulted in verdicts of not guilty by reason of insanity. In a similar period since the rule has become effective, the percentage has increased to 1.6 per cent. Such an increase is not sufficiently momentous to lead to the conclusion that the Durham rule threatens to undermine the criminal law, or that it inspires the susceptible to become felons.

FOR TWO years the University of Chicago has been studying the jury system experimentally. In St. Louis and Chicago, juries have been called together in their regular tour of jury duty and have had excerpts from the transcript of the Durham trial played for them from a tape recording. After hearing the evidence as played back to them in this fashion, half of the juries were instructed by the judge according to the M'Naghten Rules and the other half according to the Durham rule. Of the ten juries using the old M'Naghten test, seven brought in a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity, one a guilty verdict and two failed to reach an agreement. Surprisingly, under the Durham rule, only four juries found the defendant insane, three reached guilty verdicts and in three instances the juries failed to reach agreement.



I do not wish to convey the impression that the Durham rule is ideal, but I do feel that better justice can be achieved under it than under the M'Naghten Rules, or even under the translations with amendments which have been proposed.

One of the chief difficulties with the Durham rule is the achievement of unanimity among experts as to what constitutes mental disease. A second difficulty is to prove that a certain specific action was the product of the mental disease.

The necessity of arriving at a definition of mental disease is no greater nor more difficult in cases tried under Durham than in those tried under M'Naghten, since in cases tried under the latter, the existence of mental disease is a *sine qua non*. The dividing line between health and significant morbidity is admittedly more tenuous in psychiatry than in other branches of medicine, and yet even in medicine there are many uncertainties.

THE GREAT area of uncertainty in psychiatry is how to classify the character-disorders—the conditions that used to be termed “psychopathic states.” Dr. Cleckley, who has written illuminatingly on this group of disordered personalities, maintains that they are less able to conform to society's rules than are many psychotics. The 1952 revision of nomenclature, published by the American Psychiatric Society, includes the sociopathic states and related disorders among mental diseases.

Many legal writers maintain that all recidivists can be put into this category. This is not true. The character-disorders have distinctive characteristics. Certainly there will be some borderline cases in which differentiation will be difficult. And one must admit that the inherent difficulties are sufficiently great that they can be readily exploited by counsel in our adversary method of trial. This can, to a great degree, be obviated by having the court, in difficult cases, call in skillful mental experts to advise the jury.

ONE OF the basic difficulties is that the staffs of our psychiatric hospitals do not welcome the commitment of cases with character-disorders to their institutions. Such patients are often trouble-makers and present real problems in hospital discipline. Moreover, they are not responsive to the usual forms of therapy available in the hospital.

Maryland has met this situation by its new Defective Delinquent Statute. Individuals showing a persistent tendency to become involved in dangerous delinquent behavior and who, on study after conviction of a crime, are found to be sociopaths, are committed under indeterminate sentence to a special institution directed by a psychiatrist and staffed by psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers. Many of the so-called sexual psychopaths fall into this category of offenders.

Perhaps in jurisdictions in which the Durham rule is used, and where

institutions of this type are established, commitment can be made to such an institution in appropriate cases and in the other cases to the more usual type of mental hospital.

THIS author is unable to grasp the full impact of the criticisms of the Durham rule based on the alleged difficulty in proving that an act was a product of mental disease. This must be an instance of the semantic difficulties that exist in interdisciplinary efforts. Every day physicians are called upon to decide whether certain signs or symptoms are caused by certain pathological conditions; this appears to call for a similar type of decision.

One of the attributes falsely ascribed to the M'Naghten Rules is that they offer a clear and concrete measuring standard for the jury. This is illusory. Literally reams of disputations have been published on the real meaning of the rules—whether “right” refers to moral or legal right, whether “nature and quality of the act” means merely its physical nature, etc.

Today there are official legislative committees considering statutory changes in the definition of criminal responsibility in New York, Maryland, Massachusetts and elsewhere. This is a manifestation of a generalized, restless dissatisfaction throughout the whole field of criminology. Our crime rates, particularly the amount of recidivism, is convincing evidence that radical changes must be made.

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## ORPHANS of the BIG TOP . . by Marian Murray

Sarasota  
WHEN THE Greatest Show on Earth takes to the road from its winter quarters here on March 20, posters will proclaim, as always, that it is “bigger and better than ever.”

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MARIAN MURRAY, author of *Circus! From Rome to Ringling and other books, has recently completed another manuscript on the circus, soon to be published.*

The posters will be even more mendacious than usual. The foundations of the once great and beloved circus are crumbling.

With the accent thrown more and more on cheesecake, the quality of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey has been deteriorating for many seasons. At this moment John Ringling North, president, his brother Henry, vice-president, and Arthur Concello, executive director, are facing a mi-

nority stockholders' suit demanding their ousting and an accounting of corporation funds. Reports of successful bookings since April, 1957, are undependable fabrications; having abandoned the tent, the show has lost its charm for many hundreds of thousands. Worst of all, the performers, without whom there can be no circus, are bitterly resentful of working conditions under which they are pitilessly exploited.



The immediate future seems moderately predictable; the regimen set up for 1957 will continue this year. There will be no menagerie and no side show except in New York and Boston. Last year, after those big dates, only half the show went on the road; this year, a larger percentage *may* continue. Performances will be given again in auditoriums and stadiums. If last year's pattern is followed, the show that once traveled in more than a hundred of its own cars will rent three baggage cars for elephants and horses, plus one day-coach for performers and another for workmen. Props will be trucked across country.

Most of the performers will go in their own cars or trailers. A few will get transportation at company expense. Contracts will not be signed until just before the show leaves. Though supposedly those contracts will call for eight months' work, it looks as if a nasty joker, introduced last year, will still be included—a clause calling for pay on a *pro rata* basis. In other words, no performance, no pay.

THE present plight of Barnum & Bailey's performers dates back to July 16, 1956, when John Ringling North closed the show in mid-season, sent it back to Sarasota, and announced that it would no longer travel under canvas. North was undoubtedly concerned with retrenching and cleaning house; the circus personnel had their own problems. Those who had homes in Sarasota returned here. Unfortunates brought recently from Europe, stranded and broke, waited dazedly for help in getting home. As soon as it became certain that the show would go out again in the spring of 1957, albeit in a different manner, those who could rejoin the show did so. Many of them later wished they hadn't.

The 1956 retrenchment was the culmination of a series of changes over four years, during which North had been replacing experienced circus executives with men who didn't know a quarter pole from a bull hook. Art Concello, manager for a decade, was fired in 1953. Ronald Butler, general press agent for thirty-two years, left in 1954. Three other

top executives left in 1955. Michael Burke, a former Army OSS man, became executive director; Rudy Bundy, a Sarasota band leader, superintendent of the gate. Press relations were eventually left with Zac Freedman, who had done promotion for Broadway shows.

Huge salaries were paid to new top men. It is reported that in 1956



an auditor and nineteen assistants, each getting at least \$100 a week, on the road took care of matters previously handled by two men. Enormous sums were expended on elaborate costumes and fripperies. The average wage of the 325 performers was then \$61, to which must be added transportation, food and lodging. Advertising methods and media were changed, while press tickets (which had flowed generously since the earliest circus days of P. T. Barnum) were handed out sparingly and, worse, grudgingly.

BURKE is quoted as saying that in 1955 the show drew 1,900,000 persons and grossed \$6,000,000, yet failed to make a profit. It was, he said, "full of anachronisms and outmoded practices," a "Model T business" which he was trying to adapt to the jet age. True, perhaps, but not in the sense he meant.

There was talk about discouraging gambling and graft. But gambling and graft have tainted almost all circuses, and there have always been ways for employees to steal from management. But after Ringling old-timers were fired, opportunities multiplied. Experienced circus men expected, for example, that underpaid

ushers occasionally would exchange a general admission seat for one in a reserved section, asking a cut rate and pocketing the difference. But in the old days, when the reserved-ticket booth was inside the big top, the practice was limited. Now the booth has been moved out front, and results horrified even the initiated. During the 1956 season, ushers openly ballyhooed their wares. At the final engagement in Pittsburgh, it is said on good authority, there was a full house that should have brought in \$22,000, yet only \$12,000 or so went into the till.

Difficulties had pursued the show from the moment it started out in March, 1956. There were labor conflicts with the American Guild of Variety Artists (representing the performers), and with the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Elephants stampeded; cars were derailed; wind tore the big top; bad weather put a crimp in the schedule; programs were hours late in starting; artists fell in the ring and were injured. Finally, on July 15, ten employees were injured on the train, and five more while putting up the show. None of this was unusual, but the newcomers didn't know how to cope.

ALTHOUGH few in the know were very much astonished when the show closed before the end of the season, everyone was profoundly shocked at the way it was done. While performers and workmen were at supper in the cookhouse tent after the Pittsburgh matinee, a minor official announced that the evening show would be the last. Afterward, the train would leave for Sarasota. Anyone who wanted to ride on it might do so. Thus coldly and without warning, the performers' world was brought crashing down. Workmen might get other jobs, but for the artists the circus is a way of life, and the only one they know. Despite paralyzing shock and worry, they went into the big top and gave their best.

Almost everyone boarded the train. Many performers had their children with them. It had been customary, of course, for the show to supply food en route, so the cookhouse steward offered to put onto the train what



he had on hand. Some higher-up told him to forget it. In most cars there was nothing to eat until the train reached Washington, when performers rushed out to put in a supply. Roustabouts, broke as usual, had no food during the three days' trip to Sarasota.

North now found himself in even deeper hot water. Seven suits for debts totaling more than \$16,500 were filed in August. In December, AGVA, which in May had filed suit for unfair labor practices, held a mass meeting in Sarasota attended by representatives of 155 acts, which endorsed protests. On January 31, 1957, circus minority stockholders, known as the Forty-Niners, demanded an accounting. On September 6, they filed suit for \$20,000,000, insisting that the Norths and Concellos be ousted.

NORTH HAD recalled Concello in October, 1956, naming him executive director. Many had heaved sighs of relief, for no one has ever denied that Concello is a very smart businessman who knows the circus. His immediate problem was to undo the blunders of interim management, cut expenses where he could, and get the show ready for 1957, when it would play indoors and under the sky. At last the show dribbled forth. Because company sleeping-cars were gone, featured acts slipped away in their own trailers—paying all their own expenses except gas (for which they received three cents a mile). Less important acts and the “generally useful” (who help wherever required) got transportation—in sit-up cars—but paid for all food, hotel bills, taxis to and from the lot, and other incidentals. Only a few midgets and dwarfs were employed—for the “spectacle.” This was a stunning blow to the human oddities, who had assumed that business would be as usual. When the blow fell, it was too late for them to get a job with another circus.

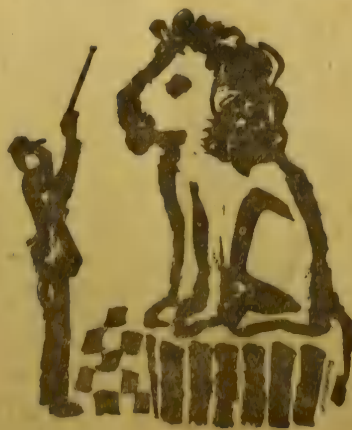
Before 1957, contracts had always called for a “season’s” work, with the understanding that a season meant six or seven months. Now the best contract was for fourteen weeks, with a guarantee of only seventy days’ work. The company had an option

to renew and, naturally, employees expected it to do so. The character of the guarantee joker was still hidden.

Minimum wages were set at \$85 a week, with certain welfare benefits obtained through AGVA. But the harshness of the new regime soon became apparent. It was traditional for circus people to pay for board and room in New York and Boston. The real troubles began after Boston. Performers found themselves working only four, three, or even two days a week—and being paid only when they worked, while their unaccustomed expenses went on. When they had traveled on the company train and been fed in the cookhouse tent, they were assured, at least, of bed and board for the season. But in 1957, the “generally useful” often slept on floors of rented rooms, in dressing-rooms, or even on auditorium seats. And nights on sit-up trains were something less than ideal for those whose stunts require strong, steady nerves.

THE FIRST batch of options was dropped in Boston. More went by the board at the end of the first fourteen weeks. A few acts quit voluntarily. When the show finally arrived back here last month, having been gone almost a year, few of those who had stuck it out had made more than expenses. Many had gone into debt. Old-timers say that it was, in every way, the worst season they ever knew. On the whole, personnel had received pay for scarcely more than half the time they had been on the road.

On February 15, the performers



held a meeting with AGVA, presenting their complaints, and a new form of contract was optimistically outlined. Little hope was offered for abolishment of the *pro rata* clause. The “generally useful” are asking the munificent sum of \$5 for each non-working day, and also for transport by buses with sleeping facilities. Acts going by trailer ask that the gas ration be raised from three to seven cents per mile.

IT IS certain that many performers abhor the idea of going out again with Ringling, unless conditions are drastically changed. But opportunities for their unique skills are limited. Not every clown can get a job with a baseball team, as Emmet Kelly did with the Dodgers.

Circus folk have always been a close-knit fraternity, passing on their skills from generation to generation. In some instances, their heritage goes back literally to the Middle Ages, when their ancestors were traveling mountebanks roaming the highways and byways of Europe. The children continue to be taught circus skills, but more and more of them are insisting on going into other fields. Circus life, they say, is becoming too much of a gamble, and many of their parents are beginning to agree with them. This state of affairs certainly will have an effect on the future of the American circus.

Perhaps one answer to some of the current difficulties of Ringling Bros. is for the show to go back to canvas. The American people have loved the circus for almost 200 years, and like best to see it under tents. The tenting circus is far from dead, despite North’s pronouncement two years ago; this year there will certainly be more than twenty tent shows, large and small, meandering through the country. There are those who think that the Big One might make a success with a European-style tent seating up to 10,000.

Despite present shocking mismanagement, Ringling is still the greatest of all circuses, and its name is still magic. For it to collapse would be a real tragedy. But many feel that it cannot survive without a strong injection of common sense, mixed with a little humanity.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Independence of Pasternak

Ernest J. Simmons

WHEN I met Boris Pasternak in the Soviet Union years ago, he was slender, of middle height, and his face, with its high cheekbones and staring eyes, bore a pained, neurasthenic expression. He was even then regarded by a few critics of discrimination as the greatest poet to emerge from the Soviet Revolution. However, in 1943 Alexei Tolstoy, in a comprehensive review of twenty-five years of Soviet literature, did not even mention Pasternak's name.

Neither a Communist nor a socialist realist, this "poet's poet," as Mayakovsky called Pasternak, has for years gone largely unread in his own country, and in the West he has been at best the muted idol of several little magazine critics and a few specialists in Russian literature. Now this gray-haired poet of sixty-eight, because of one of those typical backfires in Soviet literary controls, has suddenly achieved the wide recognition that has been denied him. The manuscript of a long novel, *Dr. Zhivago*, which for months had been vainly going the rounds of Soviet book and magazine editors, found its way to an Italian publisher in Milan (one report has it that Pasternak sent a copy of the manuscript to Italy in the conviction that the book was about to appear also in the Soviet Union). Officials of the Union of Soviet Writers quickly sprang into action. They proclaimed that the novel could not be published in its original form, and they prevailed upon Pasternak to wire the Milan publisher to return the manuscript for revision. The Soviet Embassy in Rome also put pressure on the foreign publisher, but to no avail. *Dr. Zhivago* has appeared in an Italian

translation. Versions are due in France, Germany and England, and an American publisher will issue it here this spring. Many newspapers and magazines in the West have carried the story. In short, the conspiracy of silence, which has all but entombed the greatest Soviet poet for so many years, has now exploded into international fame for Pasternak.

What manner of man and artist is Boris Pasternak? And what is his literary position in the Soviet Union? He was born in Moscow in 1890. His father was the well-known painter Leonid Pasternak, who illustrated some of Leo Tolstoy's works, and his mother was an accomplished musician. Brought up in this cultured household, the boy Pasternak first decided on music as a career, for he was much influenced by his mother and the famous composer Scriabine, an intimate friend of the family. Music later dominated the verbal patterns of his verse, but precocious musical composition gave way to philosophy in Pasternak's student days at Moscow University and at Marburg, in 1912, under the great Professor Cohen. Pasternak remained in Germany, except for a short stay in Italy, until the outbreak of the First World War.

EVEN before his experiences abroad Pasternak had begun writing poetry; a small volume, *A Twin in a Cloud*, appeared in 1913. Two more books followed (*Over the Barriers*, 1917, and *My Sister Life*, 1922), and with the publication of *Themes and Variations*, in 1923, he was regarded as an outstanding poet in those early revolutionary years when art had not yet been completely subordinated to political ideology. Then, in his only sustained concession to the social commands of the day, he turned his back on subjective lyricism and wrote two long narrative poems—*Spektorsky* (1926), a series of episodes in the life of a young con-

temporary Moscow intellectual, and *The Year 1905* (1927), a fragmentary presentation of events in that year of revolution. Despite brilliant passages, both narrative poems are failures, a fact which Pasternak seemed to recognize, for he never attempted this genre again. In his next volume, *The Second Birth* (1932), he returned to the pure lyric.

LONG before World War II, however, Pasternak's earlier fame had been dimmed. No doubt the difficulty of his verse had something to do with this in a state whose leaders now demanded that all art must appeal to the masses. More significant, perhaps, was the fact that Pasternak refused to run with the literary herd or to prostitute his muse to socialist realism. (On the other hand, the difficulty of his poetry and his aloofness from controversial themes may help to explain why he was tolerated at all in the purge years). Collected editions of his works in the thirties were largely ignored or when noticed were criticized for the opaqueness of the poetry and its remoteness from the propagandized themes of the day. The same treatment was accorded two books of verse during and at the end of the war, *On Early Trains* (1943) and *The Terrestrial Expanse* (1945). The only widespread notice he received after the war was in a resolution of the Praesidium of the Union of Soviet Writers. In this resolution, voted to approve the 1946 speech of Zhdanov, which demanded strict adherence to Party spirit in literature, Pasternak's poetry was condemned as "devoid of ideas and separated from the people's life."

In this atmosphere, so hostile to the highly subjective art of Pasternak, it is little wonder that nothing original has come from his pen over the last ten years until the Italian publication of *Dr. Zhivago*. During this long period he has taken refuge in translating Shakespeare, Goethe, Shelley, Verlaine and other great authors of the West. His versions of *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *An-*

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March 15, 1958



tony and Cleopatra are accepted by judicious critics as the best of the many Russian renderings.

In an early essay Pasternak declared "that it is in our power to do but one thing—and that is not to distort the living voice of life." With passionate intensity he has sought to express this conviction in verse that is nearly always an outgrowth of deeply felt personal experiences. And the dynamic language he uses represents a revolt against the classical forms of lyricism. Poetry, he writes, in his verse definition:

Is the steeply rising whistle,  
The crackle of crushed ice,  
The night that nips the leaves,  
The duet of two nightingales,  
The stifled sweet-pea plant,  
The tears of the world on a shoulder.

The difficulty of his poetry is not a matter of language which, on the whole, is rather simple; it is caused by his method of free association and his extraordinary choice of images. He perceives everything at once, as it were; time and space, physical and spiritual sensations, his experiences and those of nature, interact on all planes of the poet's imagination and create their own separate images. In this timeless continuity Pasternak perceives the wonder of life.

Western students of Russian literature have compared the texture of Pasternak's poetry to that of Donne and Gerard Manley Hopkins. But the verbal structure recalls rather T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas. His poetic outlook, however, is essentially romantic and in many respects he goes back for inspiration to the great Russian poets of the nineteenth century. Of the three most renowned poets of the Soviet Union, Esenin and Mayakovsky resolved the dilemma of adapting themselves to the revolutionary present by committing suicide. Pasternak has resolved it by living in the past and the future as well as in the present. He firmly believes that "artistic creation must continue the image of the race." To him the great socialistic experiment is still a very imperfect thing "of which half is yet to be fulfilled." Steeped in the culture of the Russian and Western European past, capable of reading and discussing with critical profundity the works

of Joyce, Proust and Kafka in English, French and German, he views the Soviet present with the wise detachment of universal vision. His writings contain no Communist slogans, no castigations of imperialist capitalism. He wages his own revolution, but it is a revolt in the cause of art — against traditional rhythms, syntax, and conventional forms and subjects.

IN anticipation of *Dr. Zhivago*, one naturally turns to Pasternak's prose. There is not much of it: four stories that appeared in a small volume in

1925, and his fascinating autobiographical *Safe Conduct* (1931). Something of the quality of his poetry, particularly its striking imagery, suffuses the texture of his prose. Its elliptical nature and stark economy of language sometimes make it difficult to follow. The stories, unlike anything else in Soviet literature, are not built up on conventional conflicts and incidents; they have no beginning or end. Rather a single motif runs through them—the balance of life has been disturbed by some happening, and the character struggles with deepening psychologi-

## Variations on a Theme of Cavalcanti

(Ballata IX. *In un boschetto pastorella*)

I wandered in a little wood, and there  
I met a shepherdess. So fair  
She seemed, I dreamed  
She were a moonbeam, a fountain, or a star.

Her crisped hair was gold.  
Her eyes were made to hold  
All love, in virtu far above  
What may be told.

Her cheeks were white and red.  
And with a wand her sheep she led.  
The cold dew wet her pretty twinkling feet.  
O love O love O love, she said.

Heart-touched, I did reply,  
And gently asked her why  
She walked alone, and made her plaintive moan  
To stocks and stones, green trees, and the blue sky.

Softly she said, Alas  
I have no man to pass  
The time of the sweet Spring with, or bring  
Me solace.

When I hear the small bird sing  
And see the flutter of his speckled wing  
My heart turns over. I long for a lover  
In the green wood in early Spring.

When I heard this, and heard  
The piping of the speckled bird  
I said within my heart, Now hear a proper part;  
And with a courteous word

I begged of her the grace  
That I might kiss her face  
And be the one alone,  
Of her gentleness, in her embrace.

She took my hand and with a kindly will  
Showed me a little hill  
Wherein a stream did flow and flowers grow  
And where (she said) the god of Love did dwell.

She was no moonbeam, star, or dream,  
Nor icy changing crystal stream,  
But very woman, such (I say) as no man  
Might not love, nor her misdeem.

A. J. M. SMITH



cal involvement to restore the balance. In "The Childhood of Luvers," Pasternak's masterpiece and one of the best tales of our time, the loss of the innocence of childhood in a young girl destroys the balance and it is recovered only when experience transforms her innocence into a mature philosophy. There is something uncanny about Pasternak's penetration into the emotional and spiritual ambivalence of the child.

IF ONE may judge from a few available foreign reviews of *Dr. Zhivago*, little of the complexity of Pasternak's early prose style or narrative method is evident in his lengthy novel. So often in art the language which youth employs to conceal is used in old age to reveal. Further, it would appear that Leo Tolstoy, a master of simplicity, has exercised the largest influence on this Soviet novel, which Pasternak—it is reported—regards as his most important literary effort. Its theme is a familiar one in Soviet fiction—the struggle of the old with the new in a tremendous revolutionary upheaval. One gathers from the reviews that Pasternak presents a crowded picture of Russian life from 1903 to 1929. Zhivago, a physician and poet, and his circle of intelligentsia friends, are the hopeful participants in the downfall of a corrupt tsarist regime, but its replacement by a revolutionary superstate eventually brings disillusion and despair to its idealizing adherents. The whole, it seems, is brilliantly illuminated by a philosophical consideration of the great problems of good and evil, and of the relation of individual freedom to historical necessity. Though there appears to be not a little implied and direct criticism of Communist policies, the novel is in no sense a testament of personal rejection of the Soviet regime. The problems Pasternak grapples with in the lives of his characters are apprehended not only intellectually, but also with a deep religious emotion that contributes significantly to the prevailing atmosphere of the work. The novel has obviously been born out of the anguish of a writer whose belief in the free functioning of the individual spirit, in the fact that man is born to live

and not simply to prepare himself for life, has been violated without end in his creative life.

LITERARY circles in Europe hum with conversation about *Dr. Zhivago*. The German correspondent Gerd Ruge recently visited Pasternak in his little retreat a short distance from Moscow (*Die Zeit*, January 16). He found Pasternak cheerful and almost eager to talk about his novel: he began it before the death of Stalin and finished it by the end of 1955; it is not an autobiographical work, but is based on a milieu and people he knows well. It is not a political book, he remarked, and he has no objection to its appearance in a revised and shortened form in the Soviet Union. "I am not sorry that my novel has been published in the West," he said, "but I do regret the fuss which the book has made."

From his lengthy conversation, Gerd Ruge came away with the impression that Pasternak lives in a spiritual world that comprehends all Russian and Western culture. It is a kind of oasis which the poet and his small circle of admirers cultivate in the ideological desert of the Soviet Union. For them the 1917 Revolution and its developments are simply a passing phase of world his-

tory which has been necessary in order to bring about the birth of something new. This is the sphere of freedom which Pasternak has shaped for himself and which is so clearly reflected in his writings. That others—how many no one knows—belong to this world is clear to all who have closely followed the harsh experiences of intellectuals and artists in the Soviet Union over the last twenty years. They are not in revolutionary opposition to the state, yet they are men of artistic integrity who do not say what they don't believe. They live—says Ruge—in that quiet zone which is the center of the hurricane, but they live in the conviction that the hurricane will one day dissipate itself and that their art will survive the destruction and serve as the inspiration of future writers.

Years ago Ilya Ehrenburg declared that "it was Pasternak alone who laid the true foundation of contemporary Soviet literature." With *Dr. Zhivago* he has apparently erected on this foundation an impressive superstructure. It will no doubt be regarded everywhere as a defense of the creative powers of the free and unfettered individual and as a symbol of Pasternak's attachment to values different from those of controlled Soviet literature.

## Memory of Anger

THE MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST. By Dwight Macdonald. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 376 pp. \$4.75.

William Esty

DWIGHT MACDONALD'S provocative, individual writing on political and cultural matters has been infuriating and delighting a loyal audience for years. Now most of these essays have been brought together in a book misnamed *The Memoirs of a Revolutionist*—Uncle Toby would not hurt a fly, Uncle Dwight would not revolutionize a rabbit—which almost any reader will find very annoying and intensely pleasurable, often both on the same page.

The annoyance begins with the selection. The constant to-and-fro, from the viewpoints of 1943 to 1954 to 1947, is

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vertiginous: are we listening to the pacifist-anarchist, to the dissident Trotskyist, or to the wearier latter-day Macdonald who throws up his hands at the whole political mess? We wade through a lot of pacifist sermonizing, e.g., "a choice between an Allied and a Nazi victory was a choice between being strangled or poisoned," muttering to ourselves all the obvious objections to this foolish and potentially dangerous doctrine—only to encounter, halfway through his own book, a chastened post-Berlin-airlift Macdonald sensibly agreeing with all our strictures!

The best items in this collection are the essays the author wrote for his own magazine, *Politics*, a publication that brought sap and sting to the American journalistic scene between 1944 and 1949. Unfortunately, a vanity that is loath to let any of the Macdonald prose slide into oblivion also preserves old *Politics* "think-pieces" on what the Brit-



ish and Russians will be doing in 1945, or when Japan may be expected to surrender. One's irritation, however, is always yielding to admiration: when the man is good, he is very, very good. Macdonald has a passion for clarity that makes him attack when confronted with sloppy journalism, political double-talk, or the woolly "mysticism" of Colin Wilson. He has a pained honesty that impels him to *speak out* in the tradition of Garrison and Chapman. He enthusiastically corrects his own past errors ("No! No! Marxistical babytalk!" starts one exclamatory footnote). Above all, he has—or at least had—a concern for the good life, for human happiness, that is infused with an intense moral sensitivity. These virtues make their possessor a remarkable man, and a remarkably interesting and useful one, especially today when The Big Lie is rivaled only by The Big Snowjob.

MACDONALD'S finest hour was the last years of World War II and the first years of the cold war. All his good points and a few of his failings are to be found in "The Responsibility of Peoples," the section of *Memoirs* that contains the essays, mostly written while the war was still being fought, in which he eloquently attacked and derided the then-popular notion that the German people are to be held collectively responsible for the Nazi atrocities. Macdonald was also denouncing, *before* the

war ended, such American disgraces as the failure to admit more than a handful of Jewish refugees from Europe, and the confinement of the Nisei in concentration camps. At a time when the U.S.S.R. was being "patriotically" white-washed by almost all American organs of publicity, he called the Stalinists "these fifth columnists in the camp of revolution," and pointed a rudely undiplomatic finger at such things as condoning the Soviet betrayal of Warsaw.

Furthermore, Macdonald was almost the *only* civilian who wrote about modern war in a way that can command the assenting recognition of a veteran. Eschewing both side-of-the-mouth heroics and isn't-it-too-unthinkably-frightful eyeball rolling, he put his finger on the great truth that for the soldier war today is a *bore*. His anti-bureaucratic eyes justly appraised the army as another vast impersonal business structure. ("You may not be making much money, but you're working for a hell of a big organization," the G. I.'s used to put it.) And Macdonald must be praised for saying early what so many others came to say later: that our mass bombing of German cities was frightful and probably not even militarily justified; that "unconditional surrender" was an asinine policy. That, in general, if one speaks of "responsibility," one must say that "we" are accountable for our own horrors and, as contributors, for those committed by others.

And yet, and yet . . . even as one admires, one wants to ask questions. Why was anti-Semitism, why was "thinking with your blood" primitivism, so salable a feature of Hitler's election campaigns? Is Macdonald wholly right in insisting that the Germans were outraged by the Nazi persecutions and all-around cruelty? Was he led astray here by his anarchist formula, The State=The Enemy? In another, later essay Macdonald describes the Nazi party as having "mass roots" and "several millions of adherents."

Then, too, Macdonald is capable of writing about war like a civilian of civilians. Forgetting his own insight into the modern soldier's alienation from the impersonal system that encompasses him, he can wring his hands over the brutality of a wartime manual on hand-to-hand fighting (if he had remembered the bayonet-drill scene from Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, he would have realized how indifferent the soldier is to *all* indoctrination, including "hate-the-enemy").

THESE bellicose, un-Lamb-like essays display all the good controversialist's flair, incisiveness, wit, dash, refreshing freedom from blandness. They also suffer from the drawbacks of polemicism. It is hard to read so many hortatory, finger-waving pieces all in a row. His controversialist's stance leads him into arrogance, unpleasantly obtrusive in a long preface describing his political evolution. This arrogance sometimes expresses itself as mere sneering smart-aleckiness, e.g. when he makes fun of the old radical Alex Weisbrod for now being a labor leader (this, from a *New Yorker* editor!) or mocks the editors of the present-day liberal weeklies for their political powerlessness (this from the former editor of *Politics*, circulation 5,000).

For all his vows of intellectual chastity, Macdonald too often falls into the debater's imprecision, sometimes, as he himself typically admits, because of "the intoxication of rhetoric." When he commends our "long and honorable tradition of lawlessness and disrespect for authority," he is mixing up juvenile delinquents, criminals and mobs with such activities as the Catholic Workers' pacifist demonstrations, when he means to praise only the latter sort of action. He speaks of "the mass starvation of the Italians under the Allied occupation," of "millions of men, women and children of the working class [in 19th-century England] . . . starved and worked to death." *Mass* starvation? *Millions* of men? One could give other examples of

## Plaza de Toros, Iowa

(November, 1948)

The cornhusk mattress creaks  
like an empty church;  
my grandfather in sleep  
hunts for his death, a Toreador  
caught in a noise of crowds and cocks.  
A cat with eyes of a doll  
watches from under my chair,  
watching the dust that creeps.  
A curtain blows like a cape.  
Something whisks past,  
darker than water,  
louder than a leaf.

The wind is round in his porcelain mouth  
where his hard breath knocks  
and the bony crescents clack  
like hoofs of a running horse.  
The last snore comes through a canter of teeth.

The bed is still. The window shines.  
Rats in the woodshed leave their chores.  
The roosters cease.  
A bull that panted all night long  
holds his black breath  
and I see his horns blue-white and cold  
like the parentheses of a lyre.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG



distortion in the service of making a good, eloquent case.

Macdonald now thinks Marxism "a bore," criticizes the myth of the "revolutionary" proletariat, and in general disavows the Marxist approach to society. One wonders, then, why he bothers to preserve his bitterly partisan comments on Trotskyist faction fights, and why he has not footnoted many more of the "Marxistical babytalk" remarks that lace his earlier pieces.

Perhaps the truth is that Dwight Macdonald, like his fellow Old Revolutionist, Whittaker Chambers, was never really interested in politics. His concern has always been the Puritan's concern for moral purity. It led him to a now-disavowed pacifism, to a not-clearly-disavowed anarchism ("the real modern problem [is] the encroachment of the State"), finally to a weary, self-confessed confusion and disgusted rejection of politics itself.

Macdonald's current revulsion includes in its sweep the whole of liberalism. He never explains his impatience with it, merely announcing his weariness. But Macdonald's politics has actually always been a politics of revulsion. The revulsion from capitalism propelled him into the "revolutionary" sects of the thirties; the revulsion—appealing enough—from the modern world's brutality produced his pacifism, and perhaps his anarchism is best understood as a shrinking away from the very idea of power, and therefore from politics. We must never forget the pain and brutality of the modern political world, so we will always need men like Macdonald to remind us of it when we wish to forget. But we also need to act, and action implies choice, even if the choice is between the intolerable and the near-intolerable. Today, Macdonald's only apparent remaining political idea is the decentralization of Megalopolis.

The value of the *Memoirs* remains high. It is not so much a document in political philosophy as the record of a voice, persnickety, contentious, vain, unafraid, passionate, garrulous, often irritating, always honest. It is the voice of the indispensable Man Who Protests. The book would warrant publication if only for the delightful and deserved hatchet jobs it contains on writing and people Macdonald doesn't like. It merits reading on the strength alone of his defense of "irresponsible" coterie literature and his praise of the Bollingen prize committee for the Ezra Pound award. The man has many virtues, ones especially needed now in our time of the Nice Guy, even if others are equally needed. Long may he rave.

March 15, 1950

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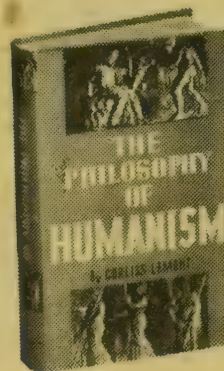
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# Wealth and Rebellion

## THE CONSCIENCE OF THE RICH.

By C. P. SNOW. Charles Scribner's Sons. 342 pp. \$3.95.

Max Cosman

C. P. SNOW is preoccupied with the distinctive social layers of England in this last half century. It was inevitable, then, that the attention he has given to the lower middle class in *Strangers and Brothers* and *Time of Hope*, aristocrats and university fellows in *The Light and the Dark* and *The Masters*, men of science and managerial men in *The New Men* and *Homecoming* should some day be directed to still another group whose position in society requires that it be reckoned with.

The expected scrutiny now appears in *The Conscience of the Rich*. Like its predecessors in the Lewis Eliot sequence, this novel of England's wealthy Jews is readable. It is also valid in the particular sense that it neither spills over into anti-Semitism nor slops back into a currying of Jewish favor. It could be called the considered view of a liberal thinker who is not afraid to follow through to a conclusion. The post of narrator is entrusted again to Lewis Eliot, who is somewhat peripheral in this volume but nonetheless the usual paragon of perceptiveness.

The Marches of *The Conscience of the Rich*, we are shown, are representative of their class. Their fortunes, ranging from £100,000 to £500,000, are typical even by pre-Welfare State standards. Nor are they Englishmen by courtesy. They have been in the land some two hundred years. Indeed, it would be hard to distinguish them from their gentile neighbors since they are marked by the same conservatism, jingoism and pointed admiration for governmental office.

Despite these similarities, or perhaps because of them, the conscience of the respective Marches, as Mr. Snow analyzes it, revolves about the decision to be or not to be Jews. None can escape the issue, for against the willingness of elders like Leonard March and Sir Philip to be Jews—that is, to tread the customary paths of station or office, observing token dietary laws (only bacon seems to be banned), meeting in a ritual of solidarity on Friday nights, controlling marital choice in the young by way of formal dances, punishing a defier of the mores with disinheritance—there stands

MAX COSMAN has written articles and reviews for *Colorado Quarterly*, *Arizona Quarterly*, *Commonweal* and other magazines.

the resistance of young people like Charles and Katherine and Ann to the whole setup which they were born to.

REBELLION appears early in the story when Katherine points out the injustice of being of Jewish descent: "But the point was, you were being treated differently from everyone else. You wouldn't have minded anything but that." Later, Charles caps this misery with his own: "There've been times when I've disliked other Jews—simply because I suffered through being one." But the bitterest expression of rankling comes from Ann to whom he is talking: "I've hated my father sometimes because of the misery I've been through on his account."

Such hurt to the ego must carry over into characteristic action. Charles breaks with an acceptable but selfish legal career and adopts a life of service as a doctor. Katherine marries the gentile with whom she has fallen in love. Ann, subject to her subconscious hate—here Mr. Snow is overtly Freudian—becomes instrumental in a Communist manoeuvre which topples politically the supreme father-image of the Marches, Sir Philip, the Parliamentary Secretary himself.

There is much to praise in *The Con-*

science of the Rich. Its characters are pitched to passion. Its situations lead to recognizable resolutions. It possesses, moreover, the scrupulous documentation, of an upper echelon confidential report as it were, which is the hallmark of Mr. Snow's style. And yet one has reservations. If the novel be read only as the presentation of a problem confronting wealthy Jews, and Snow gives ample cause to read it so, then the work certainly loses its broader social connotation.

That Snow was not unaware of the danger may be sensed in his title. It enjoins the reader to find the book's ultimate meaning, not in the tribulation of "one of the greatest of Anglo-Jewish houses," but in the tensions of the economic class to which such houses belong. Taken in this light, *The Conscience of the Rich* does yield up its underlying pattern. The wealthy in the book are all the wealthy and as subject as they can be to the concerns of the day. No more than any other powerful group can they escape the issue of homogeneity, the conflict between old and new generations, the coming down in prestige, and the ever-sad nakedness, the nakedness to one's personal enemies. In palimpsest fashion C. P. Snow bids moneyed people search their consciences and come to terms with the all-changing world about them.

## Reading the Blues

Nat Hentoff

IN INCREASING numbers, the public aware of cultural developments, however idiomatic, is beginning to exhibit curiosity about jazz. The music is now being discussed by resident specialists in such journals as *The New York Times*, *New Statesman* and *The New Yorker*; *Harper's* soon will begin a regular jazz column. Even ANTA and the State Department occasionally turn to jazz as an international weapon, and Vice-President Nixon has told Eddie Condon he owns all of Mr. Condon's records (anybody want to bet?).

Obviously, the direct way to self-instruction in jazz is to hear the music. Jazz night clubs, however, are noisome (the customers, not the musicians) and expensive. Jazz concerts and "festivals" are infrequent and usually programmed like a benefit. The most satisfactory answer for the beginner is recordings, but with scores of jazz albums being released each month, it's difficult to know where to start and how to avoid land mines.

Neither of the American "jazz" magazines, *Down Beat* or *Metronome*, offers consistently penetrating aid. *Down Beat* is especially shallow and is apparently geared for less advanced high school sophomores. The only adult specialist jazz magazine in English, in fact, is *Jazz Monthly*, edited by Albert McCarthy from The Old Bakehouse, Back Road East, St. Ives, Cornwall, England. It is quantitatively encouraging to note the growing number of jazz columns appearing in local newspapers and in general magazines like *The Saturday Review*, but they are usually just lists of enthusiasms and animadversions.

A surprising number of factual books on jazz have been published in the past three years, but only a few are reliable and of durable value. There is still no adequate full-scale history of jazz, but a thorough examination of pre-jazz his-

NAT HENTOFF, with Nat Shapiro, is the author of *The Jazz Makers*. He is a regular contributor to *Hi-Fi & Music Review*.



tory can be found in Marshall Stearns' *The Story of Jazz* (Oxford University Press; \$5.75). Absorbing supplementary material is contained in the booklets issued with Folkways' *Negro Music of Alabama*, Vols. 1 and 2 (Folkways FE4417, FE4418) and Fred Ramsey's *Music from the South*, Vols. 1-10 (Folkways FA2650-FA2659).

Of the autobiographical "as told to" books, the most candid and least diluted is *Big Bill Blues* (Grove Press; \$3), which is an introduction to the social background of the blues in general as well as to blues singer Broonzy's own life. Still harsher light is thrown on the life of the Negro musician, even in jazz, in Billie Holiday's *Lady Sings The Blues* (Popular Library; 35c.) An exceptionally valuable autobiography, placed within an historical and socio-economical framework by the editor, is *Mister Jelly Roll* by Alan Lomax (Grove Press; \$1.45). Worth hearing along with the book are Jelly Roll Morton's Library of Congress reminiscences about his part in the early days of jazz (Riverside 9001-9012).

THE only reliable analytical book-length study of the nature of jazz improvisations, rhythms, etc. is André Hodeir's *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* (Grove Press; \$1.45). Less technical and perhaps therefore more valuable to the beginner is Sidney Finkelstein's *Jazz: A People's Music* (Citadel Press; \$3—published in 1948, but available at most remainder counters).

A convenient collection of the kind of writing on jazz to be avoided is the recent *Jam Session: An Anthology of Jazz*, edited by Ralph J. Gleason (Putnam; \$4.95). The galloping amateurism that has provided the bulk of writing on jazz for twenty-five years makes up most of the book. The "personality" sketches of jazzmen range from the superficial to the ingenuously distorted. Sections on the music itself are often inaccurate and at times, whoopingly uninformed (a collectors' item is Henry Pleasants' "What Is This Thing Called Jazz?", first printed in *High Fidelity* and proof that almost anyone is thought qualified to write about jazz if he can provide the fresh perspective of enthusiastic ignorance).

Jazz fiction has been consistently burdened by what Gilbert Millstein in the *New York Times* earlier this year described as "steadfastly bad writing. Their tone keys the monumental self-pity of their protagonists to the authors' maudlin appreciation of it." Furthermore, nearly all of the jazz novelists and short story writers have

shown as much knowledge of the inside of the jazz life as do the jazz critics—they look a little like Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm on a picket line. A recent book, George Lea's *Somewhere There's Music* (Lippincott; \$1.50) is a prototype of lachrymose, pseudo-hip jazz fiction. Notwithstanding generous encomiums from Norman Mailer and Nelson Algren, the book's hollow style is one-dimensional; the characters are stocks from the layman's imaginary jazz world; and the plot is as hip as *True Confessions*. "The book ends," com-

mented Millstein, "with him [the protagonist], taking a big sniff of 'H' preparatory to going to Harlem. This is a pointless rap at (a) modern jazz and (b) Harlem."

Critical and historical jazz writing does appear to be slowly improving, but fervid amateurism is apt to be predominant for some time, because the fan-writer is well entrenched. As long as *Down Beat* remains the "bible" of the field, the writing will be of a caliber more appropriate to revealed religion than to responsible criticism.

## Know-How

"Can do! Can do!" With whir and clunk  
And very little getting drunk  
They rinsed the mock-up in the oil.  
They brought the cadmium to a boil,  
Then shoveled in with plop and plink  
A hail of little hunks of zinc.  
From blueprints like an iris petal  
They dug the troughs to pour the metal,  
And gave it flanges, whorls, and tapers  
By snarling it through lathes and shapers.  
Oh exquisite beyond applause  
The curls that grew from carbide claws!  
They whanged the rivets round the rims  
While subcontractors milled the shims.  
A vast conveyor belt conveyed  
The marvel they had all but made  
Till there it stood—a lovely mass  
Of chromium and plexiglass.

Unautomated, came the buzz  
Of someone asking what it was.  
They beat the pagan to his knees  
And briskly cried, "Next order, please!"

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# LETTER from ROME

By William Weaver

ONE FRIDAY morning earlier this winter, the traffic in Naples' Corso Umberto I was blocked for three hours, while a pitched battle between police and students took place in front of the dingy main building of the University of Naples. Twenty-one students and six policemen were wounded, a number of others suffered minor bruises, and at the end, thirty-three arrests were made. This outbreak of violence—which was front-page news all over Italy—was only the most spectacular episode in a long drama that for months has been tormenting Italian university life. In the last couple of months there have been two nationwide general strikes, in which not only students but also professors and university presidents have taken part.

Violence, of a lesser kind, is not a stranger in Italian universities. At the University of Rome, for example, there are frequent disorders outside lecture halls, where perhaps five or six hundred students are trying to crowd into a room designed to accommodate half that number. Italian students are not on strike because they want to study less; they are striking for greater opportunity to learn.

Overcrowding is only one of the serious problems that concern higher education here. Professors are underpaid, and their assistants are given such ridiculously low wages (an average of \$50-\$60 per month) that few competent graduates are tempted to stay on at the university. These assistants are also severely overworked, because they are constantly called upon to give the lec-

tures of the full professors, among whom absenteeism is a time-honored practice (I attended a half-dozen sessions of a course at the University of Rome, and saw the professor just once). The few dedicated teachers find themselves handicapped by lack of funds, lack of time and lack of equipment (as a student, Enrico Fermi used to spend his pocket money for lab supplies). It is not difficult for a student to take a degree from an Italian university, after having attended no more than a few dozen lectures in three years. Final examinations are generally oral and very brief. A single professor may examine as many as a hundred students in a day.

THE result is easy to imagine: a university degree in Italy is coming to stand for less and less. The situation is particularly grave in medicine—an Italian medical student can take his degree without ever having worked with a cadaver, without having delivered a baby or witnessed an operation—and once he has his degree, he can hang out a shingle and start practicing.

To remedy this gradual devaluation of the university degree, the Italian Government has announced the *esame di stato*—a national examination from which graduates may receive licenses to practice their various professions. It was the announcement of this examination that provoked the first national strike, last December. The government then met with student and faculty representatives, and the Minister of Public Instruction agreed to reconsider the nature of the examination. After a few weeks, a new version of the exam was released—a considerably easier version, obviously catering to what the officials thought the students wanted. A second strike and the Naples riot were the results.

The Ministry had completely misjudged the students' point of view. The examination—in both its first and second editions—was nothing more than a repetition of the final exams which students take in the last university year anyhow; it had no value at all as a practical, qualifying exam. What the students want—and this had been made clear by the Unione Nazionale Universitaria Rappresentativa Italiana (a body representing the great majority of Italy's 270,000 students)—is a seriously-prepared, professional test, following a university education which not only gives students a degree, but also suffi-

cient chance to learn the practice of their fields as well as the theory.

The solution does not seem near. In a few months Italy faces new general elections, and this pre-election period is a time of stasis on many fronts. Nobody wants to stick his neck out; it is difficult to have funds appropriated, or to force final decisions. The present Minister of Public Instruction (who may well be replaced after the elections) has insisted that he can promulgate a satisfactory version of the *esame di stato* within the next few weeks. That seems unlikely, since—as the students have made apparent—it is not the exam, but the preparation for it that is important.

MEANWHILE student morale is low. The students' political parties fight the understandable apathy of the student body, but one of the major university political elements is the F.U.A.N. (Fronte Universitaria Azione Nazionale), a neo-Fascist group. At the University of Rome, for example, this Fascist group is in a majority. Their members are particularly active in demonstrations, eager to exacerbate the present situa-

## The Crossroads

(an homage to Edwin Muir)

Wherever a man stands still  
—whether from weariness  
or the moment reciprocal—  
the road perpendicular  
to that of his progress  
lashes out, near and far.

And it is just as well  
that some do not go on  
to the perilous dark chapel,  
although in the glistering town  
toward which they drift instead  
the inhabitants are dead.

And it is well that some  
—seemingly perverse—  
hold staunchly to their route:  
as did Oedipus who'd come  
to that place where he might  
have stepped aside. Should not these  
whose tendency it is  
have some great reason to nurse  
for gouging out their eyes?

Here! There! the roads lash out  
like fire, and we must pause  
and rest and gaze about,  
regardless of their laws.  
Much doubt may come to light  
in the long spells we turn  
and weigh the double fork.  
Almost a road uncuts  
our indecisions burn  
above the roads we walk.

DAVID GALLER

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tion and to embarrass Italian democratic processes.

Student morale has been depressed still further by the raising of tuition fees—a desperate, inadequate attempt to pay for better equipment and instruction. Italian students are poor and simply cannot pay higher tuition. The new Italian constitution—which recently celebrated its tenth anniversary—guarantees to all deserving young people the “right to study.” In practice, only two per cent of Italian university students are being educated on fellowships—and these fellowships are miser-

able by foreign standards. Italy is a country with a great tradition of teachers and scholars from Vico and Volta to Croce and Fermi. It is also a country besieged by economic problems: backward areas, unemployment, lack of housing. Here is the vicious circle: to find the money to train the new generation of economists and scientists and thinkers who can help solve these problems and preserve the hard-won democratic values of post-war Italy. Meanwhile, as I write this, another students’ strike has been called for next Wednesday.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

THE FIRST essay in Max Beerholm’s *Around Theatres* was called “Why I Ought Not To Be a Dramatic Critic,” if my columns carried titles I should give the present one a similar heading. Many critics, it is evident, write as if the praise or abuse they bestow on a play were as significant as the play itself. I have never succeeded in harboring such a sentiment. I experience a certain sense of guilt whenever I express an opinion — favorable or otherwise — about the plays I am called on to review, and this feeling has become especially acute of late because I am not sure how I ought to treat certain recent productions.

There is, for example, the dramatization of *The Brothers Karamazov* by Boris Tamarin and Jack Sydwow down at the Gate Theatre (on Second Avenue at Tenth Street). I have been waiting until its success was established to mention it. I have never been able to overcome my conviction that Dostoevsky’s major novels should not be dramatized. This is perhaps an obscurantist view. Many have attempted the task—the Moscow Art Theatre most acceptably because it presented scenes directly transcribed from the book and employed an actor with a fine voice, superb diction and intelligent demeanor to read explanatory passages also culled from the original text—but I always come away from such presentations with the impression of something dismayingly distorted.

But, lo and behold, the young actors at the Gate are not only packing them in at their tiny theatre but have impressed some of my most perceptive friends. They almost unreservedly approve of this production of *The Brothers Karamazov*. I suppose they should; I

am glad they do. For there are a number of talented young actors in it and the effect of the whole is simple and sensible. Even a little taste of *The Brothers Karamazov*—surely one of the great novels of all time—must be a sumptuous meal. Can I help it if the production, for all its merits, strikes me as would the incongruous sight of Dostoevsky in knickers?

THEN there is Cocteau’s *The Infernal Machine* (Phoenix). I have seen this play in four different productions—including the original one in Paris. I have also read Francis Fergusson and Noel Oxenhandler—both men worth attention—on the symbolism and subtleties of this reputable play. Yet I am still not able to appreciate the values which they have so painstakingly expounded. I sense nothing in the play but an agile dilettantism, and I came away from the show thinking of nothing so much as how attractive June Havoc looked in the red night dress Alvin Colt had designed for her. Is that an opinion?

And there is Edwin Justus Mayer’s *Children of Darkness* (Circle-in-the-Square) which, since its original Broadway production many years ago, has been lamented as an undeserved failure. Mayer is a conscious writing man, what Mencken, I believe, would have called “a word fellow.” He enjoys and asks us to share his enjoyment in word pattern and phrase patterns of an elegant, romantically sophisticated, playfully diabolic, stage Baroque. In this he is unique in the American theatre, and I am all for such oddities and aberrations.

There is violent action in the play, but this is supererogatory. We have learned that a play can be “talky” and still be stage-worthy. Shaw, for one, has

proved it. But there is drama in Shaw’s “talk” (as there is, to take another example, in Beckett’s) because the impulse which projects the talk is not only a liveliness and invention of ideas but a passionate, persuasive instinct which is in vital conflict with the audience’s passivity toward these ideas.

The same does not exist in *Children of Darkness* which, for all its plotting and occasionally clever lines, seems like an exercise in rhetoric conveying nothing so much as the author’s desire to reach some other realm outside the humdrum of our own. The inspiration is sympathetic, but the result is strained. None of the performers is bad. George C. Scott as an ultra-cynic in a pastiche of the English eighteenth century vein is quite effective, and one is once again glad to see Colleen Dewhurst, an uncommonly handsome young actress of true potentiality, though she is hardly ever cast in roles that correspond to her talent—which is of a richly emotional nature under the stress of some (possib-

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ly puritanic) constraint. José Quintero's production tends to drift into a sort of "Gothic" melodrama instead of sparkling with comedic artificiality. Still should we not say "yea" to this unusual off-Broadway effort?

*Blue Denim* by James Herlihy and William Noble, directed by Joshua Logan is a slight play—at once domestic comedy and tear jerker—about adolescent love leading to what a character in the play calls a "horrible operation," and the problem of middle-class parents who do not know how to communicate with their children and vice versa.

When I call the play a tearjerker I am not being disparaging: I am simply reporting that I heard significant snuffles

and blowing of noses throughout the house—and I would not dream of belittling this. It means that the play touches a sensitive spot in the audience. Most of the dialogue, which reveals "the delinquent" boastfulness of basically sweet adolescents, seemed to me to smack of gags, while the sentiment in the play is inoffensive except for its expectedness.

The production and acting are thoroughly adept—and I have no objection whatsoever, despite my own lack of true engagement in the proceedings, to the play's meeting the approval of the extensive audience to whom the show is addressed. Still I don't call that an opinion!

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

UNLESS I am imagining things, the public behavior of soprano Maria Meneghini Callas has taken a subtle change since her January debacle in Rome, where she walked out on the production of *Norma* that was to have opened the operatic season there, and was, in retaliation, kept from appearing in several subsequent productions. Here in New York, her singing with the Metropolitan Opera has been surrounded by just the normal types of publicity—critical reviews; a "life story" serialized in the *New York Post*; written and televised interviews. None of the verbiage, to my knowledge, has been stimulated by the negative fact of non-appearance. And that, I think, is good. The importance of a singer lies in her singing; not in her bronchitis or her tantrums.

Callas' recent appearance as Lucia in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* struck me as a commendably sustained and high-level effort; a performance of good, but not thrilling, Metropolitan Opera caliber. I do not find her voice particularly attractive. Neither its edgy quality nor the siren-like pungency of its highest tones contains much that I would call intrinsically beautiful. But, so long as she is not singing at full volume, the voice is capable of great flexibility and accurate intonation. These qualities were particularly tested in the florid passages of the mad-scene, where, even in the nakedly revealing duet between the soprano and a flute down in the pit, each phrase came forth with seeming facility and remained meticulously on pitch. If this technical accomplishment had carried with it an apposite feeling of musical élan, I would have

been delighted. Even so, it was a feat one does not too often encounter.

In an overall sense, Callas' portrayal seemed more of an intellectual achievement than a projection of human personality. Whether her failure to send warmth across the footlights was a result of singing consistently at a restrained dynamic level, I cannot say. But I had a disturbed feeling throughout the evening that some interior part of the singer was not being made manifest, either through the music or through her acting. Many aspects of the performance seem calculated: the strangely wobbling, worried movement of her head; the peculiar gesture of one hand against her cheek; even, frequently, the singing itself. And yet, there were moments when only a few aspects of the performance seemed to have been considered. Using the mad-scene again for an example, aside from the consciously statuesque posture which the singer assumed when she first appeared at the head of a staircase, she paid little attention to visual characterization. Callas' thoughts seemed to be concentrated on singing alone, and as I have indicated, she did that with technical success. Visually, however, there was not much madness on display.

In the same production, a young tenor named Eugenio Fernandi made his first Metropolitan Opera appearance in the role of Eduardo. His vigorous stage behavior and the clarion power of his voice fairly jolted the auditorium. Giorgio Tozzi, who sang the part of Raimondo, did so in a richly colored and urbane manner, while in other prominent roles, Thelma Votipka and Mario

Sereni sang with equal conviction. Conductor Fausto Cleva presided in the pit.

AT Town Hall, a few days later, a large, lively audience greeted the *Virtuosi di Roma* on their first American visit in two years with thundering accolades at every movement's end. The program, entitled *Instrumental Italian Music of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, comprised six Concerti Grossi by Vivaldi; the Concerto in D Major, Op. 6 No. 4, by Corelli; and a Concerto in D Minor for Oboe and Strings by Tommaso Albinoni. It was thoroughly charming.

Renato Fasano, the director of this thirteen-man ensemble (made up of strings, cembalo, and an intermittent woodwind) founded the group for the express purpose of playing rarely-heard music from original scores and, insofar as possible, according to the traditions obtaining in the composers' times. The fact that the ensemble calls itself, in Italy, the *Collegium Musicum italicum*, strikes me as important. For these musicians are not virtuosi in the Heifetz, Milstein, Elman sense. They seem, instead, like members of a good theatrical repertory company.

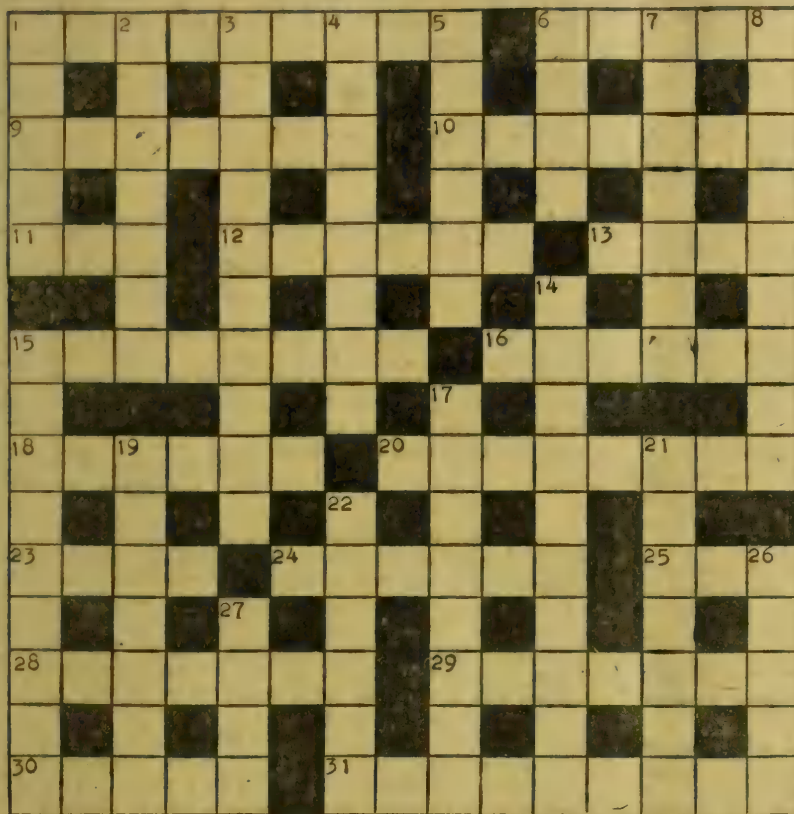
Under Fasano's direction, however, they present a few characteristics to distinguish them from other such groups. First of all, they play every fast movement as if the very devil were after them, sailing along on the buoyant edge of the pulse, yet seldom seeming to hurry. Their slow movements, without fail, have a melting languorousness which strikes me as completely appropriate in this antique Italian music. And, when the instruments are all drawn together on a single broad chord, or a succession of them, their control of internal balances and of dynamic progressions from soft to loud is really remarkable for its sensitivity and for the warm, compact color it produces.

When so many Concerti by Vivaldi are grouped together, it is impossible to avoid some general observations, for this composer's bag of tricks, through wondrous, was comparatively small. His bass pedal points often sport passages of fine soprano brilliance above them. Refreshing conversations between two solo instruments (usually violins) are a staple of his vocabulary. His passages in undulating thirds are as sensuously appealing as the Doge's palace. These elements make Vivaldi's music immensely ingratiating even today, and the *Virtuosi di Roma* presented them all in full flower. Nor were the Corelli and Albinoni works made to seem less graceful and refined.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 763

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Make a motion in a short time before the council, if you aim to score here. (9)
- 6 See 18 across
- 9 In case it comes back to land, they'll show how Parisians got around. (7)
- 10 Bow before the queen's abode, perhaps, if a record holder. (7)
- 11 Risking this when the band doesn't show? One glides so easily! (3)
- 12 Notice it gets split loose! (6)
- 13 See 19 down
- 15 Ma senses there's no difference with it. (8)
- 16 One might expect to move rapidly in such a profession. (6)
- 18 and 6 across We wish they would on the first of every month—it's a sign of hoarding. (4, 2, 5)
- 20 Hit a town and seize it with this? (8)
- 23 The sort of vessels Robbie loses his head over? (4)
- 24 See 6 down
- 25 The sort of 6 across that tabulate the main flow. (3)
- 28 Otherwise horses move somewhat peculiarly. (7)
- 29 A white rat especially has to do it again. (7)
- 30 A union man probably has a 3 one correct. (5)
- 31 A farmer might complain of such a long distance. (5, 4)

## DOWN:

- 1 Takes off (at least in the middle). (5)
- 2 A miler's not concern with sentiment, naturally! (7)
- 3 An object for the old trader or the new lawyer? (10)
- 4 The sort of bats that take a trick the hard way? (8)
- 5 Makes like Dopey? (6)
- 6 and 24 across Dollar-a-year directors? Rather big wheels involved! (10)
- 7 Implies a comparatively full loaf. (7)
- 8 Polonius warned against being so caught in secret surroundings rather feebly. (9)
- 14 Man's heart's broken by worrying. (10)
- 15 This bird is two kinds of fool! (9)
- 17 What a fender might be doing. (8)
- 19 and 13 across Vice-ruler account (for the U-boat campaign, no doubt). (7, 4)
- 21 One is not likely to give thanks. (7)
- 22 Put up a roll around no tissue like this. (6)
- 26 Do women find such hose rather steep? (5)
- 27 With 6 down this might be termed Deerslayer. (4)

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New York, N. Y.

"I have learned a great deal from *Sex Without Guilt*. Although my specialty is not psychiatry, I feel that many aspects of sexual behavior presented in this volume are entirely avoided or tersely mentioned in textbooks by reputed authorities.

"The careful reading of this book should be of great value, both to professional and lay people in-

\* \* \*

Perhaps the most incisive comment comes from a man in Chicago who writes: "I have no comment more to the point than my enclosed check for ten additional copies. What a book!"

It is still possible for readers of *The Nation* to secure copies now of "*Sex Without Guilt*" although this book will not be available to the general public until its publication on April 21.

Lyle Stuart, publisher, 225 Lafayette Street  
New York 12, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Here is my \$4.95. Please rush me by return mail a copy of "*Sex Without Guilt*" by Dr. Albert Ellis.

My name is .....  
(please print)

My address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

3-15-58

terested in a frank approach to the sex problem in America."

Edward Gallardo, M.D.  
La Salle, Ill.

"Without doubt, I believe that it would be tremendously beneficial if this extremely provocative, challenging and penetrating book could be made easily available to all levels of our adult society. . . . I might add that I was unable to put the book down until I had finished reading it."

William Broadbent  
Alexandria, Va.

"As a student of psychology, I possess in my personal library approximately one hundred different titles dealing with human behavior. By far the greatest number of these books deal with some aspect of sexual and family relationships, and they include titles by Freud, Havelock Ellis, Beach & Ford, Fromm, Lena Levine, both books by Kinsey and his associates, etc. I mention these books only by way of pointing out that in my reaction to Dr. Ellis' present book I am not entirely without basis for comparison.

"Of the many authors and authorities in the field of sexual relationships, Dr. Ellis is perhaps not so profound or technical as some others, and in this lies his great strength, because he certainly is not lacking in experience.

"He says simply and forcefully the things that have too long needed saying out loud and in public. . . . Dr. Ellis has done a desperately needed job exceptionally well. I want to do all I can to insure that his views become as widely known as possible. The thought comes immediately to mind of the desirability of buying extra copies as gifts for friends and relatives. . . ."

Harold W. Rollins  
Plainfield, Vermont

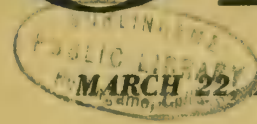
From its first chapter ("New Light on Masturbation") to its final chapters on "Sex Fascism" and "The Right To Sex Enjoyment," you will find this a most enlightening and unusual book.

To secure your copy, use the coupon at the left. Mail it together with your payment of \$4.95 — and your copy of "*Sex Without Guilt*" will be shipped to you by return mail.

Once you read it, the probability is that you too will join those who believe this will be one of the most talked about books of the year.



THE  
**NATION**



**PLANNING FOR  
THE YEAR 2000**

*by J. Bronowski*

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**THEOLOGY OF POWER**

*by Brand Blanshard*

---

**THE NICE MURDERER:  
Search for a Motive**

*by Hale Champion*



# LETTERS

## That Pagan Sermon

[So many requests have come in for copies of C. Wright Mills's "A Pagan Sermon to the Christian Clergy" that we have found it necessary to order reprints. See page 260 of this issue for reprint order form.

Below is a sampling of the flood of letters the article provoked.—Editors.]

Dear Sirs: The article by C. Wright Mills in the issue of March 8 is both courageous and powerful. It is a commentary on the moral status of the Christian—and non-Christian—world today that the plain speaking of truth on matters of life and death significance to all of us requires great courage.

I hope the article will be reprinted...

HARALD H. LUND

Higganum, Conn.

Dear Sirs: I feel that I simply must take time out to write.

I have read and reread (and will probably read some more) Mr. C. Wright Mills' A Pagan Sermon to the Christian Clergy. Offhand, I can't recall ever reading anything better in your pages—or anywhere else for that matter. It was simply wonderful; a powerful, powerful piece, a ringing indictment. The Mills type of antibodies are sorely needed today to help fight the sickness—the madness—that has, over the past decade, laid hold of America.

I should like to know that many, many clergymen will hear what Mr. Mills has to say, mull it around in their minds—and take up the challenge he lays down. Because they are the key—the key to a change in men's way of thinking (which is the basic requirement) toward the whole insane structure of power politics, militarism, and ever more diabolical instruments of death and destruction our leaders have erected and continue to add to.

THOMAS BRODERICK

Schenectady, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: C. Wright Mills' sermon might be ignored by most of the clergy, but I wonder if they can afford to do so honestly.

In this small community we count as friends some outspoken clergymen who are very much alert to the evils of our over-mechanized, and mechanistic, society. The individual churchman outside the large cities seems to be a lot closer to the people, less warped by the

fetish of mass media and mass audience.

Nevertheless, the opinion of Mr. Mills, added to those of prominent physicists and geneticists, would confirm the conclusion that the chance for avoiding a nuclear hell is narrowing. In this situation, the responsibility of the church is enormous, and inescapable...

Why not start a third party, the Grass Roots, or Humane, or Peace, or Earth First party? The idea may be utopian, in view of past failures. But at least it would justify and utilize the desire of tens of thousands towards something positive, no matter how naive it might appear to the followers of the "Madison Ave. International."

E. GALLARDO, M.D.

President, American

Interprofessional Institute

La Salle, Illinois

Dear Sirs: C. Wright Mills' article really rang the gong! One would think, after reading it, that the pious pretensions of the churches have been nailed—but good.

The painful truths that Mills forces out in his article are not entirely pagan in their sponsorship. One notable exception may be seen in the fact that the recently elected president of the National Council of Churches is a pacifist. Nor is Edwin T. Dahlberg alone among pacifists who are widely known in Christian circles. Harry Emerson Fosdick, E. Stanley Jones, Kenneth Scott Latourette and Howard Thurman are a few others who have more than once gone on record against war—not only in a crisis period of cold war but also during the shooting wars of recent years, including World War II. Through organizations such as the Church Peace Mission and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, they have affirmed the supremacy of the commandment to "love your enemy" over the dictates of the nation-state.

This is not to deny the pertinence of Mills' charge against a numerically large Christianity which is only nominally Christian on the question of war. But it is not quite accurate to imply that there have been no voices for peace within the churches. Indeed, where outside of Christianity have there been more numerous or more vigorous advocates of peace and reconciliation?

WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER

Nyack, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: The clergy to whom Mr. Mills is addressing his pertinent remarks will not consider him a pagan. On the contrary, they will consider him a con-

scientious Christian... a voice in the desert vociferating the agony of mankind now surrounded by fear and doubt, danger and suffering.

(REV.) A. ANGULO

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

### Strict Neutrality

At and preceding the SEATO meetings, Secretary Dulles voiced his usual dark apprehensions of "new aggressive Communist plans" for subversion in Asia. He had some kind words, however, for the Moslem Association, which was preparing a revolt in Central Sumatra. This revolt clearly could not be termed subversive since it was directed against President Sukarno's "guided democracy," in which the Communists are collaborators. Other ingredients in the Indonesian brew are the economic and political difficulties of the Sukarno regime, which, with food stocks low, has been importing rice from Red China and has accepted a Soviet offer of ten Soviet ships aggregating 35,000 tons. Equally significant is the dependence of the Jakarta (Sukarno) Government on oil revenues from the \$125 million Caltex field in Central Sumatra, the presence of some 600 American nationals on the island, and the presence of American naval strength in the area.

Unnamed "top officials" in Washington affirmed that President Eisenhower was standing on his pledge of strict neutrality in the dispute between the Government at Jakarta and the Sumatran rebels at Padang. Previously Secretary Dulles, asked to comment on the situation in Indonesia before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, had assured the members that we were "not intervening in the internal affairs of this country." But then he added:

We would be very happy to see the non-Communist elements, who are really the majority there, exert a greater influence in the affairs of Indonesia than has been the case in the past, where Sukarno has moved toward his so-called guided democracy theory, which is a nice-sounding name for what I fear would end up to be Communist despotism.

Asked about Sukarno's bombing of the rebel-held area with planes made in America, the Secretary replied: "I think that there is a fair chance that out of this will come a curtailment of the trend toward communism. I don't want to be more precisely detailed at the moment than that."

This may all be perfectly innocent and strict neutrality may indeed be observed by Secretary Dulles and

Brother Allen and by the forces they could set in motion to ensure that the children of light shall prevail over the children of darkness. But then again, some Indonesians may remember Guatemala, where there was also a government indulgent toward Communists, and they may remember what happened to it. If such recollections of the not too distant past are dredged up, Jakarta will have cold chills, while Padang may entertain pleasant anticipations. It will be interesting to see whose fears are dispelled, whose hopes fulfilled, as "strict neutrality" takes concrete shape.

### Citizens or "Personnel"?

Last week, a B-47 flown by the Strategic Air Force accidentally dropped an atom bomb in South Carolina; the bomb, described as "unarmed," wrecked a house and injured six persons. The atomic material in the bomb did not explode, but it was spread over a considerable area by the T.N.T. trigger explosion, and decontamination squads were sent in to mop it up. Meanwhile "all personnel" were requested by the Air Force to shun the place of the accident. By "personnel" in this context, the Air Force means civilians—what we used to call citizens, people or folks. It is a term used by the military to describe human beings so debased in their reason that they can accept as "unarmed" a missile that destroys a man's house and injures his whole family. Used this way, "personnel" is a very dirty word.

On the same day that this accident was reported, the papers told us that the underground atomic explosion of last September, which the Atomic Energy Commission had said was not detected by the most sensitive instruments beyond a range of 250 miles, was in reality felt at distances greater than 2,000 miles. The point at issue here was whether, in the event of a moratorium on bomb testing, the United States could detect an unauthorized Russian explosion. Not to be rude about it, the AEC was careless of the truth in an issue of grave and immediate international concern.

At times such as these, carelessness so gross comes under the heading of criminal negligence. We, the people, have been confused and misled by our public servants,



in this case by Admiral Strauss and his colleagues. Why do we not rise up and throw them out of their jobs, ride them out of Washington on the rail of public contempt? Is it because we are no longer people, but only "personnel"? In that case, we may stop worrying lest the Russian hordes sweep out of the East and reduce us to slaves—we have already enslaved ourselves.

## This Recession Will Educate

Of a sudden the recession has become the dominant preoccupation in Washington. Only a few months back, defense was being billed as the key issue in the 1958 Congressional election, but by last week both parties were locked in a feverish competition to see which could establish the clearer public image of itself as the party more concerned with unemployment and better equipped to cope with it. In a month's time, the first phase of the recession has ended not with a whimper but a bang; suddenly the mood has shifted from "wait and see" to "let's get going." On February 12, the President announced that we had heard about the last of the "bad news"; March, he thought, would see "the start of the pick-up." But even before the February figures were released, showing that unemployment had risen by nearly 700,000, the Administration was singing a different tune. As eight Eisenhower Republicans joined with the Democratic leadership in the Senate to demand prompt action, the President released his "Dear Joe, Dear Bill" letter with its seven-point program. Since then Washington has churned with anti-recession proposals; nearly every Senator has his own program. In some quarters the promptness, volume and violence of this reaction has been deplored; "Recession Panics Politicians," reads an editorial caption in the *Christian Science Monitor*. For our part, we are delighted to see that Washington's bipartisan reflexes are in such a good shape after a decade of prosperity and full employment. Not only does this promise to be the most copiously reported recession in history, but the educational content should assay fairly high. Unlike 1929, the principle of federal responsibility has been established; both parties, as their actions clearly indicate, now accept it. This time the public can concentrate on the mechanics and judge the results as each remedy is in turn presented, debated and applied. In short, the stage has been set for a promising experiment in mass education.

## The Doctor's Dilemma

Scanning the financial section as late as last fall, one found concern over inflation, both for its immediate ill effects and lest it lead to deflation later. Now we have the feared deflation and, at least for the time being, inflation too. The question may legitimately be asked whether the Keynesian prescriptions, which are capitalism's only — though seldom acknowledged — remedy

against intolerable gyrations of the economy, will prove more than a palliative in the long run. The recent record leaves considerable doubt.

On March 15, 1957, Chairman William McChesney Martin, Jr., of the Federal Reserve, publicly rejected the suggestion of Sumner Slichter and others that the United States could safely allow a "creeping" inflation of 2-3 per cent a year as the price of full employment. "If you take this view," Mr. Martin warned, "then another bust will surely come." Only three weeks later *The New York Times* reported that workers were being laid off in a wide range of major industries as a result of "swollen inventories, sagging demand and shrinking earnings." By mid-1957, several months before Sputnik I appeared in the sky, the economy was already looking to increased government spending for salvation. In August the slide was quite definitely under way, but the Federal Reserve was still raising the discount rate. Wall Street was worrying about recession and expressing its worries on the Exchange, but the White House advisers were still fighting inflation, as were many VIPs of business. Thus Carol N. Shanks, head of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, urged that the Federal Reserve step still harder on the credit brakes even at "the risk of producing some unemployment and possibly even plunging us into a recession."

He has had his wish. Now we shall see whether a worse cycle of inflation will not be triggered off and after that, possibly, Mr. Humphrey's "hair-curling depression."

The trouble is that Keynes posited neat alternations of depression and boom and offered appropriate remedies for each, such as increased government spending and lowered taxes during depression and higher taxes with decreased spending during a boom. But the concepts of an innovator are always oversimplified. The boom which petered out in 1957 was based on large-scale government spending from the outset. Under such conditions, when recession develops despite the already heavy stimulus by government, the pressure for still bigger shots quickly becomes irresistible, and of course the only really acceptable form of government spending is for armaments; anything trainted with welfare must be cut to the bone — except, possibly, when an election hangs in the balance.

What next? Since prices aren't dropping, the President is right in hesitating to reduce taxes. Mr. Martin is right when he warns that "excessive stimulus during recession can jeopardize long-run stability." Richard Nixon, looking to the next election and the one after that, is politically right in counseling a tax cut. But, after the delicate question is decided as to how much to let up on the rich and well-off ("investors"), the corporations ("job-givers") and the people who haven't enough money to spend ("customers" or ex-customers) there is still no certainty that the boom can be restored to its original exuberance. And beyond that, there is the difficulty with which Lord Keynes was never con-



fronted: what does the doctor do when the patient is in a state of incipient collapse and incipient euphoria at the same time?

## The Perfection of the Thor

"Perfected Thor Seen In Three Months," reads the headline. The heartwarming news is that the Air Force expects its Thor IRBM which, from British bases, will "cover" (but not necessarily hit) virtually all targets in European Russia, to be "combat-ready" by June. This piece of Air Force press-agentry warrants closer examination than it will get from headline readers.

"Perfected" is a loose term which came to be applied to technological devices in patent law jargon. Actually all it signifies is that the device is sufficiently developed to forestall a rival inventor. There remains a wide gap between legal workability and adequate performance. Engineers never speak of perfection; they are satisfied if a device is "operational."

When the device is a weapon as complex and tricky as the Thor, even predictions of operational capability and "assembly-line" production must be viewed with skepticism, and the more so when a big Air Force promotional effort is under way. As Major General John P. Daley, the Army's Director of Special Weapons, asked in reference to the Thor, "Is it possible to have 'missile production' before you have a missile with demonstrated capacity to deliver a usable warhead to a selected target?"

We have entered an era of diplomatic and military psychopathology in which insanely hazardous measures are contemplated without the fluttering of an eyelash. The pressures for early "perfection" and installation of the Thor are manifold. It, or an equivalent weapon such as the Army's Jupiter, must be ready, publicity-wise at least, for the impending summit conference. Another necessity is to convince the voters that the Republicans have done a splendid job in defending the country against its external enemies. This, almost everyone concedes, can only be done with missiles and space weapons of ever increasing destructive power.

But perhaps the most compelling consideration is that the Air Force should prevail against *its* enemies, among whom, besides the Russians, are the Army (Jupiter) and the Navy (Polaris). The release on the perfection of the Thor was accordingly coupled with another release revealing that Secretary of the Air Force James H. Douglas was perfecting recommendations for scrapping the Jupiter, and still another indicating that the Polaris was next on his list.

Technological premonitions are seldom welcome, but, if heeded, they could make sure that missiles prematurely rushed into production and installed in Britain, and perchance fired, won't fall on the French (or the West Germans) if the safety officer's judgment should

prove even less perfect than the missile's, or the imperfections of the latter should not become manifest till it was past the "destruct" point. Until some such miscarriage occurs, apparently the Thor must be forced into the European security system. Equally applicable to the Thor is what Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Ret.), says of the Jupiter: "Too many hundreds of millions of dollars are involved and too much high-pressure steam had been generated in the service to let it rest."

## Dr. Teller and Dr. Brown

Harrison S. Brown is not the father of the H-bomb or any other instrument of destruction, great or small. He is only professor of geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology. On March 9, though, he made a speech at the University of Minnesota which it would be well for the President, his scientific advisers, and every literate American to read and ponder.

Dr. Brown made a point bearing the novelty of the self-evident which has not been stated before—that it is necessary to solve problems on the emotional as well as on the intellectual level. And its corollary, that in politics scientists have emotions like other men. This brought him to the emotions of Dr. Edward Teller, who, said Dr. Brown, seems to be motivated by a "deep-rooted hatred of the Soviet Union which borders upon the fanatic. From this hatred there stems the belief that no agreement with the Soviet Union can be trusted and that in our modern technological age no inspection system can be relied upon."

That the Soviet Union is to be feared by the United States is perfectly true, and vice versa. But to allow these fears to determine policy to the exclusion of all other factors is political folly and also, possibly, biological suicide. In the long run the world's problems would be no less feverish if the Soviet Union should obligingly sink into the sea or disintegrate in accordance with the Dulles formula. The nuclear weapons would remain and other nations would develop them, and the Tellers of tomorrow would be as vindictive and hopeless as those of today.

"I believe," says Dr. Brown, "that Dr. Teller is willfully distorting the realities of the situation. I believe that it is possible for us to secure agreements with the Soviet Union to stop tests and I believe further that the agreements could be of such a nature that the Soviet Union would adhere to them because it would be very much to her advantage to do so." Brown disagrees particularly with Teller's thesis that the United States would be at an inherent disadvantage in any such agreement because the Soviet Union would "bootleg" tests. The agreement, Brown argues, need not bar all testing, only those tests that could be detected by the established network. "This would mean that no appreciable radio-



activity could be poured into the atmosphere to contaminate the air, no appreciable air pressure waves could be initiated, no large ground waves could be generated." If Teller or his Russian counterparts could devise means to get around these restrictions, they would be free to do so. At least they would not be as free as they are now,

and the world would be that much safer for mankind. Teller says that he knows Brown well. "He is a nice boy and has done some good work," he added. Teller is fifty, Brown forty. It may be that the boy knows the father of the H-bomb better than the father knows the boy.

## PLANNING for the YEAR 2000 . . by J. Bronowski

London

A SPECTER is haunting the Western world—yes, today as in 1848. But it is no longer the one that was paraded in the Communist Manifesto. Today the name of the specter is automation.

In every industrial country, men are looking with alarm at the installation of new automatic machines. They see the machines taking over work which, until a few years ago, seemed to need the most delicate human judgment. For the new machines do not merely replace the brute power of the muscle—machines have been doing that for nearly 200 years, ever since first the water wheel and then the steam engine were brought into the factory. The new machines are beginning to replace a gift which is neater and more specifically human: the ability of the eye to measure, of the hand to adjust, of the brain to compare and to choose. When the Luddites smashed factory engines in 1811, they were fighting, hopelessly, against their mere physical power, which dwarfs the strength and with it the output of a man. But the specter of automation points its long shadow at his intellect.

In the United States as in England, and in most industrial countries,

*J. BRONOWSKI, distinguished British scientist and man of letters, is the author of Science and Human Values, which appeared in The Nation of December 29, 1956, and will appear in book form next week, published here by Julian Messner. Mr. Bronowski is also the author of The Face of Violence and The Common Sense of Science. He is the director of the Coal Research Establishment of the British National Coal Board.*

the automatic control of machine operations has gone farthest in the making of motor cars. This may be because, whenever anybody wants a car, everybody wants one; and alas, it is equally true that whenever anybody does not want a car, then all at once nobody wants one. That is, the motor industry is peculiarly sensitive to good times and to bad times; and in England, it was putting in automatic machines just when the times turned abruptly from good to bad. The result was panic among employers, a bitter but divided strike by the workmen, and bewilderment (heavily lathered with platitudes) in the Government. No one is clear whether the dispute reached back to automation, or was merely a by-product of the credit squeeze; and was the strike a protest against any dismissal of workers, or only against their sudden dismissal?

Questions like these are never answered in the day-to-day of politics. A compromise is reached, a crisis is settled for the moment; and when the next crisis comes, we suddenly find that what had been a midnight compromise has become a permanent principle. For example, the strike of Britain's auto workers was settled by paying some of them compensation for the loss of their jobs. This is a new principle in English industry. Is it really good government, is it good sense, to invent such a principle on the spur of the moment in order to get on with the export of motor cars?

There are political thinkers who believe that it is good sense, or at least that it is inevitable, that issues are decided in this way. They say that all acts of state are particular acts, and that they do not conform

to a principle but rather, one by one, combine to form the principle which wise historians read into them after the event. It is useless, these thinkers say, to ask statesmen in advance whether men who are displaced by machines should or should not be paid compensation: that will be decided at the historical moment when the change comes, almost by accident, by the strength of the two sides, and by the social backing they can muster.

But surely it is possible for men, even if they are historians, to be wise before the event. I think that there are some changes in the structure of our society which can be foreseen now. It can be foreseen that in the year 2,000 more people will do one kind of job and fewer will do another; that one kind of thing will be valued and another will not. That is, we can draw now the bony skeleton of any industrial society in the year 2,000. It may be a world society or a city state; it may live in a settled peace or still under the threat of war; it may be democratic or totalitarian. Whatever it is, I believe that life in it will have certain large features.

FIRST, IT IS of course plain that everyone will have at his elbow several times more mechanical energy than he has today. The population of the world must be expected nearly to double itself by the year 2,000. But the rate at which energy is being added, particularly in the industrial countries, is much faster than this. The four billion people who will be alive in the year 2,000 will not all have the energy standard of Western Europe today, where every inhabitant commands the me-



chanical equivalent of about five tons of coal a year. But they can be expected to average about half this standard—say, the equivalent each of two tons of coal a year.

THE USE OF energy per head is closely linked with the standard of living, and the rise that I have forecast is therefore in itself the mark of a massive advance in living standards. But more than the crude figures, it is the whereabouts, the distribution of this energy that is significant. Most energy of this kind is generated in electric-power stations, and today these stations run, nearly all of them, on coal. The real difficulty in getting energy to Central India or Northern Australia or the Copper Belt in Africa is the difficulty of carrying coal there. In the year 2,000, the greater part of the world's electrical energy will be generated from nuclear fuels. A nuclear fuel such as uranium or heavy hydrogen is over a million times more concentrated than coal; one ton of it does the work of more than a million tons of coal. Therefore it will be possible to carry the fuel, and to generate the energy, wherever it is wanted. There will no longer be a reason for the great industrial concentrations in the Ruhr, in Northern England and in the Eastern United States. And what is as important, it will at last be as simple to have energy for agriculture as for industry.

Second, there will be advances in biological knowledge as far-reaching as those that have been made in physics. For fifty years now, we have been dazzled by a golden rain of exciting and beautiful discoveries about matter and energy—the electron, the quantum, relativity, the splitting of the atom, the proton, the neutron, the mesons—the bright list seems to have no end. But do not let us be blinded by them to the work which has been done in the last twenty years in the control of disease and of heredity. We are only beginning to learn what happens when we use a selective killer of weeds or breed a new strain of corn, when we feed anti-biotics to pigs or attack a cattle pest. That is, we are only beginning to learn

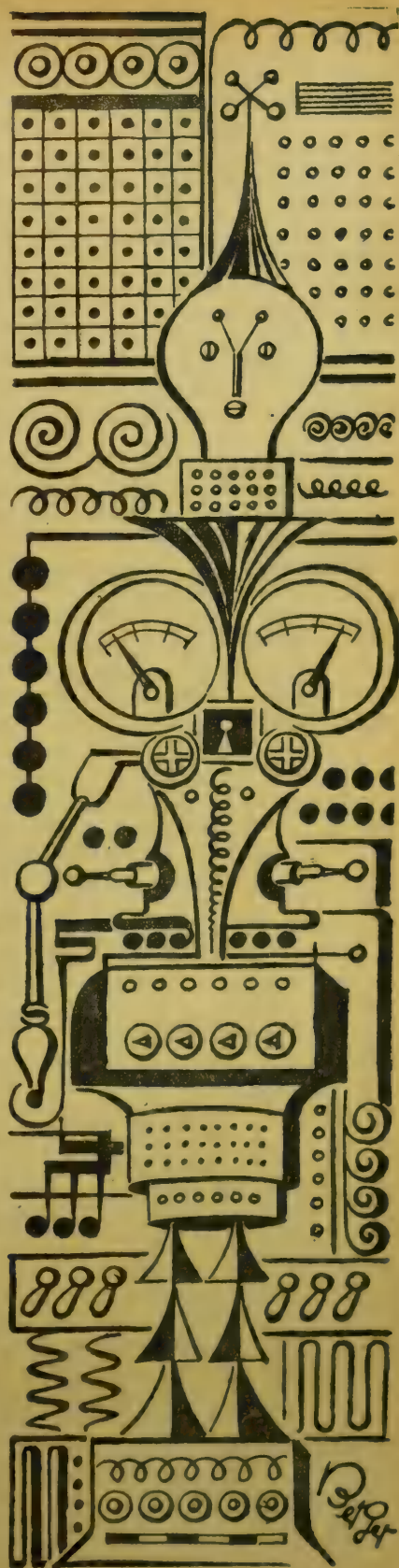
that we can control our biological environment as well as our physical one. For the year 2,000, this will be critical. Starvation has been prophesied twice to a growing world population: by Malthus about 1800, by Crookes about 1900. It was headed off the first time by taking agriculture to America, and the second time by using the new fertilizers. In the year 2,000, starvation will be headed off by the control of the diseases and the heredity of plants and animals—by shaping our own biological environment.

And third, I come back to the haunting theme of automation. The most common species in the factory today is the man who works or minds a simple machine—the operator. By the year 2,000, he will be as extinct as the hand-loom weaver and the dodo. The repetitive tasks of industry will be taken over by the machines, as the heavy tasks have been taken over long ago; and mental tedium will go the way of physical exhaustion. Today we still distinguish, even among repetitive jobs, between the skilled and the unskilled; but in the year 2,000, *all* repetition will be unskilled. We simply waste our time if we oppose this change; it is as inevitable as the year 2,000 itself—and just as neutral.

But its implications go very deep. For it will displace the clerk as well as the fitter; and the ability to balance a ledger will have no more value, or social status, than driving a rivet. This is the crux in the coming of automation, that it will shift the social standing of those who do different kinds of work. And this is why these speculations about the year 2,000 are in place: because the shift is already going on, and it is our business to foresee now where it is certain to take us.

IN THEMSELVES, the changes I have described will not determine whether by the year 2,000 Africa will become industrialized, whether the nations will still be testing bombs, or whether we shall live under totalitarianism or under democracy. They will not even determine whether we shall live in large communities or small ones.

This last point is odd and easily





overlooked, but I think that it is important. For 200 years now, it has been the rule that, as a nation has grown in industrial strength (and with it in industrial complexity), so more and more of its workers have had to move together into large cities. In the sixteenth century, Queen Elizabeth I of England passed laws to prevent the growth of London, yet today Greater London houses nearly one-fifth of the population of Britain, and carries on about a quarter of all her industries. The same process of industrial concentration has been at work in France, in Germany and in America.

There are several forces which prompt this process. One is the hunger of industry for power; and in the past, power has been cheap only where it has been made on a massive scale. A second force has been the growing specialization of agriculture. And a third has been the sheer physical need to have large numbers of people to handle manually semi-finished goods through the many stages of manufacture.

NOT ONE OF these reasons need have force fifty years from now. The atomic-power plant need not be large; if it can reasonably drive a submarine now, it can reasonably power a community then. In the same way, biological control of the heredity and the disease of plants and animals will make it possible in the year 2,000 to grow our food in smaller units. But potentially the most powerful influence on the size of future communities, of course, is the coming of automatic machines. They make it possible for a few men to take a complex product such as a drug or an engine through all the stages of its manufacture. By using automatic machines, quite small communities can live in the elaborate world of industry; and they can do so either as the makers of some one product for a nation or, what is more difficult, as units which are self-contained and self-sufficient.

I have stressed the change which is possible in the size of the community, because this happens to be an historical subject as well as a critical one. Back in the 1820s, the pioneer of an idealistic socialism in

Britain, Robert Owen, insisted that the industrial revolution of his day ought in the end to lead to smaller, not larger, communities. He hoped that societies of between 1,000 and 1,500 people, working co-operatively, could survive, and he actually founded some in America. In the setting of his time, Robert Owen was premature; but he was not wrong. There are now industrial developments which open the way to smaller communities, if we choose to take that way. Atomic energy and automation are among them; and so are the radio-telephone and the helicopter and the microfilm, because they all help to make it possible for the man in the village to be physically and intellectually as well equipped as the man in the metropolis. The size of the future community really depends only on the rarest skill which it needs to support on the spot—the surgeon, the brilliant teacher, or the matinee idol. Fifty years from now, a community of 10,000 may well be large enough to afford that.

*But what such a community cannot afford is the unskilled worker. The atomic-power plant, the agricultural station, the automatic factory—none of them has a place for him. In the small community, each unskilled man is a heavy burden.*

In a profound sense, therefore, the choice ahead of us is this: If between now and the year 2,000, we can, step by step, turn the men who now do our repetitive work into men with individual skills, then we have a prospect of living in small and homogeneous communities. But if we remain with a large reservoir of unskilled men, then society will continue to move towards larger and larger concentrations.

To my mind this is a profound political choice; it is the choice which we must make now, every day, in a hundred tiny actions. We are about to have introduced, day by day, here and there, another and another automatic machine. One will do the work of ten typesetters, another will displace a hundred auto workers; and soon, a third will take the place of a thousand clerks. I have said repeatedly that automation today is coming to do the work of the brain,

and therefore is taking the place of the white collar worker. If these men are permanently reduced to unskilled work, they will become the material for a new army of Brownshirts. Hitler's squads were recruited in just this way, from unemployed men whose collars had once been white.

That is already the danger in the short term. And it remains a danger in the long term, too, threatening the generations ahead of us. If we allow the survival of a permanent reservoir of unskilled workers, then we do two things: we insure that our cities will get larger and larger; and we connive at a permanent war in society between the skilled and the unskilled. It seems to me most likely that a society of this kind, concentrated in large units and divided between top dogs and under dogs, will fall into a totalitarian form of government. I do not need to look to the year 2,000 for that; George Orwell looked only so far as 1984, and saw it.

TECHNICAL foresight is a necessity; our political actions depend on it. And they do not depend on taking the short view; they depend on the long view, on looking far beyond the years of which we can speak positively—they depend on seeing the large features of a future whose detail is still unformed. We cannot escape the large bony features: atomic energy, biological control, automation. But the body of society is not all bone; a good many different bodies clothe that skeleton. It is possible on that skeleton to have either a totalitarian or a democratic society. I think that it can be foreseen that the future society will be totalitarian if it contains many unskilled men working in large cities, and will be democratic if it consists of skilled men working in small communities.

Changes toward one or another of these future schemes are not brought about by some instant illumination, a thunderclap of universal conversion. They are brought about by our small daily acts, if we know in what direction we are trying to act. And I have given two general directions to which we should bend whatever we do, whenever we have the choice.



We should move men to smaller and specialized communities; and we should train them at every opportunity to move to work of higher skill.

THIS IS A very general course; but then no social scientist of great sense has ever claimed that planning can be anything but general. Others have argued that planning, even general planning, is of no use; these anti-rational philosophers say that the ship of state is no mechanical *Queen Elizabeth*, but a raft, a *Kon-Tiki*, whose course must be determined from moment to moment to meet

new conditions as they arise. The comparison is apt, but the inference is wrong. For the voyage of the *Kon-Tiki* had to be planned with special care and, in the best sense, with scientific foresight, precisely because it did not possess the powerful engines and the brute steering equipment of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Those who rode the *Kon-Tiki* needed to know, far more than the luxury passengers of the *Queen Elizabeth*, what the ocean currents were, and needed to look ahead at the large direction in which they would ride these currents. Society is indeed like the *Kon-Tiki*, and this is why we need to be

so far-sighted in charting and taking advantage of the long currents of history which are to carry us into the future. We can steer our society only if we combine a general knowledge of where we are bound to go with a specific will of where we want to go.

This is the true art of the statesman in the age of atomic energy, biological control and automation. And it is relevant to recall that another word for the control of automatic machines today is the word "cybernetics," and that this is a Greek word for the art of steering a ship.

## THE GENERAL YAWNED . . by Russell A. Fraser

TWO able and intelligent politicians addressed themselves, the other day, in a public conversation at Princeton, New Jersey, to the problems of American foreign policy in the age of the hydrogen bomb. The Hon. Thomas K. Finletter, sometime Secretary of the Air Force in the Truman Administration, and Representative Eugene J. McCarthy, Democratic Congressman from Minnesota, must have been gratified, and might well have been touched, at the capacity crowd which turned out to hear them. Quite obviously, the crowd was concerned.

Those who came late, and found no seats remaining, elected to stand, as inconspicuously as they could, against the walls. It was hot under the low balcony in the rear of the hall; no one had thought to open the windows. An Air Force Brigadier, sitting back there among the civilians, nodded sleepily and snapped to and forbore even to smile at the sallies of the Minnesota Congressman who, repudiating all suggestion of partisan politics, ventured even so to jibe a little at the party in power. Jibes of that sort being pretty much incumbent on all elected persons, and signifying nothing, no one took them seriously. Still, an audience enjoys

the ceremonial flying of the kettle and the pot, and is willing for the moment to pretend, in good fun, that Joe Martin and Sam Rayburn are really such opposites as Hamilton and Jefferson. The General, however, would not enter in, not even when the Congressman got on to Mr. Dulles, the best and the easiest butt of a joke since the Brooklyn Dodgers that were, and suggested that the Secretary was bemused by the notion of a meeting at the summit because he felt that wherever *he* was, there the summit was too.

Perhaps the General was bored from a conviction that what he heard was hardly worth the hearing, that the verdict on the question which Messrs. Finletter and McCarthy were undertaking to adjudicate was already in. Perhaps he was right. For the speeches of the Congressman and the former Secretary of Air were not so much trite or uninspired or abstract—and on occasion they were all of these—as, for the most part, simply irrelevant.

To the audience that must have seemed a pity. It may even have made for some surprise, for the two gentlemen who spoke were well informed and, no question, well intentioned. Certainly Mr. McCarthy is not the sort of politician who boggles at sacrifice, or talks of pouring money down European ratholes. He seems

genuinely to care about the fragile peace that obtains, and the fate of the peoples whose life or death turns on the keeping of the peace. Yet what he had to say made sense only now and again, because only a few scraps and pieces in all his discourse were germane.

The foreign policy of the Congressman in a nuclear age, boiled down, comes simply to this: we have got to sell our total civilization (the totality, worse luck) to the uncommitted peoples of the world. Military suasion is out altogether. The Africans and Asians hold no brief for military suasion. It falls to us then to convince the Africans and Asians that the libertarian zeal which moved our forefathers is alive in us still. The way to convince them is to clear the French from North Africa, and the British perhaps from Nassau, attending the while to Little Rock, our own dirty back yard. We must initiate in short a new birth of freedom.

What is one to say? What the French did to the village of Sakiet Sidi Yussef, what they are doing every day in Algeria, and the British in the Caribbean, and the incredible Malan in South Africa, and the Soviets in Hungary, these things stink in the nostrils. Any man with a tittle of sense and sensibility is concerned to see that they come to a stop. If, then, one girds at the Con-

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gressman for making such concern the gravamen of his little philippic, it is not because one questions his sincerity, or because one can look on more equably than he at the sufferings of unhappy people. What dismays about the Congressman's proposal is that it is sterile.

IS IT SOBERLY proposed, and by a supporter of the bipartisan coalition, that the United States intervene in the sordid quarrels of the British, and the French? One may not care a row of pins for the Grand Alliance; but Congressman McCarthy most certainly does, and so do his confreres in the House and the Senate, and the President does also, and the persons in the Pentagon. The Congressman's proposal would smash the Alliance—whose dissolution has been impending, in the press, these many years—really smash it, once and for all. The proposal is thus a kind of *non sequitur*. It is the beating of wings in a void. That is why, like so much political discussion in the United States today, it engenders not enthusiasm, but weariness. Words, words. "Well, of course!" one says, of the sentiments of the speaker, and applauds their purity of purpose, and understands, even while applauding, that they have as much chance of giving birth as a stuffed fox in a gun room.

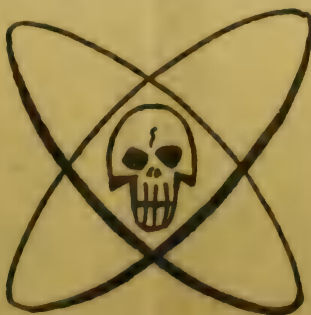
But the Congressman's proposal is not merely stillborn; it is peripheral. Is the world to be fired in a nuclear holocaust, or is the world after all to survive? That is the issue, the only issue, really, the single text, the refrain of all poems, and all the lines of all the litanies. Everything else is ancillary, off there on the fringes.

Were the Congressman to bear witness to that truth, were he to adjure his audience to sink the bombs in the sea, to dismantle the missiles, why then the listener might begin to slough off his frustration, the sense that he and all his fellows are but ciphers, that the great issues are decided without his concurrence, that indeed the great issues are not adverted to seriously at all, that politicians propose, and technicians dispose, and dispose on a level the very existence of which the politicians seem hardly to recognize. Even the General—were the Congressman to

speak so — might feel impelled to listen.

He did not feel impelled. For the Congressman, as it happens, had not that kind of counsel to offer. That was not what he meant at all. His counsel was emphatically otherwise: we must continue, as we go about the business of becoming apostles of freedom, we must continue to hold our guards high. An awfully tired injunction, that, and not a very useful one.

And so Secretary Finletter seemed, with great courtesy, to suggest. The Secretary, who remains a member of the Democratic Party, paid homage, perforce, to the concept of preparedness for a limited war. It is good, he asserted, and desirable, to maintain in the interior a striking capability of, say, four divisions, at an annual cost of, say, several billions of dollars. Very well. *Mea culpa*. But then the Russians and their Chinese allies can oppose to that force, however much one increases it, a superiority in numbers more than daunting, indeed almost decisive. And besides, the very notion of a limited war is so much parlous nonsense. Total war is most likely the kind of war the world will face, if the guns begin to fire. And it is fearfully simple to see that war coming to be. Given, a hundred missile bases staggered over the world, and operated by persons who are human, after all, and so prey to imperfection; given, one deranged or merely clumsy bombardier, aloft on patrol about the confines of the USSR; given, an officer, fervid enough, sufficiently commanding, sufficiently incoherent of mind, to initiate a preventive war—the General, conceivably, now half asleep in the back of the room—given all that, it is fearfully simple to foresee the war that will finally overwhelm us.



Despair isn't marketable, and Secretary Finletter didn't counsel despair. Disarmament, he thought, was the clue to the labyrinth. We had better pursue it, however tedious the effort. All honor to the Secretary, though he offered no specific proposals. Who, however, will support him? The industrialists, who might have made ploughshares, but who would find it now vexatious and expensive to retool? or the Congressmen, who represent the industrialists? or the Democratic strategists who suggest yet more armaments to bolster a sagging economy? The Secretary's proposal, as pure of purpose as Congressman McCarthy's, looks to be as little likely of success.

THERE IS, of course, an alternative proposal, though no one bespeaks it, another way than the way of world war and world destruction. For the first time in modern history, the celebrated least common denominator, apostrophized in general and in particular ignored, the man in the street who has always believed that international problems are at bottom a pretty simple affair, complicated gratuitously by excessively sophisticated politicians in striped pants, who has always been sure that he himself, if given the chance, could cut through those problems as Alexander cut through the knot: for the first time this sanguine fellow is right. He does not need the expertise and the secret information vouchsafed to Messrs. Acheson and Dulles. He needs only the power, and the ability to articulate a few fairly simple words. And, were he conceded the power, and the needful articulation, he would have but to proclaim unilateral disarmament, the cessation of all nuclear tests, the scrapping of all nuclear weapons.

To be sure, he would run a grave risk in so proclaiming. Perhaps the Soviets would not care to follow suit. Perhaps the united force of world opinion would not suffice to drive them to it. But the alternative risk, not to dare, not to proclaim, but to continue to play Russian roulette with Eisenhower and Khrushchev, trusting wanly and foolishly that one's number will never come up when all the odds



insist that ineluctably it will—that is the graver risk. Only knaves and fools will care to accept it.

Well, they keep accepting it, the knaves and the fools, and with predictable and harrowing consequence. And that perhaps is why the General seemed unwilling to scrutinize with any seriousness the proposals of the eminent politicians. He was thinking, it may be, of the American bases, more than 200 of them now, containing, if you will, the borders of the Soviet Union; thinking that every hour of every day a certain portion of the bombers of the Strategic Air Command depending on those bases, are in the air, bearing hydrogen bombs. To say that

war is possible, given that day-by-day routine, is to understate to the point of fatuity. War is probable, and with the passing of each day, pregnant with the chances of human error and human malice, war grows more probable still.

The day before the Secretary and the Congressman asked themselves what might be done, an American Sabre Jet, flying a simulated ground support mission, was shot down in Korea. That the plane had violated the Communist line is now conceded. What is macabre about the story—one feels oneself inhabiting a kind of nightmare in which rational consideration no longer obtains—is that “Under standing orders [Am-

erican pilots] . . . are forbidden to fly over the 2½-mile-wide demilitarized zone that stretches across the peninsula separating North from South Korea” (AP, 3/6/58). Who, in the name of sanity, from the air, in a jet, is to honor that pitiful zone?

The zone has not been violated very often, not many planes have been downed, no bombs have yet fallen, nor missiles gone awry. War is not already accomplished. These, and not the newest incident in North Korea, are the spectacular, the truly sensational, facts. They make a man count his blessings, and blink a little at his luck, and wonder most of all how long it will hold.

## THEOLOGY of POWER . . by Brand Blanshard

WHAT HAS happened to the old alliance between religion and liberalism? I remember when it was common for people to think as follows: “If Jones is a religious man, he will take Christian ethics seriously; if he does that, he will be concerned about other people’s rights and needs, and will assume that if he deals with others generously and fairly, they will repay in kind. He will believe in morals in politics; he will have the international mind; he is the sort of man we can count on to support International Courts and Leagues of Nations.”

After reading a new book on *Ethics and United States Foreign Policy*\*, I gather that such thinking is out of date. The book is written by a churchman high in Protestant councils. Dr. Ernest Lefever, who has served as a specialist in international affairs for the National Council of Churches, has traveled widely in Europe and Asia, and was correspondent in Germany for *The Christian Century*. He obviously knows what is going on in the world, and he ought to know what is going on in the minds of churchmen. What

he discloses on the latter point is to me disturbing.

He writes in his first paragraph:

November 2, 1956, may well be remembered as a day of irony. On that day our government joined with its arch enemy, the Soviet Union, and Egypt, her willing tool in the Middle East, in condemning our two closest and staunchest allies, Great Britain and France. This act, which helped to destroy the moral and political position of Britain and France in the Mediterranean world, was done in the name of morality. Herein lies its irony.

Although these states were resorting to force in violation of sworn agreements and in the teeth of the public opinion of the world, Dr. Lefever thinks it naive and “ironic” to condemn them on moral grounds. He quotes the President’s ringing address, “If the United Nations once admits that international disputes can be settled by using force, then we shall have destroyed the very foundation of the organization and our best hope of establishing a real world order.” On this he comments coolly:

This Presidential address was a remarkable utterance not only because it was devoted primarily to censuring a friendly nation in the

name of international morality or because it made no fewer than fifty-four favorable references to the United Nations, but because it was a transparently eloquent demonstration that the American legalism, moralism, and national self-righteousness . . . was still very much with us.

One begins to rub one’s eyes. Here is a churchman speaking in the name of ethics, and he tells us that to condemn the unilateral use of force in plain breach of engagements is legalism, moralism and self-righteousness. He protests against “American liberal idealism,” deprecates the decisions of the United Nations as “not legally binding or politically enforceable,” deplores “the nineteenth-century illusion that man can shape his destiny by calculation, planning and discipline,” and laments a “crusading ideology.” He writes, “In 1934, William Graham Summer said: ‘If you want war, nourish a doctrine.’” (Incidentally, Summer died in 1910.)

What is the source of this cynical disillusionment? It is apparently threefold, lying partly in a reactionary theology, partly in a confusion

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\**Ethics and United States Foreign Policy* by Ernest W. Lefever (Living Age Books, published by Meridian Books Inc., \$1.25).



about ethics, and partly in half-justified doubts about the U.N.

First, as to theology. Dr. Lefever is steeped in neo-orthodox teaching. He thinks we should turn from the misleading idealism which relies on "man's rationality and capacity for altruism" and try to learn from the Hebrew prophets, the early Church and the Reformers. What is the important message that these teachers have to give us? Primarily that man's nature is "morally ambiguous," an often-repeated phrase. What does it mean? Apparently that though man was created "a little lower than the angels," he is now corrupted through and through by "original sin." It is because he is thus corrupted that those liberals are mistaken who rely on his capacity for being reasonable and just. They need to be admonished by "the Biblical recognition of the weaknesses and moral ambiguity of man." In the light of the Bible teaching that not merely in practice but also in nature we are corrupt and sunk in sin, the very hope that we can achieve justice and righteousness by our own secular effort is utopian pride.

Now this teaching may mean one of three things. If it means that man was created pure, that he fell from grace by an act of free will, and that his sin was somehow propagated through all his descendants, I shall not try to refute it, because readers of *The Nation* will hardly regard it as worth refuting. If it means that we are less than morally perfect and that our reach exceeds our grasp, it is true, but a platitude. If it means that we cannot by any effort make ourselves just and reasonable men—not perfect men, of course, but men dominated by and dedicated to the ideals of justice and reason—then the doctrine is worse than false; it is pernicious. The two most influential theologians in Europe, Karl Barth and Emil Brunner, are teaching that man is so "wholly other" than his Creator that his clearest thought and highest ideals are also "wholly other"; rational and revealed knowledge, says Brunner "are as far apart from each other as heaven is from hell." The teaching of these men is widely accepted in American theological schools. Of course the de-

liberate disparagement of merely human reason and goodness in the name of religion is not a new thing in the world, at any rate since Kierkegaard, but its adoption by reformers and preachers is a matter of some concern.

I HAVE SAID that this doctrine seems to me both pernicious and false. It is pernicious because it is cynical about the ideals most men are bound to live by. The majority of mankind is not Christian, and if, as Brunner holds, "only religious ethics [i.e. Christian ethics] is really ethical," then we cannot admit that most of the peoples with whom we are brought into daily contact in the United Nations have any real ethics at all. Nor can we admit that the Mills or Morleys, the Lincolns or Masaryks, even the Gandhis and Schweitzers of the world, had anything but a pale approximation to real goodness. This debases the coin of morality.

Furthermore, the doctrine is false. The old-fashioned liberal was not wrong but right in holding that we can make ourselves into just and reasonable men, that by so doing we can rebuild our communities, that fairness tends to inspire fairness, and that where there is a joint effort to be fair, there will be genuine progress. Dr. Lefever decries "the rationalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which believed in human perfectibility and historic progress." But if "perfectibility" means the capacity to be perfect, and "progress" means the inevitability of progress, no instructed liberal ever believed in either. If they mean that by devoted effort we can make ourselves and our world enormously better, which is all that liberals claim, Dr. Lefever is doing no service in denying such convictions.

I said that the second source of this neo-orthodox disillusionment was a confusion about ethics. One of Dr. Lefever's chief butts of attack is something he calls absolutism in ethics. "The advocates of a political ethic based directly upon absolute moral principles understood neither the limits of politics nor the Biblical recognition of the weaknesses and moral ambiguities of man"; "right,"

he says, "is always a relative term." Here again we must distinguish. If an "absolute moral principle" means, for example, a rule of truth-telling or promise-keeping which must be adhered to though the heavens fall, it was precisely the liberal tradition from Mill to Hobhouse that offered the most effective challenge to such principles. These thinkers would regard it as absurd to approach an international crisis armed only with abstract rules. They would say that each case is a fresh problem and that the decision must be taken in the light of particular circumstances. In only one respect were they absolutists. They held that in every instance the overriding concern should be to secure the greatest good on the whole; what produced *that* was right, and anything else was wrong. And if some evil inevitably attended the achieving of the greatest good, that did not make one a sinner, any more than it made a sinner of the dentist or surgeon who produced unavoidable pain.

Thus the liberals in a sense did have an objective and absolute standard. Is it this standard that Dr. Lefever would deny? If so, he is not ethically in advance of them, but far behind them. If he means by saying "right is relative" that there is no rational measure by which the actions of Arabs and Israelis, Dulles and Khrushchev, can be appraised, then it is not the liberal who is a cynic and skeptic; it is he. The liberal believes that in a rational ethics we have an objective court of appeal. If it is denied that there is any such court, the natural alternative is a politics of force and self-interest.

Indeed, that is the policy which Dr. Lefever seems at times to be advocating. He would probably disavow this; he seems often to retract with one hand what he offers with the other. But he quotes Hans Morgenthau with approval: "To act successfully . . . is political wisdom. To know with despair that the political act is inevitably evil, and to act nevertheless, is moral courage." And one of the main points of his book is that we are taking United Nations opinion too seriously and that we should plot the course of our national interest independently of it.



What is the ground of this disillusionment with the United Nations? It is partly the prior disillusionment with human nature itself, which is rooted in a pessimistic theology. But it has in part a more substantial basis. Dr. Lefever points out that "the United Nations is a voluntary association of nation-states, not an international government. It can neither pass laws nor enforce them." On the important questions, he says, it is hard to get any consensus. The nations that most urgently need curbing are precisely those that cannot be curbed, and they have repeatedly and successfully flouted United Nations judgments. Furthermore, there is no assurance that these judgments, which are never disinterested, will be morally or politically sound. Hence "an American policy of relying on and complying with the majority decisions of the United Nations is tenable only so long as the United States believes these decisions to be just and right from her point of view."

This seems to me confused, both morally and factually. Dr. Lefever says that the United Nations cannot enforce its decisions. But he also admits that it has done so, repeatedly and decisively. It did so in Korea by joint force; it made two of the most powerful nations of the world, Britain and France, back down over Suez; and its moral pressure brought Holland into line over Indonesia. To be sure, it sometimes fails. It has failed—so far—over Kashmir, and it failed deplorably over Hungary. But even there, as in South Africa, its influence has been powerful. In any case, is occasional failure a reason for weakening the U.N., or for giving it more strength? Dr. Lefever thinks that even if it were strengthened, no consensus could be hoped for on the important issues. But he admits that a virtual consensus *has* been gained on some extremely important ones. And while he criticizes the U.N. for lacking the power of a world government, he takes a line that would exclude the United States

from any effective participation in it even if it were a world government. He argues that the decisions of a world body can hold no authority for the United States unless their claims to justice accord with her own point of view. But is that not the Russian view exactly, the view behind all the vetoes? It is the view that is depriving the United Nations of the sort of power it admittedly needs. It is a view that would have made the United States itself impossible, a view filled with a self-righteousness beyond anything in the liberal armory.

This is not a review of a book. If it were, we should have much to note that is enlightening in Dr. Lefever's pages, including many judicious comments about diplomacy and foreign policy. What we question here is his approach to the chief problem of our time. Ethics and theology no doubt have something to say about this problem. But because they do, it is the more important that they should be sound.

## The Nice Murderer: Search for a Motive.. *Hale Champion*

*San Francisco*  
IT WAS AS if the boy in a *Ladies Home Journal* illustration of young love on the campus had suddenly pulled a gun and shot the girl.

At 10:43 p.m. Tuesday, February 26, the telephone rang in the office of the *Stanford University Daily*. "There has been a murder at the ROAC armory," a calm voice reported. Then the line went dead. About three minutes later, a pleasant-faced, sober youth in casually expensive campus garb walked into the Palo Alto, California, police station.

"I want to report a killing," he told the police officer at the desk. "I shot a girl and she's out there in the car." He waited quietly while officers checked the car, a 1957 white convertible, and found the body of a

girl, a bullet hole in her left temple.

Then came the insistent, searching questions and the polite, careful, dispassionate answers that have varied hardly at all in the weeks since.

The boy was Thomas Wallace Cordry III, a Stanford University sophomore and the son of a well-to-do insurance executive with offices in both Palo Alto and San Francisco, forty miles to the north.

The girl was Deena Bonn, seventeen, a bright, attractive high school senior and the daughter of an employment-agency owner. The Bonns lived across the street from the Cordrys' Palo Alto home.

"She was a nice girl," Cordry said distantly that night as he began his lucid, composed story of what had happened. For many months, he said, he had felt an urge to kill a girl and then rape her. He had dated occasionally, including one visit to a movie with Deena, but had never had any sexual relations.

"I never had a girl," he said. "For a long time, I wanted to be intimate with a girl. I guess this is really a sex problem. I just felt like shooting some girl and raping her."

Young Cordry, handsome, well-scrubbed and with close-cropped hair, said the first time the "urge" had been overmastering was about a week before the murder. At that time, he got a .22 rifle from a store on approval, then went out in his car, looking for a victim. He didn't find one and returned the rifle to the store.

But on February 26 the "urge" came again. About 4 p.m. he bought the rifle. He spent the early hours of the evening cruising the city's streets in his car, but again found no potential victim. Then, he said, he thought of Deena Bonn, the girl across the street. He called her about 10 p.m., said he had to take a train trip up to San Francisco and asked if she would drive him to the

*HALE CHAMPION, 1956-57* *Nie-*  
*man Fellow, is on the staff of the*  
*San Francisco Chronicle.*



depot in his car, then return it to the Cordry garage. After consulting her mother, Deena agreed. As she got into the car, he told her that he had to return the rifle to the Stanford ROTC Armory before catching the train. She drove. As she slowed the car to a stop in front of the armory, which is in a relatively isolated area of the sprawling, placid campus, he raised the gun and shot her through the head without saying a word. Pushing the body aside, he started to drive up into the hills behind the campus, where, he reported, he intended to rape the girl, then toss her body out of the car. In his fantasy he even had planned a specific hide-out further up in the hills.

Young Cordry never carried out his declared intentions. He did not touch the girl once he had pushed her body out of the driver's seat. Instead, he turned the car around and, within minutes, came the call to the student newspaper and his appearance at the police station.

That night, several times the next day, and again and again since, he has repeated the story without changing its essential details—the “urge,” the almost random selection of a victim, the shooting itself and the half-conscious, but firm, decision not to act out the rest of the fantasy.

There was always regret in the story, too, regret of a distant, reserved kind, the kind usually associated with the accidental breaking of something that is not particularly valuable, but cannot be replaced or repaired.

“I’m just sick about it,” he told one reporter only an hour after the murder, his words calm and measured. “It was just something I couldn’t control. I couldn’t think.” In his detached, courteous fashion, he added, “I’ve just pulled a stunt here, and there’s only one way to take it.” That way, his subsequent behavior made clear, was to remain detached and courteous.

JUST A FEW days before this senseless, compulsive act of violence, the surviving actor in another, far more notorious, drama of compulsive violence was freed from an Illinois prison. Nathan Leopold, fifty-three, entered that prison at the age of

twenty for the 1924 “thrill” slaying, in partnership with his friend, Richard Loeb, of a fourteen-year-old boy they hardly knew.

It would be a mistake to treat the Loeb-Leopold and Cordry cases as two of a kind. There are as many differences as there are likenesses. But one likeness and one difference seem worth examining. In each case, every parent of any sensitivity who read the stories felt a quiver of nervousness. Each asked himself: What do we know about our children? Is there something wrong with us as parents? Is there something wrong with our society? The questions come fast, and the answers come slowly—if they come at all.

The significant difference was in another general response to the news of the Cordry crime. No responsible person has yet called the youth a monster. The girl’s parents themselves set the tone.

“The boy doesn’t need punishment, only help,” said John Bonn, Deena’s father, just forty-eight hours after the death of his only child. “I want to go to the county jail to see the boy. He needs to know that he is not an outcast of society.” He added, “I do not want revenge. The boy did terrible harm, but he did not commit a crime. A huge thunderbolt had built up within him and it just happened to strike us.”

Bonn, it is true, is not an average American. German-born, well-educated, a one-time teacher of drama at Western Reserve University and now a successful businessman, he sought in his grief a measure of understanding and found it. At fifty-nine, he had lived and thought enough to cope with the tragic and the seemingly inexplicable.

Bonn’s enlightened voice seemed to be the voice of much of the community. The introduction of psychiatric testimony at the sensational trial of Loeb and Leopold, the classic closing argument of Clarence Darrow in which he asked society to re-examine its concerns in such cases before passing judgment, these were novel and bitterly assailed thirty years ago. The immediate reaction to young Cordry’s act was a measure of what had happened since. For in the Cordry case, the first and most

important question seems to be: What do the psychiatrists say? The second, directed inward by the parents, by the boy’s friends, by Stanford University officials, by much of middle-class society, is: How did we fail him?

THE LAW, of course, has not yet made the whole of this transition, nor has a large segment of public opinion. Tom Cordry will be tried for murder, and the prosecutor has announced he will seek the death penalty. He has a preliminary opinion from two psychiatrists that the boy was and is “legally sane.” Under the present definition of legal sanity accepted almost everywhere, including California—that the defendant knew what he was doing and knew that it was wrong—the psychiatrists may be correct (see *Guilty or Insane? A New Test*, by Manfred Guttmacher, *The Nation*, March 15).

No fuller psychiatric opinion is yet available. But it is obvious that the youth’s defense will depend on convincing a jury that he is “not guilty by reason of insanity.”

What may make the defense more difficult than in other cases hinging on mental illness, real or asserted, is that the murder itself is the only overt act by the defendant yet established that would strike the average juror as really abnormal or unusual.

A horde of reporters has searched vainly for any relative, friend or acquaintance who can remember a single word or deed of Cordry’s that was truly noteworthy. There has been an astounding minimum of hindsight, of the “I should have known something was wrong when he . . .” variety. The fact is that Tom appeared so normal, so perfectly blended into the Stanford landscape, that not even those close to him seemed ever to have registered any very vivid impression of the boy. With his Ivy League clothes and pleasant looks, there was about him nothing to attract attention. They had heard no overtones in his unremarkable conversations. They had noted no behavior that set him even slightly apart.

“He never gave us any clues,” said



his mother, Helen Cordry, a handsome, poised woman who works with her husband in his successful insurance business. She could only speculate dubiously about what forces had been at work in her son. She had, she said, instilled in him a sense of morality, particularly sexual morality, that perhaps was "too rigid." She was by no means convinced of this, however: "We reared him on the old-fashioned idea of choosing the right type of girls and we always answered any questions he asked to the best of our knowledge. My idea was that he should understand that women should be protected. . . ."

Asked if she would bring her son up differently if she had another chance, she shook her head. "I'm afraid I'd do it the same way," she replied sadly.

Her husband, a stockier, ruddier, older version of the boy, hasn't said much except that he had played a lot of tennis with his son and that their relationship was "normal." Otherwise, he left it to his wife to speak for the family.

When the boy was asked to which parent he might have gone for help in resisting the "urge," if he had chosen that course, he thoughtfully decided it would have been his mother. Even after the murder, however, he apparently felt no need to pour out his story to her. Just before he went to see his parents the first morning after the killing, he sent advance word by his attorney that he had "no explanation to make." After the meeting, they made it clear that he had given them none.

THERE were other indications that Cordry's parents were far from close to the boy. One was simply the physical fact that they stayed at their San Francisco apartment most of the working week, returning only on weekends to the Palo Alto home where Tom was "baching it." Another came from the parents of the dead girl, who observed that when Tom had once come to dinner some six months earlier, he had remarked on how nice it was for a family to have a pleasant dinner together. "We just eat and run at our house," he explained.

There are, however, millions of

American boys and girls whose well-meaning parents, intent on providing material benefits for their children as well as for themselves, eventually find that the family lines of communication have broken down. Few of their children commit such senseless crimes.

There are also millions of adolescents attempting to cope with their sexual development and desires in a society that sometimes seems sex-obsessed, but in which the taboos still play an important and often frustrating role. Few commit murder as a result.

WERE there other more meaningful omens of disaster in young Cordry's known history? The psychiatrists or others may come up with many in time. No one has produced any to date.

After an apparently uneventful childhood, he prepared for college at Principia, a St. Louis school of excellent reputation operated by the Christian Science Church. There he was a good student, earning As and Bs with regularity. He was a member of the tennis team. He met and often dated a girl from New York with whom he corresponded for a time after his return to the West Coast to college. But, as often happens in such cases, the letters finally stopped, and the girl has since married.

Tom entered Stanford almost as a matter of course, both his parents having graduated from the university in the class of 1933. He ranked about in the middle of the 1,100-

member freshman class in pre-testing. At his parents' suggestion, he began as an engineering student. Living in a dormitory—as do all freshmen on what is still nostalgically known as "The Farm" to alumni—he dated, played tennis and was pledged to a fraternity. Like many other freshmen, he had some trouble with his studies, finding the engineering courses particularly difficult. With the consent of his adviser and his parents, he switched to an "international relations" course at the beginning of his sophomore year. His new goal was to prepare for the U.S. foreign service.

He began this school year living at the fraternity. His studies still did not go well, however, and he expressed a dislike for "group living." In mid-year, he moved out of the fraternity and went back to live at home.

WAS THERE anything unusual in this, or in other aspects of his life at Stanford? The girls he dated, his fraternity brothers and roommates and Stanford officials agreed there was not. The same things that happened to him happened to too many others to be of any significance, they said. There had been no strange or unaccountable incidents involving Cordry at all, not one. Nor were his scholastic problems really great. He had been told he should improve his C— average, but there had not even been a discussion of probation or expulsion. He was still playing tennis and still going out with girls occasionally. His social behavior was pleasant, and though he was not gregarious, he seemed to have a good time and was popular at parties.

In all this, it is quite possible to speculate about a factor here or a cause there. What remains after each bit of speculation, however, is the central, unanswered question. Why, out of all those who have had similar experiences and problems, was young Tom the one who pulled a trigger?

A puzzled sheriff's officer who probably wouldn't have worried about it when Loeb and Leopold were boys, perhaps summed up the case as effectively as anyone in a blunt sentence: "This is a case for the head-shrinkers."





# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Gentleman as Diplomat

**CHILE THROUGH EMBASSY WINDOWS: 1939-1953.** By Claude G. Bowers. Simon and Schuster. 365 pp. \$5.

### Carleton Beals

EMBASSY windows can provide only a distorted, limited view. Most diplomatic memoirs are a dreary round of banquets and indiscriminate bouquets, spiced with anecdotes that conceal rather than reveal political truth. But Claude Bowers did get away from his cramped view of Forrestal Park and grim, gray Bulnes Plaza enough to be able to garnish his main silver-covered dish with gentlemanly pictures of places and people, not merely over-polished reflections of the near-great. He summured at small resorts, visited a few landed estates, caught shore-leave glimpses of two desert ports, saw a bit of lake country and got as far south as rain-drenched Valdivia for his favorite pigs-knuckles and sauerkraut. As a cultured New Dealer, he found the impoverished workers of mixed blood, the *rotos*, highly picturesque and was delighted when the "democratic" Chilean president publicly shook hands with one.

Mr. Bowers reserves his brickbats for Nazis and Communists—more reproachfully than intolerantly. When a Chilean girl unexpectedly had her baby in his gardens, he chuckled that the Communists instead of accusing him of paternity merely said he had enticed her there so that her child would be an American citizen. It is when he mentions Argentina, later on the Peronistas (whom he sourly brackets with Communists), that he really sputters. For Argentina—though he does not admit it—blocked his mission at crucial moments, and his feelings are too intense to

throw any light on all-important Argentine-Chile relations. He grossly misrepresents their treaty (eventually stymied by United States pressure and money) that was so advantageous to Chile and necessary for proper development of the southern end of the continent.

His reiterated thesis—also his *non mea culpa*—is that Chile failed to break with the Axis until hostilities were nearly over because of the cumbersome of Chile's praiseworthy democracy. Yet why the delay if, as he insists, nearly all Chileans were and are ardently pro-United States? His colander thesis does not hold water. Actually the Chileans—fanatically nationalistic and in those days proud of their German-trained, goose-stepping army—love no other country and are particularly wary at all times of the United States. Chile's long neutrality had deep-seated validity, and Bowers would have made a stronger case had he properly presented the reasons. Also, Chilean attitudes would have been clarified for us had he provided a true picture of American business operations rather than a paean of praise of the Bradens, Graces and Guggenheims. No mention of the Cosach scandal! No mention that the fine company houses (in which no American worker would live), the health and social benefits, were forced on the corporations, only after years of bloody conflict, by workers and various Chilean governments. A truthful picture of this evolution to more enlightened business practices would reinforce his argument that Chile would benefit from more North American private capital and technology. Fortunately in recent years—and Bowers applauds this—governments there have made strenuous efforts to emerge from sole dependence on copper and nitrates by diversified industry.

Mr. Bowers' excessive love of bustle, efficiency and cleanliness leads him to dislike the descendants of the original Indian inhabitants, the Araucanos, a fine people whose blood

flows in the veins of nearly every Chilean. He lauds Conquistador Valdivia fulsomely, not mentioning his cruelties, but paints a horrendous example (wholly apocryphal) of early Araucano cruelty. Bowers' primitive superstitions about Araucanos will scarcely be backed by reputable anthropologists, even less by Chile's writers, sculptors, painters and musicians, the greatest of whom have found their chief inspiration in Araucano culture.

THE only nineteenth-century political leader praised by Bowers is Diego Portales. Portales entered politics to cover up personal speculations and gain ironclad monopolies. He provoked the first futile war with Peru and Bolivia, destroyed the press, abolished congress, used the firing squad and blocked Chile's painful evolution toward democracy by entrenching the century-long rule by landlords and the army, what Chilean historians brand as "The Great Silence." Yet Bowers describes this crafty, corrupt dictator as "a statesman of vision and democratic ideals." Every time the ambassador went to Casa Moneda (government house) he paused reverently "to look at the bust of this truly great man."

Bowers' fairy-tale of the heroic death of Admiral Prat during the nitrate war is the spoon-fed super-patriotic school-boy version. His eulogies of high church leaders provide no insight into Church-State politics. His account of the great Lota coal strike (he was engaged in negotiations for sending in United States coal to break the strike) is the garbled official story. The coal miners were driven back to the undersea galleries by bayonets to work for less than a dollar a day. Nor does he mention later barbed-wire stockades into which "democratic" President González Videla herded copper and nitrate workers.

The book's highlight is the visit of Eleanor Roosevelt, which he engineered to offset the splendid Argentine delegation at the inauguration of refurbished dictator Carlos

CARLETON BEALS has worked as a journalist in Latin America for many years. Among his books on that section of the world are *Banana Gold*, *The Crime of Cuba*, *America South*, *Rio Grande to Cape Horn*.



Ibáñez. A master stroke! Unfortunately Bowers was too much impressed by Mrs. Roosevelt's tireless efficiency to explain why poor Chilean mothers held their babies up to her car windows.

Mr. Bowers' volume is larded with delightful anecdotes, most of which will be new to American readers, and is valuable for its considerable if slanted information. Because of the dimensions of embassy windows and

his gentlemanly kindness and caution, most of the real story has been left untold. But no reader, once enmeshed in its enthusiasm, sometimes starry-eyed, will escape the author's charm, which carries over even into his crustier moments. Indeed, with his recent death, Chile lost a firm friend—a more sincere Chilean patriot than nearly all the dubious local politicians on whom he has lavished such unstinted praise.

unguarded ebullience and imagination are old fashioned, and, as such, draw their quips. The young find the ululations of early Hemingway or Fitzgerald bar crawlers more acceptable. Private, helpless, faceless anguish—the other side of smart worldliness—is more with us now than in the twenties, while warm spontaneous individuality has become anachronistic. Mrs. Trilling touches on this when she questions the wisdom of our young writers' rigid modernity, restricted view of reality, and subservience to fate. There might, she concludes, be something to say for Lawrence's larger vision and his challenge to fate. However, while admiring the indomitable vitality that suffused Lawrence's life and work, she is unable to see any value in his ideas.

Happily these reservations do not preclude her appreciation of Lawrence's letters, which she regards as the best in modern literature. Possibly she is more at ease with them because they do not give the full range of his speculations. Ingratiously warm, brilliantly angry, keenly analytical of people and situations, they are also limited by their recipients. Bridges into the world, they were engineered to reach the other shore. Lawrence is strongly present in each letter, but so is his correspondent. Mrs. Trilling calls this putting his best foot forward—though it often turned out to be his worst and led to rugged combat. The letters show an astonishing resilience for one who became so deeply engaged. He was always ready to cut his losses and start over.

GRAHAM HOUGH'S urbane study grew from his belief that Lawrence's "vitalism" had "some of the same disruptive and fertilizing effect in our century as aestheticism did in the nineteenth." He points out that Lawrence was "very near the centre" of "a great

## The Challenge of Lawrence

*D. H. LAWRENCE: A COMPOSITE BIOGRAPHY.* Volume I, 1885-1919. Gathered, arranged and edited by Edward Nehls. The University of Wisconsin Press. 614 pp. \$7.50.

*THE SELECTED LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE.* Edited with an Introduction by Diana Trilling. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 322 pp. \$4.50.

*THE DARK SUN: A STUDY OF D. H. LAWRENCE.* By Graham Hough. The Macmillan Co. 265 pp. \$4.50.

Mary Freeman

THESE are the most recent of the biographies, reprints and critical studies that have marked a reviving interest in D. H. Lawrence during the past decade. Each throws light on the reasons for that revival, but from quite different directions.

Edward Nehls quotes F. R. Leavis' dictum that Lawrence is the greatest creative writer in English of our time and then confines himself to presenting Lawrence the man as objectively as we are ever apt to see him. Selections from biographies and memoirs, reminiscences elicited by Nehls, and bits from Lawrence's writings are grouped around significant events so that the reader feels he is present. At first one misses the strong hand of the conventional biographer. Support for almost any opinion could be selected from the wealth of material and Nehls withholds his own conclusions. Yet by reassembling the actors for each scene, he has allowed them to reveal one another as well as Lawrence and thus helped us to judge their judgments of him.

When Lawrence is seen among others, myths tend to fall away and leave him a human being, neither better nor worse

than most. However, the productivity of this chronically sick man appears even more extraordinary, and we marvel at the tough core of sanity he managed to preserve while allowing himself the most extreme deviations from conventional behavior and thought. If the two projected volumes of the Nehls biography show the thorough, creative scholarship of the first, there will be little left to say about Lawrence the man.

IN contrast to Nehls's deep respect for his subject, Diana Trilling is troubled by her sponsorship of Lawrence, especially when she is confronted by the bright cynicism of younger critics. Her introduction to *The Selected Letters* is an apology addressed to one of their spokesmen. In this personal rambling essay she tosses about a good deal of lively psychoanalytic nonsense and concedes to her young friend—a little too easily—that Lawrence is dated, of doubtful sanity, and remote from actual life.

The letters that follow refute the last two points, but confirm the first. Lawrence is dated, and in a way that the young seem ill-prepared to cope with. His open, intimate, hortatory style, his

## Words for Hart Crane

When the Pulitzers showered on some dope or screw who flushed our dry mouths out with soap, few people would consider why I took to stalking sailors, and scattered Uncle Sam's phony gold-plated laurels to the birds. Because I knew my Whitman like a book, stranger in America, tell my country: I, *Catullus Redivivus*, once the rage of the Village and Paris, used to play my role of homosexual wolfing the stray lambs who hungered by the Place de la Concorde. My profit was a pocket with a hole. Who asks for me, the Shelley of my age, must lay his heart out for my bed and board.

ROBERT LOWELL

MARY FREEMAN is the author of *D. H. Lawrence: A Basic Study of His Ideas*.



revolution of sensibility" and made deliberate explorations in search of new values." Hough undertakes their evaluation. Analyzing the greater part of Lawrence's work—often with keenness, sometimes with deep penetration, always neatly interweaving consideration of art and idea—he achieves an unusually evocative study. It is then the more disappointing to find inconsistencies that blunt his own points. He tells us that Lawrence's work hardly reflects the events of his time and then that he made "brilliantly intelligent and well-worked-out observations on the contemporary world." He tells us that Lawrence scarcely noticed that the old social edifice was being swept away before his eyes and then that he was one of our sharpest analysts of the decay of our ideals. He tells us that we need spend little time on Lawrence's social theories; then that he penetrated with power and intelligence to the central problems of the time.

THESE inconsistencies may be partly a matter of hasty phrasing, but they reveal also a reluctance to deal with the social aspects of the Lawrence doctrine. Several facets are caught in a few deft strokes, notably Lawrence's quarrel with

Christianity, democracy and education. (There is no reference to G. H. Bantock's more comprehensive study of Lawrence's views on education. Indeed, Hough acknowledges a debt to no critic other than Leavis.) Nevertheless Hough's preference is for Lawrence's adventures in the realm of sensibility, which he likens to the search for integration prescribed by Jung, as against Lawrence's denunciations of the profit system, which he attributes to "a dreary immature class consciousness." The obliqueness of Hough's glance at the social

implications of Lawrence's speculations weakens his study.

Nehls has chosen to deal with Lawrence because he is a great writer; Trilling because, by living and writing vividly, he challenged dehumanizing trends; Hough because he represented a revolution in sensibility that "may be uncompleted yet." Perhaps future readers and critics of Lawrence will discover that the gist of Lawrence's challenge lies in his demonstrations that revolutions of sensibility and economics must keep step or lead to perdition.

## Aristocrat of the Theatre

**THE THEATRE OF ROBERT EDMOND JONES.** Edited and with a chronology by Ralph Pendleton. Wesleyan University Press. 196 pp. \$12.50.

**Lincoln Kirstein**

THE Whitney Museum of American Art is holding a fine memorial to Robert Edmund Jones; Wesleyan University has issued an exceptionally well printed and edited collection of many of the same designs, which only lack color.

Jones was the most distinguished American theatre artist of his epoch, from 1915 to 1950. He apprehended the key currents of his time, even if he was not exactly an original. He was a gifted conservative, in love with what was most alive to him in the past, and what was most essential in the present.

Leaving Harvard in 1912, after teaching there two years, he went to Florence, to offer himself as a disciple to Gordon Craig. Craig seems to have rejected him, but even though there was no strict connection, Craig's ideas of an 'ideal' theatre stayed with Jones always. The city of Florence, all corners of its rich cut stone softened by centuries of civil strife and seasons of human inventiveness, was Jones's next greatest influence. His knowledge of the texture of loomed stuffs, the hard formality of wrought iron, the suave feel of worked wood, the noble interruption of arcades characterized his work like a recurrent signature. Their source, for him, was Florentine. Then he went to Berlin where for a year he observed the synthetic energy of Max Reinhardt, who had already vulgarized many of Craig's proposals on the grand scale.

In 1915, Jones was in New York, designing *The Man Who Married A Dumb*

*Wife* for Granville Barker. It is unlikely that Jones had seen much of Mondrian's work by 1915, but his drawing for the Anatole France play, a delicate, arbitrary balance of blocks and lines, recalls the modules of Japanese architecture which served them as a common origin. Just as Jones used Craig before he was available to America, so he introduced the tottering angularity and loose asymmetry of German Expressionism. Analysing a script, he decided for himself what a play was "about" and arrived at key symbols: an Arch, Steps, a Vault, a Window, basing his entire production on the one chosen form. This gave unity to a strong text and wrecked a weak one. Like many New Englanders he was a Transcendentalist, inclined towards mysticism. Oriental philosophy guided him. He used to say: "Simplicity is the most expensive word." Simplicity, the elegant distillation of irreducibles, was what he sought: sometimes an ominous darkness glinting with half a dozen arresting details, reflections behind a shrouded mirror, brass fixtures, crystal pendants; sometimes an airy bareness, a richly worn emptiness, haunted and warmed by echoes, as in his designs for the late O'Neill plays; always an aristocratic conception, spare, proud and thin. In *The Fervent Years*, Harold Clurman's splendid chronicle, there are sharp sketches of Jones in action, working on the job yet quite apart from the production as performance. Having framed a script as secular ritual, he withdrew. Clurman describes the archetypical hacienda for *Night Over Taus* as "passive in quality." It "added to a contemplative, cloistral tone . . . but the approach was not what the play demanded."

The personal pattern he imposed on a script raised the entire profession of scenic-designer in this country; he had a school of imitators long before he

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**LINCOLN KIRSTEIN** is the director of the New York City Ballet, now on tour in Japan.



died. He was always the stage-designer's designer, and less the playwright's and director's. This was particularly true of modern plays. For Shakespeare, Jones could design (although failing when he tried to direct), the whole interpretation. One became so aware of his taste,

discrimination and synthesis, that it took a strong book to support him. How many new plays exist now only as titles for his lovely drawings! He was a craftsman of exquisite quality and sensibility, unequalled in detailing an over-all vision.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

SPECTACULAR melodrama—which offered train wrecks or chariot races as climactic thrills—and riotously improbable farce were absorbed by the movies around the year 1912. As a result the theatre has become an increasingly quieter or less kinetic medium. With a farce like Norman Krasna's *Who Was That Lady I Saw You With* (Martin Beck) it seems that the stunt show has returned to Broadway from Hollywood.

There is probably an audience for this sort of thing—I heard considerable laughter in the house—although I found it forced and tasteless, with a few good jokes but many more that would not pass muster at a varsity jamboree. What interested me, however, was the fact that when the sets were moved backward and forward, or up and down, the audience was highly intrigued.

The innocence of this reaction at this late date made me realize that the mechanical ingenuity and photographic feats of the movies are now so much taken for granted that the manipulation of ordinary settings in full view of the audience has once again become something to gape at. The plaything fascination of the stage seems more enduring than the fantastic inventiveness of the movies just because the former is so childishly candid while the engineering intricacy of the movies is made to appear a matter of fact.

Yet the American audience reacts with a certain coolness, if not a conscious resistance, to any show of artifice in the writing and acting for the so-called "legitimate" theatre. We welcome the conventions or stylization of vaudeville and musical comedy, but for the more sober forms of drama we insist on the "natural," the "true to life." That a play or its performance may be artificial and serious, both slapstick and significant, is a notion we barely comprehend.

THESE reflections occur to me once more with the resumption of the interrupted run of Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors* (Coronet) which I directed. The play has been a success from here

to Chicago and back, but its critical reception, while generally enthusiastic, has always contained a certain ambiguity.

Anouilh calls the play a farce—which it is. The central character, just before the final curtain, murmurs "What a farce; it's so sad." Yet one critic — a perceptive one — complimented me on having rendered the play funny, while finding fault with the script for not having the texture of a Chekhov play! Another reviewer asks why the play with its new cast (Melvyn Douglas, Betty Field, Lili Darvas) seems more disturbing than on his first view of it.

The confusion arises, I believe, from the play's traditionally French style to which we are still not wholly accustomed. It is the tradition of the Italian masked comedy — grafted by Molière onto his new "bourgeois" drama—in which important, even tragic, material is transmitted in the guise of a comedy which frequently moves toward the farcical. The French, who in the main have always resisted realism on the stage, prefer the theatre theatrical, the theatre of frank artifice in which even passion is expressed by means that create a certain detachment from it, a slight removal from a sense of the actual. That is why so many French plays — old and new — employ characters and plot devices that are as old as the hills. Henry Miller once called the French the Chinese of Western culture.

*The Waltz of the Toreadors* is a farce conceived by a romantic to mock and correct his own romanticism. Its characters are not so much "real people" as types, figures, attitudes. Its surface is often hilarious and toward the end deliberately "corny" (the discovery of the long "lost" son is straight out of ancient comedy) but its core is so grim that one's laughter may strike one at times as unseemly.

The second scene of the second act—in my opinion one of the most brilliant in contemporary drama—is Strindberg turned into farce. Its brilliance consists in preventing us from becoming so totally absorbed by its ferocity that we fail

to laugh at it and in never letting us laugh so much that we forget its agony. It is in the very nature of the play's construction (its "civilization") that it remains both painful and funny. It is real, but not realistic, it is "superficial" but it probes, it is "heartless" yet it is shot through with sentiment. We are equally wrong if we think of it as a mere joke or if we seek in it the same literalness of statement or the forthrightness of feeling we expect in the plays presumed to hold the mirror up to nature.

Just as *The Waltz* alternates and combines its contrasting features to create something rather new for us, so it is the only one of Anouilh's plays to achieve a balance and conclusion of content. What Anouilh tells us here is that, though nearly all of us must forego the hope of achieving the ideal of our dreams and must learn to accept some sorry compromise with reality, man must ever renew the struggle to attain the very ideal at which he has failed.

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**Frank J. Warnke**

AMONG the winter offerings of the Bavarian State Opera were two productions which epitomized, in very different ways, the artistic seriousness and dramatic intensity of the art form which Dr. Johnson defined as "an exotic and irrational entertainment." Stravinsky's "opera-oratorio," *Oedipus Rex*, and Bartok's symbolist music drama *à deux*, *Bluebeard's Castle*, represented almost opposite approaches to the problem of opera as drama, but they both succeeded in being theatre in its most compelling form.

*Oedipus*, composed in 1927, marked Stravinsky's definitive formulation of a new musical classicism. But it is in no way arid or derivative, any more than are the *Symphony of Psalms* or the recent *Rake's Progress*. Intensely melodic, almost Verdieque vocal lines rise above a dynamic orchestral base in which tense and rapidly changing rhythms impel the drama toward its dénouement. Certain passages — Jocasta's troubled denial of prophecy; *Oedipus*' anguished recognition of his guilt—seem to restore to the oldest nightmare of the race the significance so often missing in academic translations and modern productions of Sophocles.

The economy, speed and shattering impact of Stravinsky's *Oedipus* make one wonder why the work is more familiar in the concert hall than in the opera house. Timid general managers to the contrary, dramatic vigor is not synonymous with a surfeit of Pagliaccis and, as Munich demonstrated, nothing in *Oedipus* prevents the spectacle inherent in operatic form. There was nothing static in Heinz Arnold's direction and nothing oratorio-like in Helmut Jürgens' stage picture—the protagonists in red cloaks and bizarre high head-dresses in movement against a black-robed chorus; over the severely raked stage an enormous dull metal reflector which magnified and distorted the figures of the drama. The stage was marked out in squares which suggested the inevitability of fate and also, perhaps, facilitated the constant and intricate choral movements.

Much of the effect of the production was due to its principals—Ernst Haefliger of Berlin, who combines an impos-

ing stage presence with a flexible and powerful tenor, and Hertha Töpper, leading mezzo of the Munich company, who has in the last two years developed into one of the most exciting of contemporary European singers. The entire cast sang the medieval Latin text with extreme clarity. Stravinsky composed *Oedipus* to a text in a dead language because he wanted to give his treatment the dignity of distance, but I was struck by other advantages. As in Orff's *Trionfi*, the language shows a softness of sound combined with a firmness of articulation which make it ideal for dramatic music. Despite the familiarity of the story, the Munich management equipped the proceedings with a narrator, who periodically interrupted the relentless dramatic movement while the cast froze like bird dogs on the point. Unfortunate, but not fatal.

*OEDIPUS* deals with man's discovery of his tragic destiny. Bartok's only opera, composed in 1911, shows its more specific modernity in that it deals with man's convulsive efforts to prevent the discovery of an always known destiny. The result is a work which is, for all the profundity of its music, more limited and static than *Oedipus*. Its full dramatic effect requires two actors who are inventive as well as accomplished. The action is simple and, to a degree, predictable. In opposition to family and friends, Judith has become Duke Bluebeard's wife and has come with him to his castle. In its dark and cold fastness she finds seven locked doors and, after pleading with him, is allowed to open successively each one. She finds his torture chamber, his armory, his treasure-house, his garden, but everywhere are traces of blood. Against his pleas she opens the sixth door, to find a well of tears, and the seventh, behind which are Bluebeard's three former wives or their shades. As the opera ends she joins them, weeping bitterly, leaving Bluebeard alone in a darkness which is now eternal.

Helmut Jürgens supplied a murky and sinister set appropriate to the psychological climate of *Bluebeard's Castle*, but I didn't find it as wholly right as his *Oedipus* set—for one thing, the doors were spread laterally across the stage instead of receding into its depths; for another, the winding iron staircase on which the protagonists made their entrance suggested a basement apartment more than a castle. It was the singers

FRANK J. WARNKE, who has been teaching English at Yale, is in Europe for a year as a Morse fellow. Mr. Warnke is a regular contributor to Opera News.

The NATION



who made the opera especially memorable. American basso Keith Engen projected the Duke's tortured conflicts with dramatic subtlety as well as tonal beauty, and Hertha Töpper, again, was beautifully immersed in her role. Some of her interpretive touches were profound—I think, for example, of the listless despair with which, at the fifth door, she sings the words "Gross und reich sind deine Länder." She and Engen, who sang the work when it was introduced to Munich a few years ago, have developed a dramatic interplay which lends the necessary movement to a work whose tensions are largely inward, and both artists are more than equal to the demands of a murderous score which leans heavily on an augmented brass section.

THE FULL stage productions accorded these rarely performed operas typify the kind of fare which Munich's controversial music director, Hungarian Ferenc Fricsay, has been making available during the first year of his tenure. Criticized by some Munich newspapers for his international and untraditional ideas—his introduction of Italian opera into last summer's Festival, for example—he has shown brilliance in his casting and has, even more importantly, demonstrated with the *Oedipus* premiere and the *Bluebeard* revival, that a major opera house can give a central position in its repertory to modern operas which are, in the most uncompromising sense, serious dramatic presentations.

### The Election

I saw the years  
And the years' fall  
Carthage's salt  
And the villa that  
Hadrian built  
And the bridge  
Over Provence  
For water  
And the trestle  
In the valley of  
The Massawippi  
That linked  
Oceans  
That made a nation  
And I thought  
Of the robin's egg  
Blue  
And the diamond in the earth  
And of Athens  
And how you lay  
To time to time  
Not naked  
But in the provenance  
Of empires and Sardanapalus  
Nude.

RALPH GUSTAFSON

## Maurice Grosser

FORTY paintings by the world's most celebrated amateur, Sir Winston Churchill, are on view at the Metropolitan Museum through the month of March. The subjects are still-lives, principally of flowers, and landscapes painted on sunny days. The painting method is a basic impressionism. The painter works from nature, putting down on his canvas with as little rearrangement as possible the flat shapes of the colors he finds in the subject before him, his eye half closed to eliminate detail. He allows himself only the liberty of exaggerating the color intensity of the more neutral tones, of rendering brown by a richer orange or lavender for gray.

Judged by amateur standards, Churchill's work is extraordinarily good. His colors are clean and gay like good English decoration. And several of the canvases are so completely lacking in technical faults that, in the absence of the other pictures, they might well be mistaken for the work of a professional—which is highest possible praise for the talented amateur.

THE amateur painter is a great deal more concerned than the professional with the problem of giving his work a professional appearance. He lacks professional training and his painting is likely to be disfigured by faults of drawing, tone relation and composition which the professional painter has early learned to avoid. But even when these faults are absent, the amateur's painting can always be distinguished from the professional's by a quality shared by all amateur work—the complete absence of original ideas.

The amateur painter is in general a cultivated man who has discovered the pleasures of painting and pursues it as recreation and sport. The approach he adopts may be a form of impressionism, or even of abstraction, depending on his age and education, but it will necessarily be a thoroughly familiar one. He is interested in playing a fascinating game, not in making up new rules. He is visiting a world already explored by other painters rather than creating and imposing a world of his own. His real originality has already found its expression elsewhere. Otherwise he would long ago have quit his own profession for that of painter, as Gauguin gave up a career on the stock exchange in his pursuit of art. The price of originality is undivided love.

The naive painter shares with the amateur this lack of originality, but in a different way. The amateur is in general a member of the educated classes, familiar with painting. Consequently, he has available to him for the expression of his ideas, however commonplace they may be, a great variety of possible painting styles. Naive painting, on the other hand, embodies the pictorial concepts of the uneducated, which may be very original. But the naive painter has not been taught to draw, to break up the visual world into its elements of line, shape, form, color and perspective. He does not paint what he sees; he paints what he knows is there, a conceptual world composed of verbal symbols, where walls have bricks, where trees are green

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and have denumerable leaves, where  
the faces are composed of eyes, ears, nose,  
a mouth and hair. These symbols are  
the material out of which all naive paint-  
ing is made. Consequently, all naive  
pictures, in spite of the fresh and charm-  
ing ideas they frequently contain, are  
surprisingly alike, even to color and  
scale. The naive and amateur painters  
have this in common, that the ones who  
have gained the public's attention owe  
their reputation more to accident of  
publicity and caprice of collector than  
to their interest to the profession itself.

Painting such as this may have no  
place in the history of art. It never-  
theless provides immense pleasure and  
instruction to the people who do it. And  
I, as a professional painter, view with  
much more sympathy the amateur,  
seated before his "motif," happily and  
quietly communing with nature in water-  
color, than I can feel for the ubiquitous  
amateur photographer with his gadget  
bag and meters, nervously preparing to  
perform on nature an impersonal and  
surreptitious extraction. The painter is  
the more civilized man.

PETER BLUME, known for his large,  
detailed, semi-allegorical pictures, is  
showing at Durlacher's through March  
22nd two important finished pictures  
along with the drawings and sketches  
used in their making, as well as some  
thirty independent drawings in pen-and-  
ink—the whole done during his recent  
residence at the American Academy in  
Rome. The drawings, in a firm linear  
style with a broad-nosed pen, could not  
be handsomer. The hand is accurate, the  
execution astonishingly free and convinc-  
ing. The drawings and sketches leading  
up to the paintings are also very fine.  
The finished paintings, however, have  
little of the drawings' quality.

The themes of the pictures are in-  
tricate and promising. The smaller —  
*Hadrian's Villa*—depicts an olive harvest,  
the tree in center, its branches filled  
with men with poles, its roots covered  
by a circle of cloth to collect the falling  
olives. The more ambitious — *Passage  
to Etna* — presents a short-hand his-  
tory of Rome: from the bottom of the  
canvas a pyramid of drums and capitals  
of antique columns rises into the un-  
covered crypt of a catacomb, in the re-  
cesses of whose walls human skeletons lie  
exposed, while above this is an open  
street of tenements with festoons of  
laundry and crowds of small people with  
sad, sallow faces.

The drawings and plans for both pic-  
tures are full of dash and bravura. In  
the finished work all this is lost. The  
painting is heavy and labored. The cir-

cular movements, so handsome in the  
sketches, are obscured. The color is  
bright but inexpressive. There is no light  
and no real air. And in spite of the sad  
story told by the sad faces—absent in  
the sketches and serving here apparently  
to demonstrate the artist's social con-  
sciousness — the works succeed in being  
only quaint and puckish, like illustra-  
tions for some fairy tale for children.  
Comparing the pictures with the draw-  
ings for them, it is obvious that some-  
thing unfortunate has intervened be-  
tween the conception and the finished  
product. The difficulty, I suspect, is an  
excess of professionalism. For if the ex-  
cellence of an amateur painter can be  
seen in how well he comes up to profes-  
sional standards, the excellence of the  
professional can be judged by how well  
he avoids them.

By professionalism, I mean too great  
a respect for professional standards. The  
painter wishes above all to demonstrate  
his professional competence. It this aim  
he tries to prove too many things, to  
show himself capable of solving all prob-  
lems in one picture. He works too hard,  
is too scrupulous, tries to please too  
many people, loses his idea and ends by  
exchanging spontaneity for decorum. It  
would be a great pity if so fine a talent  
as Peter Blume's were to stay caught  
in such a tiresome trap. He should  
know by now that competence has noth-  
ing to do with professional conformity.  
Competence makes its own standards.  
Because, as Juan Gris once said, one  
becomes a classic by not resembling the  
classics at all.

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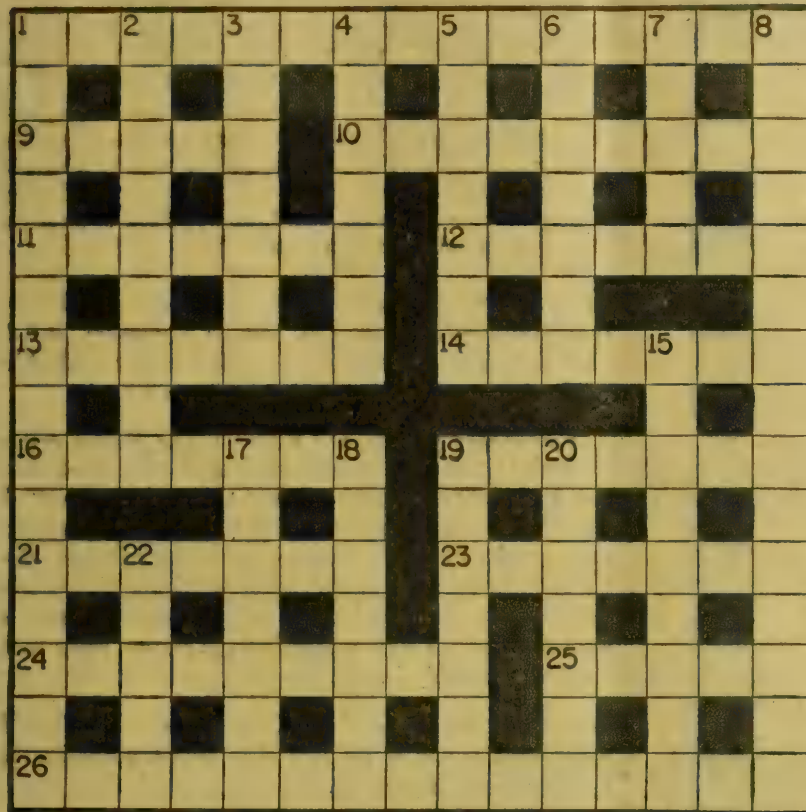
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 764

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 He paraded cows he camouflaged to avoid ill-feeling. (8, 7)
- 9 General opening from the stage. (5)
- 10 It leaves rapid beating, and creates feeling. (9)
- 11 Permit 18 to undergo a change. (7)
- 12 Red aircraft speed to get out of the country this way. (7)
- 13 Wall hangers of Shakespeare. (7)
- 14 Light holder that might give away secrets. (7)
- 16 Their occupation might be fitting, at any rate. (7)
- 19 I'm beyond nothing but application. (7)
- 21 Roof in the form of a riverboat character? (7)
- 23 Cake-makers might appear in order. (7)
- 24 Ship of old Portugal. (9)
- 25 Habituate. (5)
- 26 Moon-made, in secret, but it helps to have them when it comes to application. (15)

## DOWN:

- 1 How the mountain guerrillas might be placed somewhat out of order? (6, 9)
- 2 Is what might be sticking out of the night, a cat? (9)

- 3 Learns a way to keep one's arms together? (7)
- 4 Certainly not in luck! (7)
- 5 To cut up a sort of cat-food might be controversial. (7)
- 6 Engage in a 5, as a cowboy might. (7)
- 7 A rice pudding from the heath? (5)
- 8 Uses ten stones in making quite a formal display. (15)
- 15 Implying sustained movement. (9)
- 17 Not exactly maturer—rather might imply a bad setting. (7)
- 18 This could be still 11, in a way. (7)
- 19 Where the cribbage peg fits at the craft center, perhaps. (7)
- 20 Suggests an Irish brawl for the good country man. (7)
- 22 When it's played, you have to add up to a little less than a hundred. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 763

Across: 1 DARTBOARD; 9 FIACRES; 10 ARCHIVE; 11 SKI; 12 ADRIFF; 15 SAME-NESS; 16 CAREER; 18 and 6 across POST NO BILLS; 20 RAPACITY; 23 URNS; 25 GAS; 28 KNIGHTS; 29 ITERATE; 30 RIGHT; 31 LIGHT YEAR. Down: 1 DOFFS; 2 REALISM; 3 BARGAINING; 4 ABSTRUSE; 5 DWARFS; 6 and 24 across BUCKBOARDS; 7 LEISURE; 8 SLENDERLY; 14 HARASSMENT; 15 SAPSUCKER; 17 PARRYING; 19 and 13 across SINKING FUND; 21 INGRATE; 22 TONSH; 26 SHEER; 27 SHOT.

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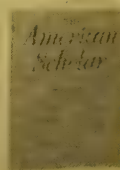


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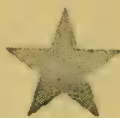
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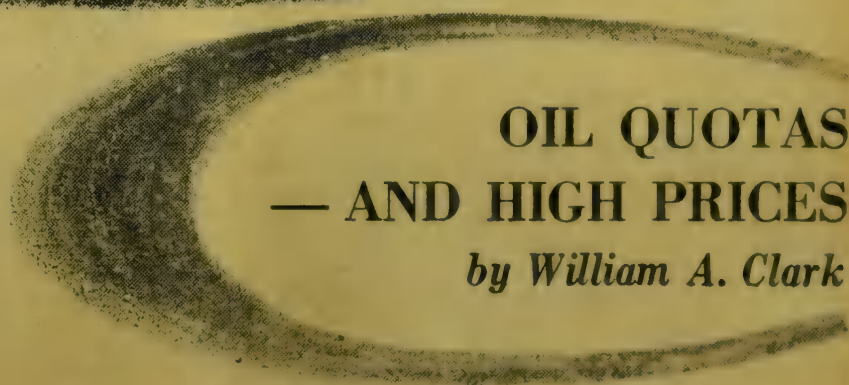
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# LETTERS

## On Hart Crane

Dear Sirs: I am writing in protest to a number of features in Oscar Cargill's article on Hart Crane, his reputation, and his friends, which appeared in your number for 15 February. In this article Professor Cargill directly accuses Allen Tate and Yvor Winters of turning on their friend Hart Crane in 1930 in such a way that "... the enthusiasm for Crane's poetry ... was savagely extinguished ..." at that time; and it is implied that a renewed interest in Crane is taking place only now with the publication of his *Collected Poems* and Mr. Philip Horton's biography in paperback editions. Professor Cargill uses the terms "wolf pack," "assassins," and "assault" by way of describing what he supposes to have been the case in 1930. He further implies that these "lesser poets" joined in a virtual conspiracy to undermine Crane's reputation.

I think you owe it to your readers as well as to Mr. Tate and Mr. Winters to publish certain facts in connection with this sordid business. I shall speak mainly of Mr. Tate. As readers of the *Crane Letters* (published in 1952) or Mr. Horton's book will know, the early friendship between Hart Crane and Allen Tate was important for both of these young poets. I shall not point out the stylistic borrowings and the exchange of ideas that resulted from this friendship, but merely point to the fact that Mr. Tate has consistently, for thirty-five years, held Crane in the highest esteem, both as man and poet. It was Mr. Tate, indeed, who wrote the introduction to *White Buildings* (1926), Crane's first volume. Since then, on at least eight occasions, Mr. Tate has gone out of his way to uphold and extend this judgment. In 1944, for instance, he stated flatly that Crane "... was one of the few talents of the very first rank in America of the present century." He said the same thing in 1956; and in 1953 he ranked Crane as the leading poet of his generation—this in a long review of Mr. Winters's *Collected Poems*...

The truth is that Crane's posthumous reputation owes a lot to Mr. Tate. (An English friend told me that Crane would never have been heard of otherwise over there.) ... I cannot understand this nonsense about the "forgotten" poet. Crane has been well represented in the best anthologies of the period (Pearson and Benet, Brinnin, Matthiessen, even Tate and Bishop). He is ably

discussed in the history of American poetry written by Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska, and the one by Babette Deutsch.

As for Mr. Winters, I find on returning to him that he is fascinated by Crane. I can only record my strong impression that he rates Crane above Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and Ransom. I believe Mr. Winters, like Mr. Tate, knows something about the language of poetry, and if he chooses to discuss Crane at that level and reject large parts of *The Bridge*, that is his privilege. As Professor Cargill says, "Nothing is gained by exploring [Tate's and Winters'] motivation." But the remark about "savage extinction" of their friend is in this case irresponsible and low. It reflects no credit on the academic profession, which is supposed to have some minimum concern with the truth.

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at Santa Barbara

Goleta, Cal.

Dear Sirs: If there were ever a false generalization, it is Ashley Brown's "Mr. Tate has consistently, for thirty-five years, held Crane in the highest esteem." I can cite concessions on Tate's part to Crane's talent (though never to his character), but such concessions generally occur to take the curse of prejudice off hostile analysis. In the review of *The Bridge* in 1930, for example, Tate calls Crane "one of the great masters of romanticism" — then proceeds to the work of demolition. When Tate wrote, in 1936, that Crane was blind "to any rational order of value" and knew he was "damned," were these soft tributes of respect, signs of esteem? Brown reads into the Crane-Tate relationship an indebtedness on Crane's part. But Crane had had much poetry published, while Tate was unknown, when Crane tried to place the essay for Tate (see *The Letters*, Nos. 234, 239) which he absorbed as an introduction to *White Buildings*. *The Letters* prove that after long intercession for Tate ("Allen needs some encouragement very much") Hart Crane was rewarded by (and I will not mince words) an exceptionally stupid and hostile review.

I hope this controversy will not obscure the hardly original, but chief aesthetic point of my essay, that *The Bridge* is built on the same analogy as *The Waste Land* and *Four Quartets*—that of symphonic music — and has a unity of its own. ... Crane wrote Herbert Weinstock on April 22, 1930 (No. 339): "you will come to envision it more as one poem with a clearer and more in-

tegrated unity and development than was at first evident. At least if my own experience in reading and rereading Eliot's *The Waste Land* has any relation to the circumstances, this may be found to be the case. It took me nearly five years, with innumerable readings, to convince myself of the essential unity of that poem. And *The Bridge* is at least as complicated in its structure and inferences as *The Waste Land*—perhaps more so." It was presumptuous of Crane to challenge repeatedly comparison with Eliot and he has paid for that presumptuousness.

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## EDITORIALS

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### Faubus Once Again

In the opinion of reliable political reporters, Orval E. Faubus is a shoo-in to win the Democratic nomination, and therefore re-election, as Governor of Arkansas. In this one-party state it will be a victory almost by default. Not so very many years ago, this curious character was accurately described as "a match-chewing hillbilly"; today, according to the Gallup Poll, his name is known to 58,000,000 Americans. And yet there are still those who insist that, in politics, decency is the best policy!

But there is no reason why the Governor should win by default. Both major parties have responsibilities in the matter; they are, after all, national parties, responsible to a national electorate, concerned with national issues. By his action in calling out the National Guard in Little Rock, Faubus greatly damaged the international prestige of the United States, gave encouragement to forces of racial bigotry and intolerance, and cast discredit on American institutions. Surely both parties have an obligation to afford the voters of Arkansas a chance to repudiate his actions. The Republican Party should comb its ranks in Arkansas, therefore, to select an outstanding nominee who, among other qualifications, is ready to take a stand on issues in such a way as to give voters a genuine choice. And the Democratic Party, speaking through its national leaders, should make it clear that the party repudiates the actions of Faubus and would, if it had the power, spurn him as a candidate. National organizations such as AFL-CIO and the NAACP should insist that both parties honor this limited responsibility. It may be that, along with the people of Arkansas, the rest of us must suffer the humiliation of seeing Faubus rewarded for his shameful conduct; but there is no reason why he should be permitted to win without a protest or, worse, without a serious effort being made to afford the voters a chance to turn him out of office. *The Nation* pointed out at the time (*The Faubus Insurrection*, September 14, 1957), that the only explanation for the Governor's action was that he acted from base political motives, and we expressed the belief that decent opinion in Arkansas would, if given a chance, repudiate his actions. We would hate to be proven wrong.

### The AEC Turns Propagandist

Rightly or wrongly, the Atomic Energy Commission speaks to the public with scientific authority. Actually, however, the record indicates that the AEC press department functions on occasion as an arm of the State Department. It has consistently minimized the danger of nuclear fallout from air bursts and it has grossly exaggerated the difficulty of detecting underground explosions. Not only did the commission create the impression, inadvertently or otherwise, that the explosion on September 19, 1957, of a "tiny" atomic bomb (1,700 tons TNT equivalent) under a mesa in Nevada had not been detected beyond 250 miles, when in fact it had been detected at a distance of 2,320 miles, but it attempted to use the testimony of Dr. Willard F. Libby about the beneficent uses of underground explosions as justification for the continuation of bomb tests. To say the least, this was somewhat misleading. Public controversy has centered primarily on military testing in the air, not on underground tests. The AEC needs a public-information program, but the public will never acquire confidence in any such program when it is used for propaganda purposes. The AEC is dealing with matters of vital importance about which the public needs to be educated as well as informed. More than any agency in government, the AEC must cultivate public confidence by a scrupulous avoidance of distortion, inaccuracy, bias or lack of candor in its releases. If we must have agencies for propaganda, let them be clearly identified as such.

### Keep Defense Separate

In presenting a ten-point program in January "for prosperity and economic growth," AFL-CIO gave defense spending top priority and in these terms: "National defense expenditures should be stepped up to meet defense needs, regardless of budget considerations." In the recommendations adopted at the recent three-day conference of a thousand union leaders in Washington, representing 138 affiliates of AFL-CIO, which Mr. Meany subsequently submitted to the President, defense spending has been dropped from first to third place in the list. The specific reference follows: "We



urgently underscore the need for increase in defense spending, both as a matter of national security *and as an economic rehabilitation measure*. We do not agree that our defense posture should be measured by any yardstick save our actual defense needs" (emphasis added). Precisely because we agree with the sentiment expressed in the last sentence, we find it incongruous that the AFL-CIO should regard defense spending as an aspect of economic rehabilitation. Spending for defense should, we agree, be measured by national-security standards and not by the need to stimulate employment. Both as a matter of social philosophy and sound national policy, arms expenditures should be kept in a separate and distinct category from anti-recession measures. We can have neither a sound defense nor a sound economic recovery if the lines are blurred.

## He Ignored the Count-Down

Major General John B. Medaris, the Army's missile chief, brusquely informed newsmen the other day that only the military is equipped to explore outer space. One notes appreciatively the use of the broad term "military"; apparently the General is generously prepared to share the wide blue yonder with the Navy and the Air Force. A little more of this kind of inter-service *nobless oblige* and we poor civilians will be altogether undone. Hard lines, indeed, on those who designed the Army's Jupiter-C (civilian scientists, mostly imported), on those who built it (the civilian Chrysler Corporation) and on those who paid for it (the civilian taxpayers).

All arrogance is ill-timed, but General Medaris' is especially so. Only a few days before this Army spokesman claimed the extraterrestrial universe as a military reservation, President Eisenhower had sent his plea to Moscow for agreement on the development of outer space *for peace*.

Although something was obviously wrong with the count-down, the General shot off his mouth anyway.

## Freedom from Mr. Miller

It begins to look as though the State Department can never add a cubit to its stature by treading the path of good intentions. The decision to participate vigorously in the Brussels World's Fair is assuredly a good intention. But intention is not enough; we require also some perspective, enough to see ourselves as others see us. Consider, for example, the following: The Alley Theatre of Houston, Texas, has been invited to represent the American Regional Theatre at Brussels. "Invited" is not quite the word, since the group will also be expected to raise some \$30,000 to help defray costs. But we are a poor country—a dollar doesn't buy you much out there in space—so perhaps

it is reasonable to make the party Dutch treat. With the invitation, however, came a small reservation: the Alley Theatre has an absolutely free choice of what it shall produce—*except* that it may not put on a play by Arthur Miller. Now this is not a very serious restriction; although Miller is an important playwright, we have others who would make at least as good an impression on foreign audiences. But it is, of course, an insulting restriction; and, more important, it is stupid. What we have to offer the rest of the world, our crowning virtue, Old Glory itself, is freedom—just simply freedom. And freedom is indivisible and irreducible; either you have it or you have it not, you cannot have it 99 per cent (we are not talking about the much-cited freedom to cry "Fire" in a crowded theatre, but of the freedom to think and speak according to your convictions). So by not permitting the Alley Theatre to put on the plays of one man out of many (whom they might very well not have been considering in the first place), the State Department has destroyed whatever propaganda value the Alley's achievement may have (if they accept the yoke and go).

## Sanity in Science

A "Parliament of Science," assembled by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, recently concluded three days of meetings in Washington. The participants were 133 leaders in science, education and associated fields. The chairman of the planning committee was Warren Weaver of the Rockefeller Foundation. The Rockefeller and Sloan foundations paid the expenses: \$10,000 each. The principal expenditure, of course, was the 400 man-hours spent by the scientists themselves.

The results were worth the time and money. No fathers of new nuclear bombs, missiles or strategy exhibited their progeny or brought forth spectacular headlines. But some sane, sensible and uninflated conclusions were reached, which in itself is something of an achievement in these days of atomic over-amplification of fact and opinion.

The parliament knocked down the proposal for a Federal Department of Science with Cabinet status. Since there is nothing inherently unifying about science, the resolution argued that integral parts of the missions of existing departments should remain within these departments, even when they happened to be scientific in nature. It also pointed out that a Cabinet officer, necessarily a political appointee, would be called on to deal with aspects of science, such as basic research, which are least amenable to political direction. It advocated continuation of the present arrangement under which a special assistant to the President furnishes high-level representation of science and technology.

The parliament condemned the Government's policy



of "security by secrecy," which is so deeply imbedded in the governmental structure that it will take a good many resolutions to expose its inherent viciousness. Freedom to travel, communicate and disagree, which the scientists also would like to see, is likewise still some way off, while freedom for the scientist to select the problems on which he chooses to work is least curtailed if he chooses to work on military problems.

Possibly the best thing the parliament did was to ratify a preamble to the final report in which Dr. Weaver held that restrictions on complete international freedom of basic research are "both wrong and futile." A delegate rose to oppose the use of the word "wrong" as expressing a moral judgment. About two-thirds of the delegates voted to leave it in. And why shouldn't scientists, whose work can lead to the destruction of civilization or its infinite enhancement, be entitled to their moral judgments like other men?

### That Scandalous Ad-Tax

A final act has just been written for the delightful little comedy that began in Baltimore when Mayor Thomas d'Alesandro, piqued by a critical press, induced the City Council, where his will is law, to impose a tax on advertising (see: *The Scandalous Ad-Tax*, by David Cort, *The Nation*, January 18). A dozen or more suits were promptly filed to have the wicked measure ex-

punged from the statute books. But apparently confidence in a court victory waned as the Constitutional issues were more thoroughly explored. So the state legislature was induced to give unanimous approval to a law which Governor McKeldin has just signed declaring any tax on advertising invalid after January 1, 1959. Even the embarrassment of the tax for the balance of the year will, it seems, be removed. For having decided to run for the Senate, and being less well-known throughout the state than in Baltimore, it occurred to Mayor d'Alesandro, on second thought, that there might be something—there must be something—oppressive about the tax. But how was he to ask the Council to repeal a measure which he had so recently, and defiantly, insisted that it adopt? The perfect formula, fortunately, was soon found. In view of the nation-wide recession, the city's need for revenue must yield to the paramount necessity of giving business "a shot in the arm." To restore the advertising fraternity's morale, the Mayor has said that he will ask the Council to repeal the tax. The Maryland Advertising Council is jubilant, but warns that eternal vigilance must be maintained to the end that "no local government will ever again attempt to single out advertising" for taxation. But should the recession continue and the need for additional municipal revenue become acute, this wicked tax may be revived. Somehow we can't shake the conviction that the last has not been heard of the scandalous Baltimore ad-tax.

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## Oil Quotas and High Prices . . . by William A. Clark

*San Francisco*  
AMONG THE MANY lobbies camped in Washington this year to carve out special favors for themselves in the foreign-trade act that is up for renewal is one that must be the envy of all the rest: the U.S. oil producers represented by the Independent Petroleum Association of America.

This group, eager to keep the current world surplus of oil from lowering the prices paid by American consumers, is one of the loudest and largest groups demanding protective tariffs—and also enjoys advantages on Pennsylvania Avenue that the modest clothespin-manufacturers'

lobby, for instance, can only dream about.

In the first place, it speaks with the same Texas accent as the leaders of the majority party in both houses of Congress—a drawl that has been known to have a certain appeal at the White House. It is also well known for its willingness to honor statesmen of both parties with campaign contributions. But perhaps its greatest advantage is that the keen-edged argument it will use to inflict what the President considers "crippling amendments" has been sharpened for it by the Eisenhower Administration's own oil policy.

The powerful "independents" are opposed on this issue by the companies that import oil—the "majors" such as the various Standard Oil companies, Shell, Tidewater Associated and Sun Oil. The majors

produce oil both here and abroad, refine it and sell it to the public; the independents usually produce oil only in the United States, selling the crude to the majors and other refiners for processing and sale to the public. Both groups are naturally interested in avoiding oil surpluses that might drag prices down, but they have never been able to agree on methods.

The majors can produce oil so cheaply in such places as Saudi Arabia and Sumatra that even after shipping it costs them less than oil produced domestically. They have therefore stepped up imports of foreign crude instead of buying more from the independents. Imports have gradually taken over about 10 per cent of the U.S. oil market, while one-third of the nation's own producing capacity has been shut down to prevent a price-depressing sur-

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plus. Each big oil-producing state (except California, where there hasn't been an oil surplus) has a regulatory agency that decrees how much oil can be produced each month to safeguard prices. The most important one, the Texas Railroad Commission, for instance, is allowing the state's wells to operate an average of only nine days this month.

Three years ago, when the foreign-trade act was last before Congress, the independents demanded protection in the form of mandatory quotas and tariffs. Then, as now, they were opposed by the majors, who naturally object to both tariffs and quotas.

The Eisenhower Administration was also opposed to mandatory restrictions on imports, not only because it has friends among the major companies, but because its special pride and joy has been the cause of freer trade with our friends and allies abroad, some of whom produce oil. It managed to avoid having mandatory restrictions enacted by promising to deal with the oil situation under the President's discretionary tariff powers.

SUCH POWERS are supposed to be used by the President only in the interests of national security—as, for instance, when there is danger that U.S. production of some strategic war material will end unless cheaper imports from foreign producers are discouraged. Although some rather dubious interpretations of what is really necessary for national security have been made, the Administration has generally resisted selfish pressure. Otherwise, of course, a firm like General Motors might demand prohibitive tariffs on Volkswagens, for instance, and all hopes for freer trade would be completely dead.

In the case of the independent oilmen, however, the Administration has done everything it could, short of actually imposing tariffs, to discourage oil imports and so preserve the markets—and prices—of domestic producers. It has tried to appease the independents' clamor against rising imports in the naive hope that they would not try to write tariffs and quotas into the trade act again this year. In the process, it has not only ignored the public's and the

nation's economic interests, but has actually undermined its own goal of freer trade.

In order to crowd the independents under the protective umbrella of the national security, the Administration has embraced as official U.S. policy the ingenious argument that oil imports, instead of strengthening the nation by conserving its own resources, actually weaken it by discouraging the search for more underground reserves.

BUT this argument ignores certain facts. Oil exploration is already heavily subsidized through the "depletion allowance" that makes 27½ per cent of oil income-tax free. Moreover, we already have about three million barrels a day of stand-by capacity above the present restricted output of seven million barrels a day. It also ignores the real reason the independents have curtailed their own production and demand protection from the current world-wide surplus of oil: the fear that prices may drop.

During the Suez crisis, for instance, when imports from the Near East were cut sharply and world supplies were being diverted to Europe, the independents resisted the Government's pleas for increased production and, instead, exploited the crisis to force an increase in crude-oil prices, which the majors promptly passed on to the public.

Then, when imports began to rise again after the crisis, the independents cried loudly to the Administration for protection. For once, they hoped to make the importers sacrifice some business to hold prices up.

In this they were successful. Last July the Administration obediently launched a program of import restrictions "in the interests of national security." A special Cabinet committee decreed, company by company and barrel by barrel, just how much foreign oil the importers should bring into the East Coast. (The five Western states were left out because they do not produce enough oil for their own needs.)

Although the quotas were "voluntary," the majors dutifully went along, as interested as anyone in maintaining hard-won price rises.

They knew, too, that mandatory restrictions might be slapped on if they didn't. Some of them couldn't resist, though, trying to make up for the cutbacks by pouring imports through the loophole that had been left open into the West. The independents began to clamor for the hole to be corked.

On Christmas Eve—appropriately enough—the Cabinet committee announced its latest gift to the independents — extension of the import quotas to the West. The trouble is that the national-security umbrella hoisted over Texas just doesn't cover the facts of oil life in the West. In being stretched to cover California, it becomes transparent.

First to see through it were our oil-producing neighbors, Canada and Venezuela. Canada, whose new western oil industry has a natural market in the U.S. Northwest, sent a bitter official protest to the State Department, pointing out that in time of war Canadian oil would be as available for "national security" as our own. "How long can we place ourselves economically at the mercy of a country whose government weakly yields to this, that and the other protectionist?" asked the *Toronto Globe and Mail*.

And it was no surprise to the Canadians when, within a month, "the powerful and myopic U.S. oil lobby"—as the *Globe and Mail* calls it—showed it was still not satisfied. Even before the President had officially asked Congress for renewal of the trade act, the oilmen had wrecked his long-time hope of appeasing them. They denounced the "voluntary" program as a failure and said they would insist on punitive tariffs and quotas on oil imports.

THE REASON why import restrictions were ridiculous on the West Coast was that when the "protection" arrived, the area was suffering none of the hardships that gave at least some substance to the Eastern independents' cries of anguish. In California, which produces all the West's oil, a slight drop in oil exploration had begun long before oil imports became "excessive." The reason is simple: there just aren't any more good places to look for oil



in the state. It has been drilled like a pin-cushion without a major discovery in the last ten years. Because the only new sources lie in such expensive areas as the tidelands, residential communities and deeper layers in existing fields, California oil companies have been flocking to Alaska, Venezuela and the Rocky Mountains to spend their depletion allowances.

And until the end of last year California fields were operating at full capacity even though domestic production elsewhere was heavily curtailed. The difference had been recognized in the original exemption of the West from quotas: California has never been able to produce enough oil for the area's needs.

Even at full blast, California's oil production had gradually fallen for five years while demand continued to grow with the Western boom. Imports have been needed to fill the gap. Importers have not tried to bring in more than just enough, partly because they don't want to undermine the scarcity-based prices of the area, but also because they have feared—with reason—the political power of the California independents.

California does not have such a body as the Texas Railroad Commission because the independents want the importers, rather than them-

selves, to bear the burden of supporting prices by restricting supplies. When the importers tried in 1956 to create such a body by popular vote, they were roundly beaten in a campaign in which both sides spent millions of dollars calling each other "sharks" and "spoilers" [see Million-Dollar Mix-Up, by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, October 27, 1956]. The bewildered and disgusted public, in effect, sided with the independents by voting the proposal down.

Now the independents have successfully counter-attacked, preserving their first crack at the market by getting the Administration to act as a "railroad commission" restricting imports.

In the absence of any facts to support its national-security arguments, the Administration's program looks like little more than an attempt to divide the rich Western market between the two industry factions, giving preference to the independents but protecting the prices of both. If the Government weren't a party to it, such a neat cartel-like arrangement would probably be considered an illegal combination in restraint of trade. And, of course, the last thing the oil industry wants is unrestrained competition, with a free play of supplies, demand—and prices.

Oddly, the oil industry suddenly

becomes a very articulate champion of free enterprise and freedom from government regulation when it comes to such issues as the Federal Power Commission's authority over natural-gas production.

The final irony of the transparent "protection" of California oil producers is that it did not work out as well as it was supposed to, because of the one development nobody could control. The recession caused a drop in Western oil demand just as the importers were pouring oil through the loophole in the quotas last fall. By early February, the careful calculations of how much oil was needed for "national security" turned out to be too high, and even under the quotas (which the importers are obeying), oil has stacked up. Gasoline price wars have broken out and the dreaded cut in the price of crude oil seems inevitable.

The surplus of oil in California, the nation and the world, deepened by the recession, is sure to increase the pressure on Congress for quotas and tariffs on foreign oil. And in their quest for protection, the independents will have a very useful weapon with which to frustrate the Administration's hopes for freer trade—their status as an industry vital to the national security, conferred on them by the Administration itself.

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## TEST-TUBE PATERNITY . . by Alan F. Guttmacher

NO TECHNIQUE in medical science occupies such a splendid place in limbo as does the non-sexual conception of a child. Tabloids call such progeny "test-tube babies"; the term used by the medical and legal profession is "children by artificial insemination." Nowhere in the world has it yet been established whether the practice of artificial insemination is legal or illegal. No doctor who performs an artificial insemination can

be assured that he is safe from arrest or lawsuit. No child born of such a conception is protected from the label of bastard, except by the uncertain cloak of secrecy.

A few judges and tribunals have made rulings about artificial insemination, always as part of a divorce settlement. Some of their pronouncements have the same sound of senseless screaming that, one gathers, permeated the Salem witch trials. In 1921, a court in Ontario, Canada, ruled that a woman who submitted to artificial insemination was committing adultery and added, "It is conceivable that such an act performed against her will might

constitute rape." Three years later, an English court agreed that the conception of a child by a man other than the husband constitutes adultery and the resulting offspring is therefore illegitimate. As recently as 1954, an Illinois court ruled that artificial insemination is "contrary to public policy and good morals."

On the other hand, a New York court in 1948 was requested to deny visiting rights to the divorced husband of a woman whose child was conceived by artificial insemination; at the time of the conception, both parents had assented to the procedure. The court ruled that the husband was the legal father, even

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though not the biological parent. A Scottish judge, Lord Wheatley, stirred the cauldron of British public opinion on January 11, this year, when he announced in Edinburgh that artificial insemination of a wife without her husband's consent was not adultery since no physical gratification was involved, though conceivably it might be grounds for divorce.

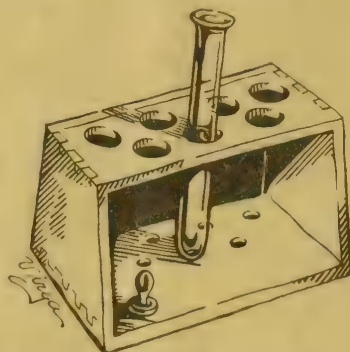
In true British fashion, the case spilled over into the lay press. The English dailies and weeklies have printed scores of letters regarding artificial insemination, most of them anti. One from the *British Weekly* concludes: "It is surely Christian duty to face childlessness in a proper Christian spirit, with the knowledge that suffering of any kind, so borne, is redemptive." A writer in the *New Statesman* says: "There are twenty married couples in a nearby road. I asked myself how many of the husbands I could tolerate without complete repulsion as donors. . . . There were three. . . . If one cannot bear the physical appearance of 85 per cent of men, in relation to the possibility of bearing a child from one of them, one might be equally repelled by the child when it is born. . . ." Another letter states: "We are in at the dawn of a new and secret aristocracy in which even the wisest child may sometimes glance dubiously at its own father. Both of them are entitled . . . to look expectantly toward the legislators."

Some ecclesiastic voices have been raised against artificial insemination. The Archbishop of Canterbury in 1948 appointed a committee to study the matter and approved its report that "the evils necessarily involved in artificial insemination by donor are so grave that early consideration should be given to framing legislation to make the practice a criminal offense." Pope Pius XII repeatedly has denounced artificial insemination as "immoral and absolutely illicit." However, many Protestant sects (other than the High Church of England) and non-orthodox Jewry are permissive toward the procedure.

It is essential to understand that there are two types of artificial insemination. Under certain circumstances, it is medically necessary

artificially to inject the husband's semen in order to bring about a conception. Known as artificial insemination by husband, or A.I.H., this has universal acceptance by courts and clergy. The other type, and the one I believe to be overwhelmingly more prevalent, is artificial insemination with semen obtained from a donor, chosen by the doctor, who is unknown to the recipient. Artificial insemination by donor, or A.I.D., is the issue in dispute.

It has never seemed to me a complicated moral problem. I consider it a safe, logical and humane solution to a very common tragedy. It



has been estimated that one marriage in every ten is involuntarily infertile. In slightly under half the cases, the husband is at fault. The wife, capable of bearing children, remains barren. If a baby seems to such a couple a vital ingredient of their existence, two choices are open: adoption or artificial insemination. Adoption has the advantage of giving both husband and wife precisely the same relationship to the child; many couples prefer to divide evenly the onus of their childlessness. The major disadvantage is that adoption agencies usually cannot fill an application for a baby for a year, two years, often longer—and sometimes never. Accurate statistics in this area are difficult to acquire, but among Caucasians in this country it is said that there are ten couples seeking a baby to each normal, adoptable newborn. Since in many communities the religion of the adopted baby and the adopting parents must be the same, religious minorities find themselves at a special disadvantage.

More often than not, artificial insemination can provide the couple

with a newborn baby within a year. Without being faithless, the wife can experience the emotional satisfaction of motherhood. The resultant son or daughter is 50 per cent more naturally the couple's own than an adopted child. The difficulty, of course, is that such a child is in a desperate situation should the marriage collapse. There is also the dimly understood strain on the husband, who may feel his lack of fertility constantly mocked by the stranger's child his wife has borne.

People who request artificial insemination are generally of very high caliber. Those I have dealt with have been not only intelligent, but emotionally mature. The men have faced their own sterility without loss of self-respect or emotional perspective. Love for their wives is sufficiently strong and selfless to support the strain that pregnancy through an outside agent might impose on their male pride.

Considering the obstacles placed in their path by muddled idealists, an ambivalent law and distraught doctors who sometimes insist on notarized consent forms, an astonishing number of people have succeeded in having a family by means of artificial insemination. Reliable statistics are impossible to obtain for obvious reasons. In twenty years of performing artificial inseminations—because of the press of other medical duties, I have done none since becoming a *New Yorker* in 1952—I have delivered about 150 babies who were conceived artificially. In only three cases was the semen derived from the mother's husband.

THE USE of donor semen is indicated in a few situations other than the husband's sterility. I had one case involving first cousins married to each other whose babies, three in a row, arrived into the world malformed (I am not implying that this is a frequent happenstance when cousins marry; I have delivered several cousin-couples of splendid children). In some cases a live birth had proved repeatedly impossible because of severe sensitization of the wife's blood to the Rh positive factor of the husband. More rarely, a husband prefers not to father his own



child because of some deleterious hereditary characteristic which he will not risk transmitting.

The doctor who performs artificial insemination has two enormous responsibilities, it seems to me. One is in judging that the child will be raised in a stable marriage. In other words, the doctor must attempt to discover in each case whether artificial insemination is mainly desired by the sterile couple merely as an adhesive agent to glue together a cracked marriage. In such a situation, the physician must have sufficient intestinal fortitude to refuse to perform the procedure.

The doctor's second responsibility is the choice of a donor. Only one piece of legislation exists to define any sort of standards for semen donors, as far as I know. It is the Sanitary Code of New York City, which stipulates that artificial insemination must be performed by a licensed physician and the donor must pass a rigid health examination to determine that he is free of venereal disease, has a family background clear of any disquieting taints and is in sound physical condition. To this is added, naturally, a semen analysis to insure that his spermatozoa are of the right order and a blood test to establish that his Rh factor is compatible with the woman to be inseminated.

These are all health precautions; there are also conditions, open to the whim of the doctor, which are imposed in the name of humanity. When I was performing many artificial inseminations a few years ago in Baltimore, I had the choice of a large number of donors, medical students and young medical house officers. I believe it is vital for all doctors practicing artificial insemination that they have a large number of intelligent men from whom to make a selection. In most instances the donors I used were married men with children I had delivered myself, giving me knowledge of the kinds of babies they had fathered.

From this group I made my selection, matching the donor as closely as possible with the physical appearance of the husband. Some doctors, anticipating the possibility of a future paternity test, also match

the donor's blood in all testable particulars with that of the husband. I believe this shows a wanton lack of faith in the project, which might better be abandoned if such an elaborate safeguard is necessary.

Indeed, I reject any procedure in connection with A.I.D. which reflects lack of faith by any of the parties concerned. Some doctors arrange to protect themselves from possible lawsuit or arrest by having the applicant couple sign consent forms, which are witnessed and even fingerprinted. I refuse to consider any activity of mine so shady, or the people with whom I am dealing so vacillating, as to make this necessary. Another evasion is in the signing of the birth certificate, which names the mother's husband as the father; some doctors avoid what I believe to be this whitest of lies by having another obstetrician perform the delivery. This other doctor, who is kept uninformed of the baby's origin, signs the birth certificate in good faith and the man who assisted with the artificial insemination presumably feels he has avoided an untidy bit of chicanery.

ANOTHER curious practice is mixing some of the husband's semen with that of the fertile donor. This is done to give the sterile husband the unrealistic belief that he may be the natural father. It seems to me a rather immature fantasy; such a reluctance to live with harsh reality would eliminate a man, as far as I am concerned, as a candidate for an artificially-inseminated child.

This brings me to the matter of the high qualifications that doctors should require in a couple applying for an artificial insemination. I accepted about two-thirds of the couples who came to me, a rather high proportion and proof in itself of the caliber of people who profess interest. I must be certain in my own mind that both man and wife are equally anxious for the insemination and that I am not dealing with a case in which the woman's entreaties have succeeded in temporarily persuading a reluctant husband.

The actual technique of artificial insemination varies greatly, depending on the theories and experiences



of the doctor. Artificial insemination is ordinarily performed in the doctor's office. Some doctors prefer highly sterile techniques but most have discovered that ordinary cleanliness will suffice. The semen, collected in a clean glass container, is left at some spot mutually convenient to donor and doctor, so that the latter may have it ready for use in his office within an hour. The donor should never appear in person, since it is inexcusable to risk the woman and donor meeting.

Only trial and error, based on educated guessing, will determine what moment in the woman's cyclic life is the moment when a conception will occur. In a patient with a twenty-eight-day cycle, the physician commonly injects the semen on the eleventh or twelfth day, counting the first day of the menses as day one. Many recommend a second or third insemination at intervals of forty-eight or seventy-two hours thereafter.

In about 30 per cent of cases, A.I.D. proves unsuccessful. Almost all the successful conceptions are effected within the first three months; after four months of trying to pinpoint the time of ovulation, each month changing the days of treatment, the likelihood of conception deteriorates sharply.

Happily, some women are able to conceive without the slightest difficulty. I know of a woman who had five children as a result of four artificial inseminations, once giving



birth to twins. Many couples who desire a second child ask that the donor be the same person. The first baby has been such a delight they hope to duplicate its quality and general appearance.

The human frailty of seeing what you expect to see works benignly in the case of an artificially-inseminated child. I once attended the christening of a baby I had delivered after assisting with such a conception. All the relatives of the legal father were there, cooing over the infant and pointing out to one another how much he looked like his paternal grandfather. The father and I exchanged a knowing wink.

I SUSPECT that the practice of artificial insemination is increasing. In 1947, the American Society for the Study of Sterility appointed three doctors, John O. Haman, John MacLeod and myself, to make a survey of its members regarding their practices and attitudes toward donor insemination. We found that the doctors who replied to our request for information were four to one in favor of artificial insemination (this was a cross-section of experts in the field of infertility, not general practitioners). Thirty-eight physicians were treating from one to fifty-five women in the year of the query, with a total case load that year of 568 women. No such study has been made recently, but I believe it will be found some day that artificial insemination

is becoming a more common method of procreation than many realize.

What advice have I to give couples contemplating donor insemination? In the first place, it is no cure for female barrenness; it is primarily useful in those cases in which the woman is judged to be normally fertile and her husband, though virile, is infertile. This can only be determined by microscopic examination of the fresh ejaculate; no doctor, no matter how omniscient, can judge a man's fertility by looking at him. My second piece of advice is, be sure you are both equally convinced that A.I.D. is the ideal solution for your problem. If either of you is lukewarm, forget it. Also be as sure as mortals can be that this is likely to be the one and only marriage for both of you. Finally, if A.I.D. is morally or ethically repugnant to either of you, do not attempt it.

If you determine to have donor insemination, choose your doctor carefully. Select an expert in the field of infertility, preferably a physician associated with a medical school or a large teaching hospital. If you cannot locate such a man, call the best hospital in your community and ask to be referred to one of their infertility specialists. If he does not practice A.I.D., he is in the position to refer you to a competent colleague who does. After choosing the doctor, go to see him and the three of you discuss thoroughly the whole matter together. If there is a complete

meeting of the minds concerning the signing or the non-signing of legal papers, the choosing of a donor, etc., go through with it. If not, drop the matter or choose another doctor.

Originally developed as a staple of animal husbandry, artificial insemination had its first human application 150 years ago. A London doctor succeeded in impregnating the wife of a Strand linen draper with semen from her husband. In 1866, a doctor in the United States announced the first success here and then later decided the whole affair was an immoral medical practice. In the near-century of time since, there has been no precise resolution of the confused moral and legal issues involved.

Science has advanced bravely nonetheless. Though semen employed in human artificial inseminations is rarely older than an hour or two, cattle breeders frequently freeze and store semen for use weeks, months or years later. This has also been done successfully in a small experimental human series by a group of research workers at the University of Iowa. It has occurred to several philosophers and geneticists that the seed of the finest men of each age might be preserved indefinitely, reserved for some superior woman as yet unborn who might then give birth to greatness. As a prerequisite, the definition of greatness will have to receive greater standardization and more universality than today's chauvinistic world permits.

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## PEACEFUL TO A FAULT... *by George Kirstein*

AMERICANS ARE a peace-loving people. Our newspaper headlines repeat this truism daily and add to it that the United States is the leader of the confederation of peace-loving nations of the world. We do love peace—almost all of us. If a secret ballot were conducted in nearly any assemblage of Americans in any part of the country, there would not be a handful of votes for war, despite our almost unanimous distaste for the Russian Government and its aims. It is because I accept and share in

the almost universally held belief that Americans are peace-loving that I had so much trouble with the Man from Mars. I had eaten a far-too-heavy lunch and was drowsy when he approached me and inquired politely, "I am in the land of the peace-loving peoples?"

"You are," I assured him.

"Tell me," said he, "of your history, so I may judge for myself by Martian standards whether you deserve the appellation. Have you ever engaged in war?"

The conversation which followed was unexpectedly painful, for by a series of pointed questions he made me admit that in our less than 200-year history as a republic, we had fought—besides the Indians—the English twice, the Germans twice, Austria twice, Italy, Japan, China, Spain, Mexico and France. This, of course, left out invasions without formal declarations of war on Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, China and Russia. This listing also left out our bloodiest war, the one that we fought



between ourselves, the Civil War, and it seemed to me that the Martian questioned me very sharply on this episode.

From my knowledge of American history as it is taught in our best schools, I explained to my inquisitor exactly how and why we had been forced to defend ourselves in each of these cases. He appeared to be particularly skeptical of our intentions, because only the early wars with the English, and our Civil War, were fought on American soil. I assured him that in all other cases, had we not defended ourselves abroad, America would have been overrun by the enemy. I could see that I had not altogether persuaded the Martian, despite my full explanation of the tensions which had led to each conflict.

"Tell me, now," said he, "of your allies in this 'peace-loving confederation' which America leads."

"Well," said I, "first there are the English."

"Oh," said he, "wasn't that the country that you had to pull off the backs of the Egyptians only a year or so ago?"

IT WAS hard to be even-tempered with the Man from Mars. His questions seemed directed toward inquiry, but he had a curious lack of human logic which made him stubborn in his refusal to understand the political realities of life. I explained to him about Nasser, about the Suez Canal, about oil, Britain's very life blood.

"But is it not true that the English have engaged in even more wars than your impressive list in the last 200 years?" he asked.

I admitted that this might be true, but pointed out that during this period they had been world leaders with the major responsibility for keeping peace and order on this planet. It had, therefore, been necessary for the English to patrol many continents and many seas, which naturally had led to conflicts with local residents who had not thoroughly understood the British role in historical terms.

"And your other allies in this peace-loving confederation?" asked the Martian.



"France is the other main power," I told him. "But, of course, we are allied with the West Germans and the Japanese, as well."

"Was not France the country that recently bombed the unarmed village in Tunisia?" he inquired.

I explained to him that this unfortunate incident had been made militarily necessary because France was at war with Algeria. As he didn't seem to be altogether satisfied with my explanation, we passed on to a discussion of the demonstrably peace-loving characteristics of the German people and the Japanese.

If I failed to persuade him, I can only plead the difficulty of dealing with the non-human mentality. My Martian questioner was not rational in any human sense. Nor did he appear to understand the emotions or the pride of nationality which make it impossible for earth countries to bear insults with equanimity.

"My time here is limited," he told me. "May we pass on now from history to current events? You in this country are arming again for war, are you not?"

"Oh, no," I assured him. "We arm only for peace. We arm so that our enemy, in this case Russia, will be deterred from attacking us. We arm so that we may negotiate for disarmament from a position of strength."

He seemed puzzled at this clear explanation, but began a series of questions about the frequent state-

ments of our military leaders on the new weapons which are in a state of development.

"As I understand it, you now have enough explosives to eliminate all life on this planet," he said.

I nodded.

"Well," said he, "then why do you devote so much time and money and energy to making still more weapons?"

I explained that while we possessed the ultimate in explosives, our methods of delivering them to their targets on enemy soil were out of date. Our enemy has developed more efficient delivery devices which, unless they are matched, place us in a position of constant danger. I stressed that the Soviet Union's past performances would seem to justify our fears.

"And there is no way of agreeing with your enemy for an end to all this?" inquired the Martian.

"Not from a position of weakness," I assured him. "The enemy only understands force; therefore, we must be stronger than he before we can talk."

HE DID not seem convinced of the obvious wisdom of this observation, and began questioning me about our scientists.

"You have a distinguished scientist," he inquired, "who glories in the title Father of the H-bomb?"

"Oh, yes," I explained, "but Teller's views are generally discredited by other scientists. He believes that while radioactive fall-out is not necessarily good for humans, it does them very little harm. The overwhelming majority of scientists don't agree with him."

"But his views prevail on testing these weapons, do they not?" the Martian asked.

"Only temporarily," I assured him. "We will soon stop testing and merely speculate scientifically on the destructive capacity of our weapons."

"But your other scientists refuse to work on these weapons of destruction?" the Martian persisted.

I explained the difficult quandary of the scientists. The money for research which expands the boundaries of knowledge comes mostly from the government, and the military branch



of the government, at that. If a scientist wishes to pursue his exploration of the unknown, he is virtually forced by the economic requirements of research to assist in some aspect which ultimately might further weapons development.

The Martian began to show some signs of impatience.

"Tell me," said he, "what happens in this 'peace-loving' country to those who preach for peace, to those who wish an end to this race for arms superiority, and who advocate coming to some form of treaty with your enemy?"

"One must be very careful of subversives," I warned him. "Such people as you describe are very apt to be Communists, believers in the state religion of our enemy."

"Invariably Communists?" he inquired.

"Not invariably," I admitted, "But if not Communists, they might be in the next most dubious classification—'Intellectuals.'"

"How do you define these?" he asked.

"Well, they are people who reach conclusions by mental processes, by logic, by analysis. They are prone to leave out normal human emotions, fears and jealousies. For that reason they are suspect by the great body of their neighbors."

"Only Communists or intellectuals advocate peace movements in your country?" he inquired.

"No," I admitted. "Also the 'naive.'"

"The 'naive'?" he inquired. "Who are they?"

"They are the opposite of the 'realists' who understand the nature of our enemy. This insight is exclusively the property of the realists who strive constantly to lead us all to a true understanding of the necessity of being stronger than the enemy. The realists alone comprehend the true nature of the Russian threat. The 'naive' are those who wrongfully take issue with the realists."

"You leave me in doubt," he said tartly, "that you are truly a peace-loving people." He paused, and said,

"Frankly, I don't believe you are."

"But we are," I said in all sincerity.

"I am unable to convince you because you interpret our intentions from our acts. But our acts are designed to avoid the very fate that you believe we seek—namely, another war. I assure you that you can interview virtually any resident of this country from the highest official of government to the lowliest citizen and inquire if he wishes war. He will tell you what I have told you. All of us hate war."

"You are fools, then," said the Martian brusquely.

"Only from your irrational point of view," I argued. "But, Martian, you have questioned me at length about our behavior on this planet. Now let me ask you a question. Our astronomers, in peering at outer space through their telescopes, observe from time to time a heavenly body which seems quite stable suddenly vanish in a flash of light. What causes this, Martian?"

"Misdirected nuclear energy," he informed me as he disappeared.

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## THE UNION LOCAL

# MEETINGS WITHOUT MEMBERS . . by Glenn W. Miller

JUDGING BY newspaper reaction to the revelations of the McClellan committee, labor would seem to be not only corrupt, but undemocratic. Yet the examples of wrong-doing that have been capturing headlines in a press never noted for friendliness to labor are not really relevant to the broad picture. There are nearly 80,000 union locals in the United States, and the overwhelming majority of them cannot be considered as "tainted" by the current scandals unless, and until, evidence proves otherwise.

Are labor unions really undemo-

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cratic? If democracy requires the personal participation of a majority of all members in the activities and policy-making of a given group, then not only labor, but most of our institutions fail to measure up. Clearly, minorities do the active work of running our political parties, churches, corporations, professional organizations, not to speak of government itself at all levels. Obviously, such a definition of democracy is too narrow. A more acceptable one (which furnishes the bench-mark for this survey) requires that, in any organization: (1) every member has the opportunity to participate, either personally or through properly elected representatives, in activities and policy-making; (2) minorities are protected from arbitrary or capricious actions of the majority.

The 80,000 union locals in the

country vary in membership from a few persons to 60,000. Some are craft locals, some industrial, and there is every conceivable combination of the two. Some locals cover workers with one employer; others include the employment of many different employers. Some locals enjoy a high degree of autonomy; others are subject to a major degree of control by the nationals with which they are affiliated. Thus, anyone examining the situation in local unions can find examples to prove almost anything he wishes. The problem is to try to present that which is typical. For this reason, the writer does not here propose to deal with racketeering or the misuse of local receiverships or trusteeships, which are atypical phenomena in the labor movement as a whole.

Recently the writer, with the as-



sistance of James E. Young, studied the nature and extent of member-participation in six selected local unions. The locals, all in Columbus, Ohio, were chosen because they represented different sizes and types of locals in six different national unions. Meetings were observed over a period of about nine months and many members were interviewed. While most of the judgments expressed here are based on that study, subsequent studies have also been drawn upon, including those by Leonard Sayles and George Strauss, Arnold Rose, Fr. Theodore Purcell, and Hjalmar and Ruth Rosen.

IT seems fair to say that the business of most local unions is conducted at meetings attended by fewer than ten per cent of the members.

Only a small proportion of the few who attend meetings carry on the bulk of the discussion, make motions and participate actively in other ways. Members display marked reluctance toward accepting committee assignments or other union offices. All in all, the local union meeting is likely to be a disappointment to those who want to see widespread, active and informed member participation. The bright spot in the picture is the fact that members *can* and *do* participate when they feel that the situation demands it. A strike vote, a proposal to raise dues, the ratification of a contract, will swell attendance several-fold and prompt wider participation in debate.

There are a number of reasons for the union member's prevailing apathy with regard to his local's activities. Perhaps the most relevant is the fact that meetings simply fail to arouse his interest.

Local union meetings observed by the writer generally have not been challenging or stimulating. Routine, often boring, business drags on. A few loquacious individuals examine minutiae and irrelevancies. Information that might be much more effectively presented in written form (such as minutes or reports on financial standing) is given monotonously in oral reports. Committee reports, or the reports of delegates to central labor bodies, are likely to be given

inexpertly and to tell little. Of course, an interested and inquisitive membership can change this situation, and sometimes does.

Both the location and condition of union halls are likely to contribute to poor attendance. While most unions cannot be expected to provide country-club type surroundings, the hall, more often than not, is unnecessarily drab, poorly lighted and located in a less desirable part of the community. A local union which was observed for about nine months opened a new, pleasant and well-equipped hall during the time of the study. Attendance at meetings increased appreciably, possibly because women, more sensitive to such factors, comprised half the membership. A pleasant meeting place is a help, but will not solve the problem.

Conflicting activities keep members away. Probably the most important factor in discouraging union-member activity is the general satisfaction with—or at least absence of strong objection to—the way in which the affairs of the union are progressing. The observations of the writer, the reports of union officers and the conclusions of other writers all indicate that a union member's passivity stems largely from his acceptance of the local's program of activities.

Union members are reasonably easy to satisfy. One study of the writer, with the assistance of Ned Rosen, probed into what members expected their stewards to do, what they thought the stewards actually were doing, and whether the members were satisfied with the functioning of the stewards. Generally the members set very high standards for their stewards, and felt that they were doing appreciably less than was desirable. However, in actual practice, the great majority clearly were willing to accept much less from their stewards than their own "theoretical" standards demanded.

One reason for this acceptance is the union member's recognition that local union jobs are time-consuming and likely to be unpaid, and that getting persons to assume responsibility is difficult. Thus the "let George do it" philosophy lies at the bottom of the acceptance of performance

that falls considerably short of stated norms. It is reasonably certain, however, that if the discrepancy between expected and perceived performances grows significantly large, the membership will react.

None of what has been said here means that members necessarily lack any feeling of loyalty to their union. Studies by the writer and by others suggest that most union members generally support the aims and activities of their organization. Perhaps their attitude can best be described as one of "inactive allegiance." Most of them believe that, in the short run at least, the interest of worker and employer diverges sharply; consequently they assume a need for an organization to represent them and to "keep the employers in line." Their attitude cannot be construed, however, as "anti-employer" in any long-range sense.

MOST UNION officers decry the failure of the majority of members to take an active role in their locals. Many methods have been tried to improve attendance at meetings. The gatherings are usually held at a regularly scheduled time and place, and notices are posted prominently. Some locals covering workers on different shifts, or working for a number of employers, hold meetings at different times and places to accommodate the various groups. Free refreshments and door prizes are sometimes distributed; some locals even refund a portion of dues to those who attend meetings. None of these methods has proven of lasting value.

Though many local officers have addressed themselves to the problem, the interest in creating greater membership activity probably is more intense among national officers than among those at the local level. Local officials are perhaps more sensitive to the greater difficulty of handling union business in a large group. While giving vocal support to the idea of increased membership activity, they are inclined to excuse the present situation by arguing that since members can participate when they wish, the essence of democracy persists. They argue that silence—or inactivity—indicates acceptance of existing practices.



There is much validity in this point of view. It seems clear that universal and active member participation in locals of several hundred—or thousand—members could be embarrassing, so far as getting work done is concerned. In such cases, some system of dividing up the large local, with delegates or representatives sent from the divisions to the meetings of the parent body, could be adopted.

Probably many of the tears shed at present for the absence of democracy in unions are crocodile tears of critics who are delighted to use any weapon with which they can belabor the union movement. The fact that other institutions which fail equally to measure up to the democratic ideal are never criticized to the same extent suggests a dual standard of evaluation or, at best, a failure to understand the practical operation of a union.

True, the existence of a dual standard does not excuse the inactiv-

ity of union membership. A solution to the problem is not clear. Legislation is not the answer; we cannot enact laws that will insure the conscientious practice of democracy. The best that can be done is to enact measures requiring that full opportunity for participation be available. But the constitutions or by-laws of most unions already do this. The need here is not for laws, but for a genuine interest on the part of members in their organizations—a matter beyond legislative reach.

DESPITE this fact, the public will be told time and again that legislation—most probably “right-to-work” laws—is needed to force the union movement to put its house in order. While there is no connection between these laws and the problem discussed herein (nor the right to work, for that matter), such legislation will be offered as a panacea for the many ills allegedly infecting the labor movement.

The most effective answer to the problem of membership lethargy is to keep a crisis situation omnipresent. As a continuing practice, this is neither advisable nor defensible. Ultimately, the only practical solution seems to lie in the continued education of workers on their responsibilities as union members. The member must be made to understand that his union cannot serve him, or society, adequately, unless he in turn supports it by active participation in the activities of his local.

Many unions, notably the nationals, have recognized the need for a better program of member-education. Many hundreds of educational conferences and short courses are being held each year, some conducted by unions alone and some in cooperation with colleges and universities. The beginnings are significant, but only scratch the surface. Even so, they serve to point accurately the direction in which unions should move.

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## H-BOMB OVER BRITAIN . . by Paul Johnson

A FORTNIGHT ago, great indignation was aroused here by an article in the New York *Herald Tribune* under the signature of Joseph Alsop. Mr. Alsop had, it seemed, recently spent a few days in London and had failed to find that unanimity of opinion which, according to him, is so characteristic of Britain. This in itself was enough to raise quizzical eyebrows, since Englishmen do not believe themselves to be particularly monolithic, and indeed the most frequent criticism they level against their American cousins—as Randolph Churchill recently reminded us—is their tendency to think alike. However, more surprising still was Alsop's analysis of the cause of the current divisions—which, according to him, made London reek of defeatism. What worried the English, said Al-

sop, was the country's appalling economic and financial dependence on Middle East oil and Commonwealth raw materials. It so happens, as the *Economist* tartly pointed out, that every statistic on which Alsop's article was based was not only wrong, but wildly so. It also happens that although Englishmen are currently worried and divided about many things, they are not—for the moment, at least—at all concerned with oil or other raw materials.

Nevertheless, Alsop's point is taken: we *are* worried, we *are* divided, and it is astonishing that a journalist of Alsop's experience was unable to lay his finger on what we are divided about. To us Londoners, it seems perfectly obvious: the H-bomb. It is now virtually the sole serious topic of conversation among the educated middle-class and, if opinion polls are to be trusted, it is being increasingly debated among the workers also. What set in motion the present hub-

bub is not entirely clear. It may have been George Kennan's brilliant Reith Lectures on the BBC. It may have been the announcement, at the end of last year, that both the United States and Britain are now flying permanent H-bomb patrols over our heads. Or it may have been the laconic statement, in the new Defense White Paper, that it is now our policy to use the H-bomb first, even if the Russians attack us with only conventional weapons. Or perhaps it has been all of these things together.

But whatever the reasons, there is no doubt that the H-bomb issue overshadows all others in British politics today. A few months ago, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament was set up with the help of novelist J. B. Priestley, philosopher Bertrand Russell and a small group of Quaker pacifists. As one who was concerned in its initial stages, this reporter can testify that the organizers were not unduly optimistic about

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the campaign; we thought it would take many months, perhaps years, to arouse popular interest. Instead, the response was staggering. The group's meetings in London have been packed to the doors, and thousands have been turned away. Local branches have sprung up, spontaneously, all over the country, and the movement is now, in the fullest sense of the word, nation-wide. But the biggest impact of all has been on the universities, which until very recently had been denounced by their elders and betters as disturbingly apolitical.

OXFORD started the ball rolling by publishing a special issue of the university magazine, *The Isis*, entirely devoted to the bomb, and assailing it from all concerns of the intellectual spectrum. Then followed a poll which revealed an overwhelming response in favor of unilateral British abandonment of nuclear weapons. Nottingham, London and Cambridge followed suit, and more polls are to be held in the dim provincial citadels which "Oxbridge" men disparagingly refer to as "red-brick." At Oxford, indeed, a group of young women (relying on the comforting fact that men students outnumber them eight to one) have adopted the tactics of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* and are refusing all invitations, let alone advances, from any except confirmed anti-H-bomb men. Other universities are organizing battalions of students for a protest march on the Atomic Weapons Establishment at Aldermaston, scheduled to take place from Good Friday to Easter Sunday.

What does it all mean? In the House of Lords, the Bishop of St. Albans has referred to these young people as "agitated." Lord Hailsham, Chairman of the Tory Party, has denounced what he calls "government by undergraduate ballot," and Tories generally have been quick to use such adjectives as "hysterical" and "emotional." The Tory press is busy informing its readers that it was the Peace Ballot of 1935, and the famous Oxford Union pacifist resolution of 1934—"This House Will Not Fight for King and Country"—which led Hitler to conclude that the British were "decadent" and so paved the

way for the Second World War. Whether Hitler was misled by the undergraduate pacifists or — what seems more likely — by his fawning admirers in the Tory Party and press is, of course, highly debatable, as the Left has angrily pointed out. Still, the question remains: are these young people moved more by their heads or their hearts?

It is true, of course, that much of the dynamic of the anti-H-bomb campaign is emotional. Mr. Priestley admits as much. So do Victor Gollancz, the publisher, John Berger, the art critic, and Philip Toynbee, the novelist, who have taken a prominent part in the meetings. But equally, the movement contains a number of hard-headed realists: military strategists like Captain Liddell Hart and Sir Stephen King-Hall (whose book, *Defense in the Nuclear Age*, has become a best-seller before publication); shrewd students of current affairs, like A. J. P. Taylor; and scientists like Professors Rotblatt and Blackett. What is more, there is a good deal of evidence that their hard-headed arguments are making a far greater appeal to undergraduates than the easy emotionalism of Messrs. Priestley and Co. Indeed, at the big demonstration held in Oxford in the first week of March, the "emotionalist" speakers did not get an easy hearing, and the propaganda literature put out by the students is markedly sober and factual in tone. When the *Daily Express* — a confessed and bitter enemy of the anti-H-bomb campaign — sent a reporter to probe the mood among young people, he was forced to admit that "they are an extraordinarily hard-headed, common-sense lot." Most people who have bothered to go down to Oxford and Cambridge have reached the same conclusion.

WHAT THIS can mean in terms of politics is anybody's guess. Though the leaders of both parties are agreed on retaining the British H-bomb, their nervous glances over their shoulders to see what their followers are up to have become increasingly frequent of late. There are many critics of the Defense White Paper among the Tories; for it is argued, even by some of those who have no

inherent objection to the bomb, that we could more profitably spend the money on buying conventional weapons, of which we are sadly and increasingly deficient. The Labor Party is split three ways. There are those, including George Brown, the party's Defense spokesman, who see more or less eye-to-eye with the Tory leaders; there are those—like Mr. Bevan—who would keep the bomb for the present, but negotiate it away as soon as possible; and there are those, perhaps about a third, who would like to ban it now. The party's official policy, as agreed at last year's Brighton Congress, is far from clear, and some observers believe it will be overthrown in favor of a straight anti-H-bomb line at the coming congress this autumn, particularly if, as seems possible, Mr. Bevan decides to throw in his lot with the abolitionists.

Frank Cousins, the leader of the Transport and General Workers' Union, which controls the biggest bloc of votes in the conference, is a sworn abolitionist, and he is determined to bring his own union executive around to his way of thinking. A combination of Bevan and Cousins would, it is generally agreed, prove irresistible in the long run.

All this, however, is speculation. What seems certain is that an anti-H-bomb line can now win votes. At the recent Rochdale by-election—the biggest Tory defeat since 1934—both Labor and Liberal candidates gave a pledge to abolish the bomb, and together they raked in more than 80 per cent of the votes in an abnormally high poll. When Priestley's anti-H-bomb play — *Doomsday for Dyson* — was telecast early last week, a snap check on viewer reactions afterwards showed 67 per cent in favor of the Priestley line and only 10 per cent against. And the "Priestley line" on this occasion was significant. It was not "ban the bomb"; it was "this concerns you"—a passionate plea to ordinary citizens to take an interest, to find out what the politicians were doing and stop them from doing it. The fact is, in short, that the great horror weapon, which has slumbered so long unnoticed in the bomb-bays, has now landed slap in every politician's in-tray.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Uses of Adversity

*LIFE PLUS 99 YEARS.* By Nathan F. Leopold, Jr. Doubleday & Co. 382 pp. \$5.50.

### Robert Hatch

IT IS not wise, in fact it is thoroughly unprofessional, to predict that any book will become a classic. But Nathan Leopold's history of his thirty-three years in prison is a classic almost by definition. It so seldom happens that a man equipped by education and temperament to write reflectively of his life finds himself spending that life behind bars that a book of this nature becomes a permanent addition to human experience. You do not get one of them in a generation. The most recent book of this quality that comes to mind is Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, and even that is in a different category—Koestler was not a criminal and he was confined, not in a penitentiary, but in a house of terror. If you want to know what a twentieth century prison is "like"—that is, what it would be like to you if you were put away in one—you really have no choice but to read Leopold's book.

Obviously, it is a strange, unnatural world, but the peculiarities may not be exactly what one would expect. In the first place, prison is perhaps the best place in the world for getting a lot of work done. If Leopold had not killed, he would undoubtedly have become a successful lawyer, married and raised a family, probably associated himself with the social and political activities of his community. He has done none of these things: as substitutes he has put together a library of 16,000 volumes, operated a school offering the full high school curriculum plus the first two years of college, trained himself as a statistician and carried out original and important work in the prediction of parole behavior, become an expert x-ray diagnostician and a registered laboratory techni-

cian, kept the books on prison disbursements running to several million dollars a year. He has learned twelve languages, he is conversant with advanced mathematics, he has studied philosophy, psychology and hieroglyphics, he can read and teach Braille. He can, of course, cane a chair (what old convict cannot?) and he has written a long, vivid, entirely fascinating autobiography. It is apparent that Leopold's mind and will are out of the ordinary, but he cites example after example of ordinary prisoners who master disciplines that would be quite outside their grasp in the open world. There is time unlimited in prison.

THEN, TOO, prison is a tolerant, friendly society. It does not offer a normal life, but there are circumstances—and Leopold's was one of them—when it offers the only possible life. At the time of his conviction, he was regarded by the world outside as a monster, an object of fear and disgust; if he had been let into the streets he would have been hounded, perhaps stoned, to death. In the penitentiary he was a green hand, and strangers came forward to teach him the prison argot, to show him the use of a tinder box (matches were forbidden), to warn him against small infractions that would earn him the attention of the guards. From the point of view of prison society, Leopold had committed the right sort of crime. Men who break the law by their wits—embezzlers, for example—are shunned by the convict population as tricky and untrustworthy. Deeds of violence they accept as normal, and the fact that Leopold's crime is one of the most inexplicable in the history of the American law did not trouble the inmates. Murder they understood and they accepted him.

And just beneath this tolerant, almost warm, atmosphere lies incalculable violence. Leopold saw escaping

acquaintances die under machine gun fire, he watched men he lodged with kick a guard until his face was gone, he chatted with a friend who carried blood-dripping shears in his hand. The guards by habit adopted an attitude of patronizing authority, rather like the air of an indifferent teacher toward his charges; but they did not hesitate to chain Leopold to the bars of a punishment pen for twelve hours a day, days on end, because he had tried to cook an illicit meal in his cell. When Leopold's father died, Deputy Warden Cvek called him aside and said: "Did you hear anything about your old man?" Leopold said no, and Cvek went on: "Well, I hear he kicked the bucket. I ain't sure, though. If I hear for sure, I'll let you know." Leopold remarks that this was rather brutal, but on the whole he liked Cvek as a strict but fair jailer. Prison, in brief, is an animal world—easy-going, undemanding, conservative, gregariously friendly and on occasion matter-of-factly lethal. It changed a good deal over the thirty years that Leopold lived in it—changes of detail and sometimes of substance that shifted the emphasis from penitentiary toward reformatory—but the atmosphere remains to this day that of the African house at a zoo—tolerant but wary keepers, good-natured, necessarily indolent inmates, endless monotony on the surface and violence ever waiting for a spark.

WHAT sort of man, then, is Leopold who has survived, you might honestly say flourished, in this environment? Above everything else, he has an extraordinary gift for objectivity. In a way it was his fatal gift: it was partly this ability to stand back and observe himself in a frame which allowed him to go along with the murder Dick Loeb was so keen about. But this faculty is the greatest possible boon to him, and to us, when he undertakes his life history. Twenty-five years after the event, Leopold can set down, as precisely as though he had recorded it on film, the things



that happened to him, and the way he felt about them, during his first forty-eight hours in Joliet. He had committed a crime that horrified him, he had spent agonized months fighting for his life (which he wasn't at all sure he wanted), he had now been locked into a fortress for the rest of that life and he had absolutely no idea what to expect next. But he did not go numb as most of us would have done—he was *interested*. Interested in the rule that convicts must walk on a path a little to one side of and lower than the one used by the guards, interested in the technique of locking and unlocking the cells, noting that the uniform of the jailers looked like that of a railroad conductor, wondering whether it served a purpose to issue clothing in sizes too large for the wearer. He recalls that it was his first breakfast that proved he had entered a foreign land. In the world from which Leopold came, no one ate meat balls and creamed potatoes for breakfast.

Leopold says, and it is probably true, that today he is an entirely different being from the youth whom Darrow saved from the gallows. Except that the power of externalizing his experiences has never left him. He can "see" himself talking to the parole board, he can sort out the various motives that made him insist on being used in the World War II malaria experiments, he can report, with pain but complete objectivity, the circumstances surrounding the publication of Meyer Levin's *Compulsion*. His attitude toward Levin, whose project he resisted from the start, is not merely fair, it is emotionally precise. Therefore, when Leopold says that from the moment of the murder he was terribly sorry for the pain he had caused his family, that for another ten years he felt no remorse for the deed he had done and that since then he has lived with remorse as his constant companion, you can accept this as exactly the case. And when he describes how he felt and what he did when a mad prisoner pressed a knife to his side, you know, for perhaps the first time in your life, how you might respond to a moment of such grotesque peril. Leopold has the gift of communication to a degree rare even among

writers much more highly skilled in the art of words.

But Leopold's objectivity is not complete—he has left areas for the reader's own insight and speculation. Thus he still—despite a knowledge of psychiatry far beyond the average—has no explanation for the murder of Bobby Franks. The best he can offer on this point (not at all in an effort to evade the guilt) is that Dick Loeb was such a swell fellow you just had to help him get what he wanted. And Leopold himself rather shakes his head over this motive.

HIS whole attitude toward Loeb is at a level far below his usual awareness. He protests indignantly that there was nothing abnormal in their relationship, and one accepts that as probably true in terms of overt acts. But Leopold's whole attitude is abnormal — he adored Loeb and has never ceased to adore him. True enough, as he grew older he could see that Loeb was a split personality, an amoral charmer as well as a generous teacher and an intellectual perfectionist, but he loved him for his faults as for his virtues. And he says that *everyone* loved him, though the personality he describes so vividly is not what the world calls lovable.

There are other clues in the book to the crime that Leopold looks back upon with puzzled horror. He says

he had as fine a family as ever a man was blessed with, and it is true in a way. His father, his brother, the aunt who stood in the place of his dead mother, never showed him anything but love and the most generous support. He was one of them, to be helped and cherished in every way within their power, and so he remained all the days of their lives. Young Leopold worshiped his father, he worshiped his older brother, Mike, he worshiped his aunt and his girl friend, in fact he worshiped just about everyone around him. And in the family he was called "Babe." He had an extraordinary mind and an extraordinary ego (witness its resilience in the last thirty years) and he was the adored baby of an indulgent family. He says at one point, remembering World War I, "I had three older brothers in it; the dog and I stayed home." I don't know why Leopold helped to kill Bobby Franks, but it doesn't seem to me incredible that he did so.

It is because the crime has been called incredible that Leopold stayed so long in prison. He blames the reluctance of parole boards to set him free on the publicity that has always dogged him. And he accepts that notoriety also as his fault—he quotes a friendly doctor who once pointed out to him, when he was beefing about the press, that he and Loeb

### A Window, a Table, on the North

From blue to dusk and the lights came.  
It was as simple as that  
High over the city.  
Not as a cry of birds, on wings,  
The summer swift green below,  
The situation was stone sober.  
We were philosophers,  
Saw over,  
The world wide,  
The avenues a distance of arcs  
That enclosed like longitudes,  
The single point of crossings  
The polar night.  
Ice came on in the park  
A pink rink  
And the band blew  
Happily  
The streets running forever  
North and the birds flew high  
Companions to our honor  
And all over dominion  
Lights came out.

RALPH GUSTAFSON



had set out to startle the world and brilliantly succeeded. But publicity was an effect of mystery—if a generally acceptable explanation for the murder had ever been forthcoming the interest would have died. Who cares today about the Judd-Snyder case? The parole officials were understandably hesitant. Leopold's record was good, brilliantly good; responsible citizens vied with one another to testify for him. He would never, they said, commit a crime again. But how could they be sure, when no one of them could say why he had committed a crime in the first place? In truth, it is a wonder that he was ever released. I do not mean to imply that I think he should not have been.

LEOPOLD asks now for privacy to complete his life in work of obscure usefulness. He deserves the privacy, but I doubt that he will get it. He is far too interesting a man. People will want to know how he uses his remarkable intelligence in the outside world. They will wonder how he is adjusting to freedom (of course, the job he has taken approximates, in isolation and restriction, the prison life he has left), how his personality changes, what conclusions he finally reaches. I would like myself to know whether, as the years pass, he gets over a kind of humility that sits poorly on him. His book is full of small references to his own insignificance, to the surprising "kindness" and "generosity" of others, to his amazement that work of his should be seriously received. I don't believe that Leopold is really a humble man—a contrite and grateful man, very probably—but not humble. When he writes about his work he shows obvious and perfectly proper pride in it; he knows that it is good. But when he is thrown with other people in common projects, he begins to bow and scrape. It is the mark, I suppose, of a wise old jailbird to treat everyone in authority with exaggerated deference and to be lavish in the expression of thanks. Leopold came through his prison years with a personality better balanced than you could have thought possible; in fact, he made his strong, resourceful, basically serene personality in

prison. This flaw, this whiff of hypocritical servility, makes the rest of him the more credible. But he is a man who sets a great value on integrity, and I wonder if he will now strike a just balance between proper gratitude toward others and due respect for himself.

By all the traditions of justice, Loeb and Leopold should have hanged in 1924. There was just nothing to offer in extenuation of their crime and Darrow offered nothing. He said that they were young, and that saved them. If they had been a year older—twenty and no longer teen-

age boys—they would, I think, certainly have died. If anyone should ever die for a crime, they should have—and yet it is obvious now that it was better for them to live. Leopold became probably the most valuable inmate ever known to the prisons of Illinois and even Loeb's contribution as a teacher was a great advantage to his fellows and thus indirectly to society. They should have died if anyone ever should—and yet it would have been a sore loss. This comes, I think, to saying that no man should ever die by the hand of the law.

## Doomed To Be Free

*FIRST TRILOGY: Herself Surprised* (275 pp.); *To Be a Pilgrim* (343 pp.); *The Horse's Mouth* (289 pp.). By Joyce Cary. Harper & Bros. 3 vols. \$5.95.

Ilse D. Lind

JOYCE CARY has always had admirers in America, but they are not nearly so numerous as those, for example, who eagerly pursue the theological convolutions of his countryman, Graham Greene. The intellectuals have never given Cary a whirl, even though—as Walter Allen, the English critic, has observed—his view of life is quite as Existential in its implications as that of Sartre and Camus. Despite a succession of enthusiastic reviews, his novels, one after another as they appeared in this country, quickly found their way to the bookshop remainder shelves. Nor has any serious critical discussion intervened to slow the process.

Cary now is dead; he qualifies posthumously for the fame which should have been his more largely in his lifetime. This omnibus volume, comprising *Herself Surprised*, *To Be a Pilgrim* and *The Horse's Mouth*, offers the reader weary of febrile symbolism and extortionate self-pity the opportunity to experience the impact of a masterwork.

The particular quality of Cary's genius in this trilogy is not easy to convey. Humor, it has been remarked, is the last achievement of a mind striving to integrate itself on a level of supremely mature awareness. The trilogy is humor in this fundamental sense;

it is metaphysical comedy ordering the disparate truths of the modern world in the way *Don Quixote* ordered them for the Renaissance. Cary's integrating idea is the concept of human freedom. "What I set out to do [in the trilogy]," he writes in his preface, "was to show three people, living each in his own world by his own ideas, and relating his life and struggles, his triumphs and miseries in that world.... Their situation was to be that of everyone who is doomed or blessed to be a free soul in the free world and solve his problems as he goes through it."

IN reading the novels singly, as one necessarily did when they made their appearance in 1941, 1942 and 1944, one might well have wondered with V. S. Pritchett whether Cary's teeming inventiveness and his total identification with every character he projected, marked him as "a genius or a hoaxer, a fantastic and thinking poet or a demon of Anglo-Irish loquacity and pastiche." Approaching them now in their proper sequence, and with the awareness of their artistic relatedness, all doubt disappears. Hoaxer he is not.

For the trilogy is an integrated work. While a single point of view governs each of the novels, making it unified and autonomous, when all three are played against one another—the major character of one appearing as a minor one in the others—the result is an extra dimension in depth. At the same time, the three viewpoints provide a multiple vision of reality, embodying Cary's belief in the multiplicity of human values. The value-worlds of the three narrators touch and overlap (they cover the same period of English history, all reflecting a late nineteenth

ILSE D. LIND, an associate professor of English at New York University, is co-editor with Leon Edel of *Henry James's Parisian Sketches*.



century social orientation), but at the same time—and as an expression of Cary's view that each individual creates his own realm of significance—they are opposed, even contradictory. It is not Cary's object to reconcile them, to debase the human condition by oversimplifying it. Each narrator pens his self-justification in old age, in a last desperate attempt to state his case before he is silenced. Stability, rationality, norms of judgment do not exist. Each narrator sees himself quite differently from the way he is seen by others, but we hardly know which view is truer, the subjective or the objective. Perhaps they both are. The problem is delightfully complicated by the dubious respectability of the narrators, all of whom are wanted by the police for crimes ranging from kleptomania to indecent exposure.

UPON this shifting foundation, treacherous and uncertain as life itself, Cary succeeds in building a series of sublime affirmations. He does it by drawing upon seemingly infinite resources. The narrative techniques range from the Defoe-like quality of the first novel to the slapstick and surrealist invention of the last. Cary's fluency and range of English is perpetually astonishing. The poetic *leitmotifs* woven into each novel—proverbs in one, original couplets in another and Blake's prophetic poems into the third—keep the narrative soaring, while the welter of incident maintains a racing pace.

But above all the vitality of the characters, the realness of their worlds, sustains the exuberant note and brings across the significance to be derived from each tale. Through Sara Monday's strong grasp on life, *Herself Surprised* becomes, beyond the simple level of action, an affirmation of womanhood, of the eternal female involved before her conscious awareness ("herself surprised") in the complications of marital, maternal and extra-marital love. Through the devotion of the old bachelor, *To Be a Pilgrim* becomes a tribute, unique in modern fiction, to that aspect of common striving which fiction rarely renders with justice: the positive worth of money, goods and position, of sentiment and the home, of the religious and political emotions. It is the center—and stabilizing—volume, an extraordinarily subtle and complex work.

Finally, and most joyously, *The Horse's Mouth* proclaims the dynamism of art, through the adventures of Gulley Jimson, creative spirit incarnate and rampant. Jimson, the modern painter, wages the solitary, one-man war of genius with bravado and insolence. He

fights against his own human limitations, against the limitations of his medium, against convention, against poverty, against time. The odds are all against him, but in his puny rage, his ludicrous defeats, he becomes a symbol of transcendence, of man's capacity forever to renew his world through those who see visions and give them shape. Joyce Cary himself, one comes to feel, may claim to stand as such a symbol, having brought to realization—amidst so much talk about the end of man and the death of the novel—a creation of this strength and magnitude.

## Ageless Imp

*THE PRIVATE WORLD OF PABLO PICASSO.* By David Douglas Duncan. Harper & Bros. 176 pp. \$4.95. Pocket Books, Inc. (paper). \$1.50.

A. Hyatt Mayor

THIS electric book provides much more than a glimpse into the private hurly-burly of a conspicuous personality. It is a prime document of art. For a miraculous \$1.50 (in the soft-cover edition) we get hundreds of brilliant half-tone reproductions of photographs—so generous an outpouring that these illustrations are not even numbered—which are selected out of 10,000 taken by Mr. Duncan while he lived with the Picas-

A. HYATT MAYOR is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

sos in the spring and summer of 1957. It is the richest family snapshot album that you ever saw, with sections of text here and there to tell you what is about to happen so that you can understand the pictures without being distracted by captions.

How much more we would know if we could watch the great artists of the past in such intimacy and detail! What would one not give to be able to see Michelangelo chipping marble, bossing quarrymen, making a snowman for the Medici boys, and cramped in the dark between the scaffolding and the Sistine ceiling. The unblinking record of the camera would never allow him to transmogrify into the Sturm-und-Drang Titan, frowning with Weltschmerz, which romantic historians have wished on us. The camera would not belittle a great artist, but it would help us to understand him. To be sure, not many artists have enough variety in their character to bear such an extensive scrutiny as this book provides for Picasso's life. Goya might be one of the very few whose activities would be so enthrallingly rich in aspects.

EVERY page of this book presents a new Picasso—Picasso with a clown's putty nose, Picasso with eyes brimming at the photograph of a dead soldier, Picasso embracing all his family at once, Picasso playing an imaginary bull with a bathtowel, Picasso at his easel—painting, erasing, repainting. Each photograph shows him as unmistakably himself and also unmistakably someone else. He improvises his personality just

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as he improvises his paintings, which you see him scrubbing out and altering until an exhibition of his work becomes a series of near disasters and lucky escapades. This provides the exhilaration of his art, and also its unevenness.

The permanent Picasso is to a certain extent the perpetual observer — as any artist must be — but since this artist is a Spaniard he is even more the perpetual participator. If he were not a painter he would be a stand-up stage entertainer, forever inventing in front of an audience. Any dramatic painter must also be an actor (one has only to watch Rembrandt mouthing in a mirror by candle light), but Picasso throws

himself into his games with a total gusto, with a ruthless love that absorbs every life around him. One might have to run away, but one could never be bored.

These photographs dispose once and for all of the silly notion that Picasso paints in many styles in order to "fool the public." He approaches painting from so many angles because his energy overflows one life and one personality. The joy, the wit of such an art, could spring only from such an ageless imp. That is his hold on us. This book brings us to the source of his magic. I do not say read it—just watch it in action.

## Jazz Poetry

### Kenneth Rexroth

A LITTLE short of two years ago, jazz poetry was a possibility, a hope and the memory of a few experiments. Today it runs the danger of becoming a fad. The life of fads is most often intense, empty and short. I feel, on the contrary, jazz poetry has permanent value or I would not have undertaken it.

When it is successful there is nothing freakish or faddish about it nor, as a matter of fact, is there anything specially new. At the roots of jazz and Negro folk song, especially in the Southwest, is the "talking blues." It is not much heard today, but if you flatten out the melodic line, already very simple, in Big Bill Broonzy or Leadbelly, you have an approximation of it, and some of their records are really more talked than sung. This is poetry recited to a simple blue guitar accompaniment. Long before this, in the mid-nineteenth century, the French poet Charles Cros was reciting, not singing, his poems to the music of a *bal musette* band. Some of his things are still in the repertory of living *café chantant* performers, especially the extremely funny *Le Hareng Saur*. Even today some Rock 'n Roll "novelties" are recited, not sung, and they are some of the most engaging, with music that often verges into the more complex world of true jazz. It has become a common custom in store front churches and Negro revival meetings for a member of the congregation to recite a poem to an instrumental or wordless vocal accompaniment. I believe

Langston Hughes recited poems to jazz many years ago. I tried it myself in the twenties in Chicago. In the late forties Kenneth Patchen recited poems to records. Jack Spicer, a San Francisco poet tried it with a trio led by Ron Crotty on bass. The result, more like the Russian tone color music of the first years of the century, was impressive, if not precisely jazz. Lawrence Lip-ton has been working with some of the best musicians in Los Angeles for almost two years. William Walton's "Façade," Stravinsky's "Persephone," compositions of Auric, Honneger, Milhaud, are well-known examples of speaking, rather than singing, to orchestra in contemporary classical music. Charles Mingus and Fred Katz, two of the most serious musicians in jazz—to narrow that invidious distinction between jazz and serious music—have been experimenting with the medium for some time. The music has been impressive, but in my opinion, speaking as a professional poet, the texts could be improved.

WHAT is jazz poetry? It isn't anything very complicated to understand. It is the reciting of suitable poetry with the music of a jazz band, usually small and comparatively quiet. Most emphatically, it is not recitation with "background" music. The voice is integrally wedded to the music and, although it does not sing notes, is treated as another instrument, with its own solos and ensemble passages, and with solo and ensemble work by the band alone. It comes and goes, following the logic of the presentation, just like a saxophone or piano. Poetry with background music is very far from jazz. It

is not uncommon, and it is, in my opinion, usually pretty corny.

Why is jazz poetry? Jazz vocalists, especially white vocalists and especially in the idiom of the most advanced jazz, are not very common. Most Negro singers stay pretty close to the blues, and there is more to modern jazz than blues. Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, there are not many singers whom all schools of jazz find congenial. Curiously enough, the poet reciting, if he knows what he is doing, seems to "swing" to the satisfaction of many musicians in a way that too few singers do. I think it is wrong to put down all popular ballad lyrics as trivial; some of them are considerable poetry in their own right, but certainly most are intellectually far beneath the musical world of modern jazz, and far less honest. The best jazz is above all characterized by its absolute emotional honesty. This leaves us with the words of the best blues and Negro folk song, often very great poetry indeed, but still a limited aspect of experience, and by no means everything, translated into words, that modern jazz has to say. In other words, poetry gives jazz a richer verbal content, reinforces and expands its musical meaning and, at the same time, provides material of the greatest flexibility.

HOW is it done, in actual practice? Kenneth Patchen has been working with Allyn Ferguson and the Chamber Jazz Sextet. The music is composed; it is actually written out, with, of course, room for solo improvisation, but with the voice carefully scored in. There is nothing wrong with this. Far more of the greatest jazz is written music than the lay public realizes. Some of even the famous King Oliver and Louis Armstrong records of long ago were scored by Lil Hardin, a very sophisticated musician. Duke Ellington and his arranger, Billy Strayhorn, are among America's greatest composers. For the past year I have been working with my own band, led by Dick Mills, trumpet, and including Brew Moore, tenor, Frank Esposito, trombone, Ron Crotty, bass, Clair Willey, piano, and Gus Gustafson, drums. Recently in Los Angeles, I played a two-week engagement with a fine band led by Shorty Rogers. In each case we worked from carefully rehearsed "head arrangements." The musicians had each in front of them the text of the poetry, and the sheets were used as cue sheets, scribbled with "inners and outers," chord progressions, melodic lines and various cues.

I feel that this method insures the maximum amount of flexibility and

KENNETH REXROTH has recently published *One Hundred Poems from the Chinese and a collection of his own verse*, In Defense of the Earth.



spontaneity and yet provides a steadily deepening and thickening (in the musical sense) basis, differing emotionally more than actually from a written score. The whole thing is elaborately rehearsed—more than usual for even the most complicated “band number.” I would like to mention that jazz, contrary to lay opinion, is not just spontaneously “blown” out of the musician’s heads. Behind even the freest improvisation lies a fund of accepted patterns, chord changes, riffs, melodic figures, variations of tempo and dynamics, all understood by the musicians. In fact, they are there, given, as a fund of material almost instinctively come by. Even in a jam session, when a soloist gets as far out as possible, everybody has a pretty clear idea of how he is going to get back and of how everybody is going to go off together again. Then the major forms of common jazz are almost as strict as the sonata—the thirty-two bar ballad, the twelve bar blues—bridges, choruses, fillers, all usually in multiples of the basic four bar unit, in four-four time. Needless to say, the poetry is not “improvised” either. This has been tried, but with disastrously ridiculous results, and not by me. On the other hand, several poets have read over their things once with sensitive musicians and then put on a thoroughly satisfactory show. I have done this with Marty Paitch on piano or Ralph Pena on bass—both musicians with an extraordinary feeling for the rhythms and meanings of poetry. It all depends on the musician.

I HOPE the faddist elements of this new medium will die away. The ignorant and the pretentious, the sockless hipsters out for a fast buck or a few drinks from a Village bistro, will soon exhaust their welcome with the public, and the field will be left clear for serious musicians and poets who mean business. I think that it is a development of considerable potential significance for both jazz and poetry. It reaches an audience many times as large as that commonly reached by poetry, and an audience free of some of the serious vices of the typical poetry lover. It returns poetry to music and to public entertainment as it was in the days of Homer or the troubadours. It forces poetry to deal with aspects of life which it has tended to avoid in the recent past. It demands of poetry something of a public surface—meanings which can be grasped by ordinary people—just as the plays of Shakespeare had something for both the pit and the intellectuals in Elizabethan times, and still have today. And, as I have said, it gives jazz a flexible verbal con-

tent, an adjunct which matches the seriousness and artistic integrity of the music.

Certainly audiences seem to agree. Wherever it has been performed properly, the college auditoriums, the night clubs, the concert halls have been packed, and everybody — musicians, poets and audiences — has been enthusiastic.

In the past two years it has spread from The Cellar, a small bar in San Francisco, to college campuses, to night-clubs in Los Angeles, St. Louis, New York, Dallas and, I believe, Chicago; to the Jazz Concert Hall in Los Angeles, where Lawrence Lipton put on a program with Shorty Rogers, Fred Katz, two bands, myself, Stuart Perkoff and Lipton himself, heard by about six thousand people in two weeks. Kenneth Patchen and Allyn Ferguson followed us, and played there for the better part of two months. Dick Mills and his band have performed with me at several colleges and at the San Francisco Art Festival, and we are now planning to take the whole show on the road.

If we can keep the standards up, and keep it away from those who don't know what they are doing, who have no conception of the rather severe demands the form makes on the integrity and competence of both musicians and poets, I feel that we shall have given, for a long time to come, new meanings to both jazz and poetry.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

FOR HIS last Philharmonic concert of the season, conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos assembled a strangely heterogeneous but provocative series of pieces. The best of them were the Bach D Minor Piano Concerto and the Schönberg Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, played by the brilliant 25-year-old Canadian, Glenn Gould. Mahler's so-called Symphony No. 10 was given its first New York performance, and the evening was bounded at its beginning and end by the *Prologo and Fuga* by Camargo Guarnieri, a Brazilian, and *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance*, by Samuel Barber. Each item stood stubbornly on its own, refusing to contribute to a general flow. And yet, because of the solid merits of the two concerti and the curiosity value inherent in the Mahler “Tenth,” the evening turned out to be memorable.

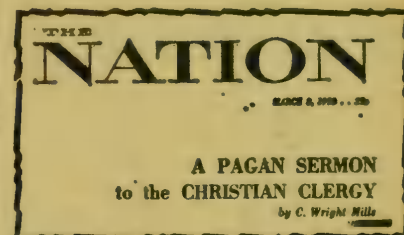
Mahler's Symphony No. 10 in F Sharp Minor does not really exist. The two

movements which Mitropoulos directed represent sections of a projected five-part opus, of which only the first movement was worked out in complete scoring at the time of the composer's death. The second of the sections was completed by other composers, among them Alban Berg and Ernst Krenek, from Mahler's shorthand sketches. In my opinion, this feat should never have been attempted. The more these men loved Mahler, the less they should have thrust him naked, unkempt and half

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alive into the presence of the public. I cannot believe that the composer would have allowed the first of these movements to be heard in its present state of intellectual and expressive thinness. He would certainly have revised it, adding substance and focus to what now sounds like an attenuated sketch. As for the second movement, the Adagio, he would have admired the neat craftsmanship lavished on it by his disciples, but would have recognized that it did not really represent him at all. I must admit that since I had never heard this half-formulated message from the grave, my morbid curiosity was aroused. But now that I have had the dubious pleasure, I beseech all conductors to leave these sketches in the archives and to refrain from humiliating a composer who cannot defend himself.

BACH'S Concerto in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra is another work which has had a circuitous history. It was, to begin with, composed for the violin; then transcribed by its author into a keyboard version. Since the piano did not exist in Bach's lifetime, the Concerto was obviously not played on that instrument but on the harpsichord. And, as a final difference between the work's original sound and its modern one, any accompanying ensemble used in the eighteenth century would have been far smaller than the one employed at Carnegie Hall. Despite all these changes, the Concerto stands up as sturdily and pulsates with as much life under modern conditions as it could ever have done when the composer himself was hearing it. The delicate balances between a small instrumental ensemble and the harpsichord have been supplanted by heavier balances between a modern keyboard instrument and the contemporary orchestral string section. But basic proportions are unviolated. The gorgeously evocative ideas contained in every strand of the music, in every formation of eighths and sixteenths, are as intelligent and warm as the day they were set down. And with a dynamic, introspective pianist like Glenn Gould who, in the manner of the born Bach performer, speaks with personal directness through each phrase and rhythm, holding each tiny motive up to view in such a way that it reveals meanings whose existence one had never before suspected—with such a pianist, one need not lament the historically incorrect change away from a small orchestra and the harpsichord. Nor need one decry the fact that Gould's tone can get steely in a large concert hall when he is working hard to get ideas across.

Bach's color is built into his lines: it need not be applied cosmetically from the outside. What is above all necessary in playing this music is getting inside the line and speaking out. This Gould does, with almost uncanny insight and directness.

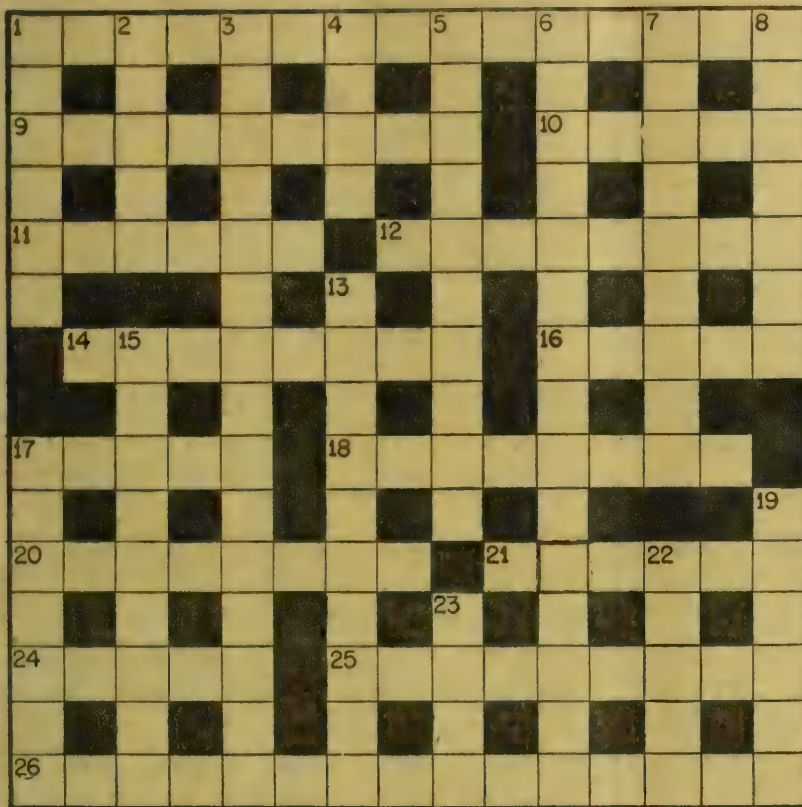
His playing of the Schönberg Concerto was no less authoritative and technically meticulous. Here was a work at more or less an opposite pole of expressive possibility. Tonally vague, because of the operations of the 12-tone system, and sitting on an aesthetic fence somewhere between the grass plots of the Viennese waltz and the ingrown, self-stimulating impulses of the expressionists, this work poses a problem to anyone who chooses to play it and to anyone who hears it. What attitude should he adopt—rigorously "moderne," Bach-linear, or dreamily expressionist-romantic? I think Gould struck as perceptive a balance as one could manage. He played the waltzes like waltzes; the cadenza like a cadenza; the Giocoso like a Giocoso. His fingers worked sensitively and accurately. His tone was warmer, more opulent than it had been in the Bach. And he traced the ideas cleanly from first to last. Mitropoulos, too, kept the orchestral lines and textures clean, clear and intelligent. But whether or not all this musicianly effort brought forth a successful aesthetic entity is a question I have not settled in my mind. It is always, for me, a strangely equivocal experience to find what seem to be simple little melodies which any Austrian composer might have written being passed through the cloudy glass of the 12-tone system and emerging on the other side as the reflection of neither quite a fish nor a fowl. As far as the Gould-Mitropoulos performance of the work was concerned, however, I heard no sign of anything less than complete, sympathetic identification with Schönberg's ideas.

LAST, and most briefly, let me comment on the program's book-ends: the *Prologo e Fuga* by Camargo Guarnieri and *Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance* by Samuel Barber. The latter is, if I am not mistaken, a reworking of a score written for Martha Graham called *Cave of the Heart*. It is immensely effective. The Guarnieri piece ought either to be cut in half and then redesigned, or shelved. Its *Prologo* has moments of coloristic and rhythmic charm. But the *Fuga* is such a dreary, awkward matter that it inspires only a conviction that the fugue as a form is dead and might better be allowed to bury itself.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 765

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 I await a hag's ruin, but they might accompany you if your dancing is shaky. (8, 7)
- 9 Sharp cut to the worker. (9)
- 10 Stop and find out with mine! (5)
- 11 Benjamin seems to be disturbed about Thomas being put in grave surroundings. (6)
- 12 No pearls could be so individual. (8)
- 14 Should it destroy our concept of the fourth dimension? (4, 4)
- 16 Ruffles. (5)
- 17 They might imply the end of missiles, which sounds rather critical. (5)
- 18 Slick pony, perhaps, good for a picture. (3, 5)
- 20 Does it imply a holding operation in Bengal? (5, 3)
- 21 A mistake at the table which might result in improper dialog? (6)
- 24 A hundred foot ascent, for example? (5)
- 25 A woman's is proverbial in the price of knowledge. (9)
- 26 Ruboash? (5, 2, 3, 5)

## DOWN:

- 1 What is due to an expression of surprise comes up with the starting place. (6)

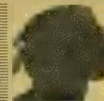
- 2 The head of 11 in what makes durum. (5)
- 3 Mabel runs amok in gaining no common basis of comparison with such things. (15)
- 4 Evidently an early gardener makes a barrier of it. (4)
- 5 Bordering on a street dance thrown by the novice in some alley! (6, 4)
- 6 Giving over to machine work a river attempt at one humming noise. (15)
- 8 Rover walks like this, perhaps. (7)
- 13 Discourse at the foot of a mountain pass, sometimes protective. (10)
- 15 Coating in female disguise. (9)
- 17 Section announcements? (7)
- 19 Sent in with a good service record to help here. (6)
- 22 This country could forge its own links! (5)
- 23 Produce lines on the sound of the sea when rough. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 764

ACROSS: 1 HEADACHE POWDERS; 9 GATES; 10 PALPATION; 11 LICENSE; 12 MIGRATE; 13 ICICLES; 14 CRESSNET; 16 RIGGERS; 19 IMPASTO; 21 GAMBREL; 23 BATTERS; 24 LUSTANIA; 25 INURE; 26 RECOMMENDATIONS. DOWN: 1 HIGH-1-Y; 2 IRREGULAR; 3 ATTACHING; 4 ARSENAL; 5 HAPLENS; 5 POLEMIC; 6 WRANGLE; 7 ERICA; 8 SENTENTIOUSNESS; 15 SOSTENUTO; 17 ERRATUM; 18 SILENCE; 19 INBOARD; 20 PATRIOT; 22 MUSIC.

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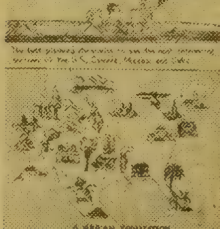
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# LETTERS

## Prophetic Paganism

Dear Sirs: C. Wright Mills's prophetic, if pagan, attack [*The Nation*, March 8] against preachers . . . is in the best religious tradition. Ironically, it is organized religion in America (and perhaps in the world) which is both the greatest critic of mass murder and the greatest supporter. In the United States, who have opposed the cessation of nuclear-weapons tests? One can name a few scientists, a few professors, a few editors, but one can name many more churchmen who have spoken out. . . . Thus for every Bertrand Russell (another pagan), Norman Cousins, Linus Pauling, or C. Wright Mills, there is an Albert Schweitzer, Martin Niemöller, Clarence Pickett or Paul Tillich.

God is not dead, for He exists partly in the writings of C. Wright Mills.

HOMER A. JACK,  
Minister, Unitarian Church  
of Evanston

Evanston, Illinois

[For reprints of Mr. Mills's article, use order blank on page 302 of this issue.]

## Faith and Facts

Dear Sirs: Professor Siekevitz' A New Ethics for Science, in your March 15 issue, is refreshing and forthright. However, I take issue with his statement: the "faith of the scientist . . . rests upon no fact. . . ." Also, he evades a key question: do the facts ". . . mirror the True Picture of Reality . . ."? That the facts do so has been and still is the *raison d'être* for the scientific method—not "faith." Otherwise, science would be a sham.

SHELDON ZULKOWITZ  
Brooklyn, New York

## Reinhardt and Craig

Dear Sirs: I was delighted with Mr. Lincoln Kirstein's article on Robert Edmund Jones [*The Nation*, March 22] except for the phrase about Reinhardt. To state that Reinhardt "vulgarized many of Craig's proposals" is to say what Mr. Craig has encouraged us to say. I have never seen it backed by any evidence that really counts and my own conclusions, based on quite a lively interest at least, is that Reinhardt's work would have been just what it was had Craig never lived. And though Reinhardt could be vulgar on occasion, he

was not in general a vulgarizer but, on the contrary, provided some of the finest twentieth-century examples of non-vulgar, even anti-vulgar theatre.

ERIC BENTLEY

New York City

## The Pitch Was Wide

Dear Sirs: John Schneider's "pitch" [Why We're Losing the Propaganda War, *The Nation*, March 1] was amusing and to some extent informative, but hardly on the crucial question it posed. If Soviet propaganda is but advertising with a pitch, based on shrewd market analysis, is it not surprising that a nation with probably less than one billboard to a hundred square miles should have developed better hucksters than the experts who so loudly hail us every minute, on the minute? However, I seem to recall that few people, indeed, are induced to change their brand of cigarettes by advertising alone. Is there perhaps another factor besides their presumed superiority in advertising know how which causes Soviet influence to spread and ours to wane?

HARRY GRUNDFEST

New York City

Dear Sirs: "What we have is a union-management corporative economy," says Mr. Schneider. Well, a rose by any other name, etc. Whatever we may choose to call our economy, its current downward trend is doing much more to close the gap between us and Soviet production than the really phenomenal rise of the USSR industrial machine. For instance, while Soviet production of steel has risen by six to eight million tons yearly, our own production has dropped by fifty million tons! This fact is "Soviet propaganda of undeniable high potency."

JOHN W. HARVEY

Hollywood, Florida

## Midnight Frolic

Dear Sirs: We think it might be of interest to *Nation* readers who enjoy doing the crossword puzzle to know that a group of "fans" met Frank Lewis the other night to discuss various techniques used in the process of making and solving the puzzles. We found that some worked alone, some in groups or teams. One group devised a unique procedure, solving the puzzle every week over the telephone in the midnight hours from 11 to 1:00. We do not know whether other groups have been inspired to do likewise, but we recommend it as good sport. Some fans have recourse to refer-

ence books; others consider this poor sportsmanship.

On one point there was enthusiastic unanimity—that one of the high spots of the week is the time devoted to finding the answers to these witty and provocative questions. All of us look forward to a continuation of the stimulating entertainment Mr. Lewis provides.

EDITH HAAS  
LUCILE KOHN

New York City

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H. H. Wilson.

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## EDITORIALS

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### Catching Up with What?

In the post-sputnik era, "catching up with the Russians" has been the great hue-and-cry. What was meant was catching up militarily, and now that we have three satellites aloft to their one (even though our last one is a little lame), many of us do feel much better. But for how long? The trouble with an armaments race is that once you have caught up, you must surpass, and then your adversary must surpass you, and there is no end to it unless the race ends in the classical way, which in the present instance would mean an end to everything. So we never could get very passionate about catching up in this lunatic race.

If we are to catch up in any meaningful way, it will have to be in an utterly different sense. The reports in this issue from Detroit, Boston, Los Angeles and St. Louis should free us momentarily from our obsession with what the Russians may do to us, and make us look at what we are doing to ourselves.

Except for the unemployed, a recession is not without its good side, for it tends to restore the national ego to less inflated proportions and to allow the still, small voice of the national conscience to be heard. Indeed, some questions are being asked which nobody except political eccentrics would have asked six months ago. Our correspondent from Boston, for instance, asks when we are going to put unemployment compensation on a uniform, nation-wide system, instead of leaving the unemployed at the mercy of a crazy patchwork of states' rights, or as it works out in practice, states' abuses.

But, aside from limited reforms of this nature, doesn't our situation—and didn't it even before the recession—call for what engineers call "rethinking through"? It is not only we who suggest this, but some of the distinguished contributors to the Committee for Economic Development's symposium on the socio-economic problems of the next twenty years. One of these, Professor Moses Abramovitz of Stanford, argues that "multiplication of goods and services no longer promises the large rewards it used to do." A large part of our production, he points out, "satisfies only trivial or frivolous needs . . . homes with multiple television sets, the radio in almost every room, the automobiles whose sole purpose is to stand at the suburban railroad station to await

their masters' return [the suburban railroad, he might have added, is speeding toward bankruptcy], the over-obsolence of durables, the silly elaboration of packaging." Hadn't we better shift toward objectives such as better education, public health, helping the poor at home and abroad? Once this vista is opened up, there is no end of catching up for us to do.

### Sullivan & Khrushchev

A month or two ago James Reston wrote in *The New York Times* that when General Eisenhower was supreme commander in Europe any subordinate of his who turned in a performance like that of John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State would have been summarily fired. When Mr. Reston made this unkind but incisive observation, a clamor was rising against Mr. Dulles; for a few days it really looked as if he might be sacked. But the President rescued him with the dictum that he was one of the wisest of American statesmen. Since then Mr. Reston, normally no respecter of persons, has been of two minds regarding Dulles: on even-numbered days he has one view, on odd-numbered days, another.

We are not troubled by any such ambivalence. It is not that Mr. Dulles lacks patriotism, pertinacity, or shrewdness. Nor are there many Americans with longer experience in diplomacy. It is simply that he brings to a novel diplomatic situation techniques and attitudes which are no longer relevant. Mr. Reston refers to Mr. Dulles' former position as ■ senior partner of Sullivan & Cromwell as a measure of his shrewdness and competence. The trouble is that the Russians and the Chinese are not the kind of operators who pay attention to the fine print tucked away in the bond or contract. The masses whom they are working to get on their side not only don't understand these subtleties, but are for the most part too hungry even to try. Nor, with such techniques, is it possible to keep the attention, much less arouse the enthusiasm, of the American people.

According to Reston, Mr. Dulles was "depressed," on returning from the SEATO conference, to find the Soviets so much in the headlines. But the basic policy of containment which Mr. Dulles pursues so doggedly, automatically yields the initiative to the Soviets by being negative and static. And it is here, in the fashioning of



policies, that Mr. Dulles is even less effective than at the level of techniques. There is no substitute for creativity, even in diplomacy, and creativity is what Mr. Dulles lacks. His futile efforts to shore up a world that began to disintegrate at the Paris peace conference (which he attended as a young man) are not only a disservice to the West, they are becoming ridiculous.

By all indications, worse is to come. Khrushchev, newly appointed Premier to succeed Nikolai Bulganin, has given some hints that the Soviet Union may terminate nuclear tests unilaterally—on the eve of the tests which we have scheduled in the Pacific. If the Soviets fail to make such an announcement, they are missing a propaganda coup of a type with which they have been scoring constantly. It is hardly likely, therefore, that they will pass up Mr. Dulles' latest opening.

The rebound of all this lands squarely on the President. When will he grow tired of acting as Mr. Dulles' shield and buffer?

### Five Questions for the Summit

1. Water being two-thirds hydrogen, is there any absolute assurance that a hydrogen bomb miscarried by a ballistic missile would not detonate the hydrogen of the ocean and blow the earth out of existence?

2. Is it not fairly certain that the detonation of all the nuclear charges possessed by the United States and the Soviet Union, in a nuclear war lasting three or four days, would render the earth uninhabitable?

3. Granting that the disappearance of the human race would be a blessing to the earth as an organic whole, ought we in the process to destroy other animals of higher morality and greater common sense?

4. If it should be discovered tomorrow that anthropoid apes were on the verge of producing atomic weapons, would not the United States and Soviet Russia at once send joint forces (conventional of course) for their extermination?

5. What reason is there to believe that the hydrogen bomb would be more dangerous in the hands of anthropoid apes than it is in our own?—*Irving Brant.*

### The Scientist as Soldier

Down at Fort Belvoir in Virginia the Army is having trouble with its soldiers. They've boycotted the mess halls, they refuse to keep their shoes shined and their hair cut, they show an unheard-of proclivity for speaking up in the presence of their betters. Affairs have reached a point where one officer has been heard muttering that the penalty for mutiny is the firing squad.

Tough guys? The sweepings of the slums, the graduates of reform schools? Not a bit of it. These recalcitrant G.I.s are college graduates, mostly with masters degrees and a good many with Ph.Ds. They

are chemists, physicists, mathematicians, engineers, and they are at work on some of the more advanced intellectual pursuits that must concern a modern army. It's a sad dilemma for the master sergeants—a man capable of understanding the merit of Planck's constant is almost invariably incapable of understanding the merit of peeling potatoes or shining buttons. Scientists are not much given to spit and polish—they look perfectly wretched on parade. Is it possible that the technique of war has been developed to a point where the military mind cannot grasp it? Are we to be saved by the irony of the gods?

### Long John on the Elbe

In the long perspective, it doesn't matter much whether the West German Army is armed with nuclear weapons or with bows and arrows. When the ICBM reaches operational stage, the button-pushers can sit in Cape Canaveral and in the Kremlin; only the shadows of missiles, rushing East and West, need touch German soil. But this halcyon day is yet too far off for our practical men of affairs, and in the interim, under the present concept of Western strategy, the *Bundeswehr* must be ready to accept at least "conventional" atomic weapons. Not unsurprisingly, considering that they have so recently emerged from the rubble of World War II, there are a lot of West Germans who want no part of nuclear warheads, strategic or tactical, conventional or unconventional. The result was a debate in the Bonn Parliament last week which, in the bitterness and invective provoked, rivaled the riotous Reichstag days preceding Hitler's rise to power.

The Social Democrats and Free Democrats who opposed the Adenauer program for complete military cooperation with NATO charged the Chancellor with being a "warmonger" and harboring a "lust for power." They all but charged Adenauer's Defense Minister, Franz Joseph Strauss, with being a Hitlerite. Outnumbered in Parliament, the opposition felt that it had a majority of West Germans behind them; only a month ago, a public-opinion poll showed that 81 per cent of the people were opposed to acceptance of atomic arms. The Social Democrats, at one point, threatened to pull a general strike, but only if (how very German!) the Parliamentary system should threaten to break down under the strains of debate.

The Parliamentary system didn't break down, however, and in the end Adenauer's solid Christian Democratic majority, as expected, won the day. The Social Democrats talk, somewhat wistfully, of forcing the issue to a popular referendum; they are not likely to have their way. The fact is that the *Bundeswehr* is now officially receptive to the gift of Matadors, Long Johns and Nikes the moment NATO is ready to extend the gift. Nevertheless, the Western Alliance can get little satisfaction out of the victory. Passionate and wide-



spread dissatisfaction with the fundamental concept of Western strategy has manifested itself in the very area which that strategy is designed to defend. The men behind Britain's Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (see Paul Johnson's article, H-Bomb Over Britain, in the March 29 *Nation*) have found vigorous allies. And Poland moves into a new and key role in the world scene. Either the West accepts Warsaw's concept of disengagement, or it must be prepared to see Polish soil—and probably East German—bristling with bases for the Soviet versions of the Matadors, Long Johns and Nikes.

## The Bigger Picture

Frederic Meyers' comments on proposed labor legislation so neatly anticipated the major recommendations of the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor-Management Field (see *The Nation*, March 1) that additional comment is not required. But two aspects of the report have been played up by the press in a manner that distorts the general perspective. The committee's estimate that some \$10,000,000 in funds of the unions investigated have been "either stolen, embezzled, or misused" has drawn the heaviest headlines. The figure is shocking even if one keeps in mind that the sample is highly selective. But in an article that attracted few headlines, *Fortune* (November, 1957) pointed out that each year between \$500 million and \$1 billion is embezzled from American business firms, with half of all embezzlements going undetected and with only one of every ten discovered defaulters being brought into court. Total business embezzlements exceed by far the total sum stolen each year by burglars, pickpockets, armed robbers and auto thieves.

The next heaviest headlines were drawn by those portions of the committee's report which called attention to dictatorial practices in the unions under investigation. On this score, a glance at J. A. Livingston's well-timed book, *The American Stockholder*, is enough to restore editorial perspective. Mr. Livingston, financial editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, flatly states what everyone knows, namely, that "corporation democracy" is a myth. "Corporations," he writes, "are not democracies. They are plutocracies." Commenting on "the eroding status" of the 8.6 million stockholders in American corporations, Mr. Livingston states that their position, in relation to management, is analogous to that of "spectators at a ball game." Incidentally, he has some tart comments about corporate executives who, in his view, have become a kind of "tax-sheltered elite."

Neither of the comparisons here set forth, of course, is entirely apt. Embezzlers in business have far greater opportunities than embezzlers in trade unions; there is more loose change about. And a member of one of

labor's worst baronies cannot, like an aggrieved stockholder, "sell out" and take his losses. All the same, it is important to keep in mind that unions are not the only or the worst offenders against the democratic code (see Meetings Without Members, by Glenn W. Miller, in last week's issue); nor are union officials the only Americans occupying positions of trust who occasionally exhibit sticky fingers. The editorial cameras should be focused on the bigger picture: why do we produce so many cheats? why do we pretend to be more democratic than we are?

## A Little More of This and the Depression Should Be Licked

*Washington.*—The Army reports it will scrap material with an original cost of \$2,000,000,000 in fiscal year 1959. The Navy will dispose of material that originally cost \$1,903,000,000. The Air Force scrap pile for 1959 will represent an original cost of \$1,685,000,000.

Total: \$5,588,000,000.

The rapid rate of obsolescence in the modern arms race is the main reason for the tremendous cost in scrapping material.—Chicago *Daily News*.

## Reciprocity and Senator Wiley

Senator Wiley, former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and now ranking Republican member, has advanced an admirable suggestion. He wants the State Department, in cooperation with American educators, to set up schools in Moscow and other Russian cities which would carry forward an "education-for-peace" program. *The Nation* endorses the proposal without a moment's hesitation. While it is unlikely that we could send Dan Wakefield to cover the unveiling ceremonies in Moscow, he would be on hand, we promise, at the opening of the school which the Soviets would have every right to establish in New York. A Soviet school, conveniently located, might turn out to be a tourist attraction of a potency that would offset the closing of Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds. Undoubtedly Senator Wiley is prepared to accept the principle of reciprocity. After all, reciprocity has been part of our tariff policy since 1880; why shouldn't it apply in cultural matters as well?

## The Franchise of Humor

In *Back to Methuselah* (written in 1921), Bernard Shaw suggested peevishly that there is more to running a country than playing a good game of golf. The producers of the play's present New York revival spent some time before opening night debating whether this allusion to golf should be struck from the text, lest it be construed by President Eisenhower as a personal slur. This squeamishness is grotesque, but it



is only a straw in the wind of what is now wrong with us as a people. We have become altogether too polite for our own good; we are adopting the fudgy manners of television quiz masters and have forgotten that kidding and the more serious device of lampoon are indispensable weapons of democracy. It is notorious of dictators that they can dish it out, but they can't take it—American leaders have always taken it or have soon lost leadership. Cartoons of Lincoln were used to frighten babies, the hats of Coolidge were a national joy. Roosevelt's jutting cigarette holder became a symbol of the arrogance that went with his greatness, and

does no one remember what happened to Harry Truman when he undertook to instruct a music critic on his business? We don't think Eisenhower—for all the conditioning of Army protocol—fears or avoids the sting of public comment. But those around him build up a legend that he is as sensitive as a princess in a tower. Shaw's crack about golf obviously has nothing to do with Eisenhower. It will get a laugh, though, because of its topical reference—and it should. Anyone who fails to laugh out of deference to Ike has renounced the franchise of humor, which is at least as important as the franchise of the voting booth.

## THESE ARE THE UNEMPLOYED

*While depressions invariably mean breadlines and suffering, they differ one from another in important details. The differences show up in what may be termed their human profiles no less than in their statistical graphs. In the four reports which follow—from Detroit, Los Angeles, Boston and St. Louis—a pattern emerges that is in some respects unique. It is, perhaps, not surprising (since this is a depression in the classic mold) that unemployment should be hitting hardest at the unskilled and semi-skilled production worker; what is surprising is that the most frequent victim is the youthful, vigorous worker with a young family to support—the kind that normally would be expected to be dismissed last. Equally surprising is the fact that men*

*seem to be losing their jobs faster than women, and that—with the possible exception of St. Louis—the Negro seems to be suffering in no greater proportion than whites. In the American labor market, women and Negroes traditionally have been the marginal worker.*

*Obviously, new and powerful factors are at work which affect the issue of full employment. Automation is one; another is the trades union which, while protecting the woman, the Negro, the older worker, also leaves vulnerable the young worker with low seniority. The stories which follow are thus more than a commentary on the current situation; they open a Pandora's box of problems which can be solved not through temporary expediences, but only through long-range planning.—*  
*Editors.*

### **D**ETROIT 225,000 jobless

. . by **B. J. Widick**

*Detroit*  
IN MAY, 1957, one storm cloud appeared in what was otherwise still a bright and sunny economic sky. A close examination would have shown that the cloud was marked "F.O.B. Detroit." For even then, there were 104,000 unemployed in this city, of which about one-fourth were men and women over the age of forty-five—the age at which it is most difficult to find work. And these 104,000 did not include 40,000

men and women over forty-five who had been out of work so long that they were no longer included in unemployment statistics. Taking all of industrial Michigan into account, unemployment was already averaging close to 200,000 even before the recession started.

What has happened since last summer makes unpleasant news. The failure of the 1958 model cars to catch on added to the impact of other factors pressing the American economy into a decline, and the result has been climbing figures in unemployment here and throughout Michigan.

By January 1 of this year 73,000 persons in the state—more than half

of them from the Detroit area—had exhausted their unemployment benefits. Again this figure does not include the overage group whose benefits were exhausted years ago and who simply are not considered part of the statistical picture because they are neither drawing unemployment insurance nor registering at the government employment services for work. By March 1, unemployment reached at least 225,000 in Detroit and more than 400,000 in the state. Furthermore, by that date 20,000 additional unemployed had exhausted all their benefits.

THIS city and this state are harder hit, perhaps, than any other section of the country. Unemployment is close to 15 per cent of the total work force. But the statistics tell only part of the story. The unemployment

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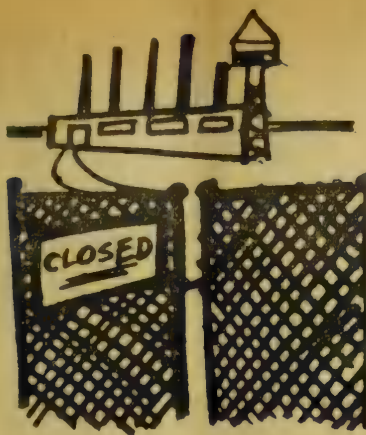


crisis here must be seen in broader perspective in order to appreciate its full meaning.

Detroit is not only an automotive center working at less than 50 per cent of capacity (since 1958 is doomed to be a "poor" year for the auto industry), it is also a city of ghost factories. Many huge plants are as idle as the men who once made a living in them. The 40,000 men and women over forty, referred to earlier as so long unemployed that they are no longer considered to be in the labor market, once manned the Packard plant, Motor Products and a dozen other industrial establishments which are completely shut down. On the industrial East Side, nearly 60,000 jobs were lost through factory shut-downs. Some, like Hudson and Packard, were victims of the Big Three: Chrysler, Ford and General Motors. Now the Hudson plant is being torn down to be replaced by a shopping center and the huge Packard plant now serves as a warehouse.

Who hires men and women over the age of forty? It is a national scandal that very few employers do and then only under dire necessity. Automation and decentralization have added to unemployment. Ford Local 600, once boasting 60,000 members, is down to 28,000; Local 212 has dropped from 30,000 to fewer than 15,000, and Dodge Local 3 from 25,000 to 5,000. The impact of automation may be pointed up another way. In 1947, 648,000 auto workers built five million cars and trucks; in 1957, 652,000 auto workers built 7.2 million cars and trucks. The increased productivity per man was largely due to automation, according to the Automobile Manufacturers Association.

TWO OTHER factors must be considered in evaluating the unemployment problem in Detroit and Michigan. Originally, unemployment compensation was supposed to provide at least 50 per cent of a man's ordinary weekly wage. Outside of the auto workers, who for a time after losing their jobs enjoy a few supplemental unemployment benefit payments, the unemployed as a whole receive less than this mini-



mum. Thus, in a recession characterized by the unusual phenomenon of increased costs of living, the economic difficulties of the unemployed are aggravated. Auto workers who are employed, for example, just received a 3c an hour wage increase under their escalator clause; unemployment benefits, of course, have no such clause, and their inadequacy increases as prices continue to rise.

THE second factor to be considered is that when men and women are unemployed today they lose more than just their weekly income. As a result of the fringe-benefit gains of the union movement, millions of employed workers have health insurance, hospitalization and life insurance policies, as well as pension rights. After a brief period of unemployment, all these gains are automatically wiped out. There are in Michigan, for example, thousands of auto workers with ten years' seniority who have been laid off and are not expected to be recalled, who permanently lose all these benefits.

It is difficult to estimate the social damage contained in the grim statistic that since the first of January, forty-five families a day in this area have been losing their homes. Nor should one be deceived by the failure of welfare figures to climb sky-high. Responsible community-service officials assert that most unemployed persons resist bitterly going on welfare even to save their mortgaged homes from foreclosure. The CIO has had some astonishing experiences in this field since last fall. Workers don't want charity; they want work.

There exists another and increas-

ingly prominent feature of the unemployment situation that needs deeper probing. This is the fact that, when times are bad, the same people tend to be laid off repeatedly. These are what unemployment officials call "repeaters." In an industrial area like Detroit or Pittsburgh or Chicago, the first impact of a recession or decline in business in any given industry results in the same low-seniority workers going out into the street. They, and the men and women over forty who always have difficulty getting jobs in any period, tend to form a hard core of permanently unemployed. This may be illustrated by asking a simple question: where can the unskilled worker find a job in a largely unionized area like Detroit or Pittsburgh or Chicago, where most plants are under union contracts and workers who have been laid off have first recall rights? The Michigan Employment Security Commission has instituted a series of semi-annual studies of its own data to obtain more accurate information on the social composition of the unemployed. Preliminary findings tend to bear out the viewpoints expressed here, although the commission's officials are not as categorical in their judgments.

WHAT they will not challenge, however, is the estimate that Dr. William Haber of the University of Michigan, a recognized authority on unemployment, made in a recent interview with the *Detroit Free Press*. Dr. Haber gave an "educated guess" that after the recession is over—whenever that may be, late 1958 or in 1959—Michigan will still have around 175,000 unemployed. Most of these will be concentrated, of course, in the Detroit area. To rephrase the statistic and give it more meaning: Even if the recession were over and America were to return to 1956-57 industrial levels, Michigan and Detroit would still have to be classified as "distressed labor areas," since more than 6 per cent of the work force would be unemployed. And this would occur in a state in which, by every indication, at least 50,000 additional unemployed workers will have exhausted all their unemployment benefits by



July 1, 1958, and thus join the 73,000 already in that sad state.

The basic reasons for this bleak outlook are automation, the disappearance of marginal plants unable to survive the recession, and the increase in the work force due to population growth. In the 1949 and 1954 recessions, the unemployment crisis did not reach the scope of the current situation partly because the auto industry did not suffer as great a setback as it has at the present time, and secondly because many of the unemployed returned to the South or other areas from which they had recently migrated. Today "hard times" exist all through the country, and the unemployed in Michigan and Detroit have no other place to go. This is true of both Negro and white workers. As an indication of this phenomenon, fewer than 10,000 Detroit and Michigan unemployed have returned to their home states and filed claims for benefits there.

IT IS small wonder that there is almost complete silence on the part of industrial and business leaders in Michigan on the problem of unemployment at the present time. One does not hear these days, as one did in 1954, remarks like C. E. Wilson's "bird dog" crack at the unemployed, or Henry Ford II's "Unemployment in Detroit does not amount to a hill of beans"—Ford's contribution to the 1954 recession. It is hardly likely that the auto-industry leaders have modified their outlook sufficiently to give at least a silent prayer of thanks to the CIO and the New Deal elements who fought for, and obtained, cushioning factors like unemployment insurance and supplemental unemployment benefits which thus far have alleviated the crisis sufficiently to prevent any explosion.

Of course, if the Keynesian economists don't turn out to be right and the government fails soon enough to "pump-prime" one way or another, the picture for this area will be even gloomier. The sensitivity of the labor unions and of politicians in both major political parties, as well as growing public alarm at the mounting unemployment, suggest that the problem of permanent unemployment—a feature of the De-

troit and Michigan industrial economy—will be tackled sooner or later in a more fundamental fashion than the expedients now under discussion in Washington. This is a time for a new look at the unemployment crisis in America, and the Detroit and

## BOSTON 45,300 jobless

*Boston*  
LAST WEEK I was talking to a friend, a man with five small children who had recently lost his job. He said, "After the first week out of work the tension starts creeping up the back of your neck and goes right to the top of your head. And the only thing that can cure it is a good stiff drink."

Stories on unemployment, including this one, are bound to be soggy with statistics. In reading the figures, it might be helpful to think of them in terms of men, like my friend, who are trying to stay sober and sane at the same time, but are not quite sure they can make it.

In capsule form, the situation in Massachusetts is as follows: unemployment is estimated at 158,000, which is 7.5 per cent of the work force and about 50,000 more than this time last year. Greater Boston has 45,300 jobless. All industries have been hit except for finance, insurance and real estate, services, miscellaneous and mining (first time I realized we had any mines in the Commonwealth), and state and local government. The last category accounted for an increase of 6,000, which could indicate either that unemployed citizens are being put to work on local work projects or that the politicians are taking care of their friends, an appropriate phenomenon in the land of the last hurrah.

One of the more disturbing items in the breakdown is that the number of men receiving unemployment benefits is going up much faster than that of women. As of March

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Michigan example suggests a close study which will provide findings less pleasant and Pollyanna-ish than the mass of evasive statistics or optimistic statements which emanate from the professional optimists and politicians in Washington.

. . . by John C. Cort

15, the figure was 66,000, an increase of 28,000 from a year ago, whereas the number of women on the benefit rolls had risen only from 26,000 to 38,000. Since men are traditionally the bigger money-makers and breadwinners, this reflects the rate at which purchasing power is dropping and hunger increasing in this state.

If you have been following closely up to this point, you will have noticed that only 104,000 are receiving state unemployment benefits out of the estimated total of 158,000 unemployed. Another 7,000 are getting either veterans' or federal employee benefits. This leaves 47,000 who are either unlucky enough to have been working in an "uncovered" industry or occupation (mainly self-employed, farming, local and state government, domestic service, charitable, religious and educational institutions) or who have exhausted their benefits.

The latter would mean that in most cases they have completed the twenty-six weeks for which they were eligible for benefits. It is no surprise that the "exhaustees" are increasing every month. Last month, there were 5,400 new exhaustees as compared with 3,600 in February, 1957. In the week ending March 15, there were 1,700 new ones, which would mean a monthly rate of over 7,000.

All hands, or at least most hands, are looking hopefully to Washington for passage of the Kennedy-McCarthy bill, which would increase from twenty-six to thirty-nine the maximum number of weeks for receiving benefits. This would do much to ease the problem of the exhaustees, who are currently ap-



proaching the point of no return unless things pick up rather quickly. The bill would also provide for a new benefit maximum of two-thirds of the average wage, or about \$50 as compared to the present maximum here of \$35 per week. It should be added, however, that the state pays \$4 more for each dependent under eighteen, which makes things a little easier for my friend with the five kids. How inadequate this is to keep human flesh and spirit intact should nevertheless be evident to every reasonable man. Even Senator Kennedy's bill is not going to make up the difference.

A small number of our unemployed are getting SUB (supplemental unemployment benefits, originally known as GAW, or guaranteed annual wage), mainly through contracts held by the Auto Workers or Steel Workers. This would include the 1,200 who were laid off when Ford closed its Somerville plant on March 14, one of the most discouraging single fold-ups that has hit this area in some time.

NEW ENGLANDERS are resigned when another textile mill closes. The collapse of this industry has come to be one of the accepted facts of life. Nevertheless, I was surprised, in looking at the figures, to see how much of a collapse it has been. Since 1947, textiles have slid from a work force of 130,000, by far the largest manufacturing industry in the state, to a current employment of 56,000, which leaves them in fifth position behind electrical products, machinery, leather and leather products (another declining industry, but more slowly) and apparel.

What really depresses us, however, is to see a progressive, modern industry like autos close up a plant. And we are not exactly cheered by the spectacle of lay-offs in the electrical industry, which had added 22,000 jobs in the ten years between 1947 and 1957 and is now our largest manufacturer, with something over 90,000 jobs. In every discussion of the New England economy, somebody sooner or later mentions the word "electronics" and everybody feels better.

But now we see that there are about 6,000 fewer jobs in this industry than there were a year ago. Most of these lay-offs, incidentally, have been in the big General Electric plants in Lynn and Pittsfield.

Geographically, the saddest area in the state is still Gloucester, where 19.9 per cent of the work force is on the street or the beach. Ironically Gloucester, one of the worst spots in the nation, is along with Lawrence one of the only two areas in the state that has more jobs than it did a year ago. Which perhaps means that the fishing industry, still another sick one, has reached rock bottom at last.

Lawrence has edged upward from a bad 11.1 per cent to 10.6. The effort to fill up the abandoned textile mills with diversified industry is paying off slowly.

Everywhere else the picture is darker. In North Adams, there has been a jump in the jobless from 6.3 per cent to 15.6, the worst deterioration in the state. Mayor O'Connor of Springfield reports triple the normal unemployment from that area, or about 15,000 of a labor force of 150,000, and has asked his city council for money to put people to work on sewer and road projects.

Fall River and New Bedford, which were bad a year ago, are worse today, with percentages running over 11 and 10 respectively.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, one of the areas least hurt has been that of Greater Boston, which accounts for 45 per cent of the state's total labor force. And it is perhaps this fact that makes the big difference between Massachusetts and a state like Michigan, where the principal city is operating at so poor a fraction of capacity.

The difference is probably that Boston is strong in the white-collar and institutional trades, which have been least affected by the recession so far. A year ago, for example, Boston's unemployment percentage was 3.4, which is a bit lower than the healthy norm. Today it is a little over the norm, but still well under the national average. And despite the ever-mounting tax

rate, which has everybody half sick, there was a wave of something approaching enthusiasm in the old city as the Prudential Insurance Company moved ever closer to the day when it will break ground for its big new business development on thirty-two acres in the Back Bay now occupied by railroad yards.

This could make a difference, too, in the construction industry, whose unemployment figure has risen from 13,000 a year ago to 20,000 on March 15. There should be plenty of building jobs soon in the Back Bay.

TO SUM UP, Massachusetts could be in worse shape, but it could also be very much better. Judging from unemployment benefit figures, the situation is at its worst since the recession of 1949 (current claims for total and partial unemployment number 114,000 as compared with 117,000 in March, 1949). In that year, the Commonwealth paid out \$115,000,000 in benefits and almost busted its fund. As a result the merit-rating system was suspended for three years and all employers were forced to pay the maximum levy of 2.7 per cent of payroll. This in turn put the state's industry at a nasty competitive disadvantage with states that pay lower benefits and for this reason can afford to give their employers a lower rate on payroll taxes. Now Massachusetts is back down to a rate of 1.6 per cent, which is not much above the national tax average of 1.3, but somewhat more than such states as Texas and Ohio (0.7 per cent) or Virginia, Colorado and Iowa (0.5).

Which brings us to the ancient question: "How long, O Lord, are we going to allow the states of the union to bid against each other for new business with the coin of human hunger and despair?" It would seem to be more than about time that we cut out this heartless nonsense and put unemployment compensation under a uniform, nationwide system whose benefits and tax rates are established by federal law. The Kennedy-McCarthy bill is a move in the right direction, but only a move.



# LOS ANGELES

## 172,500 jobless

. . by Gene Marine

*Los Angeles* "LOS ANGELES," like "insanity," is a term without a specific meaning. It is a city, or a county, or a general area—or, perhaps, an attitude. The Los Angeles papers talk blandly about "the Southland," which seems to stretch three hundred miles from Santa Barbara to San Diego and inland to Nevada.

As an employment center, it's equally difficult to throw a boundary line around. We can't talk about "the Southland" without taking in the *braceros* in the Imperial Valley or the bar-palored cocktail waitresses in the glorified Indian oasis called Palm Springs. On the other hand, restricting our scope to the city, or even the county, would leave out many vital parts of what is considered to be a single economic unit.

But we have to start somewhere, and the easiest way is to fall back on doing what the State Department of Employment does—a method that will enable us to use their figures. We'll discuss Los Angeles and Orange Counties—a combination which includes most of what is known to northern Californians as the sprawling megalopolis that is "Los Angeles." And here, as you might expect if you know the area, things are backwards.

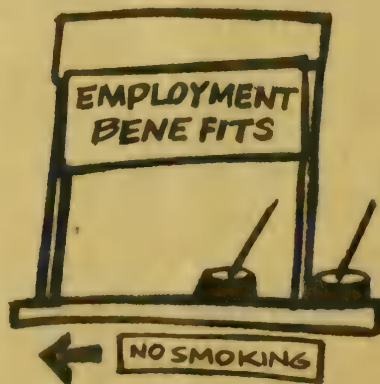
The general picture, of course, scarcely needs telling. The state's computers, human and mechanical, figure the total labor force in these two counties to be about 2,650,000 (all the figures are for February, the latest available) and 172,500 of them are unemployed.

BUT THOSE of you who live in relatively settled areas get a different picture from a word like "unemployment"; in Los Angeles, everything has its unique meaning. A year ago, for instance, the total labor force was 2,586,800. In other words, there has been an influx of

over 60,000 workers, come to look for work in the land of golden pavements. Young and impatient families seeking a horizon, older workers forced off the farms by technology and seeking a new start, even the proverbial beauty from Dubuque seeking the secret for the conquest of Hollywood: they all come to Los Angeles.

A year ago, though, only 2.9 per cent of the area's workers were unemployed. Almost equally important, the aircraft factories and the auto assembly plants were running full shifts. And the part-time worker with a full-time family to support doesn't show on today's unemployment figures, but he exists, and in greater numbers all the time.

Today's percentage is 6.5 per cent unemployed. That means complete-



ly out of jobs—it doesn't include short-weekers or workers on strike—and it's not only the worst February since 1950, but the worst month, any time of the year, since eight years ago next July. It isn't getting better. Right now, a little of the unemployment is seasonal, and a few categories will pick up; but manufacturing, particularly aircraft and autos, is still on the way down, and herein lies the key to the whole economy.

Los Angeles isn't a strong union town like San Francisco or Detroit, and you'd expect the marginal workers—from the employer's point of view—to be the first to go. You'd expect unemployment to hit first and hardest among the old, the non-

white, the handicapped, perhaps the women. But the rise in unemployment—which has been steady for the last five months, and which is still going on through March according to the number of unemployment insurance claims per week—has been twice as great among men as among women, and the men have, for the most part, been young, white, healthy and, in most cases, not even suspected of political deviation.

THE reason is in the nature of the place. Los Angeles is a phony town, a Willy Loman kind of town, built on a shoe lace and a smile, a semitropic sun and a hunk of wide-open desert. It has no feeling of permanence and it doesn't nourish roots. As a burgeoning population center, it's new, young—and so are its principal industries. The number of people in Los Angeles with twenty years' seniority on a manufacturing job could ride to work together in a Volkswagen bus.

Take aircraft. The aircraft industry has located heavily in Southern California for a number of reasons—climate and the nearness of large stretches of uninhabited land among them. It's young and new, at least as a major industry, and the overwhelming majority of its workers are young and healthy white men. A year ago, there were 222,900 workers directly employed by aircraft and aircraft-parts manufacturers. Now there are 187,900. In other words, of the area's 172,500 unemployed, 35,000 came directly from the aircraft industry.

Officially, the aircraft industry does *not* include a bunch of classifications the State Department of Employment calls "electrical machinery," "primary metals," "fabricated metals," "machinery (exc. electrical)" and a few other lines—all of which probably include a number of workers connected with, and dependent on, aircraft in one way or another. Every one of these industries employs fewer people now than a year ago. And of course, out-of-work aircraft workers buy fewer cars, eat fewer restaurant meals, put off buying furniture. This effect is only beginning to be felt.

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Because there are, proportionally, more Negroes in auto assembling than in aircraft, there will be proportionately more Negroes out of work soon than there are right now. The auto industry (manufacturing, that is, not distribution or sales) operated here in February with only 2,500 fewer employees than a year before, and part of the drop was due not to cutbacks but to automation. But the state's figures obscure the situation, which will come out into the open in April.

Since last September, workers at Chrysler's Maywood plant have had as few as three full work weeks. The United Auto Workers and Chrysler, therefore, arrived together at the decision that—since a good many workers were making less than they could draw in unemployment insurance—it might be better to cut the work force. The newly unemployed workers can then draw their insurance checks, and the workers remaining at the plant can work longer weeks and draw more pay. The layoff will run somewhere between 750 and 1,500 men.

General Motors' South Gate plant—Buicks, Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs—has had only five full work weeks since last autumn; they have been trying to maintain two-shift operations (according to a local labor writer, they "wanted the nucleus of a second-shift force ready in case the market took a sudden upswing"), but they, too, threw in the towel in March, and laid off 700 workers. Ford's two plants in the area continue on half-time, or nearly half-time, schedules and consequently still don't make the unemployment statistics.

THERE ARE 67,000 fewer workers employed in manufacturing alone than there were a year ago. The total employment figure hasn't dropped nearly that far. That is, while other employment has actually risen in some cases (e.g., finance and insurance, government and "service"), manufacturing has dropped to offset it and more.

That's who the unemployed are: the young, healthy men—many of them veterans—who work in the aircraft factories and the machinery

plants and on auto assemblies. The other major employment area with heavy unemployment is construction—due partly to bad weather, partly to tight money—and here, too, it is the men who are out of work, though the age average may run a little older and the percentage of Negroes fractionally higher.

Of the nearly two and a half million who are working, nearly a million are in manufacturing or in contract construction, even today—and these are the areas where unemployment has hit hardest. The unemployed, then, are skilled men to a degree—carpenters, welders, machinists—though not the most highly skilled. The most highly skilled, of course, are those who think of their work not as a job but as a profession, and these remain in demand: top engineers (not just anybody with an engineering degree), professional nurses, graduate social workers and high-level electronics technicians.

## ST. LOUIS 71,800 jobless

St. Louis  
AS OF MARCH 1, the number of people officially out of work in the St. Louis area totaled 71,800, according to the St. Louis office of the Division of Employment Security. This was an increase of 33,500, or 87 per cent, over the figures for a year ago. The statistics, moreover, must be taken as conservative, since they are based entirely on officially-reporting sources only. Hundreds of small businesses make no such reports. Nor do the figures reflect the economic impact which the recession has had upon thousands of persons who, while still employed, are working only a three- or four-day week.

Surveys show that hundreds of families are destitute. The breadwinners have lost their jobs, exhausted their savings and either have run out of unemployment benefits or

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The effect of this unemployment spreads—it spreads slowly, but it spreads. As fewer people eat out, fewer people ride buses, fewer people shop in department stores, the pattern will become more "classic": the older workers and the non-whites will rise in the unemployment percentages. Undoubtedly one reason why there is not a greater percentage of Negroes among the unemployed today is the fact that employers and some unions did such an efficient job of keeping them out of decent jobs in the first place.

But at the moment, the man who's looking for a job in Los Angeles is—just as you might expect in the weirdest town in the world—the man whom, traditionally, employers want most to hire: the young, healthy, semi-skilled white man. He's finding out now at first hand that the pavements not only aren't golden; they make the feet sore just like pavements everywhere.

. . by Ted Schafers

were never eligible for them. And, according to Missouri law, they are not eligible for state welfare relief, which is restricted to "unemployables." No man sufficiently sound in body to hold a job can get state relief in Missouri even if a job is impossible to get.

The result of all this has been distress headlines of a kind which St. Louisans haven't seen in twenty-five years. An unseasonably cold and wet winter hasn't helped matters. Retail sales have been poor, the construction industry is stagnating, and auto sales are down to a crawl.

So bad has been the situation that the city Board of Aldermen has set up machinery to distribute surplus commodities. Some twenty-three carloads of flour, corn meal, cheese, dried milk and rice have been ordered—enough to feed 10,000 families, or between 30,000 and 40,000 mouths.

HURT HARDEST by the recession are semi-skilled and unskilled production workers, particularly those



who, as relatively recent arrivals in the area, are on the bottom of seniority lists in union shops. According to the St. Louis Employment Security Office, 71 per cent of the area's unemployed are factory workers; 53 per cent of them are unskilled or semi-skilled. Only 12 per cent of the jobless are in the white-collar groupings: professional workers, or managerial, clerical or sales personnel.

It is estimated that half of the unemployed in the region are not entitled to unemployment benefits. Of those receiving such benefits, approximately 4,550 had exhausted them by March 1. Benefits may run from \$8 to \$33 weekly; auto workers enjoy supplemental (SUB) benefits which bring their unemployment income up to 65 per cent of their normal weekly earnings. However, the SUB payments, like the unemployment benefits, run out in time. And, in desperation, workers are turning to private philanthropic agencies, such as the United Fund and the Salvation Army, for help.

The financial pressure is breaking up families. The joint federal-state Aid to Dependent Children program shows a 21 per cent increase in cases since last year. This relief is given to families deserted by the breadwinner, or where the parents are incapacitated. An official of the Salvation Army's Family Welfare Service insists that unemployed fathers are deliberately abandoning their families, at least temporarily, in order to make them eligible for aid.

Leo J. Bohannon, head of the Urban League here, believes that at least one-third of St. Louis' unemployed are Negroes. He challenges the 71,800 figure as too low. "In many Negro areas," he says, "the unemployed are never counted." He points to the fact that in previous depressions, Negro workers were laid off two to three times sooner than white workers. While Mr. Bohannon's argument cannot be proved statistically, the heavy incidence of Negroes in job-application lines and in food lines in this city would tend to confirm his thesis.

THE SOCIAL Planning Council of St. Louis has sharply attacked the state's relief law. "The automatic denial of financial help," it has stated, "reflects an indifference to the needs of people which cannot be justified in the light of Missouri's financial position." George E. Pratt, executive director of the council's information service, estimates that one-half of the unemployed in St. Louis and St. Louis County are ineligible for public aid because of the state's restrictive welfare law. But Governor James T. Blair insists that if the state were to offer relief to all its able-bodied needy, it would cost 50 to 100 million dollars. Even an improvement in the state unemployment-insurance program would mean doubling present payroll taxes, he says.

So the breadlines grow longer, and some observers here fear the cumu-

lative effect if the recession continues much longer.

There are, however, some bright sides to the St. Louis picture:

1. The diversity of industry has tempered the shock somewhat—unemployment here reached only 8.4 per cent of the work force, contrasted to much higher percentages elsewhere in the country.

2. A check of banks, savings and loan institutions and federal-housing officials indicates a remarkably low rate of mortgage failure so far.

3. A survey of industrial managements indicates there have been few cuts in white-collar personnel and no across-the-board salary slashes.

4. With spring here and mortgage credit much easier, homebuilders look forward to an increase of at least 10 per cent in construction. This could provide the needed boost to automobile sales.

5. The city has a major bond-issue program and the state a sizable road-building program going.

7. There are several major redevelopment projects cleared and ready for construction.

8. Money deposits continue to climb, indicating there is untapped buying power ready—and, if public confidence isn't panicked, St. Louis can be back on a reasonable keel by midsummer.

Business leaders look for a leveling out at the 1955 pace. If that happens, the surplus food lines might be just a memory instead of a shadow of things to come.

## AGENDA FOR THE SUMMIT .. by Geoffrey Barraclough

### I. The Setting

*London*  
DOES ANYONE any longer doubt that sometime during the present year, in the autumn, if not in the summer, summit talks are going to be held? It may be true, as Joseph Alsop has said, that not one of the Western leaders means one word of

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all the innumerable words they have spouted on the subject of East-West talks. But they are in the grip, and they know they are in the grip, of something bigger than themselves. There will be talks because the alternative is too criminally stupid for public opinion to contemplate; and it is public opinion which, ever since the NATO conference in Paris last December, has shaped the course of events. In spite of the never-ending negotiations about negotiations, and

the incessant maneuvering for position, it is now as clear as anything can be that none of the Western governments can in the long run resist the growing public pressure — particularly in Western Europe — for negotiations of some sort with the Soviet Union.

The current gambit is for Western politicians, led by a clown-like Lord Hailsham, wildly ringing his bell, to denounce public opinion as hysterical, to talk of defeatism and nuclear



neurosis, and to draw false analogies with pre-war appeasement and the Peace Pledge of 1935. The truth is that, if anyone is hysterical, it is the ministers and politicians: hysterical in their hatred of the Soviet Union, hysterical in their fear of disturbing the status quo, hysterical in their belief that the only result of casting out one devil will be to open the door to seven other devils which, simply because they are newcomers, are bound to be worse than the first. The great swell of public opinion today is due to the conviction that statesmen have been petrified by fear into grotesque and impossible attitudes. No one believes any longer in the "tried and tested" methods of diplomacy, which have led us head-first into a brick wall. No one trusts our foreign ministers, either individually or as a group. Hence the demand for summit talks, which offer one last possibility, before night falls, of breaking through the diplomatic deadlock.

THE plain fact is that it has been left to non-politicians to realize that conventional political methods are about as effective as conventional weapons in the present crisis. It is, of course, perfectly true that we can pin too great hopes on a summit meeting. If we expect a miracle, we are asking to be painfully deceived. When the heads of governments get there, after all, they will be the same weary men surrounded by the same backward-looking diplomats and military and strategic advisers. But that is no reason for not having a conference. It is no good, we are told, holding a meeting—indeed, it may be positively dangerous—unless the foreign ministers or the existing diplomatic channels have already thrashed out the main points of conflict and arrived at some agreement. But merely for dotting the "i"s and crossing the "t"s, for ratifying decisions agreed in advance by the ordinary methods of secret diplomacy, a summit meeting hardly seems necessary at all. This argument, so widely canvassed, seems to misjudge the object and purpose of a top-level conference. It is very possible that it cannot reach definite agreement on specific prob-



*"You and your crazy ideas!"*

lems. But such examples as the sessions of the United Nations Disarmament subcommittee hold out no hope that, if we leave it to the self-styled "experts," they will do so either. The purpose of a summit conference is less to achieve specific results than to relax tensions.

THERE IS, of course, a risk that a summit conference may be a failure, as the 1955 conference was a failure. But is it really true, as our wiseacres tell us, that we shall be worse off in that event? The risk of failure has to be measured against the alternative risks. Of these, it may fairly be said that the least is the one which currently gets the most attention: namely, a continuation of the sterile and frustrating thermonuclear stalemate which bears down on our lives today. There are those, like H. A. Kissinger, in the United States, and Duncan Sandys, British Minister of Defense, who exhort us to steel ourselves to living dangerously forever. There is no reason, Sandys says, why the stalemate should not go on "for another generation or more"—no reason why it "should not go on almost indefinitely." He has the grace to add, it is only fair to say, that "this would indeed be a mournful prospect." But many will doubt whether even this mournful prospect is a realistic assessment of the actual situation. If nuclear weapons go on being piled up, it is sheer wishful thinking to

assume that they will not go off. The probability with which we have to reckon, on the contrary, is that, failing positive measures to ban the bomb, acute tension will trigger off an accidental nuclear war.

In any case, to base security—even from the most self-interested point of view—on the maintenance of the present status quo is an illusion. At this very moment the uneasy equilibrium of the past few years is being destroyed by the development of long-range and intercontinental ballistic missiles and by the imminent emergence of other nations—in addition to the USSR, America and England—equipped with nuclear weapons. Within a period of two to three years what we today call the status quo will be a thing of the past; and it is an entirely unwarrantable hypothesis to assume that it will be succeeded by another equilibrium. In other words, the sands are running out; and though it is always silly to speak of a last chance, it is obvious that, if the present opportunity for disengagement and disarmament is missed, conditions a few months hence will be even more difficult. Once the vast military mechanism of long-range missiles, followed by anti-missile missiles, is moving under its own momentum, the chances of calling a halt will be small.

This prospect has still not made full impact on the public mind. The alternative to negotiation is not the



status quo, but rapid deterioration. If there is no settlement now, another opportunity is unlikely to come until the United States is subject to the full blast of Russian intercontinental missiles with nuclear warheads, and at that stage no sane person would pretend that the conditions for negotiation will be anything but worse. America will, in fact, have lost the one advantage it has possessed up to date: its distance and its relative immunity. Oddly enough, tardy realization of this fact seems to have produced in the State Department the very opposite deductions from those the ordinary non-political citizen would draw. Instead of concluding that now is the time to talk, ever since the sputniks went up the objective seems to have been to avoid, or at least postpone, negotiation until the United States has its intermediate-range rockets sited and operative in England and Western Europe. It is a policy of substituting an intensified arms race for negotiation, with all the risks and dangers an arms race is bound to entail.

As we look back over past attempts to find some basis of settlement between East and West and to call a halt to the thermonuclear race, we can see how all have been bedeviled by the false notion that negotiations can only succeed if they are conducted from a "position of strength." It is certainly true that neither side is guiltless in this respect; but for us, on this side of the Iron Curtain, it is more profitable to consider the beam in our own eye than to fret and fume about the mote in the Russians' eye. In any case, we in the West are not the only people who like to negotiate from strength. The less secure the Russian leaders feel, the less likely they are to make concessions. Looked at from this point of view, the launching of the Russian sputnik, far from putting an end to the possibility of talks, ought to have been the signal for renewed efforts to negotiate. In fact, the Russians, instead of becoming more intransigent, immediately made offers which, whether specious or not, were worth far more earnest consideration than they received, and which went beyond anything they had proposed to date. It is a matter

of real significance when a power which admittedly is in a position of superiority in regard to the use of outer space, offers to ban its use for military purposes, even if its proposal is linked with conditions which do not suit the West so well.

ONE IS sometimes tempted to think that, in spite of all the talk about the horrors of nuclear warfare and the dangers of mutual annihilation, the holocaust is only a bogey which, in terms of practical politics, is not taken very seriously. If we are going to negotiate, we must make up our minds what we are really negotiating about, what ultimate object we have in mind. Is it to free the world from the threat of nuclear destruction, or is it to secure or preserve or maintain (as you choose to think) advantages in the power conflict between East and West?

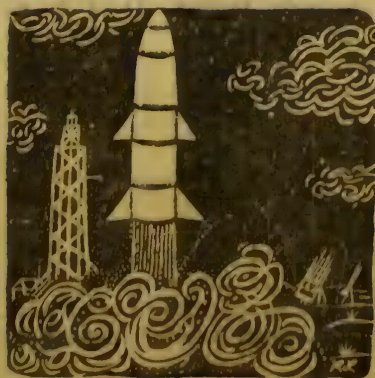
The question is fundamental, and until it is fundamentally faced we might do better not to think of negotiations at all. It is, of course, true that few people would wish the West to purchase peace by capitulation to Russia. But it is also true that the Russians will not purchase peace on terms which place them at the mercy of the West. A debate on this level, public or private, is useless. The only way in which the Russians can be brought to make concessions is for the West to make concessions which in Russian eyes would appear equally great. This is the principle of "balanced disarmament" proclaimed by Prime Minister Macmillan, and it is the only principle which makes sense in the world as it is. Clearly, it leaves room for argument whether the sacrifices

and concessions offered by the two sides are in fact equal and comparable; but it is realistic because it is based on common interests and not on divergencies. These common interests are a fact, not a theory. Both sides, for example, have everything to gain from preventing the outbreak of a new apocalypse; both sides have good reasons to avoid the spread of thermonuclear weapons until they fall into the hands of an irresponsible government which, using them for some local purpose, will trigger off a nuclear war; both sides, on a lower level, have everything to gain by eliminating the strain on their economies (so evident, for example, in Great Britain) resulting from an arms race.

## II. The Agenda

AS TO THE agenda of the summit conference, any attempt to combine political issues (particularly German reunification) with the urgent problem of controlled disarmament, and to make the settlement of one dependent upon the settlement of the other, is probably the greatest present obstacle to progress. It still reflects the old view that somehow or other we can roll back the Soviet position, particularly in Eastern Europe. All experience to date indicates that this hope is unrealistic and is calculated to bring serious negotiations to an end.

These considerations set a term to what any conference can usefully do. The essential points today are, first, to get the troops of the Great Powers at a safe distance apart (disengagement) and thus to minimize the risk of incidents, and then to secure an agreed measure of controlled disarmament. In the present climate of world opinion it is safe to say that both items will figure on the summit agenda. How, with the specter of intercontinental missiles looming over tomorrow's horizon, could any sane person be satisfied with the latter alone? In fact agreement—perhaps even only partial agreement—on no more than five points would be sufficient to bring about the radical change in atmosphere which everyone wants.





And none of these points is unattainable if approached in the right spirit.

1. The first is the Middle East, which has tended to be neglected in current discussion. Nevertheless, this is probably the most hopeful area—certainly far more easy to deal with than Europe—for the sort of local settlement which might be the first step toward wider agreement. The reason is that neither Russia nor America has yet secured direct military or political control of the Middle East, hence the situation here still leaves room for maneuver and for disengagement. And since this is also a region where internal conflicts might, almost accidentally, touch off a world war if either Russia or America became too closely involved in local politics, it is obvious that even a local settlement here would be a significant contribution to world peace. It can be pursued without difficulty on the basis of existing Russian proposals for joint control and limitation of arms deliveries.

2. Disengagement in Europe is more difficult, but it would be defeatist to assume that it was impossible. Ever since Sir Anthony Eden urged us in 1955 to examine the possibility of a demilitarized area between East and West, a variety of plans have been proposed; and the fact that all have been pulled to pieces by military strategists is no reason to write them off. The Gaitskell and Rapacki plans between them offer a basis for negotiation. The latter has been attacked on the grounds that the creation of a nuclear-free zone in Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia would be disadvantageous to the West because it would reinforce the numerical superiority of the Soviet conventional forces in Eastern Europe; but both Poland and Russia are known to have recognized the validity of this objection and to have agreed to extend discussion to include conventional as well as nuclear forces in the area. Why this offer cannot be taken up remains a mystery; for it is certainly far better (as George Kennan once remarked) "to get the Soviet forces out of Central and Eastern Europe

than to cultivate a new German army for the purpose of opposing them while they remain there."

3. The disarmament plans of 1957, which have been curiously neglected in the current exchanges, are another line where discussion is so advanced that it can easily be followed up. At one stage, before Mr. Dulles visited London in August last, the chances of agreement seemed good. Discussion had then got down to the delimitation of areas of aerial inspection, particularly in Europe. It is true that the original American proposals, which included a great deal of European Russia, but excluded Britain and Italy and much of France, were manifestly unacceptable; but the Russian counter-proposals were balanced, moderate and reasonable. Perhaps for this reason they were never answered by the West. This, however, was the only major point of disagreement; and a resumption of negotiations on the basis of the Russian proposals offers a good chance of at least a measure of conventional disarmament in the European danger-zone, implementing the "open skies" plan originated by President Eisenhower.

4. In the end, the world will feel safe only when the question of nuclear disarmament is tackled directly. What progress can be made in this direction? Hitherto the whole question has been bedeviled by the contention that no inspection system can be relied on. Today we know that atomic scientists are no more unanimous about this than strategic experts are about disengagement. The prevailing opinion, long accepted on the authority of Dr. Teller, proves to have been based on political prejudice rather than scientific fact. To devise a detection-system sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes turns out not to be beyond human capabilities. Hence the whole attitude to the suspension of nuclear tests is in flux. Hitherto Russia has insisted on ending nuclear tests as a first priority; the West, on the other hand, has consistently linked suspension of tests with a halt in manufacture. If this deadlock can be overcome, agreement is not impossible, and there

are welcome signs that both Mr. Dulles and Mr. Macmillan are moving in this direction. Agreement to suspend tests for three years—the project upon which the State Department is said to be working—will create a breathing-space, during which it will be possible to negotiate the next step: the abolition of the production of fissionable material for weapons.

5. There remains the question which touches the United States most closely: the control of outer space. This question is vital for the United States because, as Dr. Libby of the Atomic Energy Commission has said, Russia now has the power to "annihilate us," while the United States has still to carry out its first tests on nuclear warheads for its own ICBM. In these circumstances, it is almost inconceivable that American opinion would accept any agreement which omitted this cardinal item. Russia will not agree to give up the use of outer space and intercontinental missiles, so long as America retains bases surrounding Russia from which short-range missiles can be launched; and it is equally understandable that the United States will not dismantle these bases unless an effective control organization is set up and Russia cuts its conventional forces so that they are not a threat to Western Europe after the American retaliatory bases have been liquidated. These, however, are matters for negotiation and the sort of give-and-take which a summit conference, better than any other procedure, can facilitate.

THE PRECEDING analysis may, to some readers, seem unduly optimistic. But no one would deny that agreement on even two or three of the five headings listed would be sufficient to produce a radical change in the international atmosphere; and no one, I think, could maintain that the area of disagreement over any of them is so wide that a solution is out of the question. The amount of common ground is larger than is commonly believed, and it is not a question of "trusting the Russians." The real enemy today is not Russia, but war itself.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Metamorphoses of Yeats

### THE VARIORUM EDITION OF THE POEMS OF W. B. YEATS.

Edited by Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach. The Macmillan Co. 884 pp. \$18.50.

#### M. L. Rosenthal

THE Variorum Yeats! I was going to start by saying what pure pleasure it is to see—and to have—this large and beautiful, yet workmanlike, volume whose editors have tried “to note all the changes Yeats made in his poems in the course of their successive printings.”

And yet a certain melancholy grips the vitals. Yeats, like Joyce, had the artistic cunning of the serpent; we see its workings in his endless revisions in book after book during his creative lifetime—and he published poems in more than a hundred books of various kinds. But the triumph of his cunning lay in the Definitive Edition of his *Collected Poems*, the proofs of which he had corrected shortly before his death in 1939. (Owing to the war, this edition did not appear in England until a decade later; the American printing came only two years ago.) Here we received the whole of his poetry as he had come to conceive it and in the order in which he wished it arranged. Half a century ago, indeed, he wrote that when he remade his poems it was “myself that I remake,” and in the same year he wove a half-playful incantation against all who might tamper with the remaking:

*Accursed who brings to light of day  
The writings I have cast away!  
But blessed he who stirs them not  
And lets the kind worm take the lot!*

Beneath the facetiousness lies a poet's inevitable unease at being viewed in any light save that which he himself projects in the living present. Now the *Variorum* reprints more than sixty poems omitted from the definitive *Collected Poems* and recalls the earlier versions of poems drastically remolded over the years. We still have the definitive text on

these new pages, but it is surrounded by the old serpent's cast-off husks of skin, preserved in bibliographical formaldehyde. Their presence—who could ever have foreseen this?—has the embalmer-staunched atmosphere of death about it. Poor Yeats is now not only the great poet of this century; he is an Official, Dead, Great Poet — an Industry, a Vested Interest, apart from his intrinsic merits. One can almost, alas, foresee the revolt of the young against the “oppressive” idioms of his phrasing and rhythm, against his aesthetic tenets and his embodiments of a world in revolutionary torment, and against his search for what he called an image of the modern world's self-discovery. It becomes possible to visualize the J. Donald Adamses of the future “defending” him against his true but temporarily alienated heirs and quoting, as we should all perhaps now quote, those vulgarly elegant lines of Auden's—

Earth, receive an honoured guest;  
William Yeats is laid to rest. . . .

BUT THESE are unjust thoughts. The best writers survive their own institutionalization and the inevitable literary reactions against them. Nor are scholarship and criticism to blame that their aims cannot be identical with those of the creative figures they study. The *Variorum Edition*, product of a long collaboration between Russell Alspach and the late Peter Allt, enables us to see the poems in a setting, as it were, of their own history, illuminating a body of writing which—so subtly, often, did Yeats structure it—sometimes appears to change radically in its implications with every new reading. It provides, moreover, collated versions of Yeats's notes, prefaces and dedications, bringing together almost all the materials necessary to textual study except the manuscript-forms of the poems, publication of which “must await their coming to light through the years.” We betray the

poet and his vision only if we allow preoccupation with the mechanics of such an edition to obscure what they are intended to illuminate.

Given this starting point, there is much in this particular volume to fill a young poet with courage. Often (though this is deceptive) it does not seem *too* impossible to think of rivaling the early Yeats. We find him publishing, at the age of twenty-four, a long poem that begins:

Oisín, tell me the famous story  
Why thou outlivest, blind and hoary,  
The bad old days. Thou wert, men  
sing,

Trapped of an amorous demon. . . .

A later redaction, the one included in the Definitive Edition, alters things drastically, slowing down the jingling movement, sloughing off the archaisms, choosing words of stronger affect:

You who are bent, and bald, and  
blind,  
With a heavy heart and wandering  
mind,  
Have known three centuries, poets  
sing,  
Of dalliance with a demon thing.

The possibilities for improvement in this poem (*The Wanderings of Oisín*, first printed in 1889) were limited, but Yeats did what he could when the opportunity arose. Following up hundreds of such changes, we can trace his development from an almost unconscious imitator of the modes prevailing in his youth to the most effective craftsman of our day. For the early poems, the definitive version is at many points a sophistication of something basically naive: our modern absorption in complex, paradoxical poetic statement, and in concrete and compressed presentation, does some violence to one tradition of limpid lyricism in English verse. Yeats, who was crucially instrumental in setting up the ideal of a mature, vigorous verse that is intellectually as well as emotionally challenging, did usually improve his early writing in the revision, but sometimes destroyed a delicate fabric whose original simplicity he could not quite recapture. An unfortunate



incidental result of his continual efforts at "remaking" has been an almost total discounting by criticism of his work before about 1910, work which includes such lovely variations on folk-materials as "The Stolen Child" and such exquisite arrangements of intellectual, dramatic and symbolic elements as "Adam's Curse." Nevertheless, his need to rework what was already in print, together with his responsiveness to criticism and to the technique of younger poets, was one of the most powerful reasons behind his growth in stature.

MANY of the changes show not only stylistic tightening but also self-liberation from the clichés of poetic movements. The sinister faeries of "The Stolen Child" sang, in what we might call a composite early version, that

In pools among the rushes,  
That scarce could bathe a star,  
We seek for slumbering trout,  
And whispering in their ears  
We give them evil dreams. . . .

Revising the passage, Yeats omitted the commas closing lines one and three, and altered the fifth line to read: "Give them unquiet dreams." The open punctuation helps the eerie flow of suggestive melody, as does the omission of "we" in the last line and the substitution of the less pretentious but more active "unquiet" for "evil." In addition, though, "evil" is too *easy* a word, a short-cut to Blakean and proto-Symbolist effects. By deleting it Yeats removed an identifying label that was a little too pat by the early 1890s when this change was made. The poems underwent numerous virtually invisible but highly significant alterations of this sort throughout his career.

More exciting, to the general reader certainly, are the revisions one discovers were made in some of the most famous later poems—in "Leda

and the Swan," for instance, which originally began:

A rush, a sudden wheel, and hovering still  
The bird descends, and her frail thighs are pressed  
By the webbed toes, and that all-powerful bill  
Has laid her helpless face upon his breast.

These lines, after their first few printings, became:

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still  
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed  
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,  
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

The action becomes more sudden and powerful, the dramatic onslaught more sensuously felt and visualized; the more mysterious "dark webs" replaces the faintly absurd "webbed toes"; the trite "all-powerful" is dropped, in such a way as to enhance the sharpness of the picture; and an anticlimactic effect in the fourth line is turned brilliantly into a symbolic moment of mysterious sexual confrontation.

AMONG the hitherto uncollected pieces, incidentally, we find what might be considered a startling variation on the Leda motif in some lines on George Moore:

Moore once had visits from the muse  
But fearing that she would refuse  
An ancient lecher took to geese  
He now gets novels at his ease.

"Made long ago," Yeats comments disingenuously in a 1909 diary entry, "but written now because it comes up into memory, and it may amuse me in some moment of exasperation with that artless man." The more decorous amongst us may think such invective unbecoming an Official, Dead, Great Poet. But he is *not* dead — he lives, and always has lived. Think, too, how alive, and still relevant, is the casual couplet he tossed off almost thirty years ago "on reading poems by certain young writers in an American magazine of verse"—

The heart well worn upon the sleeve  
may be the best of sights,  
But never, never dangling leave the  
liver and the lights.

SOME of the notes and prefaces add much to the richness of this edition. Thus, Yeats's note on "Leda and the Swan," written in 1924 for *The Dial* but never reprinted in any of the collected editions, shows fascinatingly how his imagination worked. It shows, especially, how his political attitudes entered into poems whose conception one would think was as far as possible removed from the issues of the forum. Perhaps Yeats preferred not to publish it again just because it was so revealing in this fashion, or perhaps—one can only guess—he felt it was too much a kind of posing; or was not quite right stylistically, or made the poem out to be less seriously motivated than it should be. But, despite its eccentric identifications, it is saturated with a type of awareness that is an essential clue to the relevance of his poetry to the major questions of his time:

I wrote "Leda and the Swan" because the editor of a political review asked me for a poem. I thought, "After the individualist, demagogic movement, founded by Hobbes and popularized by the Encyclopaedists and the French Revolution, we have a soil so exhausted that it cannot grow that crop again for centuries." Then I thought, "Nothing is now possible but some movement from above preceded by some violent annunciation." My fancy began to play with Leda and the Swan for metaphor, and I began this poem; but as I wrote, bird and lady took such possession of the scene that all politics went out of it, and my friend tells me that his "conservative readers would misunderstand the poem."

The "conservatism" of the readers here referred to was obviously of literary rather than political attitudes. Yeats's own "conservatism" was of another kind—the kind that kindles vast revolutions of thought: a shifting of perspective toward neglected points of value of such a nature that it hardly mattered what parties he might vote for, or not vote for. This note is but one of the many items we may ponder with delight and passion, and sometimes with bitterness, in this volume; there is no end to the book's instructiveness, nor to our indebtedness to its devoted and distinguished editors.

#### Notice

*The Private World of Pablo Picasso*, reviewed in the March 29 *Nation*, is published by The Ridge Press. The hard-cover edition is distributed by Harper and Brothers, the paper edition by Pocket Books.



# A Measure of Silence

## THE UNSILENT GENERATION.

Edited by Otto Butz. Rinehart & Co.  
189 pp. \$2.95.

Richard Schickel

THAT eleven Princeton seniors have been persuaded to write anonymous essays about "themselves and their world" is hardly conclusive evidence that the current college generation has suddenly found its tongue (if, indeed, it ever really lost it). Nor are the essays, contained in a book entitled *The Unsilent Generation*, good refutations of the charge that this generation is silent. That is unfortunate, for it is about time someone laid to rest that "silent generation" tag which has been around for at least seven years.

In my undergraduate days it was fashionable to blame Senator McCarthy and his ism for the air of quietude which hung over the campus. But man and ism are dead now, and the simple explanation for all that silence is dead with them. With it gone, almost every intellectual in America has had a crack at building a theory to explain the silence. It is time for someone to advance the notion that this generation is not so very different, in most respects, from all the generations which preceded it. It is neither so terribly silent nor so frightfully noisy. What it mainly seems to lack is a spokesman like Scott Fitzgerald, who drew a picture of a noisy minority that came, in time, to stand for an entire generation. If not an individual spokesman, it needs a brash lot of rebels like those who stood outside the depression generation majority and thumbed their noses at the majority's values. What this generation lacks, in short, are outsiders — noisy ones, who provide the fireworks.

The generation does have, however, some quiet critics. One of them shows up amongst the yea-sayers in Mr. Butz's book. He is the author of a piece called "The Third Eye" and he says: "We are the generation of the third eye, the eye of self-consciousness, the eye of self-criticism. Whatever we do is subject to its gaze; when we are sad it mocks the poses we assume; and when we are gay it does not share our levity, but seems to smirk. . . ." All attempts to sever this eye from its possessors, "by political creed, by personal attachment, by complete loyalty to any entity beyond the self would be resisted mightily." This, then, is the skeptical generation. Its

intellectuals aren't going to commit themselves to much of anything without testing it for, say, twenty or thirty years.

On the level of the intellectuals this skepticism is by no means a totally bad thing. You will not find youngsters blindly embracing ideologies without testing them. No, the trouble comes on a different level — as the other ten essays in *The Unsilent Generation* unconsciously show. And the trouble is not skepticism, but a total lack of it. In these essays you get an impression of premature adjustment to middle age and to the middle class. Yet, since many of the writers go into considerable autobiographical detail, it is clear that, as a group, it would be difficult to find people with more genuine right to question the predominant values of their society. By and large, their early experiences with life were enough to make anyone maladjusted. But not one of them questions a single value of their upper middle-class peer group.

WHAT ARE the values of these men who their editor seems to feel are "unsilent" critics of their society? One states a typical middle-class snobbery when he says, "I want to be more capable than the mediocre masses, whom I despise because of their apathy and mediocrity." With his father, he seems to share a common view of the business community: "I am now confidently looking forward to entering the world of big business . . . because I think it offers the greatest and most exciting challenge." Another Princetonian speaks up for good old-fashioned Social Darwinism when he says, "I will simply con-

tinue to treat every situation as one in which only the fittest will survive . . . I'll have to act strictly in my own self-interest and on my own behalf. . . . I am going to have to take every short cut, every means at my disposal, to achieve my desired ends." Others advocate moral spinelessness as the surest way to success: "Though rigid, undeviating standards, allowing no compromise with pre-established principle, are admirable in the young and sweetly naive, they are painful and dangerous features of an adult personality." Here is one student's notion of education's role: "Princeton and her sister institutions are training future presidents of General Motors." A friend of his advocates a "closed mind" system of education, thus: "Economic interpretations of the Constitution . . . are not fit intellectual fodder for young minds that have not been firmly attached to faithful adherence to all that is best in our tradition."

NOW, where have we heard statements like these before? Why, from the spokesmen of the middle-class in all the ages of our history. Does repetition of these old saws—anonously—constitute any meaningful breaking of silence on the part of the college generation? I think not.

Since it was hinted at the beginning that "silent generation" is perhaps a misnomer for this generation, why should this book, dedicated to proving this extremely valid point, fail to do so?

Otto Butz, the editor and instigator of this symposium, states in his introduction that in the United States the intellectual critic who operates from outside the status society may soon disappear entirely. "But rather than a loss, this circumstance may, very pos-

## The Minister of Finance

Four clawed dragons, wound in muscled love  
Atop a tower for eyes and guns, secure  
The Copenhagen Bourse from the inroads of  
Men, gods, and spirits riding from the cove.

Below that tower, within a gold-lit cave,  
Brisk businessmen scan speeding tickertape,  
Shout gambling numbers in the Platonic gloom  
And win the ancient privilege of a tomb.

One day I saw the minister of finance  
Stride out with full portfolio in hand  
To where a flock of spendthrift, hungry gulls  
Wheeled, crying, round his head: gulls from the Sound

Where only buoy-bells stir the pastures of  
The sea and sky and where one moment past  
A fisherman drew slow nets from the spray.  
The nettled minister waved them away.

STEPHEN STEPANCHIK

RICHARD SCHICKEL is an associate editor of *Look Magazine*.



sibly, turn out to be a unique gain. *For what could be a sounder situation for a society which hopes to remain dynamic, stable and free than to have the essential function of social criticism, awareness and soul-searching performed by its businessmen, professionals and administrators themselves?*" The italics are the author's.

Butz finds the essays in his collection "encouraging" because they are written by people whom he thinks to be potential leaders as well as intellectuals. With one or two exceptions — and despite their authors' confidence in their Princeton educations — the essays are hardly striking examples of intellectuality, even by undergraduate standards. But let that pass and turn to Butz's basic premise, which is a false one.

The "essential function of social criticism, awareness and soul searching" cannot be undertaken by persons as deeply committed to the status quo as businessmen and professional and administrative leaders. Their criticism, while valuable in a limited way, will never raise itself above a narrow questioning of minor inadequacies within the existing social order. The uncommitted intellectual, the marginal man, if you will, is an essential balance wheel. Such men always face a problem when they attempt to communicate with the middle-class, but when the intellectual history of the age is written, it is very often these men who stand out as its real leaders.

THE trouble with Butz's book is that he did not seek out the youths who will be, in ten or twenty years, the leading outsiders, the leading marginal men. Rather, he found the men whom they will be criticizing, the members of the safe, sane — and boring — majority. It is not insignificant that *Life* chose to print, a few weeks ago, long excerpts from *The Unsilent Generation*, for it contains nothing but the sort of criticism which its editors and readers can digest.

This is not to say that a critic must adopt a doctrine like Marxism in order to make his points. But he must, if his criticism is to have any vitality, withdraw somewhat from the mass of men before he establishes the launching pad for his rockets.

Among collegians there are a few such critics. Some have found existentialism to be a useful tool in social analysis. Others have found plain skepticism, of a sweeping sort, to be useful. The writer who has struck the most responsive chord with the young intellectuals is, not surprisingly, J. D. Salinger who created, in his Holden Caulfield, this generation's spokesman. Caulfield, "the

catcher in the rye," is a quintessence of current attitudes among college intellectuals. He is cynical, an outsider, an abhorer of doctrines and a puncturer of pomposities. Yet, for all that, he is basically good-hearted. He, and those who admire him, are the true social critics — the possessors of the third eyes — among the young intellectuals.

Their criticism is a little more quiet, a good bit more weary, a lot less doctrinaire, than that offered by preceding college critics. Unless one looks closely one fails even to note these people (hence their failure to halt the crude "silent generation" charge). Nevertheless, they are out there, observing us with those third eyes of theirs. It is unfortunate that Butz was able to find only one such student to write for his symposium. I hope that someday someone will persuade a group of them to record for posterity their quiet mutterings. That would make quite a book.

## Islands of the East

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS. By Maria Dermoût. Simon and Schuster. 244 pp. \$3.75.

Mina Curtiss

THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS is a magical novel about life in the past on an island in the Moluccas. Its nostalgic charm is inevitably thrown into dramatic relief by the accounts in the current news of Indonesian refugees, Dutch natives who speak no word of Dutch, who have lived always in a tropical climate, and who are now being flown by the thousands into the cold, dour winter of Holland.

Madame Dermoût, who wrote this first novel at the age of sixty-seven, was born in Java of a Dutch Colonial family. For twenty-seven years she lived on the islands of Java, Celebes and the Moluccas. This book, written after her return to Holland, has all the poetry of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and no aura of present bitterness. Against the background of exquisite descriptions of the islands, and of the actual living folklore of the natives, it tells the story of a grandmother and a granddaughter, both Dutch colonials, born in the Indies.

Madame Dermoût projects with complete detachment and without comment the curious balance that existed for so

MINA CURTISS is the editor of *The Letters of Marcel Proust. Her biography, Bizet and His World, will be published later this year.*

long between the authority of the Dutch rulers and the power described by Louis Couperus, an earlier Dutch novelist, as "a force deep-hidden in the things of India, in the nature of Java, in the climate . . . a hidden force . . . hostile to our temperament, our blood, our bodies, our souls, our civilization, to all that seems to us the right thing to do and be and think." In this conflict between East and West lies the crux of both Couperus' *The Hidden Force* and *The Ten Thousand Things*. Couperus' characters, fighting against the invisible enemy, dwindle away in decay and defeat. Madame Dermoût's heroine, accepting the mystique of the indigenes left fundamentally untouched by the civilization of the conquerors, is submerged in a haunted world of ghosts and magic.

Part of the communicative excellence of this book is due to the impeccable translation by Hans Koningsberger, whose own first novel is about to appear. An enterprising publisher would commission Mr. Koningsberger to re-translate Louis Couperus' *Small Souls* series, written before the First World War, and analogous to the *Forsyte Saga*. These novels cast a vivid light on the Dutch society that has been rejected by Indonesians of today.

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# Second Impressions

Robert M. Wallace

THE New American Library (Mentor, Signet and Signet Key series) this spring begins its eleventh year. NAL Mentor books are unmatched as a mass-circulation series of serious non-fiction titles, but more popularly designed Signet Key reference books and Signet fiction titles have made the big sales records. None quite matches the *Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care*, but Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* has sold more than seven million copies, and his dozen Signet titles more than 35,000,000 all together.

Meanwhile Dutton Everyman Paperbacks have appeared and ten more titles are due this month from the Everyman and Dutton backlists. Walter Allen's fresh and informative *The English Novel*, Axel Munthe's *Story of San Michele*, Van Wyck Brooks's *Flowering of New England*, and other titles are well chosen, the format and quality of paper superior to the old Everyman hardbacks and the possibilities exciting. The editors should use only new critical

apparatus, however, such as Eric Bentley's useful essay in Pirandello's *Naked Masks*; the introduction to *Letters From an American Farmer*, brought over from the 1912 Everyman issue, no longer adds to Crèvecoeur's vivid first-hand observations of eighteenth century America.

## Shakespeare

*Shakespeare at Work: 1592-1603* (originally *Shakespeare Under Elizabeth*) by G. B. Harrison (Ann Arbor, \$1.75) with masterful rapidity presents a mass of detail and critical insight. The prodigious energy of Shakespeare's early experimentation and the brevity of his apprenticeship are impressively shown. *Shakespeare of London* by Marchette Chute (Everyman, \$1.55), which is comprehensive and deservedly popular, recreates the whole of Shakespeare's life but attempts little critical analysis of his works. *Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us* by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon (Beacon,

\$2.45), more open to detailed exception than either of the preceding books, is nonetheless more inventive and stimulating. Miss Spurgeon dares to educe Shakespeare from his images, she illuminates the plays by analysis of their figures; as Mr. Harrison and Miss Chute tap the scholarship of decades, she lays open a vein for later students.

Editions: Eleven plays are available individually in the excellent Pelican Shakespeare (Penguin, 50c ea.), and ten others are on press. The Folger Library General Reader's Shakespeare (Pocket Library, 35c ea.), of which *Hamlet* is the fourth, will soon add *Julius Caesar*. Louis B. Wright, director, and Mrs. Virginia L. Freund, of the Folger staff, have prepared new texts, explained them with authoritative notes and provided introductions of exceptional competence and common sense.

## Psychology

*In the Spirit of William James* by Ralph Barton Perry (Midland-Indiana, \$1.50), a sympathetic analysis of James's philosophy, only slightly concerned with his psychology, is particularly interesting in its chapters on James and Royce, on "A Militant Liberal" and "The Right to Believe."

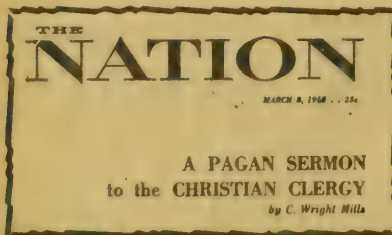
*Behaviorism* by John B. Watson (Phoenix-Chicago, \$1.50), probably the most influential single book in shaping modern experimental psychology, directed attention to objectively observable behavior and away from the subjective experience and introspection which James used with great brilliance.

*Freud and His Time* by Fritz Wittels (Universal Library, \$1.25) presents Freud's basic ideas on such widely diverse subjects as criminal law and art, clarifying them for general readers by setting them against a background of thought from Goethe to Einstein.

*Studies in Hysteria* by Joseph Breuer and Sigmund Freud (trans. A. A. Brill, Beacon, \$1.45), one of the earliest and most important of the psychoanalytic writings, treats the nature of hysteria and its therapy through hypnosis and other means of awakening and giving expression to associated memories; it includes fully reported case histories and theoretical material.

*Civilization and Its Discontents* by Sigmund Freud (trans. Joan Riviere, Anchor, 95c), originally published in 1930, views the evolution of civilization and culture as a struggle between the instincts of love (Eros) and those of destruction (Death) and in the process of developing this theme attacks religions as "mass delusions."

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*Specialized Techniques in Psychotherapy*, ed. Gustav Bychowski and J. Louise Despert (Evergreen, \$1.95), makes no effort to transform the common reader into an analyst; instead it provides a sober and well-documented introduction to many general therapeutic methods, with emphasis on such common problems as alcoholism, stuttering and schizophrenia.

#### Miscellaneous

*Sentimental Education* by Gustave Flaubert (trans. Dora Knowles Ranous, intro. Louise Bogan, New Directions, \$1.45) is the substantially autobiographical story of young Frederick Moreau's losing pursuit of ideal love in a time of romanticism's decline and death (1840-1851) which Flaubert and his present admirers tend to class above

*Madame Bovary*. Its concern with a society in painful transition toward undefined standards gives it special relevance today; its very bulk and Flaubert's saturnine detachment give it a powerful impact. Not to quibble with so desirable a title which in general is so well presented, an occasional quaintness in the translation, as in *bedstead* for *lit* or *'Tis he* for *C'est lui*, and Miss Bogan's overthrowing the Orleans line rather than the Bourbons in 1830 do call for correction.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST: *Desire Under the Elms* by Eugene O'Neill (Signet, 35c); *Burmese Days* by George Orwell (Popular Library, 35c); *The Hills Beyond* by Thomas Wolfe (Pyramid, 50c); *The Long Hot Summer* (Book III of *The Hamlet*) by William Faulkner (Signet, 35c).

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE WORK of the French painter, Edouard Pignon, is being shown at the Perls Gallery until April 12. The pictures are principally landscapes, views of the Mediterranean countryside—hills with houses, trees and vineyards—subjects such as Cézanne or Derain might have painted, done in the bright, clear colors of Matisse. The novelty of the pictures is that this basic material is manipulated so that at first sight it could be mistaken for the free abstractions of Kandinsky.

Such superimposition is characteristic of our time. Picasso and Stravinsky are full of it—one subject matter dressed up in another's style—Cézanne's harlequin seen in the guise of a New York skyscraper or a jazz concerto fitted out as an opulent parody of late baroque. But unless the artist's invention and the vitality of his subject dominate his stylistic references, the work will be brilliant rather than original, and will soon wear thin.

Pignon is a gifted painter. In certain of the pictures, as in *La Colline de Bandol*, with its carefully planned architecture of railroad-cutting, field and hill, the combination of natural view and imposed pattern works extremely well. In others, the color is more decorative than functional, and the design wiggles as restlessly as any Arthur Rackham. In all, the work has something of the splashy virtuosity of a travel folder. One thinks of a commercial artist, more interested in his own skill than by the imposed common-

places he is hired to illustrate. It is the old problem again, of form and content, a problem that is particularly vexing in our time.

Two other expositions now current offer extreme and opposite examples of this. One is the show of Charles Schucker at the Passadoit Gallery until April 5. The work is a form of drip painting. White pigment, poured like thick cream on to a heavy, unprimed, cotton sail-cloth, forms the compositional framework of the composition—a ribbon-like armature subsequently tinted by dilute washes of strong color which spread and settle in the interstices of the canvas. The shapes thus defined evoke landscapes and posturing human figures. Their fluid grace and muted expressivity bring to mind a faded aestheticism of another time, some minor follower of the pre-Raphaelites. The textures are refined and ingenious, the color combinations limited, the total effect monotonous and trivial.

The work of Charles White, shown a few doors away at the ACA Gallery, is in every way Schucker's exact opposite. The pictures are large drawings, principally in chalk with pen-and-ink on very large sheets of paper. The subjects are Negro men and women, life size, in heavy, sculptural modeling. The background is either a vague fog or a detailed back-drop with little relation to the figures. Composition is perfunctory. Everything has been sacrificed to the human warmth of gesture and feature. The isolation of the figures from

the background, their oversize, the rounded drawing of the forms, altogether produce an intense emotional projection, comparable only to the crayon enlargements of family photographs one used to find in small country farm houses.

Shucker and White, each in his own way, are extremely skillful. If they are interesting, however, it is because they present instructive and extreme examples of what professional painters have always known that painting should not be. The one illustrates shape without content; the other, content without form.

A heresy is an exaggerated truth. The heresy exemplified by Charles Schucker is that painting is only a craft; that pictures are made, not by the development of images, but by the manipulation of materials. The painter's attention is on design—on color, texture and concerned with the images his work evokes. Though any smudge or wiggly line inevitable engenders pictorial associations, these associations, supplied by the subconscious mind, are an unimportant adjunct. The picture is to be judged, not by the emotional appeal of its images, but by the memorability of its design, the individuality of its paint and the elegance of its calligraphy. This is the approach to painting that is most generally taught in art schools today where the systematic neglect of all purposeful communication limits painting to decoration and places it squarely among the applied arts.

The work of Charles White, directed

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## Robert Hatch

uniquely to the illustration of human sentiment, exemplifies the opposite heresy, a heresy that is the extreme result of the painter's training as it was formerly understood. The painter has learned to draw and nothing else. He has been taught little about color, scale, paint handling, or composition. He knows only how to represent on a flat surface the solid forms he sees and feels in nature. These forms have intense emotional connotations. But how to transpose and confine them to a canvas, to make them into a picture, he has not learned. Nor has he learned, as Cézanne did, that painting is not sculpture. So that he will sometimes even try to paint by putting transparent colors on top of a drawing in black and white as one would tint a photograph. Just the same, such work, in spite of its lack of pictorial amenities, is likely to have a great popular appeal on account of the direct and unveiled emotional force possessed by any convincing representation of the human form.

Both these approaches to painting are equally unacceptable. One is elegant and esoteric; the other warm and intimate. Both are easily perverted. The elegance of form without content lends itself all too quickly to industrial layout and packaging; while unhampered emotion, sentiment without art, leads straight to the inanities of soap opera and the generalities of propaganda.

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THE GENERAL reception of the filmed *Desire Under the Elms* seems to me too harsh. Granting that it is not a definitive interpretation of O'Neill's play, granting, in fact, that there is something wrong at the center of it; still, what other film of the season offers comparable dramatic content, and how often does the screen deal so unmingly with the violence of the soul? The Irwin Shaw script and the Don Hartman production attempt to deal honorably with the play and the result is by no means dishonorable. I would rather see *Desire Under the Elms* in this version than not see it at all.

The fault of the picture is a desire to please. Its producers have "spared no expense" to serve O'Neill and to impress their public, and as a result they have varnished the play's grimness. They have thought to give O'Neill a farm set worthy of his genius; I'm sure it looks stark enough by California standards, but the Pacific Coast has forgotten New England. And for cast they have assembled actors of great personal charm whose first commandment is that the audience must be entertained. It is quite impossible for Burl Ives to refrain from giving a winning performance; Anthony Perkins, a young man of great promise and little experience, has been polished into stardom by Broadway's most astute technicians; and of course Sophia Loren has risen to renown by showing the boys what they so clearly want to see. They all work hard at this rocky, merciless tragedy (Miss Loren, notably, submits herself to her part with a seriousness she has not shown before) but they make the tragedy happen to a group of rather charming people. I came from the picture feeling reasonably cheerful—people with that much good blood in them may be terribly down but they are never completely out. Plenty of bad luck, of course, but the lash of the sardonic gods is never heard.

This picture is an honest, intelligent try—as a college production of *Oedipus Rex* may be honest and intelligent. But Hollywood also is young at heart and it does not see, or dare to see, the old, cold anger in the heart of O'Neill.

What worries me about the more responsible film treatments of important works is their permanence. Stage productions—the good as well as the bad—soon become legendary and each new generation must solve its own problems. But pictures go into archives, and a

hundred years from now it would be reasonable enough for a producer to dig out the old footage and school himself on how O'Neill's near-contemporaries interpreted him. Conscientious film librarians should stamp "Not Official" across the opening sequence of *Desire Under the Elms*. And they should do the same for Olivier's *Hamlet* and *Richard III*. The danger, ironically, comes only from the better pictures. Yul Brynner's *Brothers Karamazov*, for example, will never be confused with Dostoevski's version of the same work.

THE RECENT bloody-mindedness of the French studios (*Razzia*, *Rififi*, *Diabolique*, etc.) is apparently growing slack. Apparently, that is, from the new waxworks exhibit, *Demoniaque*. This horror exercise involves wills, mistaken identity, well-cloaked madness, revenge, poisoned potions, spiritual seances, passionate bouts of piano virtuosity. That all sounds promising, perhaps, but the film is excessively meandering and cluttered with inconsequential detail. And at the moment of terrible resolution the audience destroys the toy with scornful laughter.

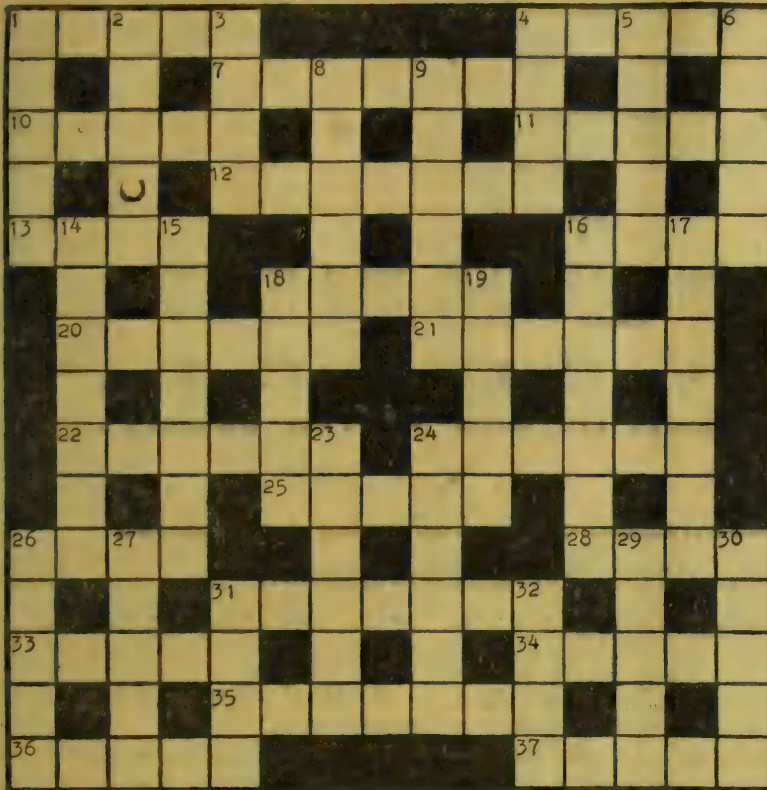
Our latest home-made fling at suspense is *Chase a Crooked Shadow*, made by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in Spain. Spain is photogenic, but Franco is not, and I am ill-disposed toward bargain pictures made on the Iberian seacoast. Aside from that, Richard Todd and Anne Baxter conduct a puzzling and mildly sinister duel in gratifyingly expensive surroundings, and arrive at a denouement so antique you will not remember when you first encountered it.

SIDNEY POITIER, Juano Hernandez and Eartha Kitt have been enlisted in an earnest discussion of native aspirations in an unnamed African colony. *The Mark of the Hawk* covers the ground thoroughly — attempts of the ruling power to liberalize its policy, influence of missionary Christianity on the restive population, the rise of liberal political consciousness, the threat of primitive violence, the intransigence of greedy white owners — and it offers a good deal of violent action and individual heroics. It suffers, fatally I think, from polemics. The characters keep scoring points, and I felt I was being asked to judge an intercollegiate debate that had been ingeniously animated with slides.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 766

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 To cheat is sweet! (5)
- 4 Beaver-like? (5)
- 7 and 16 across Pretty much like a traveling exhibition? (7, 4)
- 10 The sooner the better to see it come back in a circle! (5)
- 11 33, for example. (5)
- 12 Arouses mention on the inside of sex deviation. (7)
- 13 What a dog does playing "I Spy"? (4)
- 16, 31 across and 20 Not the type one finds in need. (4, 7, 6)
- 18 The subject of Mussorgsky's first picture. (5)
- 20 See 16 across
- 21 Legate who might remind one of a little Napoleon. (6)
- 22 Grey's American didn't, however. (6)
- 24 Ten cohorts. (6)
- 25 A dance is for Indians, obviously. (5)
- 26 and 33 The butcher wouldn't be expected to supply such a self-indulgent person. (4, 5)
- 28 In dining, he enjoys melted butter. (4)
- 31 See 16 across
- 33 See 26 across
- 34 Nokomis told her little one to go to sleep. (5)
- 35 This is a fine way to get little more than 21! (7)

- 36 A first name in acting, perhaps, man or boy! (5)
- 37 Black one, by arrangement. (5)

## DOWN:

- 1 and 26 across Modern ballet is neither plain nor expensive! (5, 4)
- 2 Loosely, hang a modicum around nothing. (5)
- 3 Not exactly a synonym for what one does to the villain. (4)
- 4 Ovation, but not getting into confusion for them. (4)
- 5 Myrtle's relative might make something to improve the toast. (5)
- 6 Its scanning demands a certain amount of reflection. (5)
- 8 Not the first part of a degree! (6)
- 9 Intimate, but without getting at how the hero is expected to arrive. (2, 4)
- 14 Not against being popular! (2, 5)
- 15 Lo, the poor Indian! Pope said this never taught his soul to stray. (7)
- 16 Shooting out in the far west? (7)
- 17 Strained. (7)
- 18 One never gets to sign a sheet without having to grind away. (5)
- 19 Without being observed, listen to this drop! (5)
- 23 What the world offers to Columbia! (6)
- 24 Sort of water turning to hail, it seems. (6)
- 26 Sheet of oil? (5)

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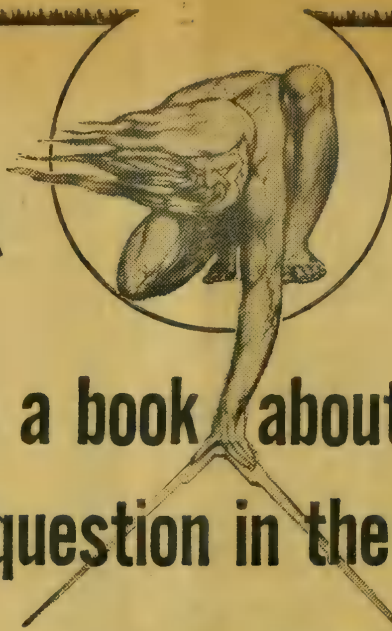
- 27 Look up about between forty and  
fifty relatives of 18 across! (5)
- 29 Conversational gambit. (5)
- 30 Ordinarily shouldn't be forced to go  
into the books. (5)
- 31 This bird should be able to construct  
a well-designed place. (4)
- 32 Repetition without attention to  
meaning. (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 765

Across: 1 HAWAIIAN GUITARS; 9 TREN-  
CHANT; 10 PETER; 11 ENTOMB; 12  
PERSONAL; 14 TIME BOMB; 16 ROLLS,  
17 NOCKS; 18 OIL PAINT; 20 TIGER  
RAG; 21 MISCTE; 24 CLIMB; 25 INTU-  
ITION; 26 SNAKE IN THE GRASS. Down:  
1 HOTBED; 2 WHEAT; 3 INCOMMENSUR-  
ABLE; 4 ADAM; 5 GUTTER BALL; 6  
INDUSTRIALIZING; 7 ATTENTION; 8  
STROLLS; 13 COLORATION; 15 INCOGNI-  
TA; 17 NOTICES; 19 TENNIS; 22 CHINA;



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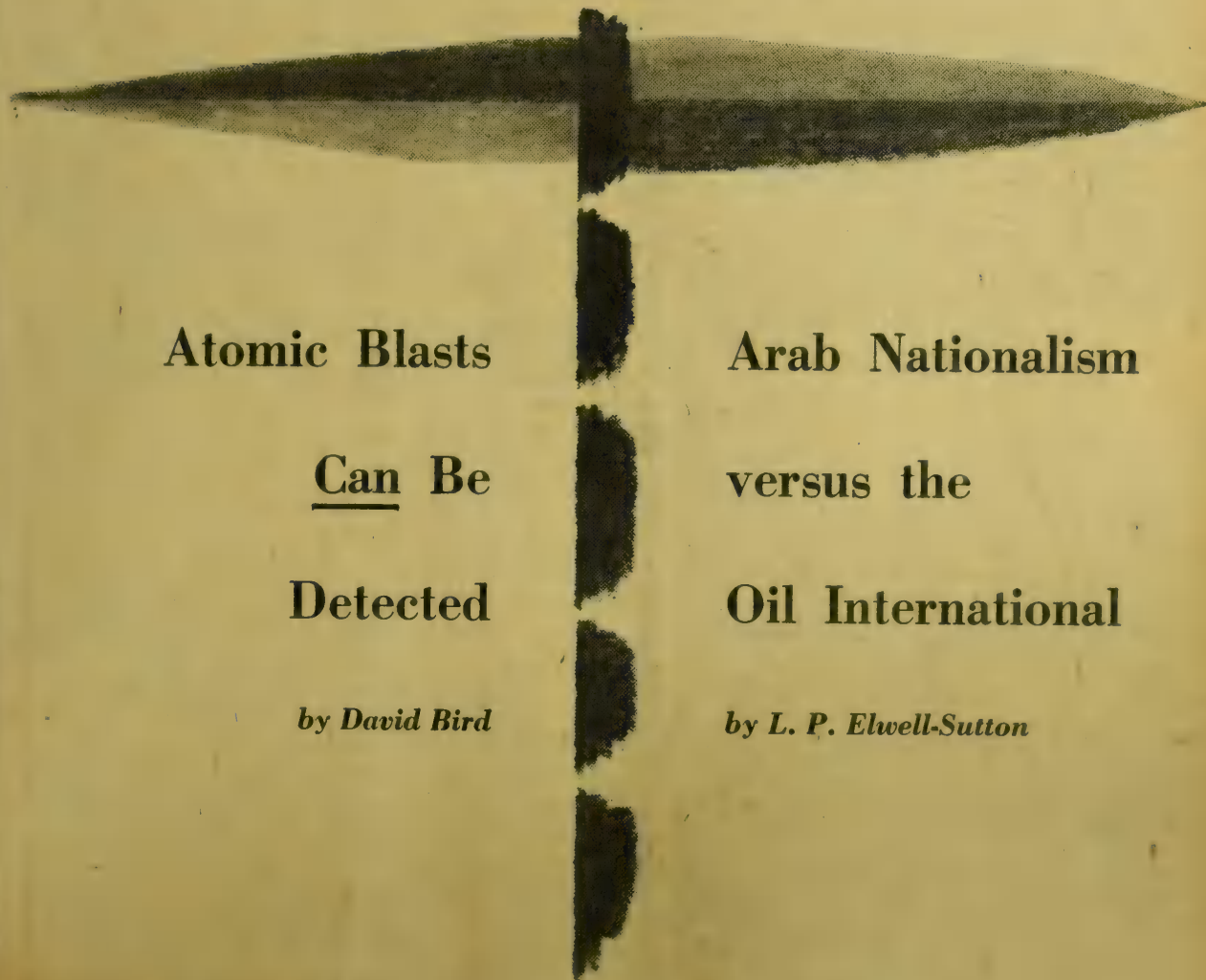
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# LETTERS

## Organizing Dissent

Dear Sirs: George Kirstein, publisher of *The Nation*, recently delivered an address on the University of Illinois campus in which he attacked some of the most persistent and deceptive myths of our time and vigorously upheld the value of dissent. As a result, a group of students, in agreement that these myths, and many more, must be exposed, have organized a Student Forum for Dissent to provide a rostrum for vigorous dissent from prevailing dogmas and opinions. The Student Forum is seeking to engage the imagination and energies of students in the significant political and social issues of our time.

Unfortunately, the resources of the group are severely limited. It can offer a hall, publicity and overnight accommodations for visiting speakers. The Student Forum realizes that its chance for success initially lies in the possibility of attracting individuals and organizations willing to engage in "missionary" work, who might welcome the chance to reach an important audience in terms of the future, and also those traveling authors or lecturers who might be passing through this area anyway.

The Student Forum will be happy to receive comment, criticism and replies from all interested parties. Please address Student Forum for Dissent, 1209 West Oregon Street, Urbana, Illinois.

R. D. LAKIN

Urbana, Ill.

## The Family Doctor

Dear Sirs: It is not true, as stated by Dr. George A. Silver in Health Hint from Britain (March 8 issue) that "while the family doctor is still necessary, the general practitioner is outdated." In my practice as a psychiatrist, I am very frequently reminded of the high level of competence of the general practitioner in this community. Admittedly, the standards of medical practice in Reno are very high, but I suspect that general practitioners throughout the nation practice excellent medicine and are far from outdated. Dr. Silver implies that the general practitioner is unsatisfactory even as a "family doctor." But probably few specialists outside of internal medicine are really well qualified to act as family doctors and I suspect that even these are not as well equipped for the purpose as the general practitioner.

Every family should have its own physician and, in general, he should be

a general physician qualified to sew up Johnnie's lacerations, supervise obstetrical care, and help mother figure out baby's formula—and perhaps provide the psychotherapy for the mother so often needed in treatment of baby's colic. It is preposterous to ask families to choose a specialist for each of these functions. Indeed, few specialists are in so good a position as the general practitioner to understand why members of families behave the way they do and are sick the way they are. It is simply not true that only highly-trained specialists can apply specialized knowledge. It is true that a confident and conscientious general physician does not hesitate to request the aid of his specialist colleagues when they might be able to bring additional resources to the treatment of a patient.

The family doctor is and will continue to be necessary and he should continue to be a general practitioner. Any other system places the burden of preliminary diagnosis on the patient, who certainly cannot be expected to be well enough trained to know if he should consult a general surgeon, a urologist, an orthopedist, an internist or a psychiatrist for his back pain.

LESLIE H. GOULD, M.D.

Reno, Nevada

Dear Sirs: Much of what Dr. Gould says is true. Every family should have a personal physician and a general practitioner would be ideal for the job. In this country, however, the general practitioner is rapidly disappearing and it will not be too long before there will only be specialists to choose from. That is why group practice is recommended, why it is increasingly necessary. Furthermore, medical education needs to focus on family practice for the internist and pediatrician, so that they can play the role of family physician within a group-practice setting.

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

New York City

## Serving Peace

Dear Sirs: With its issue of March 22, *The Nation* continues to make notable contributions to the struggle for peace, following up very effectively on the two articles by C. Wright Mills in recent months. Your circulation deserves to jump. I am thinking of your own editorial paragraphs; of the article by Russell A. Fraser, of the Princeton faculty, who joins the growing number of those who recognize that unilateral disarmament is the only policy that makes sense; and of Brand Blanshard's comment on Ernest

W. Lefevre's *Ethics and United States Foreign Policy*.

Lefevre is a former pacifist who properly recognized that the somewhat naive pacifism of his youth was not good enough, but unfortunately proceeded to swallow uncritically the pronounce-

(Continued on page 322)

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## EDITORIALS

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### It Won't Wash, Mr. President

The President and Mr. Dulles must realize that the United States is in grave diplomatic trouble and that trying to get out of it with quips and evasions just isn't going to work. By their unilateral suspension of nuclear testing, the Russians have got us on the diplomatic hook. It makes little difference that the Russian move is tainted with some blatant hornswoggling. The fact remains that they correctly gauged the state of public opinion in parts of the world vital to us, and acted with boldness, originality and superb timing. By all the rules, they have earned their diplomatic triumph.

The outlines of what they accomplished are only beginning to become clear, and the spectacle is neither pleasant nor reassuring. Mr. Dulles feared to lose his shirt at a summit conference: he has already lost it without the conference. The Russians had indicated a willingness to cease nuclear testing with some sort of inspection system backing up the agreement. This was one of the practical questions on which we could have negotiated (freeing the Soviet satellites, re-unifying Germany on our terms, etc., are issues on which no serious diplomat would waste his time); and, had an agreement been reached, we could have shared the credit with Moscow and reaped some advantages from the inspection arrangement. Now the Russians take all the credit, leaving us to incur obloquy for our tests in the Pacific proving grounds, while their own recent tests escape practically scot-free. If all this is a "gimmick," one can only wish to God that our statesmen could concoct such gimmicks once in a while.

Aside from the diplomatic defeat, we are in an uncomfortable position militarily. The big fission-fusion bombs are obsolete. In a sense, they work too well: they kill so indiscriminately and on such a grand scale that no nation can afford to use them. The rational line of development—insofar as rationality can play a part in these affairs—is "miniaturization" of missile warheads, as well as the familiar miniaturization of components in the guidance system. We must ask ourselves: Why are the Russians so ready to suspend tests? One reason is that they would like to reduce their armament expenditures, which are far more onerous to them than ours to us. To this extent they are acting in good faith, and indeed it is as stupid to postulate that

they are always wholly Machiavellian as to believe that their motives are as pure and humanitarian as they say. But there must be other reasons, and one, which must be assumed as a matter of elementary prudence, is that they are satisfied with their present nuclear-missile technology. In other words, they are ahead of us, and probably the best we can hope for is to catch up with them in our forthcoming series. These races tend to be neck-and-neck, and by all indications we are a neck behind.

Mr. Eisenhower must therefore try a new line. It would be best, of course, if the new line did not include Mr. Dulles, but since it will, the President should acknowledge to his own private self that Mr. Dulles doesn't know where he is going. For his own sake and that of the country, the President must take the reins in his own hands. And as he prepares to do so, he should bear in mind that the reason the Russians have been able to get away with a certain amount of transparent propaganda is simply that the world welcomes any move at all toward a cessation of the nuclear-armaments race. If American diplomacy will base itself on this ineluctable fact, things will go better.

### Where Do We Go From Here?

As we have indicated, the Russians are probably a neck ahead of us in the missiles race, and it would appear their advantage lies in delivery systems rather than warheads. This advantage is not necessarily permanent or even decisive. They have, however, shown great skill in exploiting their position. They know what people want and at least pretend to give it to them. We offer only the nuclear-arms race, world without end—or should we say with end?—and people don't want it and won't buy it.

Abandoning this policy would give us a chance to regain diplomatic parity. There are a number of specific proposals which can then be made. One is to consent to discuss, at a summit conference or in the United Nations, a ban on nuclear weapons, both as to firing and transit, not only in the Central European zone, but in the Arctic areas which would be traversed by missiles traveling between the Soviet Union and the United States in either direction. This would combine the Rapocki nuclear-peace-in-Central-Europe and Eisen-



hower peaceful-uses-of-outer-space plans, and give both sides a proprietary interest in agreement.

Another proposal would be for supervised cessation of nuclear-bomb testing after the completion of the series now projected in the Pacific. We would announce our intention to stop testing and propose the establishment of a United Nations detection and inspection system in which neutral and non-atomic powers, as well as the nuclear powers, would be represented (for practical methods of inspection, see David Bird's article on page 319 of this issue).

We could release information on the technique of producing "clean" bombs, not only to make friends among the neutrals and, for that matter, in England and West Germany and the United States itself, but to deprive the Russians of any excuse for resuming tests to achieve this objective. If this involved declassifying some of our other nuclear "secrets," so much the better. The "secrets" are known or will be known soon enough.

Another idea which would improve our position is to propose a kind of permanent International Geophysical Year for the development and exchange of information on peaceful uses of atomic energy.

Some aspects of such a program, coming after the Russian coup, are humiliating. But there is nothing as humiliating as persistence in error. Some are hazardous. But not as hazardous as staggering from one defeat to another.

## Failure of a Mission

The duty of United States press correspondents in the Soviet Union is to keep the American people informed of significant developments there. This they failed to do. For a long period of time, they told us practically nothing about the advance of Soviet learning, education and science. Only after Sputnik I was in space did the correspondents try to make up for their failure. Yet information on Soviet educational and technical progress had long been available. Even the development of the Soviet ICBM, and the sputnik itself, could have been foreseen by alert journalists had they followed Soviet technical journals.

Indeed, so much a matter of public information were Soviet advances in learning, education and science that one competent reporter accustomed to covering the educational system of any American city would have been more valuable to us in Moscow than the whole corps of high-powered press correspondents stationed there.

Our press in Moscow suffers, and hence we suffer, from the concepts of traditional American journalism. The reporters spend too much time keeping binoculars glued on the Kremlin, dashing to embassy cocktail parties, trying to get some big, hot news that will

warrant a "flash" and provide a "scoop." They failed greatly in failing to keep us informed of what was going on under their very noses.

Our large newspapers and press services should give thought to the idea of assigning to Moscow men and women who are trained not in journalism, but in the social sciences and in the accurate and careful recording of the obvious. Mrs. Roosevelt, on her recent trip to the Soviet Union, gave us more information in a few weeks about what is going on inside the Soviet Union than our regular correspondents have given us in years.

This was a failure of our press that injured our country. The press does not seem to be ashamed of its failure. It does not even seem to be aware of it.

Morrow Mayo

MORROW MAYO, author and veteran journalist, is now working on an Ohio newspaper.

## The Civilian in Space

The White House last week announced plans for creation of a civilian agency to conduct explorations of outer space, the idea being — in the words of *The New York Times* — "to confirm, in the public mind, domestically and internationally, this country's reliance on civilians rather than military men in matters of such import." Did the news come as a shock to our Pentagon hopefuls, who have come to look upon the moon simply as another target for a rather extended rifle range? Certainly it must have embarrassed Major General John B. Medaris, the Army's missile chief, who just a fortnight ago told newsmen that only the military were equipped to handle space exploration (see editorial comment in *The Nation*, March 29).

The President's proposal seems to be consistent with his position *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union: a readiness to cooperate with the Kremlin on the peaceful exploration of outer space. Whether the plan will be executed with the same consistency with which it was conceived is another matter. Only a few days earlier, the President had ordered the Advanced Research Projects Agency, a Pentagon body, to proceed to the moon — if not at once, at least as soon as possible. True, the directive to the ARPA indicated that a "review" of function might be necessary once a civilian agency was brought into the picture. Where, ultimately, will the line of authority be drawn? The White House now indicates that only "purely scientific projects" will be diverted to the proposed civilian body. But what is "pure" science, and what "impure" — i.e., military — science? The same mathematical formulas apply to ICBMs and to sputniks, and the same engines and the same fuels lift both into the air. The difference would seem to lie at the business end of the missile: is it a dog and a beep-beep, or is it a nuclear warhead? To this dull



layman's mind, at least, no civilian agency can save outer space from the military; only the total and permanent abolition of the nuclear weapon can do that.

## Punching to the Last

In his native Colombia, the Indian Javier Pereira lived 167 years in the serene manner of his forefathers, and on their fat-free diet. Then, two years ago, he was discovered by American publicists and brought to this country to have his longevity certified by the experts of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and to be exploited for whatever angles Ripley's Believe It Or Not, Inc. could find to exploit in him. His annual rings duly counted and authenticated, Señor Pereira very properly socked the jaw of Douglas F. Storer, the president of the Ripley outfit, when the latter boasted: "My friend Javier loves everybody and everything." Even less Hiawathan was his reaction to the young lady reporter who put her arms around him to calm him down: he punched her on the nose. As he stalked off, the seventy-five-pound centisexagenarian took effective swipes at a photographer and a male reporter. W. C. Fields was never more disdainful of Everything Our Civilization Stands For than this irritable walking mummy brought up from another age to punish our presumptuousness.

Now, at 168, "my friend Javier" is dead at last. He would surely have lived forever had he not been flown to nowhere and back by Ripley, Inc. Let all of us poor non-Methusalahs (whom Shaw in his play calls the "short-livers") cherish the memory of those four mighty pokes against Public Relations and vow to model ourselves henceforth as best we can on Javier Pereira, the fat-free, the self-contained, and the eternally (almost) recalcitrant.

## Churches, Taxes and Oaths

The U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to review California's 1953 law requiring that individuals or institu-

tions normally entitled to tax exemption will not be given such exemption except by signing an oath fore-swearing intent to overthrow the government. The law affects churches, educational and charitable institutions and certain war veterans. Four churches took the law to the courts, and after a preliminary round, the case came up before the state supreme court last summer. There the argument of the state attorneys reflected the bizarre nature of the law and of the reasoning on which it is based. They urged (a) that the state "does not receive its *quid pro quo* from the church" if the church does not fulfill its task "to inculcate the citizens with patriotism" and (b) that a church's refusal to take a loyalty oath is implied proof that it is claiming the right to advocate the overthrow of the government. As for (a), it will come as news to most theologians that the Pledge of Allegiance is a canonical work; and as for (b), one might as cogently argue that a bridegroom who refuses to improve upon the marriage vows by swearing that he does not intend to kill the bride is implicitly claiming the right to do so.

In their opinion, Chief Justice Gibson and Justice Traynor of the California court declared:

It is badly assumed that plaintiff church advocates the overthrow of the government by force because it refuses to declare that it does not . . . The provisions . . . paralyze the belief that the government has no right to require professions of innocence in the absence of proof of guilt. A law with such consequences cannot stand in the face of constitutional guarantees.

Justice Carter, another member of the tribunal, rendered an even more sharply worded opinion. But these were in a minority; four Justices of the seven-member tribunal supported the state. It now remains to be seen what the U.S. Supreme Court will do. Oral argument was heard this week. Chief Justice Warren, who as Governor of California in 1953 signed the law, was not on the bench when the appeal was heard. It is safe to assume that the Supreme Court will decide the case on the merits, and with due regard for its broad implications, regardless of who is embarrassed.

# Academic Freedom: Some Unfinished Business

THIS WILL be the fourth year that the National Student Association has sponsored observance of Academic Freedom Week (April 20-26) on the campuses. In one sense, the issue is of less concern than it was four years ago; undoubtedly the general atmosphere has improved. But with all the current wide-ranging discussion of American education, it might be well to cock an eye at this critical area. For what is the point in discussing what needs to be done about American education if we don't believe in education? If we do believe, surely academic freedom should not be an issue. That it still

is so, despite the improvement in atmosphere, the statement in this issue (see article beginning on page 309) by Louis M. Hacker, the distinguished American educator, that "there is a virtual blacklist existing in the American university world that is as mean and cruel as any inquisition," should be conclusive.

That such a blacklist exists, despite the censure and subsequent demise of McCarthy, is evident. When the Committee on Academic Freedom and Tenure of the American Association of University Professors meets in Denver on April 25-26, it will review the findings of



special committees which have reported violations of academic freedom at nine institutions involving the careers of thirteen teachers. The nine institutions are New York University, University of Vermont, University of Michigan, Reed College, Dickinson College, University of Southern California, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Texas Technological College and Livingstone College. Included, it will be noted, are state-supported and privately-supported institutions; in regional terms, only the Rocky Mountain states have the honor *not* to be represented. The range and diversity of the list suggest that while the impact of McCarthyism may not have been deep or permanent, it was surely extensive.

But these reports, you say, relate to the past; they are a carry-over from years we would like to forget. Yet the fact that none of the institutions in question has had the courage to reinstate any of the thirteen instructors involved is itself sufficient warrant for Dr. Hacker's statement. As long as this blacklist exists, freedom in education must remain a critical problem.

The AAUP *Bulletin* for March carries the full text of the nine reports. The factual situation is much the same in all nine. Eight of the cases involve charges of "non-cooperation" with Congressional investigating committees. In each instance the university administrators—the prime guardians of academic freedom—played a miserable role. To be sure, there was considerable pressure; Congressional committees, state legislative committees and various unofficial groups were hovering near, demanding hostages, threatening to cut budgets, and acting in a variety of ways calculated to embarrass. But the panic which these administrators exhibited was clearly out of all relation to the intensity of the pressure. In most cases, they capitulated without protest or opposition. Not only were they willing executioners of sentences pronounced by Congressional committees; they were, all too often, eager collaborators. That they acted in panic is shown by the haste with which they ordered or recommended discharges, their failure to organize a defense, the mutilations of due process which they were willing to sanction, the way in which they improvised rules to facilitate predetermined dismissals, the denial of severance pay and, above all, the verbalisms used to make it appear that they were saving the republic against foreign enemies instead of trampling on principles of academic freedom.

It would, of course, be possible to prepare a list of administrators—some of whom occupied positions no less vulnerable—who stoutly defended academic freedom at other institutions. But it is hard to escape the impression that the behavior of the administrators in these nine cases was fairly typical of what might have happened elsewhere. "Senator McCarthy," writes Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College, "won an almost total victory by his subversive activities against

the universities, since he succeeded in demonstrating to the world that the leaders of a democratic society had no principle except that of accommodation to deal with slander, gossip, lies and plain bullying." But there were, of course, many exceptions, among them Mr. Taylor.

MOST OF US would like to forget the atmosphere which prevailed during the seven years covered by the AAUP reports. The Supreme Court's decisions in the *Sweezy* and *Slochower* cases make much pleasanter reading than these reports. But until the thirteen victims listed in the AAUP reports are restored to their positions, the existence of a blacklist in American universities cannot be disputed.

Nor is the failure to order their reinstatement the only unfinished business of academic freedom. Shabby rationalizations are still being used, in isolated instances, to make it appear that academic freedom is not an issue in cases in which instructors have been discharged—in fact are still being discharged—because of past political beliefs, associations or affiliations. In *The Nation* of March 1, Dan Wakefield recited the facts in the case of Dr. Warren B. Austin, against whom charges were referred *after* the fever of McCarthyism had subsided. Dr. Buell G. Gallagher, president of The City College of New York, insists that the charge which brought an end to the twenty-six-year teaching career of Warren Austin was concerned with perjury, not "subversive activities." The conclusion is reached in this way: Austin was charged with "conduct unbecoming a teacher" in that he falsely denied membership—so it was alleged—in the Communist Party. But the evidence unearthed against him related to past associations and activities of a political character. Stripped of non-essentials, his dismissal turned on the rejection of his word in favor of the word of a witness who admitted having committed perjury four times and who also admitted having falsely accused two persons of perjury. ("An informer," Sydney Smith told the British Society for the Suppression of Vice on November 12, 1804, "is, in general, a man of a very indifferent character.") Dr. Gallagher also likes to remind critics that the decision in the Austin case was unanimous. So it was. But New York City's Board of Higher Education has an odd practice of making majority decisions in such matters unanimous after the members have been polled. In this case, at least four members of the board voted against dismissal.

The techniques developed in New York which resulted in the ouster of Dr. Austin and others were designed to make it appear that beliefs, associations or affiliations had nothing to do with the actual charges against them. In the trial of the first eight teachers to be caught in New York's dragnet investigation, an attempt was made by the defense to raise the issue of academic freedom. But the effort was rebuffed. In only



one of these first cases was the teacher charged with having been a member of the Communist Party. The other dismissals were for "conduct unbecoming a teacher," which related to such matters as refusing to answer questions about political beliefs or associations, refusing to inform on others, or invoking the protection of the Fifth Amendment before a Congressional committee. The Fifth Amendment firings have been invalidated as a result of the Supreme Court's decision in the *Slochower* case but, to date, only one teacher has been reinstated. Even now the Board of Education has renewed its fight, in the courts, to force teachers who were once members of the Communist Party to inform on other persons. Yet all the while an elaborate pretense is maintained that the New York dismissals had nothing to do with academic freedom. In the municipal colleges and other divisions of the New York City Board of Higher Education alone, there are approximately 6,500 persons employed, all of whom have been screened. Of this number, 122 teachers were formally investigated, sixty-three were "cleared," eighteen left the colleges prior to being questioned, thirty-nine were dismissed or resigned, retired or otherwise terminated their services

while under active investigation, and two cases are still pending. But we are asked to believe—and by distinguished American educators—that all of this investigative and disciplinary activity, protracted and intensive, has had no impact on academic freedom.

IN THIS benign post-McCarthy period, we complain about "conformity" on American campuses, not "subversion," and the signs *are* favorable; the "all-clear" has sounded. But in a democratic society, to quote Harold Taylor again, "The question of whether an idea or a project is warmly accepted or meanly rejected is a matter of the atmosphere into which the idea or project is put." In today's favorable general atmosphere, issues of academic freedom seem a bit unreal. But the fact remains that among the weaknesses of American education, which are being so energetically inventoried at the moment, must be listed the demonstrated failure of a significant section of the educational community, in a period of tension, to appreciate its responsibilities for the defense of academic freedom. The symbol of this failure is the academic blacklist.

*The Editors.*

## Free Minds and Open Universities . . by Louis M. Hacker

THE PROFESSION of learning and knowledge—within the corporation of the university and its ancillary bodies of learned societies and journals—seeks to extend knowledge, to conserve it and diffuse it, constantly bringing the processes of nature, social organization and human conduct under better control. Such are the roles and obligations of scholarship and scientific research.

It is equally necessary to train youth, and those adults who were by-passed by formal learning when they were young, for more useful lives, giving them—at the same time that they are being trained for greater productivity — the tools of analysis by which they can differentiate between right and wrong, the honest and the spurious, beauty and corruption. Citizenship requires

virtue, usefulness and boldness; to free the mind of both prejudice and fear are the demands we impose upon educators, at the same time that they exercise their functions of scholars and scientists. To this extent educators are teachers of morals dedicated to the perpetuation of a moral universe.

Educators are prepared for their dual functions by universities; standards of competence and performance are safeguarded by these universities, the faculties within them, and the professional associations or learned societies to which educators belong. In consequence, universities, faculties and academic societies must be permitted to choose and police their own company. Choice should be based on technical qualifications for the efficient performance of assumed or assigned tasks, prior professional experience when necessary, and qualities of character that permit men to live and work together; policing means the maintenance of first-class standards of performance and of un-

abridged integrity in devotion to scholarly and scientific truth.

The president of one of our large American universities has said:

A university almost inevitably is out of step with the wider community. Since one of its essential functions is to be a critic of conventional beliefs and values, with a view to extending the frontiers of knowledge and intensifying the appreciation of values, it must come into conflict with uncritically adopted mores and opinions.

This is equally so of testing orthodox belief. In a discerning passage, John Stuart Mill points out that even if opinions are true, there is a constant necessity for demonstrating their validity. Otherwise we are guided by superstition and not intelligence.

The educator — as teacher or moralist — has learned other truths. Youth is a period of challenge and experimentation. Youth is suspicious of indoctrination. Youth wants to start out by assuming that there are alternative roads to freedom. Young

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men and women seek to explore, debate, question every verity, every assumption, every custom and institution — not to reject them, necessarily, but to test their validity with a powerful new resource they have discovered, their minds.

IT IS the function of educators, as teachers or moralists, to let such minds range freely. For this reason, no body of doctrine or belief or, indeed, error can be kept shut to them like a kind of Bluebeard's chamber. They must be permitted to read and ponder over, see and hear and be exposed to the writings of Marx, Freud and Keynes, the pictures, sculpture and music of Picasso, Moore and Stravinsky, at the same time that they are reading, seeing and hearing the great conservators of our tradition and taste.

By the same token, the open university means that youth has the same rights we seek for ourselves as citizens to form its own clubs, maintain its own discussion groups and platforms, run its own newspapers—without let or interference on the part of university administrators or faculties. To protect them in their later lives from investigation — for more often than not these adventures are only youthful peccadillos — university administrators have no right to ask for membership lists or demand faculty surveillance.

Revolt is not taught in the classroom. The youthful Alexander Hamilton was not made a rebel by his teachers at King's College or the young Shelley by his tutors at Uni-

versity College. Youth becomes rebellious when injustice and inequalities are abroad in the land, leaders are corrupt and society has no confidence in itself.

that is alarming. Educators, as scholars and teachers, have been and continue under a cloud of suspicion. Because of an undue concern with security, particularly in the sciences, learning is being regarded as a sensitive area. What Professor Edward Shils so aptly calls "publicity"—free access to scientific knowledge, the rights of publication, open discussion in conferences, and travel by scholars and scientists to other lands and from other lands to ours — is being restricted. Dubious witnesses are being given credence; youthful associations are being exposed to demonstrate unreliability; legislators and self-appointed groups continue to voice their want of confidence in teachers.

Teachers have been asked to sign special loyalty oaths; to purge themselves before investigating committees by giving names of associates; and to surrender an important protection against self-incrimination — the safeguards afforded by the Fifth Amendment. They spend their time and substance defending themselves against calumniators, some of whom are engaged in their traffic professionally. Only too frequently, the administrators of universities have not defended their colleagues under attack; worse still, they have not had the courage to restore to academic life men who have been discharged from teaching posts simply because they refused to answer questions about their private lives by legislative committees. There is a virtual blacklist existing in the American university world that is as mean and cruel as any inquisition.

WHY DO I raise these uncomfortable questions? It is because I believe that neither universities, nor in fact our free society, can survive and knowledge advance unless we can guarantee to scholars and scientists both publicity and privacy. And unless we are to accept beyond question that universities, their faculties and professional associations, should protect themselves against incompetence and the second-rate, the very heart of the principle of free inquiry is surrendered.

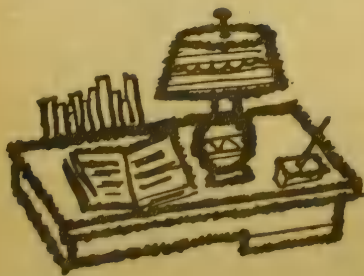
We must assume, as a result, the defense of integrity from within

through self-policing, and by that I mean by faculties and not by administrators or governing boards. Therefore, the teacher who abuses the privileges of the classroom to indoctrinate can be simply adjudged incompetent by his peers, and be got rid of normally. The scholar whose research is spurious because he is following an unaccepted tendency or a barren line of inquiry can also be got rid of. And as for conduct or association likely to threaten the security of the country, there are the orderly processes of law to handle such crimes—although I must point out that, on the one hand, security has been pushed much too far here, and on the other, to my knowledge not a single active Communist engaged in conspiracy has been unmasked in all the years of investigation of American universities.

All other questions raised affecting the private beliefs and associations of educators are irrelevant. They are citizens and as such have the rights of freedom of speech and association all of us properly claim under the First Amendment. And the rights to due process — at the hands of their peers — when their conduct is being called into question, must be equally assured. Due process in this context means a hearing before an academic body, the right to counsel and a full record of proceedings, the opportunity to confront and cross-examine witnesses and to appeal adverse findings.

Questions of political belief have no bearing on such an inquiry unless they are relevant to a man's responsibilities as a teacher and scholar. That is to say, unless there is substantial evidence of the perversion of the academic process, neither retention of a teacher nor his employment should be affected by beliefs or associations, whether they be political or religious.

IN THE LIGHT of such considerations, the position taken by too many university administrators is not only puzzling but a surrender of their own trust. Thus, the university president quoted previously, after having defended the university's right to examine all sorts of heterodox opinion, goes on to say:



versity College. Youth becomes rebellious when injustice and inequalities are abroad in the land, leaders are corrupt and society has no confidence in itself.

It is, in consequence, the status of learning in our contemporary world



But the freedom the universities claim is not a negative concept. It is not freedom from all restraints, from all commitment, but the positive freedom to perform the traditional functions of research and teaching in the spirit of truth. . . .

University faculties have only one true valid defense against such attacks; namely, that they demonstrate, on demand, that their educational methods and their traditional findings have been arrived at by trained personnel through the use of thoroughly rational procedures.

Why "on demand"? Universities and their members, their methods and preoccupations, are constantly under scrutiny, in fact, twenty-four hours a day and 365 days a year. Accrediting associations visit classrooms, test curriculums, evaluate results; university admissions offices admit students to higher studies on the basis of examinations or a knowledge of the competence of college teaching staffs; learned societies and their journals are organs of debate where ideas are tested and new contributions to knowledge closely examined. Within the university itself, no matter how large, the achievements and weaknesses of every department and faculty are known to all the rest, and are equally known in other universities.

THE profession of learning watches over its own integrity. We must reject the assumption that its integrity can be preserved only if, "on demand," legislators or self-appointed bodies can periodically call upon the universities to justify themselves.

The Association of American Universities is even willing to surrender the right to privacy altogether. For it has said:

Legislative bodies from time to time may scrutinize [the universities'] benefits and privileges. It is clearly the duty of universities and their members to cooperate in official inquiries directed to these ends. When the powers of legislative inquiry are abused, the remedy does not lie in non-cooperation or defiance; it is to be sought through the normal channels of informed public opinion.

Of course. An "informed public opinion" can be created if university

administrators themselves, regarding this as their first obligation, will ceaselessly exercise themselves in the education of the public, their alumni and their own governing bodies, in the fact that learning has always accepted its responsibilities toward truth. They are likely to get a better hearing if they will demonstrate, by their own works, that an open university exists to satisfy all the legitimate needs of the community for its services and for continuing education. But we must not forget that "non-cooperation and defiance," too, have their place; for such conduct, on the part of persons who refuse to be cowed, leads to an orderly examination of their claims to privacy by the judicial process and frequently adjudication in their favor. The invocation of the law's protections, in the recent *Watkins*, *Jencks* and *Sweezy* cases, proves that "non-cooperation and defiance" can stop unlawful persecutions.

WHAT OF SOCIETY'S claims on learning? There is no quarrel with the position of public authority that it can require that curriculums be devised to meet professional standards and even, more broadly, to examine the means by which the stability of the world in which we live is to be maintained. But curriculums are one thing; the content of the courses themselves entirely another. As Professor Journet Kahn of Notre Dame University has so properly said:

[Public authority] can in no way prescribe the very truths that are to be taught. . . . Its prescriptions remain exclusively in the order of exercise. . . . The slightest attempt to tamper with objects on the part of the state is a crime against the natural light of intelligence in which alone all the probative evidence is resolved. . . . What is to be taught as true lies completely outside of political jurisdiction.

Granting, in this troubled world of ours, that security is a proper public concern, it must be recognized that any security program is restrictive of the free communication which, as I have pointed out, scholarship and science must have to advance. We must recognize, particu-

larly in regard to science, that we have pushed over-compartmentalization and over-classification, both internally and externally, much too far. And when security, as Professor Shils so cogently points out, is mixed with considerations of maximal loyalty, the autonomy of science is in



real danger. Thus, the autonomy of science is infringed when scientists are prevented, for extra-scientific reasons, from working on problems on which research is possible. It is infringed when scientists are unable to leave America or when foreign scientists are prevented from coming to America to attend meetings and conferences and to lecture at universities. It is infringed when the Post Office and the Customs Service prevent American scholars and scientists from having complete access by subscription and purchase to the newspapers, journals and other publications of other lands.

A good part of these undesirable restraints have flowed from government financing of university science. In this connection, the Council of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has declared:

Government support has been accompanied by influences which are in some respects inimical to the basic needs of science. Complete freedom of communication regardless of national boundaries is an essential aspect of science; nevertheless, along with government support American science has been burdened with practices that restrict the free flow of information. The interchange of scientific information is sometimes restricted unduly by the overclassification of data that affects national security.

THE PRICE of freedom, obviously, is responsibility and today, particularly, the obligations of the world of



learning are heavy. Universities cannot command the respect they must have unless they eschew all those demands on them—whether to furnish entertainment for the outside world and their alumni, needlessly attenuate their curriculums, provide unneeded services for their students—which have nothing to do with the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and speculative research. They must live austerely, managing their resources with the economy and efficiency which we demand of government and business enterprise. There is an enormous amount of waste today in university management in part because university administrators are unfamiliar with financial procedures, in part because they too easily take on commitments under the pressures of would-be benefactors. University administrators should have the courage to say “no” to proffers of financial support for undesirable and unnecessary purposes just as they should seek help for legitimate ones. There must be more cooperation among universities in forming library collections, setting up specialized institutes, and starting and maintaining scholarly journals. They must pay their faculties well to prevent them from seeking unduly additional sources of employment and by better salaries to obtain for them that regard from the outside world which they rightfully should have.

AT THE SAME time, universities must keep an open mind and an open door to experimentation in new disciplines and skills. They must constantly expand the educated class, for in the final analysis the protection of learning will come here. If more and more men will become convinced — and they can be, because they are educable — that speculative effort, or free inquiry, leads to truth, then the university is safe and privacy is safeguarded. By the same token, the stability and progress of society demand more and more training at middle as well as at advanced levels. Universities have a responsibility toward selecting and educating men and women who ultimately will enter into the field of higher learning itself. With

this objective there obviously can be no compromise, although in the selection process there is no certainty that youthful promise inevitably leads to adult maturity and creativity. I say, flatly, that the only purpose of the university is *not* the education of Ph.D.s and therefore only future university professors.

Different kinds of training for what we are beginning to call a mass democracy, in consequence, are required; as well as all kinds of terminal degrees, and programs and courses that do not need degrees at all.

If universities are going to be restrictive, selective and *elitist*—as too many privately-supported institutions have announced they plan to be, constantly raising the requirements for admission and refusing to



make adequate plans to expand with our suddenly growing population—they will perforce shut their doors to the great majority of young people and adults who are not only educable but whose trained services we so desperately need. There is no magic in smallness. The great success of the University of California and the New York municipal colleges, as distinguished institutions of learning, proves that quality and size are not necessarily contradictory.

The Russians understand this. C. P. Snow, writing in 1956, pointed out (using the figures for 1954) that whereas the United States and Britain were turning out more pure scientists, in terms of population, than Russia was, Russia was educating more applied scientists than the United States and the whole of Western Europe together. In 1954, the United States was graduating 22,500 applied scientists, Great Britain 5,800 and Russia 60,000 in its technical universities and 70,000 in its technical colleges. Nor is this all. In Russia, one-fifth of university-train-

ed scientists go back to teach in technical colleges and secondary schools, so that the number of qualified science teachers in the USSR in 1954 was over 250,000, as compared with less than 50,000 in the United States and 20,000 in Great Britain. This is the sort of thing we should worry about, rather than the Communist ideology itself.

THIS, then, is what I mean when I have said, in another connection, that a university must always keep its doors open to all qualified students at all times. The survival of learning and of our society depends upon the acceptance of this obligation. Freedom of knowledge means freedom for scholars and scientists; but it also means free access to them for every legitimate community need and by every qualified student regardless of age, previous conditions of education, and whether or not he has a degree intention. Whether a student's purpose is formal training (on a full or part-time basis, during the day or during the night, in regular term or during the summer) or the advancement of his self-interest and tastes, or for occupational improvement, the university should receive him. In order to meet all the complex needs of our world and make possible the education of men and women with all sorts of adult responsibilities, universities should be available day and night and 365 days in the year, at the same time that they continue to explore — through every form of communication, including television and correspondence courses — the means for the extension of educational services.

Learning will be free and will flourish the more persons it exposes, by the educational process and in formal courses, to the rigorous methods of analysis, experimentation and speculation. Our world requires more educated persons at all sorts of levels; and knowledge, as well as our society, will remain free as we continue to encourage the development of an increasing number of educated men and women. This is where the true defense of learning really is to be found. This is the nature of an open university.



# Arab Nationalism vs. the Oil International

. . . by L. P. Elwell-Sutton

*Edinburgh*

THERE HAS BEEN much discussion in recent years of the social and economic implications of the growth of the oil industry in the Middle East. Many diagnoses have been offered, many confident prophecies made—and discredited. Misconceptions arise, it would seem, from a general failure to link the social-economic with the political aspects of Middle Eastern growing pains. Yet closer acquaintance with the one vital thread running through all Middle Eastern affairs today — nationalism — suggests more and more that there can be no further social-economic progress in the area until the major political problems have been solved. It hardly needs to be stated that the chief obstacle to, say, the common development of irrigation schemes in the western areas of the Fertile Crescent, or to the expansion of trade through the Mediterranean, is the purely political one of Arab-Israeli discord; but similar less publicized psycho-political blocks are encountered wherever we turn.

One might sum up the situation by saying that all Arab nationalists (and that means virtually all Arabs) are convinced that paternalist government has reached the limit of its capacity for advancement, that beyond this point there can be no further social or economic progress until political freedom has been achieved. This means in Arab and Moslem eyes not merely democratic freedom within their own borders, but also, and in fact primarily, freedom from dependence on the international policies and decisions of the great powers.

One fact, at least, is clear. The temper of Middle East nationalism is such that direct political government from without, no matter how efficient, no matter how beneficent, is no longer acceptable to the gov-

erned. In the few areas where it still survives (Algeria, Cyprus, Aden, the Persian Gulf States), it is fighting a losing rear-guard action, or at best anxiously anticipating the inevitable crash. That it can ever return, even in a new "international" form, is inconceivable.

BUT WITH the steady elimination of direct foreign rule, a new, largely unrecognized, form of foreign political domination is nevertheless taking its place. To borrow the jargon of the Marxists, the last stage of imperialism, in the Middle East at all events, is the control and direction of economic policy and development by foreign, or rather "supra-national," financial and commercial agencies. In the spinning of this spider's web the oil interests are playing a leading role. Since the publication of the Federal Trade Commission's Staff Report in the United States on the *International Petroleum Cartel* in 1952, there can no longer be any doubt of the existence—outside the United States at any rate—of an international grouping of oil companies aiming at, and well on the road to, achieving control of the world's oil industry from production to marketing. What has not yet been brought out so clearly is the place of this cartel structure in the general drift towards international or "supra-national" unification of economic and political policy, as a stage in the attainment of world government. Nowhere, perhaps, is the political aspect of this ostensibly economic trend so explicit as in the Middle East.

External forces aside, the common urge in the Arab and Moslem world today is also towards unity, but unity of a different kind; not absorption and submersion in a vaster whole, but collaboration on a basis of national, linguistic, social, cultural, religious community of sentiment and interest, with the object of raising themselves to equal status with the established great powers of West and East. In place, therefore, of the

idealistic internationalism that pervades most political thinking in the Western world, Arab ideas on unity lean towards nationalism in an intense form, marked on the political level by strongly and sincerely felt xenophobia.

Any movement or policy that takes Arab unity as its watchword can therefore be sure of popular support in Arabia; but it would be misleading to lump all such policies together, to discern no difference, for instance, between the United Arab Republic incorporating Egypt, Syria and Yemen, and the Federated Arab State of Iraq and Jordan. Behind all these moves towards unification of the Arab world we find two great motivating forces—one from without, and one from within. The first is based on practical economic and political considerations; the second surging out of popular sentiment and emotionalism. To what extent are these forces complementary and to what extent in opposition? And if they are to clash, which will prove the stronger?

FIRST OF ALL, we must take a look at the structure of the oil industry in the Middle East. On a purely, statistical basis it is bewildering. At least forty oil companies — American, British, Dutch, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Iranian, Turkish, Egyptian and Israeli — have staked out claims in one part or another, and to the uninitiated it might well seem that healthy competition was uninhibited. Closer inspection modifies the picture. Dominating the scene are the seven giant companies named by the Federal Trade Commission report: Standard Oil of New Jersey, Socony-Mobiloil, Standard Oil of California, Texas Gulf Oil, British Petroleum and Royal Dutch-Shell — together with their colleague, the *Compagnie Française des Pétroles*, now a full member of the club. Round these clusters a fringe of "independents"—all now assured of a place on the bandwagon—among which Sinclair, Cities Serv-

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Shanke in Buffalo Evening News  
*The Great Dictator*

ice, Continental, Tidewater, Phillips and Standard Oil of Ohio may be mentioned out of a medley of Rockefeller, Morgan, DuPont, Getty and lesser interests. In one combination or another, this association of oil companies controls all active production in Saudi Arabia (50,000,000 tons per annum), the Persian Gulf States of Kuwait, Bahrain and Qatar (65,000,000 tons), and Iraq (30,000,000 tons), as well as 95 per cent of production in Iran (30,000,000 tons). The same companies are busy in Libya, in the Sahara (the Compagnie Francaise) and in Dhofar in the southern part of the Arabian State of Muscat and Oman (Cities Service), though production in these areas is as yet negligible.

Only a handful of companies operating in the area have no ties, so far as can be seen, with the dominating group; these small independents hail from the United States, Italy, Western Germany and Japan, and have stakes in Iran, Egypt, Israel, Turkey, Jordan, Syria and Yemen. In addition, national and semi-national companies operate in the first four of these countries. But the total production of the national companies does not exceed 2,500,000 tons a year, and most of this amount comes from Egypt, where the Egyptian Government has taken over the former Shell-owned Anglo-Egyptian fields and has also granted concessions to the Italian state oil concern, the Ente Nazionale Idrocarburi (ENI).

The first fact that leaps to the eye is that the independent companies have so far failed to gain a footing in any of the major oil-producing countries, with the exception of Iran. At the same time they have been left a free hand in all other areas, where so far the prospects of major strikes do not seem bright. Examples of this carefully-planned, if somewhat one-sided, division of the spoils may be seen in the exclusion from Libya of the Italians in favor of a Caltex company, and the fate of the Japanese negotiations for the off-shore rights along the neutral zone between Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. Saudi Arabian acceptance of startlingly favorable Japanese terms was deadlocked by the refusal of Kuwait (whose mainland is in Gulf-British Petroleum hands) to make over their share of the rights, without which the concession cannot be worked.

STILL more striking than this neat dovetailing of producer and non-producer countries with cartel and independent exploitation is the lineup of political systems. On the oil side of the fence are the well-heeled, authoritarian, "reactionary" regimes, with a marked tendency (unsupported by their populations) to favor Western foreign policy and to welcome Western aid and investment—Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf protectorates. The "have-nots," on the other hand, are characterized by "popular" governments, a neutralist, xenophobic outlook coupled with a defensive leaning towards the Soviet bloc and a perpetual state of financial and economic crisis. It is unrealistic to see no connection between the political atmosphere of these countries and the presence or absence of major oil companies. Recent history has indicated very clearly that the "supranational" agencies favor stable, cautious, paternalist regimes, and frown on governments that show themselves too responsive to fluctuations in public opinion, too ready to indulge in social and economic experiment.

It was therefore hardly surprising that the formation of the United Arab Republic, with its comparative-

ly democratic system of government, its virtual immunity from oil-cartel interest, and its strong appeal to Arabs in Jordan and indeed throughout the Arab world, should have been rapidly countered by the federation of the Hashemite kingdoms of Iraq and Jordan, with its massive Iraq Petroleum Company backing and its equally obvious appeal to the autocratic rulers of Saudi Arabia and the gulf states. Any spread of popular government into the major oil-producing areas would, one may be sure, be vigorously opposed not only by the rulers of those countries, but also by their financial and economic underwriters, the oil companies and the banking interests behind them.

NEVERTHELESS there are already a number of disturbing elements threatening the status quo in the cartel area. Most formidable are the activities of the Italians and the Japanese, already marked down for their uncooperative attitude during the Persian oil crisis of 1951-53. The Italian ENI has been squeezed out of Libya, but it is doing well in Egypt and has secured a small but promising concession in Iran. The Japanese are well thought of in nationalist quarters, and their temptings may even prove too strong for the determination of the National Iranian Oil Company to exploit the new Qom field without foreign assistance. More alarming is the jolt given to the "fifty-fifty" profit-sharing system that has been *de rigueur* since it was launched by Aramco in 1950. The Italian concession in Iran can be held not to infringe this principle, since the National Iranian Oil Company is to put up half the capital; the Iranian Government therefore receives 50 per cent of the profits as payment for the concession, and half of the remaining 50 per cent as a shareholder. But no such reassuring analysis can be made of the Japanese offer to Saudi Arabia of a 56-44 split of the "neutral zone" offshore rights (an offer rumored to have been topped by a 60-40 bid from an American company). The whole structure seems in danger of toppling once more. The Iraq Petroleum Com-



pany is in a particularly difficult position, since its most recent agreement with the Iraq Government, made in 1952, specifically states that the fifty-fifty terms laid down therein will be open to revision if at any time Iran, Saudi Arabia or Kuwait should be receiving "a higher average revenue per ton than Iraq is at that time receiving." But agreement or no agreement, once the rot has set in, it will be difficult to convince the Middle Eastern governments that the cartel oil companies cannot afford to hand over more than 50 per cent of their profits.

But the cartel's most vulnerable point, and one for which the Hashemite federation can offer no reassuring protection, is the matter of oil transport. It is useless to extract oil from the ground if it cannot be conveyed to its users, as the Iranians found out during the unhappy years from 1951 to 1953. But now, by a twist of irony, it looks as though the weapon used by the cartel against the Iranian Government may be turned against the cartel itself; for all the most convenient routes to Western Europe, the main customer, are straddled by the new United Arab Republic.

THE CASE OF the Suez Canal was brought sharply to international notice in the autumn of 1956; and it was hardly surprising that, at the height of Egyptian nationalist fervor, it should have been the oil companies who spearheaded the demand for internationalization of the Canal Zone. Sixty per cent of the canal's shipping consists of oil tankers carrying some 70,000,000 tons of oil every year. In this case, surprisingly, Arab nationalism won; the canal is still open to the ships of the whole world, but it is firmly in Egyptian hands, a security for good behavior on the Western side in any future clash with the Arab world.

Next in importance come the continental pipelines from the Persian Gulf and Iraq to the Mediterranean. These are Aramco's TAPLINE to Sidon in Lebanon, and the I.P.C.'s lines to Banyas in Syria, Tripoli in Lebanon and Haifa in Israel. Together, these lines can transport some 35,000,000 tons a year. All of them



(except the last, closed since 1948), pass through Syria, now United Arab Republic territory; and even before the events of Suez, when Syrian Army units blew up the I.P.C. pumping stations in Syria, their vulnerability to the passions of Arab nationalism was apparent. The long-drawn-out disputes with Lebanon and Syria over transit royalties and tax exemption have yet to be solved, and Syria's new-found strength as a partner in the United Arab Republic is not likely to make her less intransigent.

THERE HAS been much scratching of heads in the search to circumvent this problem. Most fantastic of all has been the proposal to reopen the I.P.C.'s line to Haifa—perhaps not unconnected with the somewhat hasty incorporation of Jordan into Iraq's Federated Arab State. The incorporation at least eliminated nationalist Arab watchdogs from the road; but that the idea of routing Arab oil through Israeli territory can even be seriously discussed in the present climate of Arab public

opinion—in Iraq and Jordan as much as anywhere else—is a potent symptom of the hold that Iraq petroleum has on the governmental processes of the federation. More feasible is the scheme for a 50,000,000-ton line through Southern Turkey to Iskenderun; for Turkey, as its earliest victim, has never had much truck with Arab nationalism. This scheme would serve Iraq and Kuwait, and would also have the merit of breaking through the nationalist front by providing an outlet for the National Iranian Oil Company's field at Qom. Israel, always hopeful, has offered yet another solution, a pipeline wholly in Israeli territory from Elath on the Red Sea to Haifa, thus eliminating both the other pipelines and the Suez Canal. None of these schemes seems to give any weight to the certain reactions of the peoples of the producing countries. These reactions have been underlined at Inter-Arab Petroleum congresses in Cairo and Baghdad in recent months, where it was repeatedly stated that Arab oil may only be conveyed through all-Arab pipe-



lines—and certainly not through Israel. The Saudi Arabian Government, advised by a former Aramco president, is planning its own state pipeline. Egypt has even offered to construct a line (first mooted by the tanker magnate Aristoteles Onassis) alongside the Suez Canal. Perhaps Mr. Onassis, with his 80,000-ton super-tankers circling the Cape of Good Hope, may have the last word.

Meanwhile Anglo-American circles are thinking in terms of an interna-

tionally-controlled network of pipelines, from which, on the principle of separating transport from production, the oil companies themselves would be excluded. This is hardly likely to appeal to the cartel, but might be tied in with the plan, at present under active consideration by American and European banking and industrial interests, for the establishment of a supra-national Middle East Development Corporation to "plough back" the oil revenues in the

most "efficient" way. From this consortium not only oil companies but also governments are to be deliberately excluded.

These supra-national schemes are fated to collide head-on with Middle Eastern nationalism, never stronger than it is today. In the meantime, Western Europe, dependent on Middle East oil for 75 per cent of its needs and trapped between these two irresistible forces, is in for a hard time.

## The Pesticide That Came to Dinner . . by David Cort

A PESTICIDE is a marvelous poison employed by man to kill other species he finds inconvenient. Over a hundred pesticides are now in use; 30,000 more are registered for use. Since World War II, millions of tons of these poisons have been dumped on the American landscape. Some, such as DDT, are very stable and stay around a long time. Some penetrate the skin of the fruit or vegetable. Some accumulate in the soil. Some affect the taste of the food. Some wipe out beneficial predatory or parasitic insects. Some actually strengthen the breed of undesirable insects, after killing off the weaklings for a few generations.

And of course the average American comes to consume certain quantities of these poisons, especially DDT. The best medical evidence is agreed that the average American now contains in his fatty tissue upwards of five parts in a million of DDT, a nerve-killer. Since the DDT just stays there and new consumption is added to it, the American is slowly becoming a DDT bank. People with as much as 300 parts to a million have shown no immediate ill effects. Ten or fifteen years are usually required to establish long-term effects. For DDT, the time is almost up. This long-staying poison (The Pesticide That Came to Dinner) has now been accused by some doctors of increasing the American

incidence of cancer of the blood, leukemia, Hodgkin's disease, jaundice and aplastic anemia. These terrible charges are not brand new; they are six years old.

Yet the United States Department of Agriculture, and the state pest control agencies, officially love DDT.

This infatuation was the subject of a trial, last month and this, in Brooklyn Federal Court before Judge Walter Bruchhausen. The defendants were Ezra Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, and the New York State Commissioner of Agriculture. The respondents were defended by federal and state attorneys. The complainants were fourteen citizens of Long Island, headed by Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy and Archibald Roosevelt, and represented by Roger Hinds and Vincent Kleinfeld.

LAST YEAR the United States had decided that the gypsy moth, a pest that had originally escaped from an experimental silkworm laboratory in Massachusetts in 1869, deserved massive retaliation. A crash program was to go into gear: the gypsy moth was to be purged, as Genghis Khan's generals purged Kharesmia, leaving not one stone standing on another. In fact, 3,500,000 acres, mostly in the Northeast, were sprayed with a variety of DDT designated as chlorophenothane. The fact that the moth was "light and scattered" on Long Island's two outer counties, Nassau and Suffolk, did not deflect the government's mighty rage. It

sprayed them too, all of them, instead of the few localities where the moths were lightly entrenched. It sprayed lawns, dairy pastures, ponds, wash-lines, children's playgrounds, baby carriages, from planes often flying as low as 200 feet. This is a relatively congested suburban area, dotted with poultry and vegetable farms and well-tended estates. The overwhelming mass of sprayed acreage had no gypsy moths whatever. Vengeance was visited alike upon the just and the unjust.

The sense of the fourteen citizens' complaint was: "Cut it out." The complaint read, in part: "unless restrained, the defendants will tortiously" (legal word) "and illegally trespass upon the persons and property of the plaintiffs, and cause them irreparable damage."

The DDT, the witnesses testified, had indeed done some killing. It had killed fiddler crabs (which eat the eggs of harmful starfish which destroy oysters and clams). It had killed pond fish, even big carp, almost immediately. It had killed ground-feeding birds such as thrushes and sparrows, as well as chickadees and starlings. It had certainly killed many species of useful small insects, such as ants, bees, etc. In all the constant, fairly even wars set up by nature, the DDT had intervened to wipe out one army and anoint its enemy the victor. The result might well be to launch a dozen new pests, much worse than the gypsy moth, calling for still further crash pro-

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grams with yet more deadly poisons.

Furthermore, testified a biochemist, the DDT will stay in the soil up to seven years and contaminate all later crops. Furthermore, certain insects build an immunity to DDT and return to the attack refreshed. (For cockroaches, for example, DDT is now about as lethal as a dry martini is for humans; for bedbugs DDT is really lethal.)

Humans, however, said a doctor from Mayo Clinic (since they must live with DDT about 300 times as long as, say, a housefly), have an individual immunity that *decreases* with continued exposure and consumption.

For the government, on an executive decision, to do all this to the private property and persons of the sovereign power would seem unalloyed tyranny. It is, in fact, not even socialism, but straight communism of a kind that is becoming an increasingly victorious American heresy.

AND SO, AS THE Government brought in its witnesses, who would have to be Communist commissars, I paid a visit to the courtroom to get the image of the modern American commissar. These trials in nearly empty courtrooms, where the highly-skilled legal actors are playing *as if* to all the appellate courts up to the Supreme Court, are at once thrilling and soporific. The chief Government counsel had the manner of an actor with a spear in his breast; the fact that he was nearly in tears would have reached to the balcony, had there been one, and will reach, he would hope, to the Supreme Court. The chief counsel for the citizens was a little Giant Panda; he delegated the cross-examination to his saturnine assistant, Vincent Kleinfeld—remember him. The judge, bony, gray and possum-eyed, had a kindly, apprehensive air.

The commissar I saw had a trick, while waiting for a question, of tipping his head back and closing his eyes dreamily, as if to convey that he could handle all this in his sleep. It was infectious; one of the court attendants took a nap.

The commissar, a thoroughly nice man (as perhaps Moscow commissars are too), testified that the ex-

ecutive decision to hit the enemy, the gypsy moth, had gone through channels, that DDT had never bothered human beings as far as he could see, and that DDT only killed those species of animal life that the Government told it to kill, so far as he had ever been able to determine.

Have I made his evidence ridiculous enough? I don't know how to get any more satirical. He might have said that the DDT was so patriotic it just couldn't have killed decent American fiddler crabs, carp, thrushes and sparrows; but actually he didn't. He might have said that good frontier-stock Americans ought to be able to handle an ingestion of DDT; but in fact he didn't. All that he did was to issue the party line, with his eyelids disdainfully and patiently shut: America crushes its enemy—the gypsy moth; no second-guessing is needed or wanted.

There are two ways of dismissing the above story: perhaps the Government hadn't known what it was doing; or second, perhaps it won't do it again, anyway.

Taking the second first, the Government will begin this spring spraying 27,000,000 acres of the South, from South Carolina to Texas, as a crash program against the fire ant. The weapons will be a pesticide called dieldrin, two and a half times more lethal than DDT, and another called heptachlor. The fire ant nests in mounds two feet tall, sometimes occurring a hundred to an acre, and can very easily be extirpated specifically on the ground; but the Government will use indiscriminate spraying by planes, inevitably killing quail.

Since this pest is in the Deep South, a great deal of wonderful tall talk has already enveloped the fire ant. Some white Southerners on picnics have been bitten on the backside by fire ants; one such bite would more than justify a crash program to a Democratic Congress. There is a story that these fire ants are half-breeds between black and reddish fire ants, both smuggled in from Latin America; but Northern entomologists think they are native American fire ants, and that the immigrants are found only

around several Gulf ports. As you can see, a certain satirical symbolism seems to ride behind this whole matter of pesticides, making faces. Anyway, Congress has appropriated \$2,400,000 for the fire-ant war, and the states will add amounts up to \$500,000, as in Florida.

AS FOR THE Government's other excuse, that it didn't know what it was doing, I have before me three volumes, dated 1951 and 1952, of testimony before a Congressional Select Committee concerning the use of chemicals, including pesticides, on the national ecology. The chief counsel for the committee was this same Vincent Kleinfeld we have just met. The machinery does exist, under this democracy, and is actually used, to ventilate these terrible threats to the public welfare. The evidence ran to nearly 2,000 pages; the seven honorable Congressmen heard most of it; but what good is it? What is overridingly more important is that man has discovered a new weapon, and he tends to go crazy, whether it is a spiked club, a new car or a hydrogen war-head.

In 1951-1952, all the necessary evidence was given to the Congress of the United States.

DDT, it was testified, is consumed by people on and in fruits and vegetables, and in the beef, milk and butter of cows whose backs, barns and silage have been DDT-sprayed. New-born babies contain some DDT at birth and ingest still more with their mothers' milk.

To comfort hypochondriacs, it should be added that, as far as we know yet, most of us seem able to carry our DDT load without any apparent injury. Still, it is far from beneficial.

Chlordane, another chlorinated hydrocarbon, is five times as toxic as DDT, is stored by the human body fat much more rapidly, and causes rapid degeneration of the liver and kidneys. It is used on some food crops and in household pesticides (including the one on my own kitchen shelf). An added difficulty with chlordane, as with toxaphene, aldrin, dieldrin and heptachlor, is that there is at present no satisfactory analytical method for finding



it in food. Yet all these are in general and expanding use.

Selenium, in intakes as small as only three parts per million, will produce cirrhosis, and then cancer, of the liver. It penetrates the skin of sprayed fruit and also builds up in the soil, thence moving into the growing plant.

Phenylmercury compounds, a fungicide, are very poisonous and accumulate in the kidney. They have been used extensively on fruit and vegetable crops.

Benzene hexachloride (BHC) produces off-flavors in the canned product, and also has a toxic effect on the brain tissue of the consumer.

Arsenicals used as pesticides can definitely produce cancer of the skin, if as little as 0.19 gram is ingested.

Beta-naphthylamine, which is hardly toxic at all, will produce cancer of the bladder, if taken even in very minute quantities. (This is used in dyes, not in pesticides.) The champion chemical producer of cancer is probably acetylaminofluorene developed as an insecticide. It can put cancer into the liver, stomach, breast, thyroid, kidney, bladder, genital tract, external auditory canal and occasionally the brain. Entirely by accident, some English scientists stumbled on the discovery of its great carcinogenic powers before it was used. This was a narrow escape. But since new and insufficiently tested chemicals are constantly going on the market, society is actually skating on a very thin sheet of ice.

HERE AGAIN, some qualification is necessary. Some pesticides, if sprayed long enough before the harvest, will have evaporated or washed off the crop in plenty of time. Also, since the American public now demands nearly perfect fruit and vege-

tables, the farmer cannot sell his produce unless he kills off the bugs with something. The wormy apple is now unsalable in America. The pesticide, properly used, is indispensable to the job of feeding the world.

But the 1951-52 Congressional investigation fully brought out that the current infatuation with chemicals often approaches homicidal insanity. Apart from pesticides, a very few examples, out of many, would include: That the flour industry for thirty years used nitrogen trichloride, called Agene, which causes hysteria in dogs. That the Food and Drug Administration managed to seize and destroy frozen peaches sprayed with thiourea, very poisonous. That the poison, para-phenetyl, was used for fifty years as a sweetening agent. That lithium chloride killed some people before it was removed from the market. That mineral oil in food prevented human absorption of important vitamins. That monochloroacetic acid, used commonly as a food preservative, was as poisonous as strychnine or carbolic acid (some manufacturers, mostly in the South, ignored this information for some time). That cheese wrappers made with dehydroacetic acid were equally poisonous. That "emulsifiers" are commonly used to offset lowered egg and fat content in breads, cakes and mixes. That women were permanently blinded by an eyelash preparation using pyrogalllic acid. And so on. And on.

Most of these many problems are now under control. In any case, a few deaths or outbreaks or blindings will bring summary action. But pesticides present the much more difficult problems of massive, slow poisoning of the whole American people and the possible dislocation and ruin

of the whole ecology and economy to a point of no return. The pesticides have the support, not only of the great chemical companies, the farmers and the great food distributors, but also of the unarguable fact that the bugs that want to eat our food are our enemies. These bugs, as well as such innocent bystanders as the poor fiddler crabs, carp and thrushes, have no vote under our system of government.

AND NOW it is a pleasure to point out that even corporations number their saints. One such is Beech-Nut Packing, which sets its tolerance of DDT traces in the raw foods it buys at practically zero. The witness, Dr. L. G. Cox, a Beech-Nut research chemist, noted that this policy costs the company about \$100,000 a year and the goodwill of the farmers who, however, sell their condemned crops to other canners or the open market. He testified that human mother's milk averaged 0.14 parts of DDT per million, that 100 parts DDT per million killed a third of young turkey poults consuming it. Chlordane as a soil residue, he said, gets into carrots. Benzene hexachloride used on cotton was present in the next, rotated crop of peanuts, which the company rejected. The same chemical has also been found in Florida squash and celery, Pennsylvania peaches and spinach, South Carolina sweet potatoes and New York apples. The company has found chlordane on California celery and New York cabbage and carrots.

Beech-Nut makes baby foods and peanut butter; its scrupulousness is understandable but unfortunately unique. The witness did not think much of the so-called experts, who are usually economic entomologists. Some of these, he said, "who have been active in the development of certain ill-advised pesticide recommendations have tended to become chemical specialists rather than entomologists." He quoted another opinion on this expert: "He ceases to be a biologist and, in the majority of cases, becomes in effect, a mere tester of poisons or an insecticide salesman."

The response of the Manufacturing Chemists Association to such





testimony was to raise a fund among its members to fight the bad news. The witness put the fund at \$119,000 at that time. A meeting of the association did not let Dr. Roy C. Newton, vice-president of Swift & Co., make the following remarks:

...It is not clear from the publications emanating from the chemical industry over the past two years that many of the members of this industry understand why a new material cannot be adapted to the food industry as quickly as it can to plastics, textiles, etc. ... Running through this series of propaganda articles are

many unsound premises [such as a sense of persecution; that since all foods are chemical, all chemicals are food; that anything, even salt, can be poison; etc.] ... I have spent all my business life in the food industry. ... I believe there is a real threat to the food industry. ... [If] the Food and Drug Administration [is] prevented from carrying out its responsibility of protecting the public ... there will undoubtedly be a surge of new chemical substances incorporated in food without adequate pre-testing.

Such a program will lead to a disaster, just as surely as we are as-

sembled here today. Such a disaster will reflect discredit to the food industry; incidentally, it will also reflect discredit to the chemical industry, but the principal damage will be done to the public ...

May we hope that part of the activity of the Manufacturing Chemists Association will be directed toward the education of its own members who may not understand clearly their responsibilities.

This voice, so much more grave and gentlemanly than my own, is surely entitled to the last word on the subject.

## ATOM BLASTS CAN BE SPOTTED .. by David Bird

There can be no doubt that if a nation wants to carry out [nuclear] tests in secrecy, observation will become difficult and uncertain.—Dr. Edward Teller, *University of California physicist who is commonly referred to as "the father of the H-bomb."*

On the technical matter of whether you could develop a system to enforce the test ban, I think you can do this.—Dr. Willard F. Libby, *scientific member of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.*

THE SOVIET Union's unilateral renunciation, *pro tem*, of further nuclear tests simply points up the need to settle once and for all the controversy now pervading the question of whether nuclear-disarmament agreements can be made to stick through workable inspection methods. It is a controversy that is carried on mainly in the dark because the United States Atomic Energy Commission, presumably to keep the Russians in equal darkness, has held nuclear-explosion detection methods under a cloak of secrecy ever since it made its first cryptic announcement almost nine years ago that the Russians had set off their first atom bomb.

Since then the AEC has regularly announced Russian nuclear tests, but its sparse reports have never mentioned how these were detected

or how accurate the detection methods are. Actually, the most the Government has revealed came in a statement from President Eisenhower at a recent news conference. He said that "with proper inspectional facilities, seismic and electronic, and so on, [nuclear tests] ought to be detected."

If this dearth of information leaves the average citizen with little basis to make an intelligent judgment in the face of emotional appeals for and against nuclear-inspection systems, it has also left at least some atomic scientists in a similar position. Dr. Harrison Brown, a professor of geochemistry at the California Institute of Technology who worked on the development of the first atomic bomb at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, said in testimony before the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee that it was easier to get information on radioactivity and its detection from Japan than from the Atomic Energy Commission. He added that the Japanese regularly and voluntarily sent him this information, while the AEC required a "special plea," although he has the highest type of security clearance.

Dr. Brown suggests that this withholding of information gives those in control excessive power in policy formation, since they can make statements which cannot be checked or refuted by critics.

As Dr. Brown's testimony indicates, there has been considerable activity outside the AEC's security net on methods of detecting nuclear tests. Much work has gone on in Japan; some has been done by American scientists independently of the AEC. A great deal has been published without any type of security label. Unfortunately, most of the nuclear news that reaches the American public is channeled through government. And the AEC, adhering to its policy of secrecy, refuses to recognize this information from outside its domain. That this domain is effectively extended to other government agencies is illustrated by the Weather Bureau official who, when asked recently about the detection of nuclear blasts through minute barometric variations, refused to comment on the grounds of security.

Barometric variation as a means of detecting nuclear explosions—which hasn't rated public comment in this country—has been under experimentation and perfection for several years in Japan. With it the Japanese have been able to pinpoint quickly the location of the U.S. and Russian nuclear tests. It is one of the four main techniques, developed outside the AEC, of detecting these tests, according to Dr. Jay Orear, a Columbia University physicist who has been exploring the field in non-classified research. The other methods

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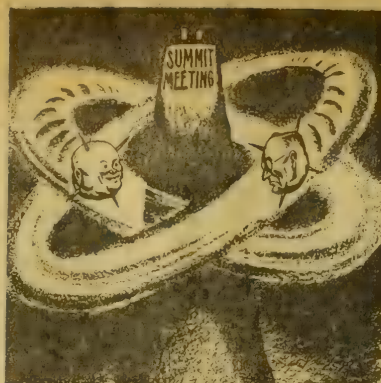


are through seismic waves, visible light and radioactivity.

Barometric variations can measure the energy that is transmitted to the air from an explosion. This energy travels the way sound does and with the same speed. When the energy reaches a sensitive microbarometer (similar to those used to check weather conditions by changes in air pressure) it causes a sharp movement in the markings on the recording drum. By noting the time the shock wave is recorded on microbarometers at varying distances and different points in relation to the blast, the exact location can be determined. Judging by the accuracy with which the Japanese have detected Russian and U. S. tests more than 2,000 miles away, this method appears to be the most sensitive and quickest for detecting a nuclear explosion.

SEISMIC waves can detect nuclear tests through another set of disturbances — in the earth. Both earthquakes and explosions are picked up by seismographs, but each phenomenon has its own signature. Earthquakes, a long and complex pattern of shifting of the earth, manifest a long and complex pattern on the seismograph chart. Explosions, on the other hand, are sharp and compact movements and show up this way on a seismograph. Another difference is that an explosion is totally *outward* in its movement from its point of origin, and thus shows up with a similar *outward* initial movement on all seismographs, no matter where located with relation to the blast. Earthquakes show up as different patterns on seismographs, depending on whether the instruments are situated in the "push" or the "pull" direction in relation to the quake. Seismographs are generally the only means of detecting underground blasts. Their effectiveness is attested by the fact that the AEC's underground test last September in Nevada was detected in College, Alaska, more than 2,000 miles away.

All nuclear explosions above the ground give off tremendous amounts of light and this provides for the third method of detection—visible light. The hot gases generated by a



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

### *They Sure Are Orbiting!*

nuclear explosion produce the characteristic large ball of fire. While not admitting that this is a means of detection that it utilizes, the AEC has stated that "the fireball from a 1-megaton nuclear bomb would appear to an observer sixty miles away to be more than thirty times as brilliant as the sun at noon." In several of the nuclear tests made at the Nevada test site, in all of which energy yields were less than 100 kilotons, the glare in the sky, in the early hours of the dawn, has been visible 400 or more miles away. The AEC goes on to say that "as a general rule, the luminosity does not vary greatly with the energy or power of the bomb." The light from an atomic blast can be seen many miles away because of reflection from the upper atmosphere in much the same way that we see the sun in the form of twilight long after it has disappeared below the horizon. An inspection station checking on nuclear tests could be equipped with sensitive electric eyes to detect the brightness from a bomb blast. Generally, the limit of effective detection by this method would be about 500 miles.

The fourth detection technique measures the "dirt" that comes from a nuclear explosion—radioactivity. Every nuclear bomb—even the "96 per cent clean" ones that have been tested recently—releases radioactive particles into the air. Some of these fall to earth quickly, but others are carried into the upper air currents. These particles eventually come down to earth and a nuclear explosion is indicated when the radio-

activity count rises, as shown on a Geiger counter. The location of the bomb blast can be determined by charting the speed and direction of the air currents from which the samples were taken. The length of time that has elapsed since the blast released the radioactive particles can be measured by the age of the particles, which decay at a determinable rate. The main drawback in this method is that it may take weeks for the particles to drift into a detection station. Thus where speed in identification is necessary, other techniques will be used and radioactivity samples will serve only as a backstop check.

Using these four methods of detection, Dr. Orear, the Columbia physicist, feels that inspection stations within 300 miles of each other would be able to detect even low-yield tests in the low-kiloton range. *Transferring this to a map, for example, it would require only some twenty-five outposts in the Soviet Union to detect a test anywhere within that country's 8.7 million square miles of area.* It should be pointed out, in this connection, that the USSR has agreed in principle to the establishment of inspection posts.

All four of the detection systems can check on nuclear explosions above the earth—the most dangerous type because they release deadly radioactive fallout into the air. Deep underground tests, which do not release contamination and are more useful for the non-military applications of atomic power, can still be detected by at least one method—seismic waves.

While nuclear tests above and under the ground have been the most frequent types, there remains one other general method: underwater testing. This has been claimed to be somewhat difficult to detect in spite of the fact that underwater tests at Bikini were recorded on seismographs. But even with these, there are at least two methods of detection: by measuring samples of water for increases in radioactivity and by using hydrophones to check disturbances in the water in precisely the manner in which microbarometers are used to detect air vibrations.



# HIGH NOON in OKLAHOMA . . by Thomas H. Uzzell

*Stillwater, Oklahoma*  
THREE GENERATIONS ago bandits wandered around this part of Oklahoma where I live, stole from the farmers, robbed banks and held up trains.irate citizens, led by state marshals, tracked and shot them down. Today a corporation having the monopoly privilege of serving us with gas raises its rates with the permission of a compliant state Corporation Commission. It is common gossip that the gas company unfairly is earning millions which are siphoned off to New York investors. Gas users feel that they have been robbed and that somebody should do something. These good, still hospitable folk—what do they do? Go for their shotguns and organize a posse as their parents and grandparents did seventy-five years ago or advance on the Corporation Commission, armed with lawyers and accountants, and insist on justice? Not they. They complain bitterly among themselves, but not for publication; they shrink from attending protest meetings; they grumble that “you can’t fight a corporation”; they resignedly shrug their shoulders, sink into their armchairs and watch the galloping posSES on their living-room screens.

Two months ago, for the third time in ten years, the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company announced that it needed more money and the Corporation Commission promptly allowed an increase in rates, this time one that netted four extra millions. The company had shrewdly asked for six. To ease its conscience, the Corporation Commission staged a “conference” between gas company officers and customers. The commissioners, although elected by the people to protect them, decided not to be present. They have no stomach for a fight, preferring to reach decisions after quiet, friendly talks with the right people.

Four million dollars of the 355,000

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gas users’ money were at stake in that conference, yet only two customers prepared to talk showed up: Robert O. Cunningham, a legislator from Oklahoma City, and myself, a retired professor of English from the college city of Stillwater. On one side of the long table were arrayed the president, chairman of the board, engineers, accountants and lawyers who had come down from gas company headquarters in Tulsa, “the oil capital of the world,” to defend the rate increase. Representative Cunningham fired his charges of misuse of company funds, illegal subsidiaries and faked statements of assets for increased rate calculations. The company’s experts asked for proof; Mr. Cunningham had documents, but not enough to nail down his accusations. He disappeared and left me to carry on.

THE ensuing scene was as good as anything in *The Solid Gold Cadillac*. A multi-million dollar company was arrayed against a single stubborn citizen, one gas user out of 355,000. The other citizens, who had felt the grasping hand of a monopoly corporation in their pockets, had 354,998 alibis for not being there. Representative Cunningham is a politician and, the gas tycoons charged, was more interested in headlines than in his gas bill, but I am not a politician or businessman and I was loaded with questions. The company officers said they respected and appreciated my presence and invited me to shoot. I shot and they proceeded in a firm but friendly manner to demolish me.

Not entirely: I scored a few hits. I asked what profits the company was making from supplying our city with gas. They said they didn’t know and obviously didn’t want me to know. Gas engineers in our gas-rich community had told me that the figure must be around \$100,000 annually, half the money we sorely need for a new school building. They also told me that the city’s present gas rate could be cut in half by using gas wells of the region which are now capped for want of a market. Most of our gas is piped from a distance

for reasons best understood by big operators in Tulsa.

I reviewed the reasons the gas company had given the public for another rate increase, adding that every one of them sounded fishy to me. They had alleged that they needed more money to meet an expected increase in the cost of gas. Gas producers and engineers had told me that the company has in reserve and contracted for enough gas to supply its needs for the next twenty years and that this important item in costs was under control. I was told I was misinformed and was treated to a history of the petroleum industry and its current practices. A flock of expert instructors; one pupil, who remained unconvinced. I needed the help of the people’s Corporation Commission, but it was conferring quietly on more important matters in the next room.

The gas company had requested more money to pay taxes. I challenged the president’s right to ask me to pay my own taxes and also his company’s. He informed me that every business passed its taxes along to its customers; it was standard practice. I objected that a salaried gas user couldn’t pass his taxes along to anyone, that he had to contribute to the costs of government out of his profits. The intent of the taxing power was to levy on profits; it certainly wasn’t the intent of the law to have the citizen, struggling for a living, pay everybody’s taxes. The only answer to this argument was smiles. Poor, naive professor!

We ended our debate; the president and I highlighted the drama on television; we filed before the Corporation Commission. The commissioners scheduled a formal hearing on the rate question for March 27, at which they would preside.

Soon after, I faced the Mayor and members of our Board of Commissioners of Stillwater at their weekly public meeting. (I had invited a dozen leading citizens to attend and join the discussion; all rejoiced over my “fine fight” and said they’d try to attend the meeting. Two came, a cafe owner and a baker.) I asked



the city officials why none of them had been present at the conference with the gas company. Fighting a big corporation, they told me, was useless. "You can fight big money only with big money, and we haven't got it." I told them how they could wake up the gas users of the entire state and it would cost them nothing. They reminded me that the Corporation Commission was elected to defend the people's pocketbooks and that the gas rate was the commission's worry. That's the joke of the year, I told them, and the city fathers fell silent. In the end they agreed to "send a man" to the next hearing. (Actually, the entire board showed up at the next hearing. The Mayor, a member of the board, rose, said he protested for his city, and sat down. I had furnished the Mayor with a protest prepared by experts, but he didn't read it.)

The local newspaper, reporting on these events the next day, ingeniously slanted its story to make me slightly ridiculous and the gas company appear to be the servant of the people and a generous contributor to the city's tax kitty. I offered the editor of the paper a transcript of what I had said at the hearing in the Capitol and before the officers of the city, reminding him that I was trying to save the city \$100,000 a year. My copy was flatly refused. It seems that I irritated them with my request for a correction. "Our reporter has been to college, has learned his trade, and we have to trust him." That remark reminded me that something must be done to improve our schools. I may try that next. More fun!



## LETTERS

(Continued from inside cover)

ments of his new-orthodox teachers, becoming more Niebuhr than Niebuhr at just about the time when more discerning disciples of Niebuhr—and it begins to appear Niebuhr himself—recognize that some of his views need correction.

Indirectly, J. Bronowski's brilliant piece on automation also serves the cause of peace.

A. J. MUSTE

New York City

### Two Suggestions On the Depression

Dear Sirs: Is the current depression really a depression, or merely a cessation of the ever-increasing inflation which we have had? And is the action being taken in Washington anything more than action to maintain inflation? Let me go into this a little more.

We have over-production, not of course in terms of human needs, but in terms of profits. The "law of supply and demand" begins to operate. Normally, this should lower prices. But this the manufacturers (automobiles, for example) will not do. Instead, they close down plants, or let off shifts, and we have the situation in Detroit. This is called a "recession," and business screams for help. In Washington, at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, politicians are falling all over themselves to do something—the same politicians who, a year ago, fell over themselves to reduce government spending. Now they talk of increased "defense spending," more public works, lower credit requirements, even a tax cut.

And there is more to it than this. Secretary Dulles admits that three-quarters of our spending for "foreign aid" is spent here, in the first instance, and the remainder returns to the United States, sooner or later, "mostly sooner." Is this, after all, what "foreign aid" and "defense spending" and the hullabaloo about communism, are for?

One need not favor communism, or be disloyal, to anticipate what would happen if it were not for the fifty-odd billions of dollars spent for defense and to combat communism throughout the world.

Where there is a pattern, there is quite likely apt to be a plan. It can hardly go unasked much longer what the Russians are going to do if we keep on building military and naval, and now atomic-missile, bases all over the world.

The most elementary honesty raises the question whether we really want world peace, or war.

And one final thing. Is it not socialism when the government collects eighty billions in taxes and pours it into business—precisely as some of the reactionaries, who benefit by it most, contend? Or is it *not* socialism when it comes to getting the government contracts, but only socialism when it comes to paying taxes? Aren't we headed precisely where the Communists have contended we would head? And aren't Communists, in keeping us headed that way, practicing the "brinkmanship" in a most successful way?

SELWYN COLE

Los Angeles

Dear Sirs: It is the opinion of this writer that the thirty-two-hour, four-day work week is the answer to our economic problem. Radical perhaps, but perfectly feasible and in line with precedent. From 1914 to 1957, we increased our gross national product from \$38 billion to \$434 billion—an increase of over 100 per cent. During the same period we reduced the average working week from 49.4 to 39.9 hours, a decrease of 19 per cent. A reduction of the present work week to thirty-two hours from its present 39.8 hours would be only slightly greater than the reduction noted since World War I. This program should be made immediately available to all wage earners in the mining and manufacturing classes, who would receive the same pay for thirty-two hours as they normally get for forty hours. The extra pay should be given by the employer, but financed by the government.

What would the program cost? In 1957, we had a total of 17,615,000 workers earning \$76 billion yearly. If these workers are to continue to draw the same wages for only four-fifths of time worked, one-fifth of the \$76 billion pay roll must be subsidized, i.e., \$15,200,000,000.

Since the program would by its nature curtail total production by about 20 per cent, all our unemployed—now constituting about 20 per cent of our work force—would get their jobs back.

Would such a program have to be permanently subsidized? No. Subsidies would be based on present pay rolls. As each employer found it necessary to add to his labor force to meet product demands, the subsidies would proportionately decrease. It would be necessary to establish a ceiling at which point subsidies would cease completely.

DAVID ARONOFF

Los Angeles, Calif.

The NATION



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Molds of the Public Mind

### 1. The Press

*RESPONSIBILITY IN MASS COMMUNICATION.* By Wilbur Schramm. Harper & Bros. 391 pp. \$4.50.

Lester Asheim

STUDENTS of press practice may be disappointed to find that Mr. Schramm's recommendations aren't a great deal different from those already succinctly made in 1947 by the Commission on Freedom of the Press. Not that a reaffirmation of the commission's major criticism isn't needed. Almost the only media that gave the commission anything like adequate attention back in 1947 were those few which had been cited for commendation; by and large, the press killed the report by a conspiracy of neglect. By so doing, it established pretty conclusively that the commission was right about the dangers inherent in the concentration of control represented by today's press—but who besides a few scattered readers of the report ever knew it?

Mr. Schramm's book may stand a better chance, for he has added a collection of interesting and informative case histories to his study, all of which make vivid the moral dilemmas faced by practicing journalists, and many of which show the press acting responsibly and with integrity. Schramm tends to present a more sympathetic view of the press, and to give it higher marks for ethical conduct, than did the commission. That the press does not always act responsibly he admits, but he concludes that "The fundamental responsibility of the mass media is to remain free in order to represent the public's right to know. This principle is old and honored, and by and large the media know what is expected of them in defense of free communication."

This volume is one of a series on the ethics and economics of society, prepared under the direction of a study group of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Its audience presumably has not heretofore paid much attention to the problem of the press, and Mr. Schramm has therefore care-

fully recapitulated the history of its changing social role. Borrowing from an earlier study he did with Fred Siebert and Theodore Peterson, Schramm sees the press arriving at last at a theory of "Social Responsibility" in its steady upward progress through the theories of Authoritarianism, Libertarianism, and Authoritarianism-with-Communist-Trimmings. The three earlier stages are rejected by Schramm as no longer useful; Authoritarianism and Soviet Communist theory for obvious reasons, and Libertarianism because it romantically overlooks the realities of modern society. Libertarianism as a theory of the press, Schramm feels, relied on reason to discriminate between truth and error; required the "free market place of ideas" if reason was to work; and saw the function of the press to be to act as a check on government, which was (in those days) the major source of interference with the free and reasonable man. Such a theory is no longer acceptable "because we now feel that man is not so adept at deriving truth as had been believed, and that libertarian practice, in this age of few and big media, no longer provides a truly free market place of ideas."

AND SO we move into the new era of Social Responsibility. Here the negative freedom of libertarianism is rejected in favor of a positive freedom, a freedom which carries not only rights, but concomitant obligations. Under libertarianism, freedom was freedom *from*: from restraints, restrictions, governmental interference. Under the theory of social responsibility, freedom is also freedom *for*: for the kind of communication which fulfills the needs of contemporary society.

This, as Schramm himself is quick to acknowledge, is where the Commission on Freedom of the Press came out. And it is at this point that this book, like the commission report, begins to fall apart in our hands. For in both, the improvement of the press rests upon a vague hope that somehow people will stop acting as people have always acted, and will begin to place some abstract, long-term vision of the public good above personal considerations and short-term self-interest.

The commission, for example, hoped

that the press would clean its own house. Not very convinced that it would do so, the commission held out as an alternative the possibility of governmental control. But it was so clear from the report that the commission feared government abuses even more than it did those of the press that the threat became idle. In sum, the commission's recommendation was essentially, "Aw, c'mon fellas; be nice . . ."

Mr. Schramm takes the commission's recommendations one step further; in addition to the potential reform energies of the press itself and of the government, he invokes the power of an informed public.

And like the commission, Schramm finds himself with a two-edged sword to wield. For public pressure on the policy of public institutions is exerted primarily through pressure groups, and the history of pressure group activities is even less reassuring than the history of the press. Begging the public to make its wants known, Schramm must assume that the public isn't satisfied with what it now gets—a dubious assumption at best. He must assume also that what he and his select group of readers want is what is best for the public (an assumption that I'm more ready to accept since what he wants is what I want). And he tends to ignore the fact that much of what the public learns it learns from the mass media as they now exist, and that the public is likely to learn what an improved press can be only after the press has improved.

YET this is the way things *ought* to be, and it is good to have someone like Schramm say so. Unless the social responsibility of which Schramm speaks actually is assumed by those who control press content, a way of life in which we most urgently believe is in danger. But as Schramm admits, "What we are asking of the mass media, in effect, when we ask them to put the public's right to know above their own self-interest, is that they live up to a higher standard of public service than other businesses. Is that justified? I think it is, because the media are businesses of the kind they are."

It may be justified, but how realistic is it to imagine that the media will respond? Mr. Schramm's phrase: "because the media are businesses of the kind they are" can be read two ways; he chooses to see it as a reason for hope. But because the media are busi-

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nesses of the kind they are, they effectively buried the commission's criticisms ten years ago. The Schramm volume presents them with another chance to contemplate the kind of press they could be. It remains to be seen whether the past decade has led them to any greater awareness of their social responsibility.

## 2. The Avenue

*MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A.* By Martin Mayer. Harper & Bros. 324 pp. \$4.95.

**David Boroff**

AFTER reading this book no one is likely to make his casual little joke about the advertising gentry. We have been foolish, often confusing our image of the ad-man with the idiot jabber of advertising slogans. Readers of Martin Mayer's book will learn a new respect for the massive technology of Madison Avenue, its dazzling ingenuity, daring and nimbleness.

*Madison Avenue, U.S.A.* is a travelogue through the labyrinthine alleys of the advertising industry; Mayer, who worked hard at his research, captures the flavor of the business through direct quotations from its leading figures. His solid, vivid handbook is pleasantly enlivened by anecdote, salted with a gently sophisticated wit and illuminated by insight.

We are taken behind the scenes of the largest and most brilliant agencies and initiated into the arcana of media selection, selling campaigns and motivation research. And we are impressed throughout by the marriage of Madison Avenue and the Academy. The social sciences, in particular, are boldly expropriated. One has an uneasy vision of the New Omniscience: bright young Ph.D.s marching remorselessly toward the Promised Land in which your psychic economy and mine are neatly processed and labeled. Happily, there is as yet no Holy Writ in the advertising industry; its leading figures are chaotically schismatic. There is currently, for example, an ideological war between the proponents of *brand image* and of *USP* (unique selling proposition), a pivotal issue on which advertising campaigns turn. But the portents are clear: more and more the advertising industry is

siphoning off some first-rate university talent and adopting sound academic methodology.

But toward what end? This is a question that Mayer adroitly ducks. And there are other questions that tug at one's mind. How do all these bright, knowledgeable people feel about their jobs? I don't mean the stale morality-play issue of selling their souls, but surely they must confront the disparity between their sizable skills and the trivial ends to which those skills are applied—very often advertising people are too good for their work. And how much creative talent is drained off from other pursuits, which I am unregenerate enough to regard as more important and productive?

THERE are yet larger social issues that Mayer evades. How does the incessant clamor to buy, buy, buy, shape the American personality? Advertising is a giant lathe turning out the furniture of our collective mind. And what effect does advertising copy have on our linguistic habits? Aren't commercials, in effect, the degraded folk literature of our time? Despite the author's perfunctory admission of the aesthetic Neanderthalism of advertising, he makes no adequate effort to face up to the sheer, sibilant horror of most copy.

The tricky, defensive logic of the in-

dustry is epitomized in Mayer's argument of the *added value*: "Whenever a benefit is promised from the use of a product, and the promise is believed, the use of the product carries with it a value not inherent in the product itself." There is about this an unsavory mixture of pragmatism and the shell game.

Mayer is on much firmer ground when he points out that the liberal hates the guts of the advertising fraternity because it forces upon him a true image of popular culture. "It hits him where it hurts worst," the author observes, "in his politically liberal and socially generous outlook, partly nourished by his avoidance of actual contact with popular taste." But Mayer does not deal adequately with the related issue that advertising plays a key role in shaping popular taste.

The author previously of *Wall Street: Men and Money*, Mayer makes the best possible case for the advertising industry. I finished his book feeling like the kid in an anecdote he tells. After seeing a particularly vapid commercial on TV, he turns to his father, an agency executive, and says: "Dad, am I to understand that a bunch of grown men sat around and thought up that thing? And another bunch of grown men sat around and said it was a good idea? And another bunch of grown men went to all the work to make a movie of it?"

## Love in Solitude

*THE HIRELING.* By L. P. Hartley. Rinehart & Co. 272 pp. \$3.50.

**Max Cosman**

TO ACCEPT Sartre's *Nekrassov* is to conclude that political communication on the level of truth is impossible. Individual and collective egocentrisms, the existentialist seems to say, make such utterance end, as it begins, in fraud. Though not subject to the Frenchman's despair, L. P. Hartley presents in *The Hireling* an analogous problem with a comparable result: according to his demonstration, communication of self, depending as it does on the heart's principles which are voiceless, is almost invariably doomed to failure.

Leadbitter of Leadbitter's Garages Ltd., Cars for All Occasions—he is the hireling—is inarticulate for various reasons. By nature pugnacious, by inclination a distrustful bachelor (Mr. Hartley has a penchant for bachelors, being one himself), by circumstance an ex-NCO whose pride drives him to make good as

a civilian, Leadbitter has created a thick shell for himself. Within it he functions reasonably well—which means that he is touchy about his honor even as he is respectful to those who hire him, and that he works day and night to keep himself and maintain the car that he has bought on the usually ruinous installment plan.

Unlike him fundamentally but no less hemmed in by inability to communicate is Lady Franklin. A soft creature, she has not been hardened by a marriage above her station. On the contrary: it has accentuated her softness. She develops a neurosis of guilt when her husband dies during her absence at a party. Declining into a suttee-ish existence, she lives only for her memories of the dead man.

The theme of being "the prisoner of

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oneself" is brilliantly explored by Mr. Hartley. Leadbitter, encased by the calculating life he leads, cannot understand Lady Franklin's naive efforts to free herself from her bonds. Her pressing him, on successive car-hires, for details of his private life, her generosity one time in helping him to pay off the debt on his car, seem to call for no more than an amatory return. When he learns better it is too late. His chance for a spiritual union has gone. Something important, however, has happened. In fabricating a family life for Lady Franklin's delectation, he has not only helped her to break out of her neurotic confinement, he has broken out of his own as well. In love now, he nevertheless cannot express his love. Barriers of class and training intervene. Soon there is the traditional complication of Lady Franklin's engagement to Hughie (the caddish role of this gentleman is very reminiscent of that played by Merton Densher in *The Wings of the Dove*).

THE pathos of non-communication is given two more expositions by Mr. Hartley. The more interesting one still has to do with Leadbitter. In rebound from his hopeless love for Lady Franklin, he seeks to make up with an old flame, Clarice. Try as he will, he cannot overcome the years of indifference that have passed between them. Nor can Clarice, when she wants to patch up things, do any better. The less interesting one concerns the last pair in the novel, Hughie and Constance. Deserv-

ing what they get, they nevertheless suffer, as the others do, from not being able to impart to each other that which is dearest in themselves.

Behind this thesis of the "undelivered message," there is another, a mitigatory one: love is the only force capable of pulling apart the carapaces in which we immure ourselves or are immured by others. Lady Franklin, bereft of those whom she has loved, is about to lapse into her neurosis. At the crucial moment she comes across the St. Christopher medallion Leadbitter had sent her before he killed himself. A symbol of his devotion, it has a mana which reassures her about living outside of husks.

The book ends on this note. Sentimental as it is, it is effective. Its emphasis on love as the great psychic mover is of course in the most venerable of traditions. Certainly it is in the tradition of Mr. Hartley's practice as writer. Examine representative works of his like the trilogy on Eustace and Hilda, *The Go-Between*, *The Perfect Woman*, and it is evident that love as an alterer of things figures insistently.

But a place in Mr. Hartley's novel panorama is not all that distinguishes *The Hireling*. Despite sentimentality and coincidence, it is an achievement in its own right. For in its truly human beings, put before us with quiet passion and professional literacy, it offers a satisfying counterweight to the esoteric, the overwrought and the untutored volumes which have been piling up this decade.

## Questions To Be Answered

**THE POWER OF BLACKNESS.** By Harry Levin. Alfred A. Knopf. 263 pp. \$4.

Louis O. Coxé

IN HIS preface to his book on Hawthorne, Poe and Melville, Mr. Levin frankly states that the volume "is the direct outgrowth of a series of public lectures." The avowal goes far to define the limitations as well as the virtues of the work. Addressed, it seems, to the ear rather than to the eye, it manages to isolate and to underscore the essential quality of each writer, and Mr. Levin does a real service in reminding us that these writers have roots in a European

and a Romantic tradition, a point the Americanists would ignore or altogether repudiate. Although Mr. Levin makes all the proper allowances for Puritanism, Transcendentalism and other All-American fetishes, he does not allow the matter to rest there but by means of easy allusion to Pascal, Shakespeare, Balzac, Dostoevski and many others, strongly suggests that no amount of chauvinism or post-Parrington patriation will satisfy those of us who want books to read and not social documents of dubious reliability.

So much on the credit side—and it is rather more than would appear if the reader had been exposed to the work of departments of American Studies, on which the sun apparently never sets. Mr. Levin knows and likes literature, a literature without frontiers; but in this book he confronts certain inherent

limitations of the lecture. For whom was the book written? For an audience, literally, I should say, inasmuch as I felt that there was a good deal of verbal dexterity of a sort pleasing to the ear and entertaining in a lecture hall, but sometimes irritating to the reader. I found that at certain points I wanted a definitive or revealing statement and was put off with a phrase—well-turned and suggestive but nonetheless inadequate for my purposes as a reader of a book of criticism. And my dissatisfaction was the more acute because Mr. Levin so often seems on the edge of a revealing, a synthesizing insight—but he does not, as far as I can tell, take the risk and plunge. I confess to a feeling of having been fobbed off with something less than the best of which the author is capable, of being given, ultimately, the answers which I might expect and might be expected to understand.

THE QUESTIONS raised by Mr. Levin and which I want answered remain: how "American" are these men? how Romantic? What exactly was Poe up to and is there anything there at all beside fustian and symbols for Baudelaire and the psychiatric critics? To what extent is the "romance" (as opposed to the "novel") an American predilection? to what extent European and modern? These questions, and many others, crop up and receive notice, yet none gets its due. How could it, in a series of lectures designed to take numbers of people on a guided tour of the ruins, so to say?

Still, might it not be fruitful, in what is after all *another book* on these men, to attempt to see them as fully in the round as anyone can? Surely the "voyage of discovery" is no patented literary device, developed by Americans or by Poe. Balloons, and science-fiction generally, have had a long history in literature; Peter Rugg, that American symbol of the displaced person, has counterparts in the work of such odd English post-Romantics as Beddoes, Le Fanu and Willkie Collins, not to mention Dickens; and the imagery of destruction can hardly be said to belong primarily to American literature. I wish Mr. Levin had developed these points; it is in no sense a ploy on my part, to try to dig up refutations. If Le Fanu, and Beddoes, for example, are relatively obscure, minor writers, why is Poe major and prominent? At one point Mr. Levin gives us a truly valuable insight with respect to this problem and its implications:

There is doubtless something immature in Poe's exaggerated sensibility, his childlike readiness to be ter-

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ried by the dark or to view unfamiliar things in a sinister light. But the characteristic point of view in American fiction may well be that of a boy, an adolescent initiated to manhood by the impact of his adventures, such as the heroes of Melville and Mark Twain, of Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, William Faulkner's "Bear," and the stories of Ernest Hemingway. And it may not be sufficiently appreciated that all of these have their archetypal predecessor in Poe's single work of book-length, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*.

That is the sort of thing I believe readers of this sort of book want to find and to see unfold and develop.

THE controlling theme, the dominating image, is that of blackness, darkness, of the obsession with evil. The jacket-blurb (and I think Mr. Levin would be the first to regret it) tells us that this "profound and searching reinterpretation . . ." is also an experiment in critical method, an exploration of the myth-making process by way of what may come to be known as literary iconology." Let us by all means hope that it never does come

to that. In the present instance, Mr. Levin has had the sense and judgment not to pursue symbols too far or too hard; the method is descriptive and eminently sane. What he tells us to look at is *there*, and I had no quarrel with what Mr. Levin found nor in his description of it. At times the "dark wisdom" of the minds Mr. Levin here examines may strike us as something less than awe-inspiring, the "symbolic character of our greatest fiction" seem less a virtue than an obsessive vice; but that may be my own reaction and Mr. Levin does not insist that all three men are equally "great"—nor necessarily of the highest rank in literature. The final point, that of the increasing rapprochement of American and English or European literature, considered thematically, comes satisfyingly out of Mr. Levin's careful establishment of the preoccupation with death, evil and decay as a dominating concern of the three writers. If there is nothing new here, there is nothing false, prejudiced or narrow; one feels a good sane air moving about. Now I would like from Mr. Levin a further exploration of what is adumbrated here—a full-scale study of the matter that *The Power of Blackness* has shown to us, as it were, at arm's length.

of Russell Kirk's latest book, *The American Cause*, reveals that there are still some who think that an appeal to the one is also an appeal to the other, and who invoke the guidance of our ancestors on a highly selective and arbitrary basis.

Kirk is, in fact, much less of a traditionalist than he is a believer in God. He uses tradition but does not respect it. This is why, despite his seeming genuflections to the past, he ignores those elements in it that do not advance his argument. He quotes approvingly that crusty old aristocrat, John Adams; he does not mention Paine or Parker or Thoreau; and when he cites Jefferson it is primarily to explain him away—to argue, or at least to assert, that Jefferson did not mean what people have taken him to mean when he denied that the United States is a Christian nation and affirmed that all men are created equal. What Kirk really reveres is the "divine intelligence," though it is not altogether clear whether this intelligence is to be found in God or in Kirk's hero, Edmund Burke; and since, as Kirk believes, the United States *is* a Christian nation, he is concerned to spell out those beliefs "which are at the heart of the American cause"—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood and dignity of man.

## Confusion of Principles

*THE AMERICAN CAUSE.* By Russell Kirk. Henry Regnery Co. 172 pp. \$3.50.

David Spitz

WHEN the first American Congress authorized the mint at Philadelphia to coin and issue a penny piece, it saw to it that the inscription bore an appropriate motto: Mind Your Business. This motto—generally attributed to Benjamin Franklin—was also employed on the first American dollars. But the wisdom of our ancestors was understandably (if regrettably) disregarded in the turmoil of the Civil War, and one Reverend Watkins had little difficulty in persuading Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase to invoke the aid of the deity by inscribing on our coins the present motto: In God We Trust. This public reaffirmation of faith, as everyone knows, is now going on at an accelerated pace—witness President Eisenhower's incorporation of the religious motto into our

traditionally secular pledge of allegiance.

I mention this odd bit of Americana to illustrate what I would have thought is a quite obvious point: namely, that those who appeal both to tradition and to God are sometimes engaged in a schizophrenic enterprise. But a reading

NOW Christians and some others can no doubt subscribe to these beliefs without agreeing as well to the particular moral, political and economic principles that Kirk derives from them. For these principles—once we get away, as Kirk cannot, from God the stern judge but loving Father and the sins of His tormented servants—show Kirk to be not merely a man divided but a man who is tragically uninformed.

It is unfair, I suppose, to compare

## Six Picassos

I

The mother is a pair of wings  
that wish around the child

II

Circling the puzzled boy with fleshless arms  
the old man starves and dreams

III

The naked ones embrace and thrust their darkness  
into each other's kindled nerves

IV

An antique woman sits  
and stares at God

V

A vitreous girl regards herself  
in mirrors and time sings

VI

A dove of light  
is written in the air

DAVID SPITZ is professor of political science at Ohio State University and the author of *Patterns of Anti-Democratic Thought*.

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*The American Cause* to Kirk's earlier books, for in these, as a true (i.e., Kirk-ean) conservative, he was a critic of America, a Jeremiah wailing at the wall; and now he is a defender of the American faith. But the man beneath the armor cannot always conceal his true identity, and what the defender affirms the conservative often denies. The result is a potpourri in which conservative doctrines and American beliefs and practices dwell discordantly together.

This contradiction apart, what are the principles that Kirk believes define the American cause—not, let it be emphasized, from the standpoint of a conservative ethic but as these principles are applied in American life?

## The Mill of Death

(from the French of Ivan Goll)

Under the plaster cast of my presence  
O my death stretches itself out in me,  
Under my viviparous sleep—  
Already eternally mine—  
O my irremediable bride.

Beautiful miller you work  
In the mill of my slow hours  
You grind my bones  
You grind my words  
Beneath your lying evidence.

The rose trees of my frenzy  
The eyelids of my delirium  
In the wind of wind,  
My tellurian, go, split them  
Into pure foam and pure ruin.

The moth of my nostrils  
Throbs with pain always in its wings  
Where my gold eyes are incrustured  
Someone has taken my dream for himself  
With the last throb.

Everything will turn white  
When the double faced angels come  
Who are guilty of innocence  
And the sudden aging of the anemones  
Of the idea of my first rose.

The fire turns white and the water  
The cedar turns white its antlers of  
carbon

On the negative of death  
O my white blood  
Which ends in a broth of ashes.  
Ah you come to undress me  
To take off my weeping matter  
What eye of the living may still  
Rest on a rose

Without withering it?  
In spite of its four doors  
My heart will not open any more  
O money box of my heart  
Where I stored up a God.  
Mill, grind the water of nothing.

KENNETH REXROTH

Morally, Kirk begins, they are the trinity of natural laws, natural rights, and natural duties; though "precisely what these rights are," Kirk admits, "never has been entirely agreed upon, even among professed Christians." Further, they embrace toleration of, but not indifference to, religion, which means that as a Christian nation we properly restrain immoral (i.e., unchristian) conduct; and if we do not restrain *all* immoral acts it is simply because no political authority can possibly do so. We are, if anything, a prudent people.

Politically, our three great concepts are justice, by which Kirk means not equality but assuring to each man the things that are his own (whether inherited or acquired); order, by which he means a graded arrangement of classes ruled by a natural aristocracy; and freedom, by which he means not the absence of restraints but "a disciplined, traditional, moderate, law-respecting freedom . . . obedience to the laws of God."

Finally, the American economic system is a free economy based on competition — "human beings are content only when they are struggling against obstacles" — tempered by charity. In fact, because we have "very widely and equitably distributed" our wealth, because we now have millions of "capitalists" and no depressed classes, it is possible, Kirk muses, that our real problem is to reward better than we do the upper classes.

I leave for the delectation of the reader two chapters that must be read to be believed. In one (Chap. 6), the

American political system is described in terms that put it beyond all recognition. In the other (Chap. 9), the Communist claims are disposed of as the product of ignorance and sin, envy and the lust for power; and what attention is given to Communist doctrine is focused on as absurd a presentation of the canons of communism as this reviewer has ever read (see pp. 138-39).

HOW shall we explain this book? Clearly, on the basis of some of his earlier writings, Kirk is too sensitive a person not to be aware of some at least of his flagrant distortions: repeatedly, for example, he resorts in *The American Cause* to a double standard of judgment, condemning the Communists whenever their practices depart from their professions but justifying the Americans whenever they do the same on the ground that such inconsistencies are merely the normal differences between imperfect man and ideal society. What accounts for this performance, I suspect, is that Kirk is here trying to rally Americans, particularly the military — "it is a compliment to an American soldier to ask him to die for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his God" — to the support of a cause in which he does not altogether believe.

For this reviewer, however, precisely because the American cause is in its commitment to democracy a noble cause, it merits a noble defense; and this can be achieved only by one who sees that cause for what it is, and who can condemn those who attack it both from within and from without.

## LETTER from NEW ORLEANS

Stanley Meisler

THE FIRST Inter-American Music Festival opens April 18 in Washington. The festival originally had been scheduled for April of last year, and New Orleans, which aspires to be the modern hub of the Americas, was the site chosen. The selection aimed to blend the old musical tradition of the city with the more recent Latin American hue that has covered the port commercially. But several months before the scheduled opening, with almost all commissioned music completed, officials mysteriously called everything off. And the music has marked time for a year.

STANLEY MEISLER, a wire-service newsman, recently transferred from New Orleans to Washington.

In calling off the event, the authorities concerned mumbled an odd excuse: the postponement was due to a delay in construction of an outdoor concert stage near the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. This was the first inkling most New Orleanians had that anyone ever contemplated building such a stage, and since then there has not been another scrap of information about it. Last December 8, *The New York Times*, while discussing the upcoming event in Washington, offered a more logical excuse: the festival was postponed last year so that it would not conflict with the program of the Institucion Jose Angel Lamas in Caracas and the Casals Festival in Puerto Rico. But this, while justifying a change of time, does not ex-



plain the change of place. Both the initial announcement and the *Times* interpretation were too polite to hit the mark. New Orleans did not have a music festival last year because its businessmen, who have spent quantities of money and energy in the last fifteen years to attract Latin American trade, did not feel like wasting either to attract Latin American culture.

THE roots of the difficulty stretch to the nineteenth century, when New Orleans was the center of French Opera in the United States. Today its opera company, which presents no more than twelve performances a year, wiggles on and off its deathbed, and the city's improving symphony orchestra is not of the first rank. This decline in culture had accompanied a decline in power during the last one hundred years. After the Civil War, and the resulting weakening of the cotton economy, New Orleans, the only major Confederate city occupied by Union troops for a long war period, lost its place of importance among American seaports. From then until World War II, the city had three industries—food, Mardi Gras and jazz.

But during World War II, New Orleans trade leaped in awesome bounds, and the city flourished economically. After the war, businessmen shuddered to

think that the trade would whisk back to New York. Some imaginative men formed International House to hold on to the foreign business and, with the help of an energetic and peripatetic mayor, young deLesseps Morrison, succeeded so well that port activity not only failed to decline after the war, it tripled within six years.

International House found the key to New Orleans trade in geography and turned the city toward Latin America. Today three-quarters of New Orleans' imports come from Latin America. The new partnership has been happy, for Latins like New Orleans: the climate is hot and humid, the architecture is Spanish, the residents are Roman Catholic, the streets are lined with palms.

With this background it seemed fitting for the Pan American Union and International House to push New Orleans as the site of the first music festival. The staff of International House knew that if New Orleans was to find a vitality reminiscent of the early nineteenth century, it would have to be linked culturally as well as economically with Latin America. This was made clear, in fact, when the State Department sent the New Orleans Symphony two years ago on a tour of Central and South America, giving the orchestra the only national notice it ever has received.

But this idea of attracting Latin culture was hard to sell to New Orleans businessmen. The typical fellow could not see any immediate dollars-and-cents value in serious Latin music. It was hard for him to peek into the future and visualize the economic benefits that would come if Latins some day felt that New Orleans was their city, the only place in the United States to talk about, to visit, to buy a hat. And, if he did understand the lasting importance of culture, he had a tough time associating it with Latin America. The New Orleansian has been trained to feel that the only true culture of his city is French, even though any vital Gallic influence has long disappeared. International House could not convince its members—the businessmen of the city—to put up the money for the festival or to spend time organizing the program.

THE EXCITING display of largely unfamiliar music now will stimulate Washington, instead of New Orleans, for three days. New Orleans has lost seven world premieres: the piano concerto of Argentina's Roberto Caamano; an orchestral suite, "New England Episodes," by Quincy Porter of this country; a quartet by Juan Orrego Salas of Chile; another quartet by Alberto Ginastera of Argentina; "Music for Little Orchestra" by

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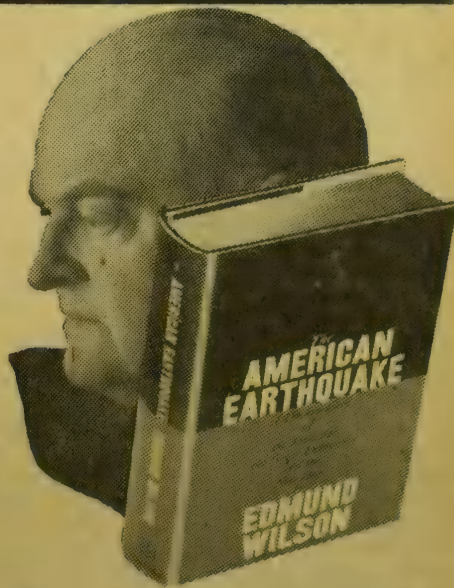
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In addition, there will be performances, some for the first time in the United States, of music by Antonio Estevez of Venezuela, Roque Cordero of Panama, Juan Jose Castro of Argentina, Blas Galindo of Mexico, Aurelio de la Vega of Cuba, Violet Archer of Canada, Luis Sandi of Mexico, Rodolfo Halffter of Mexico, Hector Tosar of Uruguay and Gustavo Becerra of Chile.

The Inter-American Music Center of the Pan American Union, credited as the

festival organizer, has lined up the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, the National Symphony of Mexico, the Juilliard String Quartet, the Claremont String Quartet and the Howard University Choir to perform.

No doubt the music center will be satisfied both by the performances and the reception of Washington audiences. But a regret will linger over the festival. There would have been a touch of the exotic in spotlighting the festival in the warm, Latin-like Southern city that claims to try so hard to reach the heart of the Americas. As it is, the festival lost its perfect setting; New Orleans lost a perfect chance.

popular methods of making these choices—each advertised by those who use it as the most equitable and objective—are the poll system and the jury system. The jury system depends on who's on the jury, and the material presented to it for consideration. The Peabody and Sherwood awards use it with considerable success, although it is hard to understand why the erudite Peabody jury gave an award to Lassie—who accepted it in person! The poll system, bristling with protective devices such as sealed blanks and accounting firms to tabulate results, purports to represent public opinion as reflected by TV editors and columnists. Not long ago, columnist John Crosby made it clear that he files such requests in the wastebasket.

## TELEVISION

*Anne W. Langman*

ON April 15, the television industry will present itself with twenty-five gilded statuettes—the Emmy awards. So glittering will be the parade of those who give and those who receive on the ninety-minute coast-to-coast telecast that dazzled viewers are not likely to ask whether the Emmies mean anything. However, the more cynical may suspect that the honors being dispensed fall short of the dignity of a Nobel or Pulitzer prize.

The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences gives the Emmy awards and promotes them as the top distinction of the business. Nevertheless, this paper-weight competes in a large field. Hungry for recognition, television has allowed itself to be showered annually with hundreds of awards, and the pattern of the Emmies is no better (and not much worse) than any of the others. In literature, drama, art and music, a handful of awards suffices. Why, then, this profusion in the least formed art of television?

Giving TV awards brings high rewards—to the donor. For an investment of ten to twenty thousand dollars, he gets hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of free publicity. Sometimes an entire program is devoted to distributing awards (Perry Como, for example, spent his full show on the *Look* awards recently); or the payoff may be in the form of a battery of free plugs ("We are happy to announce . . ."). And it is the very best kind of promotion. Commercial outfits tie the tail of salesmanship to a high-purpose kite; thus they sail far above the jungle of commercialism, but nonetheless promote their product. Who can fail to honor the

Sylvania Company for sponsoring awards for "distinguished achievement in creative television"? TV awards are also a convenient device for foundations and do-good organizations. Thus they advance their causes without doing anything original, and achieve status by association with success.

Awards are generally given for "the best," "the most outstanding," "the most distinguished" programs or people in a number of categories. The most

THE Emmy awards are unique in that they depend on votes from the industry itself, modeled after the movie Oscars. But something is terribly wrong with the Emmies. Why, for example, was a program which received cheers and acclaim from every corner of the country, not even nominated? Barring a sudden and unexpected switch, Marian Anderson's *Lady from Philadelphia* will not win an Emmy award. This is a glaring omission, and it could happen to anybody.

It is the very basis of the Emmies that fails the industry, and fools the public. The selection operates through an elaborate series of entry forms, can-

## Jack and the Other Jack

Jack told himself the world was pure as soap,  
The kind that floats. He traveled little, went  
From home to work to home, so that his scope  
Would not include corruption or dissent.

He drank no coffee, but he couldn't sleep.  
Although he knelt beside his bed and prayed,  
He prayed to names. His rabbit pulse would leap  
To see a drunken man. He was afraid.

Then in his room it stood, face much like his,  
But changed throughout, the lips and nose more wide,  
A large, permanent smile whose messages  
Attacked his ear with grossness. Terrified,

He waited for a metamorphosis.  
The loosened body, filled with appetite,  
He thought would slough all memory but this  
Adjunct of novelty and bad delight.  
He found himself mistaken, for in time  
The long way home became his self-command;  
He learned that wanting things was not a crime,  
Nor was it devilish to understand.

Now unified within their father's son,  
Two Jacks combine their mutual desire,  
And talk each night about what they have done  
And not done, and continue to conspire.

DONALD HALL



didates for nominations, elections and tabulations. All this starts with the producer, who must have the time, energy and desire to nominate his own show. To get on the list, he must put himself there. Anyone with a normal amount of modesty might hesitate to ask to be thus praised. Another flaw is that while the winners are said to represent the opinion of the industry, votes are cast only by academy members, numbering 3,000. This is a tiny percentage of the army of TV professionals in New York and Los Angeles who are eligible to join.

NETWORKS, producers and performers alike, in fearful competition for publicity and recognition however meaningless, have been willing partners in the award game. They must constantly submit programs for awards. NBC has two full-time people preparing presentations. CBS divides the responsibility among several departments. Caught without entry material, networks have been known to construct a show to fit the bill. Winners must submit to hours of dais-sitting and speech-making at award lunches, dinners and telecasts. The collected talent tied up in a year of award ceremonies could produce hundreds of hours of top-quality TV.

Some of the awards—the Robert E. Sherwood, Ohio State and a few others—are good. Some are open to criticism of taste and judgment, others are innuities. But all are rendered meaningless by their profusion. There is hardly a show on the air that has not won at least a couple of plaques, scrolls or medals, hardly a producer who cannot point with pride to a framed testimony

of his excellence. And the obliging viewer continues to be a gullible target for the multi-award winning label, sported in every corner of the publicity market.

A prominent network producer, whose program has won almost every available award—numbering in the hundreds over the years—has come up with a solution. "The three networks," he says, "could agree to recognize a set of annual awards and only one set. They could each put up ten thousand dollars a year, if necessary, to sustain an unbiased committee of judges to make the awards. The judges should be professionals, and the only professionals in the field not employed by broadcasting are the critics. The networks could designate a selected list of TV and radio critics who would function with complete autonomy and make known their deliberations once a year. The networks would alternate in televising the awards, and it would be the only award they recognize or broadcast."

The author of this suggestion remains anonymous, guessing that the only result of a personal crusade would be to remove his program from further award consideration. Three other top network producers were delighted with the suggestion, but none is willing to say so in public.

Still, it is an encouraging sign that the first rumblings of discontent with the mass of TV awards should come from high places in the industry. The proposed solution seems sound. Surely astute viewers would applaud if awardees and awardees put their time and attention to making better TV shows instead of giving and getting awards for mediocrity.

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

VERDI'S *Otello*, which returned to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera for several performances this season, is considered by many admirers of Italian opera to be that composer's *magnum opus*. I am not convinced that it quite merits that distinction, for it seems to me that other of his works contain passages of music more intensely inspired than those in *Otello* and, in some cases, scores more precisely suited in coloration to their dramatic subjects. But, whatever its place in a comparative scale, *Otello* is an immensely potent work—even a monument—and its production at the Metropolitan, while scenically poor and certainly not perfect

in every detail, was nevertheless compelling.

The two keystones to a performance of this opera are the characters of *Otello*, here sung by Mario Del Monaco, and that of Iago, which was carried by Leonard Warren. Desdemona, sung by Zinka Milanov, is necessarily a more passive character, and the others—Emilia (Martha Lipton), Cassio (Paul Franke), Roderigo (Charles Anthony), Lodovico (Norman Scott), and Montano (Osie Hawkins), are distinctly minor. But more important than any matter of positioning in the plot, on this occasion, was the fact that Del Monaco invested his impersonation with

a higher degree of histrionic subtlety than did the other players, and sang with an intensity of passion that was quite remarkable. He did not produce, at every point, the most graciously modulated tone in the world, but he produced a lot of it, and every note pulsed with conviction and a craggy rightness of style.

Del Monaco's usual stage behavior suggests repressed fury, and for the role of *Otello*, nothing could be more appropriate. Throughout three acts, he must grow progressively more distraught, revealing this to the audience, and yet restricting himself to only a few overtly destructive gestures toward Desdemona and one collapse through an excess of passion. Del Monaco managed this so well that even as he sat quietly in a chair his splendidly costumed figure emanated a feeling of mounting virulence. The Moor he created was a refined one, with overtones of civilized wiriness rather than of any heavy-handedness or primitivism. It was not

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the only possible Moor, but it was precise, convincing and all of a piece, whether one considered it with the eyes, the ears, or the mind.

Leonard Warren's Iago was less impressive. He is a remarkable singer, and a polished musician as well. He is, as we all know, a mainstay of the Metropolitan's baritone roster. But whether singing the elder Germont in *La Traviata* or Verdi's Iago, he is always Leonard Warren. He carves lines of melody with the suavity of a 'cellist; he invariably sings on pitch; he communicates all abstract musical values. He does not, however, let loose any furies, for his essence is dignity, and furies are seldom dignified. As a result, Warren's Iago tends to be more of a musicianly reading of the baritone part than an incarnation of evil. Even in the second scene of Act II, wherein he describes the sources and nature of Iago's evil and utters what undoubtedly was meant by Verdi to be heard as blasphemy, an overriding urbanity rounds the devilish sentiments and turns them into polished mahogany. I believe, too, that his costume in this opera was unfortunate. For Mr. Warren draws his wonderful baritone from a midriff of a certain amplitude, and the clothes he was called upon to wear as Iago did nothing to fortify Verdi's original conception of the character as one who was "tall and thin . . . nonchalant and superficial." Nor did the wide rounding of the eyes with which Mr. Warren tries to frighten his audiences really look more than googly.

Zinka Milanov, who had never before sung the role of Desdemona at the

Metropolitan, naturally made all who admire her abilities curious to know what she would do with it. I must say, right off, that acting does not figure among the distinguished abilities. The critic, Virgil Thomson, out of his inimitable faculty for putting a finger on the right word, once wrote that opera singers "lurch." Miss Milanov, though she sang magnificently, lurched through the role of Desdemona. For the most part, her lurch was gentler than the one she applies to other characterizations. But at one point, when she was lying in a semi-horizontal position upon a tier of three steps, she achieved such a successful effect of this sort (no small feat when one is lying down) that several resounding thumps from the orchestra seemed to have been caused by the impact of her avoirdupois upon the steps. That is carrying theatrical innocence too far. Desdemona is not a humorous character. She is young, naive and set-upon—there is nothing amusing in her plight, and even in the absence of positive acting abilities in her impersonator, there should be nothing laughable in her behavior. Miss Milanov sang like a *diva*, but I wish she would learn a seemly stage deportment, even if she does not act. I also wish that the Metropolitan's *Otello* could have some new sets and a bit more pointed direction than Fausto Cleva gave it from the pit.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

MORE THAN a hundred ceramics by Picasso are on display through May 10 at the Cooper Union Museum. It is the largest group yet to be seen in New York—vases, decorative plaques, bowls and pitchers, by the liveliest painter of our time.

The majority of the pieces shown are unique examples, modeled or designed by Picasso himself and glazed and decorated by his hand. Others, stamped *Empreinte Originale de Picasso* and existing in some hundred copies, are pressings in unglazed white biscuit or red clay from molds made by the painter. A few, marked *Edition Picasso*, are factory copies or interpretations of Picasso originals and, as far as I can see, in no way inferior. These pressings and editions, made at the Poterie Madura in Vallauris under Picasso's supervision, are popular with collectors. Their price, in France at any rate, cannot be prohibitive.

The work is cheerful and witty. The shapes vary from parodies of standard ceramic models to the most bizarre improvisations. The surface ornamentation is done with an easy, flowing hand and unfailing invention. There are vases adorned with nude model and her bearded painter, plates with faces and street scenes, a pitcher in the form of a fighting cock, the lines of its decoration forming at the same time the bird's plumage and a grotesque mask, a pitcher in the shape of a pigeon with its tail in air, another like a duck clasped by two hands. There are bulls and bull fighting, classical figures, goats, owls and flowers, and many fish. The pieces are all handsome and reassuringly unfunctional; it might be difficult to eat from some of the plates or lift some of the pitchers. They are designed as art objects, made to fit contemporary decoration.

IN THIS country two styles of interior decoration are ordinarily available—modern and period. The one imitates the functional efficiency and shiny neatness of new machinery. The other uses antiques to evoke the past or aims at a harmony composed of disparate styles. There also exists a third style of decoration—called in France *le style auberge*—the style of the country inn. It uses country materials; provincial or peasant furniture, dark woodwork and plaster walls, pewter pots, regional earthenware, handwoven rugs and hangings, and in its more popular versions, red-checked tablecloths and cart wheels made into chandeliers. A version of it was prevalent here some forty years ago under the name of "mission," and still exists in a more elaborate form in Frank Lloyd Wright interiors, and in seemingly endless variations in the do-it-yourself designs of the household magazines.

It is in this peasant style of decoration that the ceramics of Picasso, unlike his paintings, are so beautifully at home. They have not the delicacy of design and elaboration of drawing we are accustomed to find in a period piece, and nothing of the machine-like asepsis and humorless severity of the modern style. Part of the work's charm is that it is, technically speaking, crude. Picasso is not willingly expert in the troublesome chemistry of clay and glazes. As he himself says: "I do not search; I find." But the lovely good humor and impish vitality of the pieces make them appear less like work of the grand old man of painting than like the playful and charming creations of some prodigious child.

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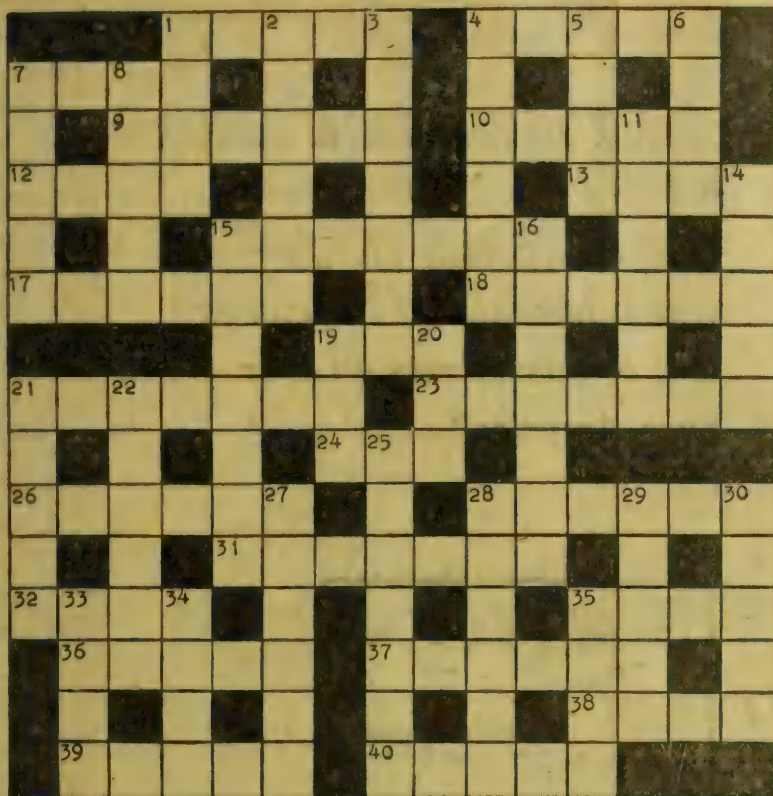
### The NATION

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# Crossword Puzzle No. 767

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 4 Decks to shuffle on a mule, perhaps. (4, 6)
- 9 The Mikado recommended such ■ cloth for billiard sharps. (6)
- 10 and 12 Sue makes literary effort in a pretty small way. (9)
- 13 The hot type aren't necessarily found in piles. (4)
- 15 and 23 Yellow wall-covering, also the hot type! (7, 7)
- 17 Displayed in the tragedy of Father Thomas? (6)
- 18 To make a mistake with a childless 11 is just like some knights! (6)
- 19 Just the girl for a man who might 10-12. (3)
- 21 All slicked up, like in acquisitiveness. (7)
- 26 A visible sign of an idea. (6)
- 28 Being, as an illustration, runged.
- 31 A knight was supposed to have this wrong. (7)
- 32 Did he try to turn Rome to 36? (4)
- 35 He goes to either side from the middle. (4)
- 36 She's a relic of an old flame, perhaps. (5)
- 37 and 7 across Curio or pet found in the West Indies. (6, 4)
- 38 Redskins have no help in return for lodgings. (4)
- 39 Bar crowd (but they should be in school!) (5)
- 40 At the spring, according to Pippa.

## DOWN:

- 1 Upon every Southern table you'll find it! (4)

- 2 Feather-like arm (likely to be held high?) (6)
- 3 A rather rocky descent could still be pleasant! (7)
- 4 What makes a snake bite? (I hope so!) (6)
- 5 Opening act, alternatively. (4)
- 7 Does the horse come up to check the tally? (5)
- 8 and 24 across With a bad appendix, one doesn't tell the doctor to quit clowning! (3, 2, 3)
- 11 Sounding obviously not an adult worker! (6)
- 14 Compared with Hyperion, a demigod. (5)
- 16 Envisaged something made red. (7)
- 19 A note of trouble here. (3)
- 20 It's a small point, but appropriate.
- 21, 6 and 15 down Othello's bugbear? (5-4, 7)
- 22 Eventually they died and become 36. (6)
- 25 Certainly not like Wordsworth's warrior. (7)
- 27 This book sounds like a famous explorer. (6)
- 28 Such kinds are not quite common.
- 29 Not down, and yet not up to it, but Nuclear Research takes place here.
- 30 Refuse to be it. (5)
- 33 The part of 40 that sometimes stand out. (4)
- 34 State of emptiness about a cheery greeting? (4)
- 35 Did a revolutionary statesman make it so? (4)

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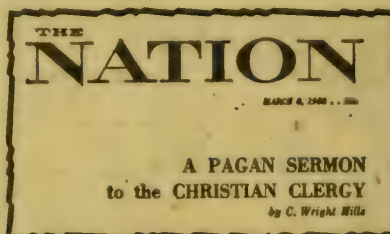
Dr. McCracken, at Riverside,  
Assails 'Selfish Interest'  
of Persons and Nations

A Protestant clergyman urged Christians yesterday to "let Palm Sunday be a voice from Christ" protesting the nuclear arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union.

The speaker was the Rev. Dr. Robert J. McCracken, minister of the Riverside Church. He preached on the subject, "The Man Born to Be King," before a capacity congregation of 2,500 persons who joined in prayer to commemorate Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

In his sermon, Dr. McCracken referred to a recent article in The Nation, in which the author warned that the chance of war became greater as the nuclear arms race grew more competitive. The minister said the article described "our situation today." He added: "We've never been in a worse mess."

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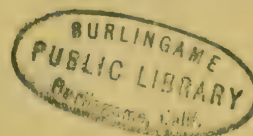
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# THE NATION

APRIL 19, 1958 . . 25c



## GOVERNMENT'S BIG EARS

. . *Charles P. Curtis*

---

## THE BUSINESS OF BASEBALL

. . *James T. Farrell*

---

## WILL THERE BE AN AUTO STRIKE?

. . *B. J. Widick*

---



# LETTERS

## Steve Allen and Emmy

Dear Sirs: Congratulations to Miss Langman for her comments on the Emmy awards in your April 12 issue.

Two years ago I presented myself with *The Award Award*, an award earned by winning the most TV awards. The situation has now arrived, in the opinion of many, at the point of the ridiculous. Unfortunately, there is little in man's history to indicate that he will stop doing something just because it is ridiculous.

STEVE ALLEN

New York City

## Labor's Albatross

Dear Sirs: The problem presented in *Meetings Without Members* (by Glenn W. Miller, *The Nation* of March 29) is indeed a problem—and one without end. But it wasn't always so. Having carried a union card now for nearly forty-one years, I am somewhat acquainted with the factors involved.

As of the last ten years, I would say that there has been little need for union-meeting attendance. Work has been plentiful, conditions and wages have been good, and have been guaranteed by long-term contracts. So why attend meetings?

The result is sad. The rank-and-file has lost its standing at meetings. Today's meetings are brief and quiet, conducted in an atmosphere of conformity. Members are expected to support whatever is sponsored, and not to question procedure. If the rank-and-filer has anything to say, he will be given the floor; but unless he speaks in support of the sponsored proposition, he will meet with apathy—or hostility. He will find out that he doesn't seem to "belong," and that his presence is not really wanted, but merely tolerated. Thus conformity has become the Albatross of Labor.

The causes? I believe the decadence of Labor had its origin in 1918 with the arrest, trial, conviction and imprisonment of Eugene V. Debs. From that time on, Labor became scared and turned conservative. It reached a low point at the Portland, Oregon, convention of the A. F. of L. in 1923, when Gompers, then president, expelled the left-wing faction (Bill Dunn and the Silver Bow Delegation) of the convention, and chastised the progressives (Jimmy Duncan and the Seattle Labor Council) with the order: Conform to our standards, or I will lift your charter.

Since then, Labor has been a ghost, a body without wings.

My solution: Restore the wings—the right wing as well as the left wing—to the body of labor. Then we will have interesting meetings again, and the members will return in droves.

FRED HARRIS

Millbrae, Calif.

## Time Curves

Dear Sirs: *Nation* readers appreciated your message of congratulations to *Time* (Bully for *Time*, March 8), even though Luce reading habits may have prevented slick-paper savants from detecting the foul of irrationality committed during the dazzling broken-field run, where positions were reversed with deft maneuvering and the characteristic cute cadences of the *Time* machine's sophisticated cynicism. Your cry of "Foul!" will be applauded where it is heard. But isn't *Time* too big to be held accountable? Perhaps its only accounting is financial?

CLIFFORD P. WOLFSEHR

Ellensburg, Washington

## Italy's Universities

Dear Sirs: William Weaver writes (*The Nation*, March 15) of the crisis gnawing at the vitals of Italian education. His excellent report deserves emphasis at certain points. The miserable salaries paid to top university professors in Italy—\$150 to \$200 monthly—encourage and perpetuate the vicious custom of their maintaining outside employment. That is, most law professors conduct active private practice, members of the medical faculties practice medicine and surgery—often with prosperous clinics of their own—and the trusts widely employ engineering and economics professors at fancy salaries.

This, as Mr. Weaver points out, robs the oncoming generation of training by the top intellectuals of the country, leaving day-to-day instruction in the hands of the overharassed, underpaid assistants. A further deplorable result is that Italian universities have no corporate life, no intellectual community.

While heroic efforts are being made to combat widespread illiteracy in Southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia, the general level of higher education in Italy sinks to depths which would shame even the Fascist regime. Indeed, a university survey made last autumn revealed the perilous fact that Italy today is spending far less on scientific research and training than in the pre-war days, when

Enrico Fermi was driven to seek refuge in our country.

Now the United States must be aware of its own responsibility for the poor preparation a key ally is getting to survive the fierce competition. For Italy's educational plight is in large part due to the crushing burdens of the military budget imposed on her by her NATO commitments. In part, it is also due to the betrayal of the social aspirations of the Italian people by the present Christian Democratic Government.

JOHN CRANE

New York City

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## EDITORIALS

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### Back Door to the Summit

Mr. Dulles must be aware of the generally unfavorable drift of events, but he may not appreciate its full magnitude and momentum. He may be hoping for a turn which will bring back the happy days of our atomic monopoly and our delusions of unchallenged technological supremacy. Yet a bit of diplomatic imagination would show him a way out of the impasse and, if he himself cannot see it, the President (assuming he is not equally astigmatic) might venture to call it to his attention.

By all appearances, the Secretary and General Eisenhower will be forced to a summit conference: it can be postponed but not averted. They should be looking for a means, then, of going to the meeting with more to bargain with than Mr. Dulles' shirt. The Chinese and North Korean Reds have proposed that the Chinese forces and those of the West be withdrawn from Korea. This affords an opening for some trading in place of frozen diplomacy which, if successful, could react favorably on the situation in Europe.

Asia is the preferable theatre for preliminary negotiations because actually Mr. Dulles has nothing there which Mr. Khrushchev wants (except, of course, Mr. Dulles' head), while Mr. Dulles has at least two things Chou En-lai wants: entrance to the United Nations and, *afar off*, Taiwan. Even U.N. membership is, of course, no immediate prospect; nevertheless, merely by talking Mr. Dulles could put Mr. Chou on probation, so to speak, and probably displease Mr. Khrushchev, who is not unaware of a potential rival for leadership of the Communist bloc. At the same time the neutrals will be impressed by our willingness to exchange views.

There is no possible objection to this maneuver except that it may arouse the wrath of Senator Knowland and other old China hands, but sooner or later this must be braved in any case. Many South Koreans are in favor of bilateral troop withdrawal. Mr. Yongjeung Kim, president of the Korean Affairs Institute, agrees that "troop withdrawal ought to be looked at on its

own merits and not discarded ritualistically just because the Communists have proposed it." He points out that unless we test the intentions of the Communists, the "Asian nations will suspect the American Government of wishing to maintain the division of Korea." Conversely: "The freeing of Korea by the efforts of American leadership would be a tremendous victory for the United States and the United Nations and a significant breakthrough in the cold war." Not only the cold war in Asia, but elsewhere as well.

The sixteen U.N. members who fought in Korea replied receptively to the Chinese-North Korean proposal through a British note of April 9. It would be desirable for the State Department to supplement the U.N. communications with others which might be carried through direct diplomatic channels, like the conversations in Geneva between American and Chinese emissaries on repatriation of prisoners. The important step is to take matters at least partly out of the hands of hack diplomats like Henry Cabot Lodge and Walter S. Robertson, and here Mr. Dulles has much to gain and little to lose.

### The Augean Stables

The President has cast himself in the role of Hercules to clean up the mountainous mess in the Pentagon. His mien at the April 9 press conference left no doubt that, in this instance, he has cast off his usual irresolution. When a President decides to go to the country on an issue on which he speaks with seeming authority, it is hard to stop him. The chances are that General Eisenhower will get more of what he is asking—and his asking price is high—than would have seemed possible even a week ago. But the ultimate benefits of Pentagon reorganization ("unification" is a will-o-the-wisp) will be much less than those the President and the taxpayers hope for.

The basic reason for the splitting headaches of military administration is that the overall mission of the services has become impossible. The layers of assistant



secretaries, the dualities of the Joint Chiefs, the vast numbers of admirals and generals stationed in Washington, the press-agentry and lobbying of Army, Navy and Air Force alike, are symptomatic of a deep pathology. Men are trying, some honestly and some with a single eye to personal advancement, to squeeze national security out of a technological complex which, the more it is developed, only brings forth more insecurity for the United States as well as all other nations. Organizational reforms cannot change this.

Then there is the handicap of sheer size. Former Secretary for Air Thomas K. Finletter points out that the Air Force alone is the world's biggest business, with larger assets than General Motors, American Telephone and Telegraph, Standard Oil, General Electric and U.S. Steel combined. When one considers that these now dwarfed corporations are individually so large that serious doubts have been cast—by insiders—on their ability to function with reasonable efficiency, what can one expect of the Department of Defense which, with property valued at \$140 billion, has no idea of the kind of war it should be prepared to fight and whose planning must be done on the basis of a congeries of shifting and only half-correlated technologies? The best we can expect, surely, is a bearable level of inefficiency, internal conflict and frustration, which reorganization can ameliorate only slightly.

Another fact which is sedulously kept from public view is that the emphasis in reorganization should not be exclusively on the services, but should take in the corporations which supply them. Procurement is a perpetual WPA for business which, when surplus capacity and chronic paucity in mass spending power force cut-backs in investment, can still keep profits at a respectable level. As the struggle for publicity, power and votes among members of Congress is interlocked with the struggle for appropriations among the services, so the struggle for profit among the suppliers is interlocked with the rivalries and duplications of the services. Service reorganization cannot be considered in an economic vacuum.

The President's show of determination is in itself heartening, and one may hope it is not ephemeral nor limited to this particular set of issues. *The Nation* will follow his moves with interest and comment on specific aspects of the many-sided struggle as it develops. But at the outset it will be well to bear in mind Dr. Johnson's injunction to the effect that many things which excite us now fade into insignificance in a twelvemonth.

## They Feel It in Their Bones

In protest against further American nuclear-weapon tests, four men are crossing the Pacific in a thirty-foot ketch, bound for the Eniwetok testing grounds. Last week hundreds of Americans converged on U.N. headquarters in New York City for the same purpose; some

had walked from Philadelphia (ninety miles), others from New Haven (eighty miles), still others from neighboring Westbury (twenty-five miles). At the same time, on the other side of the Atlantic, more than a thousand Britishers started a fifty-mile protest march from Trafalgar Square in London to Britain's Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston. Since when has a political issue provoked so much motion, as well as emotion, in mankind? The overland demonstrations were described by newsmen as "serious," "orderly," "impressive." The marchers eschewed the martial spirit; they didn't march, they walked, each to his own beat. On both sides of the Atlantic, hecklers beset them, and in each case the hecklers were politely invited to come out from the side lines and present their arguments in formal address. Evidently these demonstrators are no more ready to forswear democracy in their search for survival than they are to forswear survival in search of democracy.

The four men crossing the Pacific are pacifists in search of trouble. They are bound for waters which the United States has declared "closed" for bomb-testing purposes. The skipper of the *Golden Rule*, as the ketch is called, is Albert Smith Bigelow, a Connecticut architect. He was arrested last year for attempting to "invade" testing grounds in Nevada. Last December he tried vainly to present the White House with a petition, bearing 17,500 signatures, urging cancellation of the Pacific tests. "It seems terrible to me," he told newsmen before he sailed from the West Coast, "that Americans can no longer speak to or be seen by their government. The experience has strengthened in me the conviction that we must, at whatever cost, find ways to make our witness and our protest heard."

When issues strike deeply enough, people always find a way to make their witness heard. Those on the *Golden Rule*, and on the roads to the U.N. and to Aldermaston, have grasped the profound significance of the thermo-nuclear blast and the dreadful fall-out. They feel it already, so to speak, in their bones.

## The "Non-Americans"

Federal statutes decree that a native-born American may have his citizenship taken from him if he votes in a foreign election, serves with foreign military forces or deserts the U.S. armed forces in wartime. Cases under each of these provisions came up recently before the Supreme Court. It is a measure of the complexity of the legal issues involved that the Justices wrote twelve separate opinions in connection with the decisions rendered in the three cases. The decisions themselves, it appears, set no firm precedent: one case was resolved (five to four) against the defendant and the other two in favor of the defendants (the votes were five to



another visit and see how we are living now. We've done a good deal in that time."

The closest the Russians came to spelling out what they meant by the proposed "competitions" was when the assistant head of the Kuban farming board took the microphone during one of the broadcasts: "Here in the Kuban we set ourselves to overtake Iowa in the next few years in the production of meat and dairy products per hundred acres. It would be fine to go on exchanging delegations between the Kuban and Iowa. Now, I do believe, the Iowans might learn something from us."

A singing commercial, in Russian, came on from time to time: "We've given our promise and we're known to keep our word. The Kuban will overtake Iowa in peaceful work."

**GEOGRAPHICALLY**, the Kuban is the Iowa of the Soviet Union: a well-watered, flat to rolling prairie at the edge of the Great Plains, with deep black soil and a growing season long enough for corn. Like Iowa, the Kuban for centuries was part of the great belt of grassland (prairie and high plains) where warlike tribesmen made settled agriculture perilous. It took hardy pioneers to break the plains: the Kuban, like the Don, was won for the plow by Cossacks.

As readers of Sholokhov know, Cossacks fought on both sides in the Russian Civil War of 1919—but the bulk of them were on the losing, anti-Communist side. In 1929-31 came Stalin's whirlwind drive for collectivization of agriculture. The most fertile areas (like the Kuban) resisted most and took the most punishment. The man-made famine of 1932-33 struck the Kuban with special severity. In World War II, Hitler's armies swept across the Kuban prairie, bringing more sorrow. Even in 1955, women workers far outnumbered men on Kuban farms. But from each disaster, the Kuban bounds back with hard work and sheer vitality. Now Radio Moscow is ready to pit it against Iowa for productivity.

Iowa reactions are various. In the first place, the challenge has so far attracted less attention than did the proposal of 1955. Then, Russia was



still the dark side of the moon, and people felt a sudden surge of hope after eight years of cold war. Today, contacts are more numerous, but hopes are dulled.

The Cedar Rapids *Gazette* said the idea of competing with Russian farmers was absurd. Iowa farmers are "just too darned effective. In sense we've already won farm competition with the Russians, and then some." The *Gazette* went on to suggest competition in other fields, such as keeping international agreements.

Lauren Soth welcomed the challenge, though he saw it as a "smart promotion stunt" by Radio Moscow, rather than a call from the Kuban itself. In a double-column Sunday editorial, he said:

Fine! Bring 'em on! Let's make clear, however, that the comparison should be in productivity per person engaged in farming. . . . Yield-per-acre contests are interesting and instructive, just to see what can be done with fertilization, irrigation and various intensive practices. But they don't mean much for international comparisons.

Ralph Olsen of Ellsworth, another member of the 1955 party, said, "It will be interesting to follow this up and see what the Russians have in mind; but I don't see how they could compete with us on any basis. As far as production per worker and per acre are concerned, I don't think they could come close unless they have learned a lot since we were there."

Herbert Pike of Whiting, another

farmer from the 1955 group, said, "While our problem is not to produce more but to market what we produce, their problem is to increase production."

Marion Steddom, of Granger, put it, "I'm certainly not worried that the Russians will catch up right away, but I shouldn't worry even if they did."

"I can't think of a finer field in which to compete and build our relationship," commented Charles Hearst of Cedar Falls, another farmer delegate of 1955, "and one which holds more hope for the future."

In 1955, the director of a Soviet state farm in the Kuban thought Pike and Steddom were pulling his leg when they told him they each raised 800 to 1,000 head of pigs with one hired man apiece. But the Russians who toured Iowa farms that year saw it being done. They rationalized that these were skilled farmers with plenty of capital, while less skilled and less well-heeled farmers were being forced off the land in droves (they were and are leaving), and that the successful capitalist farmers they saw would do even better as directors of collectives or state farms.

As a practical matter, no Iowa "consent" is necessary for the Soviet "competitions." Iowa and U.S. statistics are published for the world to see, and *Pravda* or Radio Moscow can make any comparisons it wishes, year by year. But to do that, it must also publish at least a few compar-



able Soviet and Kuban statistics. If it does so, that in itself will be a victory for Soth and the other economist members of the 1955 delegation. They staged a five-week running battle with the Soviet ministry of agriculture to get some simple, basic statistics. They got dozens of promises, but very few figures.

And any race by Kuban farmers to step up per capita or per-acre production of meat and dairy products cannot possibly hurt anyone else. Like Alice's caucus race, this is a race that all win, and all will be rewarded.

If the Russians, in suggesting the competition, were intent on increasing farming efficiency simply to permit diversion of more manpower to war and war preparations, their drive

would not be concentrated on meat, milk and butter. These are luxury foods for a country with plenty of land. The Kuban could support more cannon and missile fodder on wheat and sunflowers, its traditional crops. Corn, hogs and cattle will not support more men—but simply give them a more luxurious diet. The change will also require diversion of steel and capital to fencing and farm machinery.

Bullet-headed Vladimir Matskevich, Soviet Minister of Agriculture and henchman of Khrushchev, came up through the Secret Police economic section, charged with preventing agricultural sabotage in the 1930s, according to a Ukrainian émigré on the staff of Radio Liberation. But in Iowa in 1955 Matskevich, fol-

lowing an American to the speaker's rostrum at a farmers' meeting, said:

That part of your speech which moved us most was the part which dealt with peace and the preservation of peace. We are from agriculture, the most peaceful calling. In the last generation our country was brought into two deadly wars; twice the enemy invaded our country bringing fire and sword. Because of this, every Russian, Ukrainian and Cossack thinks of peaceful things—sowing wheat and building industry.

Sowing corn and feeding pigs and cattle are better insurance yet. In actions which speak louder than mere words, Soviet agriculture is moving steadily in the direction of butter, not guns, under pressure from Khrushchev himself.

## THE BUSINESS of BASEBALL . . by James T. Farrell

"WHAT I'M worried about is the future of baseball—not now, but in twenty-five years," Tommy Holmes, New York *Herald Tribune* sports writer, remarked to me at a night game of the Brooklyn Dodgers in Ebbets Field last season.

Tommy, who covered the Dodgers for thirty years, is well-informed about baseball and loves the game. We were both convinced that the Dodgers and the New York Giants would move to California for the 1958 season, and this highlighted the problems of organized baseball which we were discussing.

The Dodgers' ball park, Ebbets Field, was obsolete. It is a shallow park and does not have a sufficient number of good seats; many of these were sold in advance by the sale of season boxes. A fan deciding to go to a ball game at the last moment could not have much hope of getting one of the good seats. The park had a seating capacity of 32,111, but could jam in more with standing room and people sitting in the aisles.

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The club, however, lost the gates of 40,000 to 50,000 people it might have gotten for some series with the New York Giants or for crucial pennant games. The Dodgers' attendance held up because they had an exceptionally good team. A couple of seasons with ordinary or indifferent teams could easily have put the Brooklyn club in the red. Parking facilities around Ebbets Field were totally inadequate. Considering such factors, Holmes and I were in disagreement with some of the baseball writers on New York newspapers who emphasized the greed of Walter O'Malley, Dodger president.

Tommy mentioned that Larry MacPhail had warned the baseball owners against playing too many night games. A night ball game is like another Sunday, but too many Sundays don't go. MacPhail introduced night ball in the big leagues when he was operating the Cincinnati baseball club. He was also instrumental in the first experimental televising of a major league ball game. Likewise, he had cautioned about overdoing television. Although some baseball men had called him erratic, MacPhail showed a grasp of the problems of baseball as a business

and from the standpoint of the owner. And with the Dodgers not playing too well and their fans beginning to lose interest because the club appeared ready to pack up and go, MacPhail's warnings were justified. The problems of baseball in the current post-war era of communications and technological revolution and drastic urban change were laid out clearly and nakedly in the situation in Brooklyn. The club was still operating at a profit with a big assist from television income. But what future did it have? The Milwaukee Braves were in first place, and subsequently they won the pennant and World Series.

After the Boston National League club moved to Milwaukee, it proceeded to enjoy the healthiest gate in the big leagues and to break attendance records. However, the Milwaukee club had the use of a stadium built by the county and leased at a low rental. The stadium is located outside Milwaukee proper and is accessible by good roads; it has adequate parking facilities. The club does not allow the televising of home games. At least 25 per cent to 30 per cent of the Milwaukee attendance is from surrounding small towns



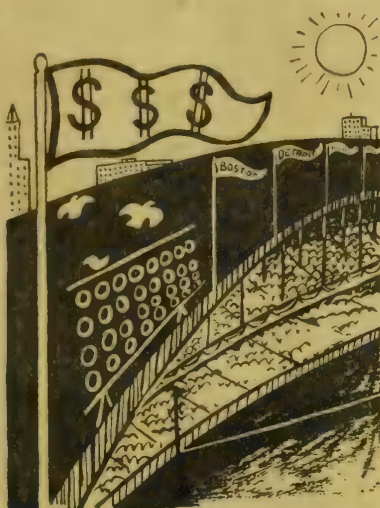
and rural areas. The amusements and distractions around Milwaukee are few and baseball does not have the tracks as a competitor. These circumstances put the Milwaukee club in a position to compete favorably with other National League clubs; it can also throw profits back into operating expenses for the very costly process of developing young ball players. It costs a big league baseball club roughly a million dollars a year to scout, discover, sign and develop new players and to maintain a healthy farm system.

NOT ONLY money is involved. The fame of the parent club is a factor. It requires years, money and patient work on the part of many men to develop a major league club system and to keep it supplied with high-class player talent.

At Ebbets Field the Dodgers faced the prospect of deterioration and decline, and would have had to compete with Milwaukee on unequal terms. Here the problems of organized baseball could be seen with simplicity and clarity. And in *Life*, (February 24, 1958), MacPhail contributed an article, *A Pulmotor for Baseball*, which diagnosed these and related problems facing organized baseball today. "Baseball," he wrote, "is in real trouble. I regret to say that it is no longer the national pastime. As a fan . . . this profoundly disturbs me. . . . The fans, whose dollars have kept the game going for 89 years, are disheartened. Even the kids . . . who are the fans of tomorrow, are deserting baseball for other sports. . . ." Attendance has dropped in most parks from record highs in the last decade. In 1957 the Yankees' pennant-winning team drew 1,476,000 at their home games as against a record of 2,373,000 ten years ago. MacPhail accuses the owners of apathy, and proposes that an expansion into four major leagues, with a restriction on night games and of the televising of games, can restore baseball to its one-time pre-eminence. But he also declares that all but three major league ball parks are obsolete because of urban changes, population changes, old plants and equipment. Whereas it would have cost something like \$25

a seat to build a new ball park twenty-five years ago, it would cost more than \$150 a seat at the present time. Major league baseball cannot lick the problem of obsolescence in ball parks without municipal or other public aid. I do not believe even the Yankee owners could do it today even if they had to.

BASEBALL WAS professionalized and became a business in 1869, when the first fully professional team, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, took the field. According to *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball*, the salary



total for the club was \$9,500. Gate receipts were \$29,726.26. Salaries and other expenses ran to \$29,724.87; net profits were \$1.39. The question of whether baseball was a business or a sport was thus answered at the outset. The history of baseball as a business parallels that of other business enterprises, especially new ones, of the last eighty-nine years. Baseball, in fact, had a relatively easy development, and while it suffered from wars, the pirating of players and gambling, it largely escaped gangsterism and hoodliganism. With such books as Thorstein Veblen's *The Theory of Business Enterprise* and *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, one could almost deduce the development of baseball correctly without knowing the facts. By 1876, playing and management were separated, baseball was a management- and entrepreneur-run business. With prosperity in the 1880s, player grievances

mounted and a Brotherhood was formed. When the demands of players were ignored, the Brotherhood decided to form an independent league rather than to strike. The Brotherhood League functioned for one season; attendance was down in all three leagues of that year. The owners were shaky, but A. G. Spalding, graduated from player to owner, bluffed the players into unconditional surrender. From 1871 on, baseball was influenced by the same centralizing tendencies in evidence in other enterprises during a period of wildly expanding capitalism. One point, scarcely observed by commentators, is that centralization, while inevitably making baseball a big business, saved the integrity of the game, especially when professionalism, gambling and boozing became big problems. In the early 1870s, as much as \$20,000 was bet on a single game. There were scandals in the last century, and players were disbarred. Without centralization, baseball would have gone the way of boxing and horse racing, and could not have policed itself. Everything considered, baseball has successfully policed itself, even though it has operated, quite naturally, with the interest of the owners in mind. E. C. Alft, Jr., an M. A. at Cornell, wrote a study, *The Development of Baseball As a Business: 1876-1900*, which concisely tells most of this story in the period of birth and growth of professional baseball.\* Mr. Alft demonstrated that "the history of the national game . . . may profitably illustrate the widespread impact of 'the business principle' in the last quarter of the nineteenth century" when "America witnessed the swift transformation of the whole economic order in the expansion of business enterprise."

In 1900, the American League was organized. Players were again pirated, but an agreement was signed and the geography and the basic

\* Cf., Study of Monopoly Power. Hearings before the Sub-Committee on Study of Monopoly Power of the Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, Eighty-Second Congress, First Session Serial No. 1, Part 6, *Organized Baseball*, (Washington, 1951, pp. 1432, 1443). I have relied mainly but not wholly on Mr. Alft here. These hearings constitute an invaluable source of data and insight into the social, economic, and administrative aspects of organized baseball.



structure of modern, organized baseball for most of the next half century was established by 1903. In 1914-1915, the Federal League caused a new baseball war, and like previous ones, produced a raise in player salaries. This crisis was settled in 1916. In 1920, the "fixed" 1919 World Series was publicly exposed. The appointment of Judge Landis as baseball commissioner or czar, supplanting a ruling national commission, did as much to save baseball as did the lively or home-run ball and Babe Ruth. Two important changes in the 1920s were the development of the farm system (due to the perspicacity of Branch Rickey) and radio. The farm system, with a more centralized, pyramidal structure, implied the decline of the minor leagues. Earlier, the automobile, the national trade-brand consumer product, and the movies had begun to change the small town and to eat away at the bases of small-town pride which sustained minor leagues.

After the Second World War, baseball faced a new crisis. With many players demoralized, a Boston attorney, Robert Murphy, almost organized the Pittsburgh Pirates into a trade union. He would probably have succeeded with unionization, as some now recognize, had he tackled the minor leagues first. At the same time, the Pasquale brothers raided organized baseball to attract players for the Mexican League. Fear that the reserve clause binding a player for life to the club signing him would not hold up in the courts

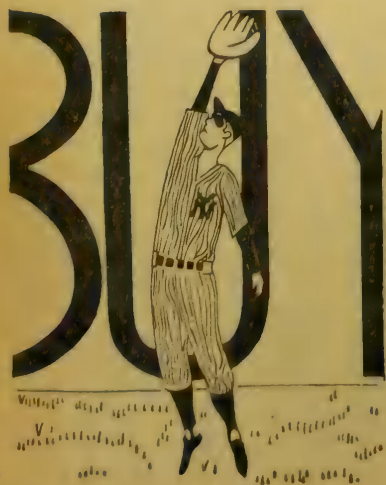
added to the woes of the owners. In the meantime, baseball had become at least a \$100 million business. A steering committee of owners studied these questions, and a most intelligent report (from the owners' standpoint) was drafted by Larry MacPhail. Player grievances were sidetracked, and a system of player representation and a pension plan were adopted. A few years later, the players hired J. Norman Lewis as their lawyer; only after this did they begin to get a better pension plan. The issue of pensions and of player-owner relationships will come up in the future, and there will be new frictions and disputes, mainly concerning conditions of work and the shares of the pie to be cut.

BUT baseball weathered this crisis, boomed, and then began to flatten out. The pressure of economic, social and technological change on baseball could not be ignored in the 1950s. Five major league franchises were transferred between 1952 and the present. Whereas there were five two-club major league cities in 1950, there is only one, Chicago, at the present time. The minor leagues began to wither and they are still withering. Baseball received a boost from night games, television and moves to new cities. Congress began to investigate charges of monopoly and the question of the reserve clause. However, it must be said that without the reserve clause in some form, baseball as we know it will be wrecked.

Today the biggest factor of change in baseball is television. A recent issue of *Television Age* indicated that in the current season the major league clubs will receive about \$5,250,000 for television rights of major league games. Advertisers will spend about \$34.6 million to put 781 games on video. About 207 New York Yankee and Philadelphia Philly league games will be telecast in the New York area. All but three of the sixteen major league clubs — the Milwaukee Braves, Los Angeles Dodgers and San Francisco Giants — will televise games. Last year baseball clubs finished in the black, thanks to television. And the main television sponsors are fifteen brew-

eries and a few cigarette companies. "The beer companies temporarily saved baseball," a veteran New York baseball writer remarked to me last summer.

WHEN WE READ analyses or denunciations of baseball as a business run by greedy owners, we should keep in mind the fact that baseball as we have known it all during our lifetime has been dominated by professionalism, and has been a centralized and relatively big business. Baseball today is not changing from a sport to a business; baseball as a business is changing in the new America. Baseball as we knew it, especially in childhood, faced less competition from other sports and entertainments. It occupied a more central place in the American consciousness than it does now. News of baseball depended on the press, and one had to go to the ball park and pay to see a game. The wireless ticker carried the news of pennant races, and the World Series, to the hinterland. While the sport was centralized in structure, there were many individual owners, not sixteen giants with farm systems. The country as a whole was less sophisticated. The ball player was more of a hero and less of a celebrity. The ball park was more easily accessible and safer. Today, some ball parks are located in tension-ridden, deteriorated neighborhoods, and parents are afraid to let their children go to ball games, especially at night. Aside from the admission price, the cost of seeing a game often amounted to ten cents carfare. Gasoline and parking fees, lunch for an all-day trip are now added to the money which many fans must pay to see a ball game. The cost of operations for a ball club is steadily rising. Every year, baseball faces stiffer competition for its share of the consumer dollar and the leisure time of Americans. Owners and players have both become dependent on television money. The owners need it as a source of profit, and a TV contract plus the sale of season boxes usually give a club a cushion against losses before the season opens. But television is "educating" the fan to see the game at home. Television has already thrown





Hollywood into a crisis, and has made professional boxing one of its adjuncts. It is difficult to conceive how baseball can avoid the same fate.

Also, television makes baseball financially dependent upon sponsors. "Baseball and Ballantine," Phil Rizzuto, now a telecaster, declares as he begins to tell the story of every Yankee game. Whereas baseball was once an independent sport and business, it is now tied into the war of the trade brands and trade names which dominates American culture, entertainments, amusements and sports. This is revealed in the televising of every ball game. The telecasters are paid by the ball clubs, not the broadcasting companies. They must describe the game while offending no one, do a public-relations job for the club, pull people to the ball park and, at the same time, urge the viewing audience to smoke a lot of cigarettes and go to the ice box and get another can of beer. The televised ball game must stimulate sales of canned beer and baseball attendance. The contradiction is obvious. Furthermore, the sponsors need more night games because the viewing audience is so much greater. Baseball competes with all other forms of entertain-

ment, and is in the struggle for the night-leisure time of Americans. It must inevitably suffer from this.

THE BALL players' pension plan is now tied to TV revenues. Also, the income of many players is enlarged through TV appearances and testimonials. Don Larsen was reported to have made at least fifty thousand dollars in TV income after pitching his perfect no-hit game against the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1956 World Series. The players' wives are rung in on beer testimonials. The ball player is honest, and usually plays for all he is worth, but his social and economic position has changed. More and more, he and his game are becoming instruments in the competition to sell more of one or another brand of beer, cigarettes, motor oil, gasoline, razor blades, hair oil and so on. Whenever baseball cannot hold millions, it is in financial danger. A bigger attraction on TV can wreck its rating. Without rating, its TV income is endangered, and it may go in the red. Q.E.D. Put Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, Gina Lollobrigida and a few more of the gals on TV regularly, and what is a home run by Mickey Mantle worth?

In many ways, then, baseball is

being tied to business and entertainment. Along with movies, baseball afforded the cheapest entertainment. Television is for free and the consumer pays the bill only indirectly. Even though baseball probably was the national sport, its paying customers were never more than a minority of Americans. How many different persons paid to produce the record Yankee attendance of 2,373,901 in 1948? But now, baseball must hold millions or else it can well become a second-rate sport. Baseball is not dying. The investment in the game, and its indirect business value, as well as the fact that it has sunk institutionally into American life, preclude the absolute death which a few have predicted for it. But it is changing and losing its preeminence in American life. This is the essence of the crisis in baseball. This is the situation as another baseball season rolls around and Casey Stengel seeks to become the first American League manager to win nine pennants. It appears that baseball will inevitably occupy a lesser place in American life than it did in 1911, when I first could understand the game. Time, and many factors besides the policies of owners, will determine what that place is to be.

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## WILL THERE BE an AUTO STRIKE?... by B. J. Widick

*Detroit*  
JUST PRIOR to the opening of current contract talks with the United Auto Workers, the Big Three of the auto industry held a significant policy-making conference at the exclusive Detroit Athletic Club. Present were Harlow Curtice, president of General Motors; Henry Ford II of the Ford Motor Company, and L. L. Colbert, president of Chrysler. Word of the supposedly secret gathering leaked out through Jack Crellin,

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*Detroit Times* labor reporter. On the agenda were two basic questions upon which the course of the 1958 contract negotiations largely depended: (1) Should the industry adopt a policy of "containment or destruction" of the U.A.W.? (2) Should the car manufacturers present a united front and hold joint negotiations with the union, or should each corporation go it alone?

After the 1955 settlement, in which the U.A.W. obtained a "supplemental unemployment compensation plan"—a watered-down version of the guaranteed annual wage — by tackling Ford first and then going to General Motors and Chrysler, Henry Ford II publicly proposed that

the next time all the auto magnates should confront Walter Reuther at a common bargaining table. He was supported at the time by Chrysler.

These vital questions, posed and discussed by the top brass of the Big Three at their "secret" conference, had special pertinence in view of the obviously advantageous position the manufacturers seemed to hold because of the recession. New car inventories had reached the 900,000 mark, so that a fairly prolonged strike would have little effect on supply, especially since there was a noticeable let down in demand. Likewise, the layoff of tens of thousands of auto workers further weakened Reuther's overall strategic position.



In the context of that situation, predictions of a stiff stand by the manufacturers and of a consequent major strike in the summer of 1958 were a dime a dozen. It seemed that the manufacturers were prepared to meet the U.A.W. head on, perhaps even to try to break the union.

But the results of the secret sessions of the Big Three turned out differently than expected. Signs multiply that the manufacturers are no more interested in a strike than are Reuther and the U.A.W. And, with General Motors refusing to go along with Ford and Chrysler on the idea of group bargaining, each company is again on its own. In fact, General Motors has offered to renew



Walter Reuther

Eric

its current contract with the U.A.W., and to include an automatic 6-cent raise under the so-called "annual improvement factor" clause. But to deduce from this merely that General Motors is again falling for Walter Reuther's one-at-a-time strategy is to be guilty of superficial analysis.

To understand the basic policy decisions of the Big Three, it is necessary to grasp the fundamental fact that the auto industry itself is in a crisis far deeper than its leaders are willing to admit publicly. The post-war honeymoon, when all you had to do to sell a car was to build one, is over. There are today 56,000,000 automobiles registered in the United States, and 91 per cent of them are less than ten years old. The car market would be glutted even without the recession; the crisis in motor transport consists not in the lack of

automobiles but in the lack of highways to accommodate those already on the road. Even though many signs of a recession had already appeared when the 1958 models were introduced last fall, the Big Three expected to sell approximately 6,000,000 cars this year, duplicating their 1957 record. The drastic drop in car sales is dramatized by the current 900,000-car inventory, which has accumulated in spite of the industry's curtailment of production to less than 50 per cent of capacity. Production for the first quarter of this year is 31 per cent under the first quarter of 1957.

THE problem of saturation has been intensified by the success of the small-car idea, which only a year ago the auto manufacturers were shrugging off as beneath their concern. The amazing climb in foreign small-car sales (reaching 200,000 in 1957) finally induced General Motors to import its Vauxhall and Opel from Germany, and only last week Ford announced it would import its German-made Taunus. The only American manufacturer enjoying an excellent year is the American Motors Company, with its small Rambler. The economy of performance of the small car (at least thirty miles per gallon), a low rate of depreciation, ease of parking and simplicity of style and design have captured a growing portion of the American car consumers' imagination. The big American cars, over-styled and with high depreciation and costly upkeep, confront a challenge which threatens to revolutionize the American car market. The American car manufacturers, who have invested over \$10 billion in the past decade to expand large-car manufacturing facilities, have been caught flatfooted.

Furthermore, under their "administered price" policy, the auto companies have raised the price of their product above the reach of a large section of the American public. The proposal before Congress to eliminate the excise tax on automobiles, which would cut their cost by at least \$100 to the consumer, has been endorsed enthusiastically by the manufacturers. Walter Reuther's support of the proposal is not the

least of the reasons why the industry is not quite so hostile toward him and the U.A.W. as it might otherwise have been.

The fabulous profits earned by the industry in the last ten years—approximately \$10 billion net—are so well known that the manufacturers find it impossible to plead inability to pay in dealing with the U.A.W. on the wage issue. The Washington hearings before Senator Estes Kefauver's subcommittee on auto pricing verified these stupendous profits.

Since the auto companies are so vulnerable on all these fronts, it is easy to understand why they have been exceedingly wary of the gifted Walter Reuther, whose talent for public relations has proved too much for their high-priced staffs time and again. Nor have General Motors, Ford and Chrysler forgotten certain recent contract negotiations with the U.A.W. and their after-effects. In 1950, Chrysler misunderstood the U.A.W. proposal for a funded pension plan and the result was a bitter 103-day strike that cost Chrysler its position as the number two producer in the auto industry. Chrysler never regained that position, which Ford now holds. In the 1955 settlement, General Motors executives were blunt in informing Walter Reuther, "You will never get that package here," referring to the settlement reached first at Ford and then imposed on General Motors. In the end, the industry leaders understood a lot more about the 1955 package when, after it was signed, the industry and the union faced a series of rank-and-file wildcat strikes in protest over the inadequacies of the contract.

TODAY, the most complex and disturbing problem confronting both sides at the negotiation table is the revolt of the skilled trades, arising out of dissatisfaction with the 1955 contract gains. At the present time, there are fifty-nine auto plants now covered by contracts between the U.A.W. and the Big Three in which the Society of Skilled Trades, and other independent unions, have petitioned for NLRB elections and are winning wide support based on "pie in the sky" demands which



would be exceedingly costly for the manufacturers to meet. Furthermore, the advent of many tiny craft unions could upset the balance of labor relations and create something very close to anarchy in the auto industry.

General Motors' offer to renew the current contract for two years, which would give the U.A.W. a total of 12 cents in wage increases and would retain the escalator clause tying wage rates to the cost of living, is obviously a feeler designed to elicit the price that must be paid for labor peace this year. The answer rests largely in the hands of Walter Reuther and the U.A.W. The course the union takes in the current negotiations depends on many factors, some of which are beyond the union's control. In enumerating these factors, one may obtain a clearer picture of the conflicts inherent in the current situation.

Walter Reuther's crystal ball in April, 1957, deceived him almost as much as their previous economic successes deceived the manufacturers. At the U.A.W. convention last spring, Reuther visualized a relatively prosperous America in 1958 in which his union would be able to play a vanguard role by pioneering the shorter work week. Reuther's able research department had assembled an impressive array of statistics to prove that the answer to automation, which was increasingly disturbing the union movement, lay in a shorter work week without loss in pay, which the auto industry could afford. Hundreds of thousands of Reuther's adherents hoped that their dream of less work in the giant assembly plants would soon come true. His critics, like Carl Stellato, president of Ford Local 600, could only sit at the convention in dazed assent and mutter, "He has taken our program."

At the same time, Reuther and his colleagues, recognizing the implications of the 1955 skilled-trades revolt, prepared to abandon their earlier resistance to the demands of the U.A.W. skilled workers for a separate contract, for more representation at the bargaining table and for higher wages.

As the recession deepened last winter, cutting cruelly into the ranks of the employed auto workers, top U.A.W. leaders began to hedge

somewhat in the grandiose plans proclaimed in the spring. They proposed that car manufacturers cut prices \$100 per car, in return for which the U.A.W. would "adjust" its demands in the 1958 negotiations. The industry dismissed these proposals off-hand, since they had no idea how acute their own crisis would become.

BY NOW it had become clear that if the U.A.W. continued its projected campaign for a shorter work week in the face of the new downward trends, the manufacturers would resist to the point where a major strike, whose outcome was uncertain, would be inevitable. It was necessary for Reuther to retreat. The only question was: how? The way was found in Reuther's announcement that the U.A.W. would fight for a profit-sharing plan. The proposal was approved by the union at a special convention in February, 1958, held in Detroit. The vote was almost unanimous, although the plan was scarcely understood and its implications were open to many questions that could not be resolved in a two-day gathering.

The Big Three's abrupt rejection of the profit-sharing proposal, together with Reuther's determination to avoid a strike this year if possible, suggest that the scheme will be quickly expendable on the bargaining table. Reuther's case for it was not helped by the somewhat less than enthusiastic approval expressed by

George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. Nor has the plan caught fire in the ranks; most workers hold to their dream of working fewer hours, and understandably show a far greater interest in improved working conditions and higher wages than in any other single proposal before the top negotiators.

The unrest in the skilled trades and the many speed-up struggles in Ford, General Motors and Chrysler that are going on at the present time seem likely to have a greater effect on contract settlements than the pyrotechnics which now mark the negotiations. The industry faces the problem of how far it can "contain" the U.A.W. without further provoking the unrest of the auto workers, who will not be satisfied with merely routine gains. The strategy of "cutting Reuther down to size" could, in the end, become too costly a surgery. For Walter Reuther, the problem is reversed. He must make sufficient gains to satisfy a restive membership which, in view of the economic outlook, does not want a strike, but nevertheless still retains visions of the 1957 shorter-work-week program. In the area between what the companies will give to obtain peace, and what Walter Reuther must win to retain control and support of the U.A.W. ranks, rests the solution to the 1958 contract negotiations. Each side recognizes the necessity of "living together" and within that framework the hard bargaining over the vital details of the contracts will take place. There will be debate on the extent of automation and the rate of productivity improvement by auto workers. There are already ample funds—over \$154 million—in the supplemental unemployment benefit pool to more than make up for the million payments, averaging \$14 each, which have already been extended. The pension funds of the Big Three total over \$750 million; here, too, improvement may be expected. All these considerations give overwhelming weight to the general belief that a major strike will not occur in 1958.

The imponderables remain: workers' reactions to whatever settlement is reached and the outcome of the skilled-trades revolt.





# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Roles of Childhood

*BEFORE NOON.* By Ramon J. Sender. University of New Mexico Press. 408 pp. \$6.50.

**Paul Blackburn**

RAMON SENDER'S three-part novel, *Before Noon*, is one of the sweetest-tempered books I have read in a long time. In fact, I can recall no book of prose at all with which to set it. I thought that only poetry could be this warm.

This does not seem to be so much a result of Mr. Sender's style (an enviable clarity in itself), as of his attitude toward his character, Pepe Garcés. I don't think Pepe can avoid being mostly Ramon Sender, ages ten to twelve. I do not know what Mr. Sender thinks of himself as man, but he adores that boy! I am grateful; you will be too.

The three books record that period of childhood which is possibly the most difficult of all to describe convincingly and honestly: when a boy is poised on the edge of full adolescence. The mixture of childish wisdom, bravado, and the new painful knowledge, would seem to me very difficult to control in its suddenly fluctuating proportions, to keep the character-drawing from suddenly going soft at one place or another, or from becoming exaggerated elsewhere. Luckily for us, Mr. Sender manages to communicate the correct amount of love, and of hardness.

The novels are laid out as what, at first, appears to be a linked series of leisurely anecdotes of childhood. For a narrator, a Spanish Republican officer in the French concentration camp at Argelès-sur-Mer, they are:

Setting down one memory after an-

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other, as I might lay one brick after another to build myself a shelter against wind and rain. Perhaps that is what, really, I am setting out to do.

It does look that simple at first, but this frame and this statement are a novelist's device to intensify belief, and at the same time to define a symbol for the life of exile. The Spanish word for it is *nostalgia*. The more direct English word is *homesickness*.

But it is sweetly and poignantly remembered, and written in a style which, thanks also to its able translation, is engaging in its openness, and opens onto the depths of positivity in the human character as it builds its major symbols.

I should say at this point that Mr. Sender is possibly the only other realistic novelist Spain has produced aside from Pío Baroja. (There is a younger man, Arturo Barea, but I have not read his work.) And Baroja's realism restricts itself mainly to surface action, where Sender moves much more deeply and satisfactorily into the people he portrays.

THE "Chronicle of Dawn" concentrates chiefly on the adoration of Pepe and Valentina for each other, and on Pepe's incarnation as hero and poet. He is hero, of course, as the ten-year-old leader of a street gang would have to be, and the poems copied for Valentina from Bécquer, or that he himself invents for her, prove his second aspect. Both roles are, in the nature of things, a trial to his intermittently stern and never very patient father. But Valentina's mother sympathizes with his Lover, and his own mother binds his wounds and soothes his Hero's pride, until Valentina instinctively takes over these functions. The third aspect, the Saint, is totally beyond comprehension in this first part.

There is one act of extreme kindness, which seems at first highly

gratuitous, but leads directly to the second book and his being sent away to school. And in the vaults and tombs connecting two castles, in the one hair-raising episode in the book, Pepe learns that the Hero, the Saint and the Poet, the sources of any country's greatness, were long ago murdered or suppressed by the secular powers, or to put it more modernly, it had been "good business" to do so.

THE second volume, "Violent Griffin," concerns itself actively with Pepe's adventures, and they are numerous, in the monk's school at Reus. Unfortunately, not one is short enough to quote in full, though I may gloss a few later. Symbolically, this section centers on the Saintly aspect, or if you like, the Artist as Saint, and revolves chiefly around Pepe's conversations with the lay-brother in the workshop. The other aspects are tried against this one, as in tourney, but if any victory can be said to have been won, let the reader decide whose victory it is:

Repeating his own words, I said: "If it is vanity, that doesn't matter. You would probably like to be the best sculptor in the world and cannot be. When you see you cannot . . . you will be very unhappy. And so you will pray. Isn't that what you want?"

The lay brother looked at me with shining eyes. "You are giving me back my lesson, and you say it very seriously, very sure of yourself. I wonder if you are right, if we are right? Well then, this very instant when you are talking with the sincerity of innocence, I ought to kneel at your feet and kiss your shoes. Yes, my son. I like that statue, indeed I do. I want to make statues and not only for the devout to venerate because of what they represent, no. I want to hew out of the stone and wood forms that I alone have seen in my solitude. Will I do it? I don't know. Take away that head and put it wherever you like. I will think of it there now and then. But I will not put my name on the base, no, not that."

"Why not?"

"No, don't insist. It is useless, little brother."



But Pepe does carry off the head, somehow as prize, and sets it up in a public park.

Meanwhile, the other aspects continue to function, the heroic, the poet reading the *De Amor* of André le Chapelain, the report to Valentina on free-love, the deciding that the definition of Virgin is: all girls named Maria are virgins, and writing Valentina the sad news, that she cannot come hunting unicorns with him because she is not a virgin. . . . All this goes on, but the emphasis is still the lay-brother and the long discussions which ultimately concern the connections between the Saint and the Artist. The heroism of Pepe's raid on the electric plant, or his devising and executing a plan to get himself and all his friends out of taking exams, are pleasant and necessary diversions.

One of his schoolmates, Planibell, is a fragile, delicate child who talks like a truck-driver. He gathers his table-companions around him, teaching them the vilest language in a large repertory of dirty words in Catalan, Castilian and French. The French words

. . . sounded quite innocent to us because of our unfamiliarity with them. Caresse joined the group once in a while and we made him learn them. This boy, a little simpleton, admired Planibell who told him:

"When Father Miró asks you for examples of the parts of speech in class, you must say: substantive: *merde*. Adjective: *salaud*. Emphatic pejorative: *espèce de con*."

The boy learned them and waited for his opportunity to shine.

There are innumerable such joys, both larger and smaller, in both of the first two volumes.

THE "Villa Julieta," the final volume, is just, if not as satisfying as the first two. And the reader cannot help projecting the dissatisfactions the boy himself will some day find. The intimate or half-trusted friend is there: Felipe. Or sometimes Concha, Pepe's older sister, whom he extracts from a flirtation with a circus acrobat. Juan the gardener takes the "older" position of wisdom, held by Mosén Joaquín in the first book and the lay-brother in the second. But the in-

dustrial-metropolitan mood of Zaragoza, the intrusion of the importance of commercial life upon the boy's consciousness, dull the vitality. The relationships are less intense. The ambience of "city" seems to subdue everything to its "proper proportion." When the pace picks up noticeably upon Pepe's return, with Concha and his father, to the village for business reasons, one feels that the book had needed such a lift.

The crux is the sudden appearance of what had been slowly maturing all this time: Pepe's discovery of personal voluptuousness, i.e., woman, and the slow, even then, identification of that feeling, with his feeling for Valentina. It is most delicately expressed after an evening on the carousel:

Several afternoons I returned to the fair alone. To hear the "Moors and Christians" *pasodoble* and not have Valentina beside me caused me a kind of adult melancholy. And I liked it.

The severe lesson we learn is that, when the Hero, the Poet and the Saint disappear, with the slow maturing of a boy, only then does the man and the artist emerge with his first buds. It is a sad loss, but never(?) a total one. What is kept is the memory of those seed roles. And whatever is kept of the child measures the greatness of the man. But that is possibly farther than the book would take us.

I confess that when we left the park I felt calmer. I was beginning to be afraid of all that useless beauty, especially when with Valentina. I was afraid for her. Later on I learned the

real danger there is in all true beauty.

The book ends with the lay-brother's statue, now christened Byzantium, another discussion of the woman who lost her child in the pool where the head sits on its pedestal, and the dry desolate yellow leaves of autumn. Everything comes finally to the tentative, mournful balance of adolescence with its presentiments of both happiness and disaster. But the directness is gone, and for good. Any movement, any decision hereafter, will be clouded and blurred, in consideration of this first knowledge, the real fall from innocence, this vision of thighs.

I hope I have not misled you by overweighting my discussion of structure. The realism is the greatest delight, and one could construct (and would want to) a review composed solely of long quotations from the text. Because of which temptation, it is easier to discuss the novel in terms of its successful symbols and their eventual defeat when childhood moves into adolescence, than it is to discuss the ever-present action or the character delineation.

The translations (the first volume by Willard R. Trask and the final two by Florence Hall Sender) both seem better than run-of-the-mill, and the fabric of the book will catch you up, both in its gross take and in its delicacies, so that you will read, impatient for the next development.

The pattern of symbols is inherent in the problem of the novelist building his novel, or a reviewer looking for a frame upon which to hang his review.

The book is the pleasure.

## In Defense of T. R.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Vol. I, The Formative Years 1858-1886. By Carleton Putnam. Charles Scribner's Sons. 626 pp. \$10.

Harry Barnard

THEY ARE at it again, the body-snatching, political myth makers. With Thomas Jefferson, they have never quite succeeded; he was just too much of a libertarian.

With Lincoln, they have had considerably more success. So truly democratic in his instincts and in most of

his utterances and actions, still this grand figure has been almost canonized as a big business saint.

Curiously, even Carl Sandburg, the former Socialist organizer, whose study of Lincoln is filled with proof of Lincoln's essential democracy, is in danger of being captured by the myth makers,

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who use beloved American figures for present-day political motives. In Sandburg's case, out of love and esteem, one must hope that he may yet be spared the unnecessary harm done him by some of his friends who praise his tinsel and ignore his substance.

The latest victim of reputation slaughter by the myth makers is Theodore Roosevelt. In many respects, he was the best President of the United States in the modern era, next to the Democratic Roosevelt. He was this because he was a liberal and a people's President.

Only incidentally was TR also a popular President for being so outstanding an example of his special philosophy of the strenuous life. That strenuousness at times amounted to shenanigans. But the people accepted it all because, with reason, they believed Roosevelt was always on their side—as when he chewed up the oil trust, forced the beginnings of a policy of preserving the public lands against looting, and successfully sponsored the food and drug laws, to end such things as the sale of “vinegar” that was really dilute sulphuric acid.

BUT when one reads much lately printed about TR, in connection with the 100th anniversary of his birth, one hardly suspects there was much difference between him and John Foster Dulles. In point is the recent *Time* magazine cover piece on TR. It should be obvious even to President Eisenhower that the real purpose of this cleverly-written eulogy of Roosevelt, as suggested in a recent *Nation* editorial, was to persuade him that in order to live up to the tradition of Roosevelt, he must get tough on labor and let Mr. Dulles shake an even bigger stick still more vigorously at the Russians.

This is complete mishandling of TR's significance—and the liberals of America ought not to let the myth makers get away with it. Like Jefferson, Lincoln, and yes, even Sandburg, TR belongs to us. For one, I am ready to gird my loins for another Armageddon, to do battle for TR's reputation. He should be a symbol, not of reaction or reckless adventurism in foreign affairs that could lead only to disaster, but of progressivism and of a sane concept of America's role in world affairs.

As is the case with many persons, there were two sides to TR. He could be very odd at times. Mark Twain once referred to him bitterly as a “crazy man.” In one breath he could foolishly announce refusal to shake hands with John P. Altgeld, yet in the next breath he could, and did, embrace Altgeld's liberal ideas and make the best his own.

He made gross noises like a jingoist. Yet he deserved the Nobel Peace prize. For he stood sanely for arbitration and negotiation, rather than war, for settling nasty conflicts between great powers. His special phrase, “Speak softly but carry a big stick,” could very well be a good rule even today—provided Mr. Dulles and others really understood that TR placed as much emphasis on the first part of this axiom as on the second.

The danger is that his late-comer admirers—many of the type who opposed the Bull Moose movement—accent only the big stick.

Carleton Putnam's first of a planned four-volume work provides much illumination for the duality of TR's character, though it takes Roosevelt only up to the threshold of his career. Except for an almost amusing Victorian style, from which Putnam may recover as he nears the 1900s, this first volume is first-rate

biography. True, it is excessively hagiographic, and Henry Pringle's one-volume work remains a necessary astringent. But I assume this is because Alice Longworth has been breathing over Mr. Putnam's shoulder.

IT IS too early yet to know whether Mr. Putnam will fall into the camp of the myth makers. If he stays too close to Mrs. Longworth—so unlike her father as even to boast of preferring “gray caviar” to buffalo venison—he is in danger of spoiling a promising and important work. This would be a pity. For Putnam's grasp of Roosevelt, like the research he has done, is massive.

Let's hope that, in his future volumes, he also will be found girded for the right side of Armageddon—and properly portray TR's best and dominant side, making him, on balance, much closer to FDR than Mrs. Longworth likes to admit.

## French Curiosity

### TAINES' NOTES ON ENGLAND.

Translated with an Introduction by Edward Hyams. Essential Books, Inc. 296 pp. \$6.

Mina Curtiss

EIGHTY-SIX years ago, soon after the first publication in France of Hyppolite Taine's *Notes on England*, the book was reviewed in *The Nation* by Henry James who throughout his life continued to hold in high regard “the great and admirable Taine, . . . the fine excursions of his French curiosity.” After the striking success of his *Histoire de la littérature anglaise* in 1857, Taine paid three visits to England, the first in 1859, the last, when he lectured at Oxford, in 1871. The *Notes*, translated anew into English for the first time since 1874, are as lively as the author's curiosity.

“[Taine's] note-book is never out of his hand,” Henry James wrote in these columns on January 25, 1872, “and facts, facts is his constant demand. His work fairly bristles with them. . . . He begins with the *dehors*—the outside look of things. . . . He is over-whelmed, like most foreigners, with the massiveness and hugeness and multitudinousness of the material civilization, and he is struck, like Hawthorne, with a certain broad analogy between the English

and the Romans of the Roman Empire.”

Since the decline of the British Empire many European travelers have applied this analogy to the United States and many contemporary visitors describing their impressions of New York have echoed the words in which Taine evoked the London of his day. “Enormous, enormous, that is the word which recurs all the time. And, moreover, rich and well-cared for . . . endless rows of monumental houses, built of massive stone . . . lining the very wide streets. . . . Everything here is on a larger scale . . . the hotels are monumental; the river is an arm of the sea; the cabs move twice as fast . . . bus-conductors run a whole sentence into a single word. The people are sparing of words and gestures, the last atom of value is extracted from every action and every minute: a man produces, and spends, twice as much here as in France.”

BUT Taine did not confine his observations to the obvious aspect of the West End and the City of London. He visited docks and workhouses, churches and schools, the factories of Manchester and the shipyards on the Clyde. Everywhere he asked questions and recorded conversations. “A country is its people,” he wrote, and to portray England, he explains, the technique he used was the one that “painters and novelists do by instinct when, through the medium of a few characters, they give us a résumé of their times and environment.” Many of the characters and situations Taine

MINA CURTISS translated *The Letters of Marcel Proust. Her biography, Bizet and His World, will be published later this year.*



described evoke in the reader a sense of wandering through the country of Dickens, before that author imposed upon the scene his very personal humor and sentimentality.

Edward Hyams gives a useful introduction and notes, and a translation that is readable, adequate, but rather lacking in assurance. When uncertain of the exact significance of a French

word or phrase he cites the original in a footnote and asks the reader to decide the meaning for himself. In describing a form of punishment in schools his translation reads, "The boy is beaten on the thigh with a fives racquet." Mr. Hyams's footnote for the word thigh reads, "*Gras de la jambe*. Thigh? Calf? Bottom? (E. H.)" Harrap's dictionary defines *gras de la jambe* as "the calf of the leg."

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

THE Stratford Festival Company of Canada has not put its best foot forward with the two productions it brought down for the season at the Phoenix Theatre. For some reason the company chose to do *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in Directoire style—probably the most inappropriate style for anything by Shakespeare. But a criticism of this peculiar choice may be beside the point. The point is that the show had no real animation—the same play was so boisterously gay in Central Park last summer.

In regard to the play itself, I am amused by the attitude some reviewers take to the rarely-performed Shakespeare pieces. Perhaps it is intended as a courtesy to the actors, but there is a habit among reviewers, when they do not have a good time at such shows, to dismiss Shakespeare's early plays as "minor" works—which in ■ sense they are—but the implication is that since they are "minor" they may be airily dismissed. Need I point out that these "minor" works, for all their deficiencies, are packed with genius and are incomparably superior to most of the major works the critics are invited to see most of the time on Broadway.

As a performance the second play in the repertory, an adaptation by Donald Harron—a Canadian actor—of Heinrich van Kleist's comedy *The Broken Jug* was definitely better. *The Broken Jug* displayed a remarkably good ensemble; actors who were feeble in *Two Gentlemen* were excellent in Kleist's play.

I do not know the original of this German folk piece, which is at the same time a social play showing that the humble life of the ordinary little people with the little affections, loyalties, chicaneries and trials of their daily routine are far more significant to these people than the wars conducted by their governments. Harron's adaptation, set in Canada during the war of 1812, is well written and modestly entertaining. Since I do not expect, or desire, every play I

see to overwhelm me with ecstasy, and since I liked becoming acquainted with the antic personnel of the Canadian village of the story as well as with the actors who impersonated them, I had a pleasant time.

IT IS a pity that many "important" works are made far less acceptable on Broadway than certain inconsequential presentations which are put on just for laughs. I can pass no true judgment on Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* because, shame on me, I never read it. It is ■ nine-hour trilogy and the Theatre Guild's revival of it (Ambassador) is a sort of two-hour-and-a-quarter "reader's digest" of it. I cannot be sure that the original script bears the same message as the new version of it does. Nothing of Shaw's work—even when abridged or mutilated—is entirely without interest so I did not suffer or feel that my time was wholly wasted at the Guild performance, but I was neither exhilarated nor convinced by any of it. What came over from the abbreviated text was that Shaw in the last count rejects life as too unreasonable and too messy, that he was at bottom an awful Puritan, and that he wished that we might some day achieve a state of "pure thought" which to me is a state of non-being.

There has always been in Shaw a tendency to employ a rationalistic or at least a common-sense point of view as a means to achieve the mystic. (Shaw was a religious person.) This mysticism sometimes led him to the brink of a dry folly, the negation of life. Fortunately he rarely passed beyond the brink, so that he remained safely and sanely this side of any arid purity, kept himself instead within the realm of an erring and broad humanity.

The production of *Back to Methuselah* fails even to be bad: it is simply not theatre. The company performs as if a cocktail party had been interrupted for a game in which each of the (very nice)

guests donned whatever old costume ball material was around and earnestly but rather embarrassedly set to giving a Shaw "performance."

On the other hand, *Say, Darling*, a comedy about the making of a musical out of Richard Bissell's novel of the same name (about his experiences as author of the novel from which *The Pajama Game* was made) by Abe Burrows and Mr. and Mrs. Bissell (Anta Theatre) is admirably cast and produced.

The jokes are all about show biz and show people, but they are, by and large, good jokes, or are made to seem so, particularly by such actors as David Wayne, who is a first-rate comedian of an almost traditional American character, and by a youngster named Robert Morse. Abe Burrows has directed with unfailingly tactful humor and there are some very pretty girls—notably Constance Ford who plays intelligently as well as looking scrumptious. One should also note that there are suitable songs by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Jule Styne. How well Broadway renders Broadway!

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

THE American violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, is still only in his early forties. But despite his youth, he has had a long career and an unusual one, beginning in the days when he was hailed as an infant prodigy and continuing through a period when audiences and critics alike wondered if he was to become another case of precocious flowering and sudden decline. This was the period of his self-examination, when *Life* photographs showed him engaged in Yogi exercises, and articles appeared telling of the aesthetic travail he was undergoing in building, from what he considered his uncertain and over-instinctual violinistic approach, a foundation strong enough to support him as a mature artist.

In the past few years, his New York concerts and recitals have been treated with respect, but moderate enthusiasm. And yet, I believe that it is precisely in this period that Menuhin has completed the transition from a boy-virtuoso to an adult artist of magnificent stature. This fact has been missed by some people because the mature violinist has turned out to be not only remarkable, as the boy prodigy had been, but unique. A prodigy, after all, is always special, and anybody can recognize him. But the fact that the mature artist's qualities of



musicianship have become different from those possessed by any other person, and different from his own youthful ones, is easier to overlook—especially if they stress inwardness and subtlety as opposed to the broad, bravura manner.

Menuhin's finest qualities do not shout for attention, nor do they fall within a prescribed pattern. They bespeak humility before the art of music, a rapier-keen mentality and simple sincerity. They are, I suspect, the end-product of the years of self-probing, in which Eastern philosophy played a serious part. In the Brahms D Major Concerto, which he has recorded for Capitol, every passage gives evidence that deep, spiritually enlightened thought has been applied to the work; that its meanings, its construction, its dramatic thrust, have been examined from a point of view so fresh that nobody could hold it who had not undergone precisely the emotional and intellectual development which Menuhin's life and personality have laid upon him.

To describe the overt aspects of Menuhin's playing in this concerto, I should state that his tone is, as ever, "soprano," which is to say that it does not have the dark, luxurious color of the sound produced by an Elman or an Oistrakh. As a medium, therefore, it does not hold the easy advantage of being so luscious that interpretive ideas can be made to seem superfluous. In intricate, fast passages on the lower strings, his left-hand technique is not the sort that hammers out every note in a meticulous succession, and in such places the notes sometimes clump together like branches on a small, gnarled tree. He is also quite capable of scratching, though this particular recording smooths out attacks to the point where only a keen ear will detect the clash of rosin and gut.

THESE, then, are the externals of Menuhin's playing. But they tell only a small part of the story. The real fascination lies in the insights he has had into the spiritual inner-workings of the concerto, and in his successful transmission of them. Some of these are not easy to recognize at first, and being abstract, they are certainly hard to translate into words. An immediate reaction to the opening solo measures, as an example, is likely to be one of vague displeasure, for the passages lack the bravura sweep we have come to expect. They seem, as a result, somewhat snarled and bumpy. Only after the first movement has progressed do you realize with a start that Menuhin has phrased this opening section in a totally unaccustomed manner. The "bumps" are, in reality, a demarca-

tion of phrases which he wants us to hear from a particular point of view. In other cases, the differences between his and other interpretations grow more subtle: a single, meaningful stress on a note which usually passes unnoticed—an extremely plain reading of a passage on which other violinists expend their vibrato—an almost religious tone, where one ordinarily hears only warm, romantic sentiments. Menuhin has clearly re-thought the Brahms concerto from beginning to end and his interpretation brings forth a galaxy of meanings, implicit in the notes of the score, but previously unrevealed. The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and its conductor, Rudolph Kempe, have collaborated with him in a remarkable spirit of unanimity, so that this recording is, on every count, well worth owning. I must repeat, however, that it may take several hearings to catch the performance's cumulative significance. (Capitol PAO 8410).

SEVERAL other records of violin concerti have come by recently, a few of them splendid. An interesting comparison of interpretations is made possible by two playings of the Tchaikovsky D Major Violin Concerto, one by Jascha Heifetz on an RCA Victor disc, with an accompaniment by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony (LM-2129), and the other by David Oistrakh, the National (Soviet) Philharmonic Orchestra, and conductor Alexander Gauk. (Period SHO 307). On the Victor issue, the recorded sound, especially of the orchestra, is superior, but on neither disc is it less than adequate. Heifetz gives his usual, spanking clear, technically perfect performance. It is thoroughly convincing. Oistrakh, however, digs into Tchaikovsky's melodies as if he really expected to find something rich inside, and surprisingly, he does. The combination of his ample, opulent tone and his sober interpretive approach makes also for an unusual and distinctive reading. On this same disc the young Soviet pianist, Emil Gilels, plays the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1, accompanied by the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra and Samuel Samosud. Here again, the playing is distinguished, vigorous and brilliant.

On Period's SHO-312, David Oistrakh is presented in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*, assisted by Kiril Kondrashin and the National Philharmonic Orchestra. His playing of the Mendelssohn is just fine. His Lalo, however, is frankly amusing, and I begin to suspect that this particular work is a *bête noire* for Soviet violinists. When I heard Leonid Kogan play it at Carnegie Hall recently,

I was amazed by his lack of rapport with the piece. And now, on this recording, I find his colleague, Oistrakh, and the orchestra too, playing the *Symphonie Espagnole* as if it were a Russian *Hopak* or an excerpt from Boris Godounoff. What in this French music should ring out with sharp brilliance comes forth, instead, with heavy Tartar brutality. The effect is diverting, but not right.

Decca DL-9950 teams up Oistrakh and his son, Igor, in performances of the Bach Concerto in D minor for two violins, the Trio Sonata in C Major for two violins and cembalo, and Tartini's Trio Sonata in F Major for the same combination. Judging by these performances, and by another recording on which the Oistrakhs are heard in the Bach Double Concerto (Monitor MC-2009), I would say that Baroque music is not their forte and does not, perhaps, interest them very much. The playing of most of the music on the Decca record has a heavy-footed, perfunctory sound, and so does that of the Bach on the Monitor disc. A considerable difference exists between the recordings in the matter of mechanical reproduction, which is far superior on the Decca. The Monitor issue, however, includes a dazzling exhibition of violinistics in Sarasate's *Navarra*, for two violins and piano; Bach's Sonata No. 6 in G Major for violin and piano; and the Hindemith E Flat Sonata, Op. 11 No. 1, for the same instruments. The Bach and Hindemith works are played by Oistrakh père and pianist Vladimir Yampolsky in a rather routine manner.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE great exhibition of the works of Georges-Pierre Seurat, got together by the Art Institute of Chicago, is on display until May 11 at the Museum of Modern Art. The pictures could not be more beautifully hung or lighted. There are some hundred and fifty works, including four of the seven large figure pieces—*La Grande Jatte*, a version of the *Three Models*, *Le Chahut* and *Le Cirque*, as well as the sketches and preparatory paintings for them—figure pieces, landscapes and almost a hundred drawings. Seurat's life was short. The pictures represent the major portion of his work.

Seurat, as a very young man, had studied in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. By 1880, at the age of twenty-one, he was already a proficient painter in the then new impressionist style. The works of



this time are small, painted with cross-hatchings and spottings of bright pigment, the forms rounded and luminous without outline or detail, the color glowing and strikingly successful in the rendition of sunlight and haze. It is at this point, also, that his characteristic style of black-and-white drawing first appears—a style in which there are no lines and no details, but only rounded masses in a fog of light and shadow. The edges of the forms are fuzzed to such an extent that one wonders whether Seurat was not myopic.

SHORTLY thereafter he began the studies for his first large pictures, *The Bathers* and *La Grande Jatte*. These preparatory sketches, particularly those for *La Jatte*, are some of the painter's most interesting work. In these Sunday strollers on the banks of the Seine he had found what all painters most desire, a large, absorbing subject. For two years he worked at it steadily, making twenty or thirty sketches, both of the unpeopled landscape background, and of the people who were to be in it. These he combined into a spectacular final study, the *Definitive Study for La Grande Jatte*, here on loan from the Metropolitan.

The color in the *Definitive Study* is wonderful. The brilliant sunlight and cool summer shadows are so pleasant and the recessive depth so convincing that one forgives the somewhat wooden and immobile figures. Something of the vivacity of the original sketches has been lost but the drawing still remains easy, the forms generalized but solid.

The finished picture is also handsome but much stiffer than the study. It is enormous—seven feet by ten. Renoir is said to have detested it. Most probably he found in its stiff figures a malicious parody of his own work. Certainly the

color is flatter than in the study and the light less convincing. The figures are given hard, definite edges, like cut-out and colored cardboard silhouettes set up at varying distances in a perspective box. Most curious of all, on top of these silhouettes is superimposed a lace work of sharp detail of feature and costume, nowhere prefigured in the studies; it is an artificial and irrelevant embroidery. It is as if Seurat were putting down by rote details he knew were there but had not actually observed—like a naive painter who is forced to invent and remember since he has not been trained to see.

The subsequent work carries this naive and detailed stylization even farther and with less success. The *Three Models* and the sketches for it are tight and labored, the drawing of the figures is inconsistent and weak. As for *La Poudreuse*, *Le Chahut* and *Le Cirque*, one has only to compare them with similar works by Degas and Toulouse-Lautrec to see how inferior they are in every respect. Their compositions are arbitrary and laborious, their drawing contrived and flat, their sentiment childish and, most surprising of all, they have no color. Seurat's vaunted color theories notwithstanding, they appear today a pallid mosaic of vaguely tinted dots. Their powdery tone, their stylized drawing and rigid, obvious composition, charming enough on a candy box or amusing perhaps in naive work, are unacceptable from a major painter.

What could have changed this charming, sensitive and minor impressionist master into the contriver of such imposing and unwieldy images? Perhaps he was misled by theory. Seurat was a solitary, reticent man and a strict logician. Under the influence of Charles Henry, a writer on aesthetics, he had

come to adopt a set of absurd rules supposed to explain the effect of abstract pictorial elements on the emotions. Thus, gaiety was to be obtained by warm, light colors and ascending lines; calm, by a balance of warm and cold, of light and dark, and by the use of horizontals; sadness, by cold, dark colors and lines leading down. These rules are based on inconsequent verbal associations, but it is obvious that Seurat took them quite seriously. A further difficulty lay perhaps in Seurat's actual vision. To judge from the drawings and early paintings with their consistent omission of detail, Seurat did not see in linear terms at all. If, as one imagines, his eyes did not focus normally, the sort of linear composition these rules demand was an impossible and unnatural effort for him. As for his mathematically conceived color theories, if one is to judge from the three last works, either the theories were completely unfounded or the works were executed in the most unstable pigments. *Le Cirque* I seem to remember from some twenty years ago as bright with mauve and purple. Perhaps the pictures have simply faded. But this is difficult to believe in view of the marvelous color the earlier work displays. I am driven to conclude that for a painter an *a priori* aesthetic theory is a very dangerous business.

Seurat was a man of immense talent and energy. The manner of these last pictures is a phase he probably would have passed. The great pity is that he died so young. At thirty-one a painter's work is only beginning. Think how little Cézanne had accomplished by then.

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to eternity

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The moon turned to tenements  
for lack of lovers

And a cancelled George Washington  
flew over America

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## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

THE resourcefulness of Hollywood is bottomless. They've now taken some scattered pieces from William Faulkner and scotch-taped them together into a picture — *The Long, Hot Summer* — that closely resembles William Inge's *Picnic*, with bits of *Baby Doll* leering around the edges. I don't mind the free and easy use of Faulkner, but I wish the adaptation hadn't come out to look so much like the work of other men. As a yarn spinner, Faulkner differs from Inge and Williams by the measure of a biting wit, and some of the material used here was wickedly funny in its first form. The picture is full of wild laughter and ribald suggestion, but the effect is more country-club sexy than back-country Rabelaisian.

And this is so, despite the best efforts of Orson Welles, who is got up with plastic nose and a terrible wheeze to resemble the aging stud of a feckless herd, and despite the conversation of Joanne Woodward, a cool-looking girl who makes it quite explicit that after a certain age purity becomes more a burden than a virtue. You can't show as much on the screen as you once could, but it has seemed recently that you can say almost anything you want. Some of the remarks in *Long, Hot Summer* would have made Theda Bara leap from her couch in offended hauteur. I'm all for this freedom of speech, but spade-calling should be carried off with a certain ease of manner. The actors in this film tend to precede frank passages with a slight gulp and a popping of the eyes. Over-rehearsal, perhaps. And the picture might have come some closer to Faulkner's rough folkways if the Technicolor had not varnished the whole community as prettily as a *Holiday* magazine excursion.

Mr. Welles cuts about like a veteran of Old Opry; Paul Newman, as the provocative stranger, faces up to him with *The Method*. It's a good match in personality projection, even if it seems a little studied for first-rate acting. I somewhat preferred Anthony Franciosa who, as the old bull's weakling son, seemed more interested in his role than in the promise of an Oscar.

Faulkner is full of ideas and this picture spins with incidents. They have been homogenized to produce a fable of togetherness, but even so the original inventive energy of Faulkner's fiction works its way to the surface. No one is going to be bored while the show is on.

IRWIN SHAW'S *The Young Lions* has been softened for screen purposes and comes out as a surprisingly sweet story of modern war. I wish I could believe that World War II had so cleansing an effect on prejudice, cruelty and moral indifference, but the evidence since then scarcely bears it out.

The story is awkward for a movie. Marlon Brando works out his destiny of revulsion and despair as a Panzer officer in one-half of the scenes, while Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin learn to be men as a pair of infantry G.I.s in the other half. The two stories slowly converge and at the end the Americans kill the German, never knowing that in spirit he is with them. The irony may be effective, but the back-and-forth, cut-and-jump structure does not suit the screen. A picture is a narrative river, it is not a switchback, and unless it can flow it never builds momentum.

Brando is interesting—he always is. I am beginning to suspect, though, that he is always interesting as Brando. He can put a unique stamp on any role he plays, he does things with his body and his face and his voice that are eloquent and seem to imply the creation of a complex individual. But it is curiously the same individual again and again. Brando wears a character like a costume.

Clift, as a wiry, intense, very young Jew, seemed to me in the end more substantial. His part was loaded with anti-discrimination, but he pretty well cut through the sociological platitudes and built a young man who lived in his own right and not by sufferance of Montgomery Clift.

### Summer Song

Be of this brightness dyed  
Whose unbridled fever  
Flings gold before it goes  
Into voids finally  
That have no measure.

Bird-sleep, moon-set,  
Island after island,  
Be of their hush  
On this tide that balance  
A time, for a time.

Islands are not forever,  
Nor this light again,  
Tide-set, brief summer;  
Be of their secret  
That fears no other.

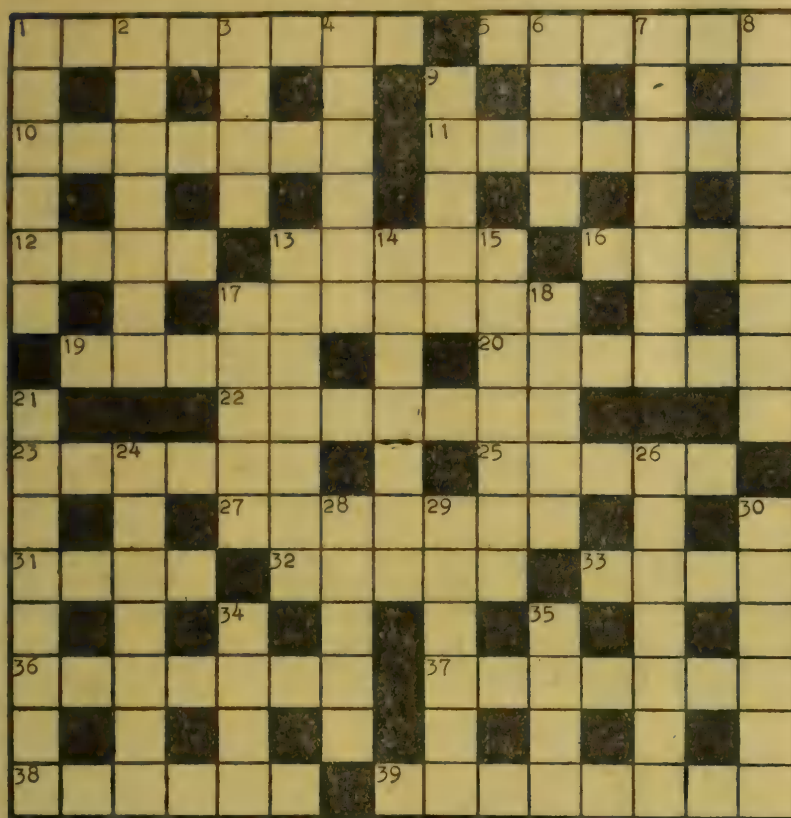
W. S. MERWIN

The Nation



# Crossword Puzzle No. 768

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Implying a second mate looks large with a dimness of vision. (8)
- 5 Blanket overcast running chain back for a few samples. (6)
- 10 Stirs up trouble with people who won't split an infinitive. (7)
- 11 and 21 A ship in the desert? (7,8)
- 12 Can the first part of A.B. at sea? 16 and 3 down Certainly not a service of the sea in North America, for example. (4,4)
- 17 A heavy one probably tips more than others. (7)
- 19 More theoretically, he might get riled easily. (5)
- 20 An adherent takes a small number to back a little transportation system. (6)
- 23 and 37 You certainly won't get right at the mail if you're such a slow starter. (4,2,3,4)
- 25 Makes a reduction in sheets? (5)
- 27 Tribesmen might cause trouble with the introduction of television. (7)
- 31 Young part of the country, formerly. (4)
- 32 One, with this, is rather biased. (5)
- 33, 13 across and 9 down What's that globe on your desk? (3,1,5,5)
- 36 It might make the tide run, as magma does into other rock. (7)
- 38 William was likewise not human. 39 This old comedian made fast money, even with the real sort about. (8)

## DOWN:

- 1 How Shakespeare might be recognized, action apart. (6)
- 2 Fashion came first, but was badly reported. (7)
- 4 Poses a medical question to find a grain of truth? (6)
- 6 Coming up with more than one little 31 around a ballerina! (4)
- 7 The composition of Tom in a ragged coat? (7)
- 8 Fourth example of them is made out of solid hay. (8)
- 13 Persist in setting shady examples? 14 Formic, no doubt (as an absorbent)! (7)
- 15 Always came first around what might be raised by force. (7)
- 17 Perhaps a colored part of 18 pales nevertheless! (5)
- 18 Symbols of secrecy. (5)
- 24 Beguile? Even this, only more so. 26 A lot of sheep around, and foreign, but not exactly on the hoof! (7)
- 28 A high-ranking one has some hesitation about making such a treacherous person of himself. (5)
- 29 To hang one under canvas? (6)
- 30 Withe. (6)
- 34 Instrument to touch up! (4)
- 35 Pure, where mail is sorted in the capital. (4)

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38 INNS; 39 SHOAL; 40 YEARS; DOWN:  
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CUT UP OUT; 11 SONANT; 14 SATYR; 16  
DREAMED; 19 ADO; 20 APT; 21, 6 and 15  
down GREEN-EYED MONSTER; 22 EM-  
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Jane Stolle

### LETTERS

Horace Gregory  
Dilys Laing  
Vivian Mercier

### SATIRE

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Gore Vidal  
William Esty  
Harold Clurman  
Kenneth Rexroth



# LETTERS

## Attractive Investment

Dear Sirs: With the support and encouragement of the U.S. Commissioner's Office for the Brussels World's Fair, a group of Columbia University School of Journalism students is planning an American bilingual daily newspaper for the Fair. While the Russians will distribute, without charge, a tri-weekly newspaper called *Sputnik*, the United States Government will be represented only by a souvenir booklet—to be sold—and occasional handouts. Therefore the publication we are planning will be the only one available free to the millions of prospective visitors to the Fair which will reflect, on a day-to-day basis, the American point of view.

But public support is needed to realize the project; the U.S. Commissioner's Office has no money available for the purpose. Support is solicited in two forms: cash contributions (tax deductible), or the purchase of advertising space in the publication, the first issue of which is scheduled to appear June 10.

Please direct inquiries and contributions to The Brussels Fair Courier, Inc., Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.

ERIC WENTWORTH

New York City

## From an "A. I. Mother"

Dear Sirs: From an "A. I. Mother's" point of view, may I make a couple of remarks about Test-Tube Paternity (March 29 issue)? Dr. Guttmacher is obviously a brilliant and ethical physician who hopes to speed the day when A.I. parents [parents of a child conceived by means of artificial insemination] can be as frank before the world as those whose youngsters are legally adopted. Pending that happy development in our culture he (like me, who must even write you anonymously) has taken many secretive precautions in his practice and was careful to match the donors as closely as possible with the appearance of the sterile husbands.

Then—and this is what startles me—Dr. Guttmacher goes on to criticize physicians who also attempt to match blood type and who mix a bit of the husband's semen with that of the donor. I suspect that the good doctor is like many others whose life work deals with babies. They tend to forget that in an amazingly short time the baby becomes a young man or woman needing an operation, or giving birth, or just taking the family's turn at the Blood Bank. "Oh, boys usually have their mother's

blood type," a nurse may say blithely, and when the boy turns out to have a type that neither Mom nor Dad has, can't everyone imagine the look the nurse gives Mama?

I am grateful to those physicians who practice A.I.—they are admirable and respectable men. I merely want to say to them: keep as up to date as you can on new developments in the field of genetics; choose donors for resemblance to both the future father and mother in characteristics we know or suspect are inherited; and mix the two semens by all means, not because the matter will come up in a court of law, but to assist the A.I. parents in a few years to have the ring of truth in their voices when they tell their child how *his* conception occurred. You can't prove a negative and they *might* have had A.I.H. [A.I.H. means "artificial insemination — husband's." The writer is saying that by mixing the donor's semen with the husband's, it becomes difficult to disprove that the husband is not also the real father.—Ed.]

To those contemplating A.I., since the foregoing may sound glum, I want to say: go ahead—it is marvelous. If you have a boy, he is so likely to identify with the man who is, after all, his *real* father, and to copy his thoughts and conversation that the test-tube origin will not cross your minds for years at a time (unless you read an article or encounter that snoopy nurse!).

(Name withheld)

New York City

## "The Principia" Explained

Dear Sirs: Our copy of the March 22 issue of *The Nation* has come to hand with the piece by Hale Champion entitled, *The Nice Murderer*, dealing with the Tom Cordry case. While we appreciate the dispassionate, non-sensational tone of Mr. Champion's article, we should like to correct one of his statements. He writes: "After an apparently uneventful childhood, [Cordry] prepared for college at Principia, a St. Louis school of excellent reputation operated by the Christian Science Church." The Principia is not "operated by the Christian Science Church." It is an independent, non-profit educational institution operated by individual Christian Scientists for young people from Christian Science families. It does not teach Christian Science and receives no financial support from and is not controlled by any church.

REBEKA A. P. DIETZ,

Editor of Publications, *The Principia*

St. Louis, Mo.

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## EDITORIALS

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### The Power of the Purse

The smoke generators are in action and a dense fog shrouds the service reorganization battlefield (see last week's editorial). Through the murk can be heard the ringing tones of Senator Styles Bridges: "I am not going to surrender the power of the purse to Mr. McElroy, the President or anybody else." But there is no evidence whatever that the President ever had any intention of reaching for a "blank check to spend two-thirds of the national budget." On the other hand, the President's maneuver in seeking to postpone consideration of the issue of fiscal flexibility until next January is both disingenuous and tactically dubious. The handling of funds remains a key issue and a legitimate subject for debate. It will be debated—now.

The Defense Secretary should be in a position to reallocate up to 20 per cent, say, of the total budget without regard to service or original earmarking. This is a basic necessity for bringing some approach to functional efficiency into the technological-arms race. No one challenges the right of Congress to appropriate or not to appropriate—to reject, for instance, the Food and Drug Administration's request for an added \$1,570,000 while granting another \$6,000,000,000 for "defense." Nor is Congress without power to review the manner in which appropriations have been used. The difficulty lies elsewhere. While members may have an adequate idea of why they are rejecting or granting the requests of some government department, the increasing technicalization of military operations insures that the great majority will be unable to grasp the merits and demerits of Defense Department proposals.

But this is only part of the difficulty. The technological race proceeds at such breakneck speed that even those versed in its intricacies are often unsure of the outcome of pending developments. Moreover, a large proportion of military development, planning and production simply cannot be budgeted on an annual basis. And then there are the further confusions of secrecy. The result is that the military budget can be legislatively controlled only in general and vague terms, and the generality and vagueness are ever on the increase.

For all these reasons a degree of flexibility in the

Defense Department's use of appropriations is perfectly in order. Nor is it clear how the existing laws which give the Secretary "direction, authority and control" over the services can be carried out unless the Secretary has some power of the purse of his own. This power is opposed by certain generals and admirals as well as by Congressmen, in a covert revolt against the civilians on the staff of the Defense Department controller and in the Bureau of the Budget who have managed to keep some sort of check on fiscal megalomania.

### The Textbook-Model Recession

This recession, we said some weeks back (March 22, page 246), will educate. We were much too cautious. It is now clear that the years which have intervened since the last breadlines formed have produced a remarkable sophistication on matters economic. Consider, for example, *Business Week's* wrap-up on How the Slump Got That Way (April 5)—or, as it might better have been titled, "What Happened to the Boom?" "Basically," comments *Business Week*, "the thing that went wrong was that consumer borrowing, spending and income stopped growing at abnormal speed and returned to a more normal—or slightly less than normal—pace, while business capital spending, set in motion by business plans laid during the buoyant days of 1955, plunged upward." In support of this view, Harvard's James Duesenberry is quoted: "So what you have is steady growth of capital stock and a slower growth of income." Another Harvard economist, Arthur Smithies, enters the dialogue by observing that the present recession is a prime instance of an *inherent mechanism* in the U.S. private economy (our emphasis). "The basic factor in the current recession," he comments, "is that the economy generates capacity faster than demand." What happened, basically, to the boom is what usually has happened to booms, namely, the drive for expanded capacity overshot itself and produced, as Sir Geoffrey Crowther has pointed out in *The Economist*, "the very textbook model of a classic trade cycle." But does the Administration know this? At the moment it is acting as though the Keynesians in its ranks had been vanquished or silenced: witness the hesitation to cut taxes, the President's veto of the \$1.7 billion river-and-harbor



bill, and the failure to recognize the implications of rising prices in the "administered pricing" sector of the economy, during a period of declining demand.

## **Please, Mr. Truman!**

Most of us had hoped that it might be possible for Mr. Truman to fade gradually from the national scene. He had a marvelous opportunity to depart in glory and most of us wished him well. But like so many little men, he was not content to call it quits with history. He wanted to strut just once again upon the national stage, to win some final rounds of applause. As a consequence, he has placed himself in an unpleasant light. It is embarrassing to see a former President of the United States question the word of a leading American journalist and come off second best. It is even more embarrassing to find a new word, "Trumanizing," coming into popular usage to define the process of tampering with the facts of history.

It is unpleasant to have a man who once referred to President Eisenhower as "General Demagogue," and who has always been a specialist in rough-and-tumble American politics, refuse to sit at table with Mr. Nixon because the Vice President once referred to him as a "traitor"—the more unpleasant, as it was Mr. Truman himself who signed the initial loyalty-security order under which thousands of American citizens were branded as disloyal with no better warrant than Mr. Nixon had when he called the former President a traitor. And a final sad comment: we hesitated to remark on Mr. Truman's unfortunate recent exchange with the City Council of Hiroshima because, somehow, we felt sorry for him, as one always feels sorry for a man who falls heir to responsibilities that are beyond his capacities. But now we feel perfectly free to say what perhaps we should have said at the time, namely, that Mr. Truman's rejoinder to the City Council of Hiroshima betrayed a lack of moral sensitivity that would be embarrassing if exhibited by any American but that, in a former President who ordered the bombing, was deeply humiliating.

Please, Mr. Truman, don't tempt history any further. It has a cruel way with those who push their luck a bit too far.

## **Nimble Fingers and Flying Feet**

On the same day that Mr. Dulles, at a press conference, castigated Soviet diplomacy with a venom unusual even for him, 3,000 Americans wildly cheered a visiting Russian dance group in Carnegie Hall. Only a few days earlier, a Russian audience in Moscow had given an American pianist an equally vociferous welcome. The moral, of course, is so painfully obvious that, once drawn, it will be instantly criticized as overdrawn. Yet to those who say that history is hardly likely to

record that the Cold War was undone by ten nimble fingers and a hundred pairs of flying feet, we say: are a hundred flying missiles likely to do better?

It would be ideal, of course, if Mr. Dulles could be induced to join the Bolshoi Ballet and Mr. Khrushchev to matriculate at the Juilliard School of Music. But short of this, we can still profit from the discovery that international relations flourish better in Tchaikovsky Hall than in the Kremlin, in Carnegie Hall than in the State Department. Let's have more relations where they are amiable and less where they are bitter. In this way, eventually, enough goodwill might be generated at the bottom to trickle up to the summit.

## **Saturday Evening's Children**

President Eisenhower urges that we can lick the recession (now rapidly attaining a state of depression) if we will keep our chins up and our pocketbooks open—the public, he said, could do its bit just by buying the things it really needs.

But last month *The Saturday Evening Post*, a magazine that normally lives in one world with the President, published the modest, decent history of a man who almost fell into disaster by buying what he needed. Marion Rairigh, who tells of his experience through the professional pen of Elmont Waite, is a skilled worker in a California aviation plant. He has a wife and three children and he earns a fine salary. Mr. Rairigh is a good family man, in fact he has all of the solid virtues except one—he lacks patience. Coming out of the army with no possessions, but able to earn well and knowing what befitted him as a useful member of the most prosperous society on earth, Mr. Rairigh decided he needed quite a few things to make life modestly comfortable—a house, a car, a nice front yard, the usual electric and electronic pleasantries for kitchen and living room. No one suggested to him that Rome wasn't built in a day, so he built his in a day—on the installment plan. Not bothering to add up all the weekly and monthly payments, he never realized that he had agreed to spend his salary before he'd earned it, and a good part of his wife's too. Then his wife's seasonal job came to an end and the Rairighs were in the soup.

They came out of it, grimly but happily, because their plight was so desperate that it couldn't be hidden (debt today is the one social disease that is still never mentioned) and they got professional help at the tricky job of spreading their income out thin. Even so, they lived on bread and water for almost three years. Mr. Rairigh is not exceptionally gullible—he just suffered from the illusion that a good American can have immediately whatever his greedy eyes light upon. That is the siren song of advertising, and we salute Mr. Rairigh for telling frankly how he succumbed and the *Satevepost* for biting the hand that feeds it.



# SPRING BOOKS

## Section 1: BIOGRAPHY

### A Busman's Holiday . . by Mina Curtiss

NOTHING could be more feckless than for a biographer, waiting to correct the proof of an eight-pound manuscript—a pound for each year of work—to sit in a sunny corner of the Arizona desert trying to do what she should have done eight years ago: *i.e.*, formulate the basic principles of writing a biography. But this first attempt at re-creating the life of a man known to me originally only as the composer of one great work of art was definitely the result of a seduction, an increasingly irresistible attraction to original documents, the basic substance of the craft of biography. I use the word "craft" in order to avoid controversy with my elders and betters.

Sir Harold Nicolson, whose recently published, highly readable *Sainte-Beuve* is an expression of gratitude for the "pleasure and instruction" derived by the author from the works of that critic, divides "the history of the lives of individual men as a branch of literature" into pure and impure biography. Impure biography stems from "the desire to compose the life of an individual as an illustration of some extraneous theory or conception . . . the undue intrusion of the biographer's personality or predilections." Pure biography must combine "the three elements of truth, individuality and art." Nicolson feels that in our age, because of the introduction of "scientific psychology . . . the three elements cannot again be combined in their proper proportions . . . that the scientific interest in biography is hostile to, and will in the end prove destructive of, the literary interest. . . . The biographical form will be given to fiction, the fictional form

will be given to biography. When this happens 'pure' biography will cease to exist. . . . We shall not have another Boswell or another Lockhart."

The author of two wonderfully effective lives of men as different as the gentle poet, Cowper, and the brilliant statesman, Lord Melbourne, is less stringent in his definition than Nicolson, more reconciled to the age of science. "Biography is not an important form of literary art," Lord David Cecil modestly declares. "But it has a special interest for the student of modern literature. For it is the only new form. . . . Modern poetry and modern novels . . . are only new variations on old forms. . . . Not so biography which is not out of sympathy with the scientific spirit." The discoveries in the field of psychology enable "writers as never before to give a full account of human behavior."

The aim of the biographer of the past, says Lord David, was not artistic, it was useful. If he was a talented writer like Boswell his book became a work of art. But even had it not been, it would have succeeded in its primary purpose which was to tell the truth, to give information rather than to express his personal vision. A modern biography like Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* is as much an expression of the author's personality as is *David Copperfield*.

LYTTON STRACHEY, primarily an artist, expressed his own conception of artistic truth. Like a designer of mosaics he was more interested in juxtaposing facts to execute his pattern than in informing readers of the historic truth. For example, in writing of the death of Lord Bacon, that "wonderful snake . . . that piece of shot silk," Strachey describes him dying as "an old man, disgraced, shattered, alone on Highgate Hill,

stuffing a dead fowl with snow." Having depicted Bacon's life as that of a knave, Strachey could not resist allotting him a fool's death.

Strachey's source for this curiously dishonest sentence was John Aubrey, the so-called "maggotie-headed" gossip, whose chief interest in life was collecting facts. Here is his description of the death of Lord Bacon:

Mr. Hobbs told me that the cause of his Lordship's death was trying an experiment; viz. as he was taking the Aire in a coach with Dr. Witherborne (a Scotchman, physician to the King), towards Highgate, snow lay on the ground, and it came into my Lord's thoughts, why flesh might not be preserved in snow, as in salt. They were resolved they would try the experiment presently. They alighted out of the coach and went into a poor woman's house at the bottom of Highgate Hill, and bought a Hen, and made the woman exenterate it, and then stuff the body with Snow, and my Lord did help to do it himselfe. The snow so chilled him that he immediately fell so extremely ill, that he could not return to his lodging . . . but went to the Earle of Arudel's house at Highgate . . . where . . . within two or three days . . . he dyed of suffocation.

Like Harold Nicolson, Lytton Strachey was not at home in an age of science.

André Maurois, on the other hand, can take science or leave it. From the beginning he has been unprejudiced in his use of any method that enabled him to project the image he wished to give of the subject of his admittedly subjective choice. In pointing out the difference between the artistic problems of the novelist and those of the biographer, he already confessed thirty years ago that he no longer liked *Ariel*, his more or less fictionalized life of Shelley. The novelist, godlike, may create

*MINA CURTISS translated The Letters of Marcel Proust. Her biography, Bizet and His World, will be published later this year.*

April 26, 1958



and people his universe. Yet this invented world must be true to life. "The absurdity of truth," M. Maurois writes, "is magnificent and well-nigh inimitable, and a man must have genius to be as flagrantly absurd as God."

But the biographer, whatever his choice of subject, is confined to the world of facts, of action, of ideas, of man's rather than God's creativity. The historical truth, which is essential in biography, is not the same truth as that created by the logic of the novelist's imagination. The biographer, said M. Maurois in 1929, "must do some work of composition, of course, or else he ceases to be an artist; but it must be more by means of the painter's or poet's rhythm." M. Maurois apparently came to recognize the fallacy in this biographical method: some twenty years later, in writing his excellent life of Marcel Proust, he changed his point of view. He, too, fell under the spell of documents. The excitement of reading unpublished letters, original manuscripts, proof-corrections in the author's revealing handwriting, seduced him into the realization that the science or art of detection, of searching out the truth about an artist and presenting him through his own writings is the most valid method in biography, and therefore a more satisfactory approach to self-expression for the biographer than the use of the painter's or poet's rhythm. How much more three-dimensional a figure is his Victor Hugo, so brilliantly and thoroughly documented, than his freer, more flamboyant evocation of Disraeli.

BUT the selection of documents, the decision of which letters to quote, which method to use in inserting quotations into the text is an art in itself. Confronted with the problem of conveying, without becoming either offensive or monotonous, the protean range of Hugo's sexual life, M. Maurois managed, by no attempt at exhaustiveness, but a most discerning and varied choice from the thousands of letters available to him, to give a true picture of the poet's extraordinary personal life. Love-letters, however, as someone has re-

marked, are far less fruitful to the biographer than account books, unless, of course, the letters are written by a man of genius like John Keats.

Ever since the publication half a century ago of a letter of Georges Bizet's in which he tells a friend of the breaking, because of family objections, of his two-week-old engagement to his future wife, Geneviève Halévy, persons interested in the life of the composer have wondered about the basis of these objections. In no published letter did he ever again mention the subject. But the reasons become clear in unpublished letters to his wife's uncle and in his mother-in-law's ledger. Madame Halévy, a very erratic lady, did not

## The Lottery

*Que buen  
numeros me quedan!*

*Mañana*  
luck is always for tomorrow  
or tonight  
when the lottery is drawn

The horse-drawn carriage rattles  
and clatters down the street  
the horse's bells jingle  
on the embroidered harness  
the driver sits alert and wears a hat  
that is part of it

No one pays attention  
the man will pay the driver  
the cobbles will stay in the street  
but luck is felt  
in the small dark stores, the doorways  
as the sound of bells and hoofs  
on cobbles

Travellers are good luck  
here  
they cry "*maleta! maleta!*"  
and run and touch a suitcase  
for luck

"Nail  
those long shadows to my cross!"  
darkened doorways in sun-glare  
a hammer

Silence of black skirts  
upbeld  
In the shadowed eyes  
an ultimate patience  
Death lives among the people  
as Life does

Luck never  
Luck is for people in carriages  
for voyagers

*Que buen numeros me quedan  
para HOY!  
ultimo par' HOY!*

PAUL BLACKBURN

restrict herself to figures when adding up her accounts. Explosive remarks punctuate the columns, and in her attitude towards francs and centimes lay many of the clues for an otherwise unexplained incident which caused both her daughter and Bizet much unhappiness.

THERE is, of course, a danger that the spell cast over a biographer by unpublished documents may turn into a more or less virulent obsession. The ordinary reader is not even aware of the number of potentially absorbing but unpublishable or unreadable biographies he is deprived of because the author, too often a victim of the deadly influence of the Ph.D. thesis, has felt impelled to leave in his text all the hand-carved scaffolding necessary for the building of his work, but which becomes a barricade between the subject and the reader. Scholars who are subject to this affliction tend to minimize the interest of their subject matter and to forget their function of communicating to readers the information they seek.

The French are inclined to tax us with more interest in facts than in ideas. Their predilection for symbolic or philosophical rather than historical or factual biography is typified in Michelet's life of Jeanne d'Arc, recently published here in a new translation by Albert Guérard. In their popular biography, however, the old saw about *l'éléphant et l'amour* holds. Although they admittedly dislike the notion of foreigners writing the lives of Frenchmen, Irving Stone's *Lust for Life*, translated as *La Vie Passionnée de Van Gogh*, heads the list of a series which includes *La Vie Passionnée de Galilée* by Fulton Oursler as well as the loves of Rembrandt, Shakespeare, Cortes, Mozart, etc. Even the serious and scholarly biography by Maurice Levillant, a professor at the Sorbonne, published here with a subtitle, *The Dual Biography of Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier*, was originally entitled *Une Amitié Amoureuse*, translated as *The Passionate Exiles*. It is not always easy to distinguish between facts and ideas.

The British tend to make fun of

The NATION



our preoccupation with exhaustive research, but actually they are quite as zealous as we are. They merely lack our enthusiasm for discovery. Old hands at the game, they are less exhibitionistic, more understated in proclaiming the results of their research. Also they are not crippled by the rigors of the Ph.D. thesis. Their university graduates write with more natural style and elegance, though often just as dully as ours. Much interesting new material, including Heine's letters to George Sand, was available to E. M. Butler, former Professor of German at Cambridge, whose *Heinrich Heine* appeared a short time ago. The book is thoroughly competent, but the long, important period of Heine's life in Paris is in no way illuminated either by the hitherto unpublished material, or by references to or quotations

from the many eminent Frenchmen who were Heine's friends. The facts are stated, but neither the man, the poet, nor the Jew comes to life.

The weight of facts can indeed be ponderous. It takes a skillful and painstaking juggler to achieve the delicately balanced pattern necessary for a biography both readable and scholarly. Such a book, by an American who spent ten years at his task, is Leslie Marchand's magnificent three-volume *Byron*. Whether or not it is a work of art I am not prepared to say. But I know that it is "pure" biography. It re-creates truthfully, vividly, readably, with notes intended to increase the reader's understanding rather than to enhance the author's scholarly reputation, the life, or rather the many lives, as well as the life-time of its subject.

## Lords, Leaders and Rascals

**THE EARLY CHURCHILLS:** An English Family. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Bros. 378 pp. \$6.50.

**THE CHURCHILLS:** From the Death of Marlborough to the Present. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Bros. 464 pp. \$7.50.

**Raymond Postgate**

THE 842 pages of Mr. Rowse's two volumes on the Churchill family form an important book and a formidable mass of reading, not all easy, but on the whole of intense interest. They are held together by a thesis which on inspection turns out to be false. Explicitly or implicitly, Mr. Rowse proceeds on the assumption that there are general Churchill characteristics which can be traced throughout the generations, and provide what is conventionally called an unfolding story. Of some families—the Huxleys, for example, with their rationalism, their combativeness, their high-mindedness and their scientific ability—this thesis seems true. But no common characteristic at all emerges to unite the Churchills who are painted here, certainly none of those popularly ascribed to them. Strong principles? The first Winston Churchill was a court sycophant, and the great Duke of Marlbor-

ough was a "very smooth man," smooth to the point of slipperiness. Courage? The fourth Duke was so timid he spent the last part of his life in hiding. Honesty? The fifth Duke was "little better than a common swindler." Intelligence and culture? There were few stupider bigots than the sixth Duke. At least, you will say, they were all individuals of marked character. Far from it. There are some here so colorless that even Mr. Rowse's loyalty can make nothing of them.

This, then, is a portrait gallery where the pictures are effectively unrelated to one another—even in physical form, for there could be few greater contrasts between the Churchills of Marlborough's day, graceful in face and figure, and the stocky, unbeautiful Churchill of today. But one by one, some of the pictures are well worth looking at.

The first, of an Elizabethan John Churchill, is too dim and faded to detain us; the second, which Mr. Rowse has painted in with patient detail, is the first Sir Winston Churchill, who flourished under Charles II and James II. It is an unpleasant portrait. The man was greedy and piled up money and estates, he wrote a servile book on monarchy and was an industrious politician in Parliament. So far as he had a personal policy, other than following the court, it was for oppressing the weak, whether they were journalists, dissenters, or merely the poor. He prostituted his

daughter Arabella to James II—there is a brief sketch of her; she is a plain, skinny, white-faced young woman, falling clumsily off a horse and showing her legs most improperly, an accident which was the sole cause of her brief importance in history.

Sir Winston's son is a far more attractive figure than either of these; no portrait of the great Duke of Marlborough can be anything but dazzling. Mr. Rowse's is not new (how could it be?) but it is vivid, and yet at the end you wonder if you admire the Duke after all. "You are a rascal, but I forgive you, for you do it to get your bread," said Charles II to the young man when he found him in bed with his mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland. The charm worked on the King; after two hundred years it sometimes works on us and sometimes does not. Lord Chesterfield, of all people, found that "the Duke of Marlborough studied the art of pleasing" too much. Still, he was a very great man, and only occasionally do we wish for less love of money and more love of principle.

OF his wife Sarah we have no doubts. She was a woman of most remarkable character, and fortunate indeed we are never to have met her. The story of the unfolding of her grotesque personality is absorbing; there is no room to recall it here, but one cannot pass on without dwelling for a moment on her strange love affair with Queen Anne. Anne had a schoolgirl's passion for her, which Sarah accepted as her right. Anne invented names for the two of them—"Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman"—so that no shadow of royal privilege should come between their perfect equality.

Sarah, as these strong, dominant girls do, ultimately destroyed the Queen's love by arrogance and jealousy; typically, she would not realize the truth and had almost literally to be driven away.

She lived to a great age, rich, rude, overbearing and a tyrant to her family and friends; and after her comes a series of wigged or whiskered portraits of forgotten Dukes and Lords. Their story is pretty confusing and not very important; they filled Blenheim with pictures and valuables or they sold them and spent the money like gods; they gambled or were Puritans; they angled for the Garter and got it or didn't get it—one goes rather fast through this gallery. Certainly the Duke who married Consuelo Vanderbilt and was unbearable to her would be worth a moment's study, but strangely enough Mr. Rowse refuses to tell that story. We have to pass on to Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Win-

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ston's brilliant, unsuccessful and short-lived father.

Mr. Rowse's writing is in general rather slack and ejaculatory, especially in the second volume, but he prefaces Lord Randolph's story with a brilliantly written and accurate picture of Edwardian society, pointing out very truly that this had come into being long before Edward himself came to the throne. It was a brighter and gayer society, and less selfish perhaps, than the Regency; and it had a large share in forming both Lord Randolph and his greater son.

What shall we say, in front of that last portrait? Perhaps we are still standing too near to judge. Or rather, to abandon that metaphor, anybody who has lived through the past half-century is too filled with emotions still to be judicial. My chief surprise on reading this book was, frankly, to remember how intolerable Churchill seemed—indeed, was—for two-thirds of his life. Mr. Rowse is too loyal to underline it, but the truth is his political friends often could not bear him and his opponents always detested him. Sometimes their reasons were good, too. It was self-advertisement (even if unconscious) for a Home Secretary to call out the Army to catch three burglars and direct their firing himself, and for a First Lord of the Admiralty to leave his desk to conduct an unsuccessful descent on Antwerp. The fury of his attacks on his own countrymen in the general strike of 1926 caused wounds that have

not ceased bleeding yet; his Chancellorship caused economic damage from which the country has not yet recovered. And yet it was he to whom we—Americans as well as British—owe more than any gratitude can ever pay; what he proved to have become was a leader such that even a political opponent does not today hear that distinctive thick voice without an emotion that he cannot and doesn't wish to control.

The explanation, I think, can only be given in a metaphor that he would understand; he is a wine of a well-known but rare type of vintage. There are many good workaday clarets to be had. There are vintages like 1929 which are smooth, scented and superb from their very beginning, Dukes of Marlborough among wines. There are others like 1934 which start brilliantly, with a heady perfume and a full claret taste but suddenly, like Lord Randolph, break down and you find there is nothing in the bottle but colored water. But just occasionally, as there was in 1928, you find a vintage of which nobody can make anything. Harsh, bright purple, heavy, acrid to smell, it seems undrinkable, and never likely to be anything else. Then without warning—some thirty years later it may be—the elements combine, and the happy man who has been wise enough to keep it has a wine that every connoisseur envies him. Mr. Churchill (neither Mr. Rowse nor I can bear that silly "Sir") is a 1928 claret.

publications by his friends and relations. This material is often prejudiced and poorly written by badly-qualified authors, but it does get first-hand impressions and facts recorded in print. Then, after intimate friends and correspondents have died, his letters and private papers will emerge in published form. The publication of letters and papers is a slow process. Some important documents of the eighteenth century, such as Boswell's "Journals" and the letters of Horace Walpole, have had to wait until recent years. Where figures of the twentieth century are concerned, it is safe to say that the process has only just begun. The serious biographer usually regards his subject's private papers, whether in published form or in manuscript, as necessary instruments for his work.

GORDON RAY is in the unusual position of having himself done much of the preliminary work for his biography of Thackeray. He has written a study which developed information about the novelist's life from his own books, has published a four-volume edition of Thackeray's letters and papers, and has uncovered and studied fresh manuscript material. Thus, *Thackeray*, to a far greater extent than most biographies of its kind, is the work of a single man. Even so, Mr. Ray's notes show that, like other literary biographers, he is indebted to a crowd of editors, memoirists and historians who came before him.

His life of Thackeray, which is certainly one of the most finished critical biographies ever written, contains a vast accumulation of data drawn from these sources. His skillful handling satisfies two requirements of biography which are nearly irreconcilable. He has covered the facts thoroughly and in detail, supporting every statement with conventional scholarly evidence; and he has worked them into a fabric that is a clear, vivid and absorbing revelation of his subject.

Further, Mr. Ray has accepted the special responsibility of the critical biographer by ordering his facts in such a way that they lead up to Thackeray's literary work. One is aware throughout the complicated narrative of Thackeray's varied activities that he is being studied as a writer.

For example, Thackeray's many years of work as a journalist established writing habits which were carried over into his novels, and which help to explain some of their peculiarities. In writing impromptu papers under the pressure of deadlines, Thackeray learned to make the most of limited material by extend-

## Literature and Personality

*THACKERAY: THE AGE OF WISDOM, 1847-1863. Vol. II. By Gordon N. Ray. McGraw-Hill. 523 pp. \$8.*

Jacob Korg

THE critical biography is a form that has only recently developed its highest standards. In the first examples, *Lives of the English Poets*, Dr. Johnson narrated the poet's life and then discussed his work without tracing any but the most obvious relationships between the two. The massive nineteenth-century biographies of literary men were satisfied with Johnson's method. Such works as Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (seven vols.) and Masson's life of Milton (six vols.) were in reality national monuments wherein every fact, anecdote and remark and every detail of personal life

that suited current notions of propriety were preserved for an awed posterity. The books a man wrote were included as episodes in his life, side by side with his lawsuits or European travels.

The French critic Taine, arguing that the quality of a writer's work depended upon particular forces that influenced him, imposed new and interesting responsibilities upon the critical biographer. There are still many biographies of writers that present the facts for their own sake, or for the sake of history or drama, and which might as well be biographies of generals or merchants. But the biography that is consciously critical now assumes that there is a vital relationship between literary works and the personality that produces them, and takes this relationship as its subject.

Valuable critical biographies can appear only after a series of preliminary steps have been taken. When an important man dies, there is a flurry of

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ed comment addressed directly to the reader. Most of his novels were written for serial publication, and the essayistic quality that modern readers often object to is explained by Thackeray's falling back, when he ran short of time, upon the ready expository style he had developed as a journalist.

The breakup of his family and his long frustration in achieving a settled domestic life explain the pathetic, sentimental note characteristic of much of his work. Similarly, the exceptional strength of *Henry Esmond* comes in part from the fact that the central situation is modeled after Thackeray's hopeless love for the wife of a friend, in part from his determination to free himself

from serial publication and to construct a soundly-plotted story.

While Mr. Ray's treatment of the man and his works as parts of a single whole is impressive, his success has the effect of suggesting the limitations of critical biography as a way of studying literature. Biography is concerned with personality and its creations. Yet it is no more than a truism to say that great art detaches itself from the personality that produces it and survives independently through its own virtues. The fundamental questions about every work of art are matters of form and aesthetics, but they are a frontier which biography, with its love of the vivid, the human and the immediate, cannot pass.

It is odd that Sullivan should have found this plot disagreeable, because it lies at the heart of almost all the wonderful things he wrote with Gilbert. Almost all make a lovely fuss over the thought that nothing, after all, need ever change; and dedicate their most intoxicating merriment to the sincere belief that the funniest, the happiest, and indeed the noblest of human endeavors is to cultivate the art of sticking permanently in the mud.

ACCORDING to Pearson, who got the story from Beerbohm Tree, there was only one known encounter between Oscar Wilde and William Gilbert. The story goes like this:

At a supper-party at the Haymarket Theatre Wilde held the table with his conversation for about half an hour. Gilbert seized the first opportunity to pay a handsome compliment: "I wish I could talk like you," which he followed with the acid comment: "I'd keep my mouth shut and claim it as a virtue." Wilde flashed back: "Ah, that would be selfish! I could deny myself the pleasure of talking, but not to others the pleasure of listening."

This is a very significant story and its significance lies in the fact that it is so fearfully lame. This can't be Pearson's fault, because he is a good raconteur; nor could it have been Beerbohm Tree's fault, for the same reason. It seems obvious that Wilde and Gilbert—though

## The Conforming Eccentrics

### GILBERT: HIS LIFE AND STRIFE.

By Hesketh Pearson. Harper & Bros. 276 pp. \$4.50.

### OSCAR WILDE AND THE YELLOW NINETIES.

By Frances Winwar. Harper & Bros. 375 pp. \$5.

George Dangerfield

HESKETH PEARSON'S biography of W. S. Gilbert is a somewhat slipshod and hasty affair, consisting of thinner and thinner strips of anecdote sandwiched between thicker and thicker chunks of quoted correspondence. In spite of this, however, and because of the author's somewhat dispiriting *credo* that "it is safer for a biographer to exhibit his subject than attempt to explain him," *Gilbert* turns out to be quite a success.

To exhibit William Schenk Gilbert—to confine oneself, that is to say, to his public personality as the humorous moiety of the team of Gilbert and Sullivan—is to display, fortunately for Pearson, one of the prize oddities of late Victorian England. The old boy was a preposterous living cliché. He was everybody's idea of a funny man—disagreeable, cantankerous, a bad enemy, a remorseless bargainer, but underneath it all how generous, how impulsive, how kind to children and animals! He even put it on record that he couldn't bring himself to crush a beetle. He was also conservative, a prude, a blameless admirer of pretty young women, a model husband and a hero.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of *The Era of Good Feelings* (winner of a Pulitzer Prize in 1953), *Victoria's Heir*, *The Strange Death of Liberal England* and other books.

The private Gilbert—the poet who reveals, for example, under the playful surfaces of *The Bab Ballads*, such cruelty and such complacency—appears in this book only as an enigma which the author does not propose to solve. He gives us, instead, the portrait of a conformist—the man who wrote to please everybody's taste, and who cultivated a natural gift for rudeness and bad temper because that was what society wanted him to do. It is characteristic of this later and public Gilbert that, in spite of his quarrels and enmities, he never played this role of curmudgeon so hard that it ceased to pay. He really did have a kind heart, and it was—like everything else about him—very serviceable. It taught him to stop short.

Gilbert had a favorite plot—though he could never get Sullivan to write the music for it—which was something to do with people swallowing a magic potion or an enchanted lozenge and turning into their exact opposites. The ugly become beautiful or the beautiful ugly, the old become young, the timid, courageous, the wise, foolish, and so forth. Pearson, in one of his rare moments of speculation, suggests that this had something to do with Gilbert's unhappy youth, the memories of which he wished to reverse; and he may well be right. But when I think of the mature Gilbert snarling and grumbling away at a world with which he was very well content and which he had not the least desire to alter, I suspect that the point of this plot is that everything goes topsy-turvy, yet everything remains the same. When all the metamorphoses have been completed, there are just as many ugly and beautiful, wise and foolish, timid and courageous people as there were before.

## Marthe

(from the French of René Char)

Marthe, these old walls can no  
Longer hold you—pool that mirrors  
My lonely monarchy. How  
Will I ever be able to  
Forget you, when I have  
No more memory of you,  
You who are the gathering present?  
Let us be together  
Without approaching,  
Unprepared,  
Like two poppies who make  
One giant anemone of love.  
I shall not enter  
Your heart to limit its memory.  
I shall not hold fast  
Your mouth to hinder its opening  
To the blue of the air and  
The thirst of leaving.  
I want you to have  
Freedom and the wind of life  
Over the threshold of forever  
Before the night can no longer  
be found.

KENNETH REXROTH



protocol demanded some formal exchange of insult and witticism—were two professional entertainers who were not going to waste anything really good on each other.

If you read the lives of Wilde and Gilbert consecutively, you can see that—different and unequal as they were in every other respect—they were equally conformist. They were determined above all things to play, for a consideration, the role that society expected them to play. Their most steadfast desire was to please. Like Gilbert, Wilde had a dream world, in which everything changed and everything remained the same. It can be found in *The Importance of Being Earnest*: it is a world of Mayfair without stuffiness and Pimlico without police, where everybody does just what he pleases and nobody hurts anybody; and

where nothing, really, ever occurs. When he was off duty, all Wilde asked was to be allowed to pursue this relatively harmless dream in the Cafe Royal, or Kettners, or Alfred Taylor's discreetly shaded sitting room in Little College Street.

THE opening chapters of Frances Winwar's *Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties* (it first appeared in 1940 and is now reprinted) hardly suggest that she is going to lead us to this kind of Wilde. She makes the serious error of taking him seriously—of not realizing that the only way one can find the small and genuine artist in him is by refusing to reconcile oneself to the large and fraudulent one. When she calls his *Sphinx* ("Your eyes are like fantastic moons that shiver in some stagnant lake," etc., etc.)

a "chimerical, sensuous, perverted, evil" poem, it hardly seems worth one's while to read any further. Fortunately, as her story proceeds, she grows less and less bemused, and when she comes to the trials of 1895—even though in her preface she describes them as a "Greek tragedy"—she handles her theme with a great deal of sense and feeling. It is the theme of the successful effort of an ugly, dull, frightened society to break a fat butterfly on the wheel.

But where she really succeeds is in showing us that Wilde had become so identified with Philistia (which he pretended to despise and to disobey) that when it called him evil and corrupt he actually believed what it said. He was a conformist who conformed too much; and he died of a credulous and broken heart.

## Section 2: TRAVEL

# The Challenge to Identity . . by Paul Bowles

WHETHER in reviews or publishers' blurbs, whether here or in England (where the genre flourishes more successfully) there would appear to be a question in the minds of those who write about travel books: who reads them, the stay-at-homes or the venturers-forth? Assuming that these categories define two kinds of temperament, and that many potential voyagers are prevented from achieving their desire to see the world only by force of circumstance, my own guess is that the travel-book public is composed almost exclusively of the venturers-forth—those who have gone and those who hope to go—but nowadays composed, unfortunately, of only a small percentage of them.

Even as recently as a century ago travel was a specialized activity. Distant places being out-of-bounds for all but a fortunate and resistant few, it was normal that the desire for contact with the exotic should be satisfied vicariously through reading. Now that in theory anyone can go

anywhere, the travel book serves a different purpose; emphasis has shifted from the place to the effect of the place upon the person. The travel book necessarily has become more subjective, more "literary." But this tends to deprive the travel writer of his natural reader. The venturer-forth is inclined to be an extrovert, to despise second-hand experience. If he is going to South America—even if he only dreams of going—he is not eager to know Isherwood's impressions of it first. He wants a concise volume of data relating to the history, climate, customs and points of interest in each republic. He is even vaguely conscious of having decided to form his own impressions, and to hell with what someone else felt when he came face to face with Aconcagua.

What is a travel book? For me it is the story of what happened to one person in a particular place, and nothing more than that; it does not contain hotel and highway information, lists of useful phrases, statistics, or hints as to what kind of clothing is needed by the intending visitor. It may be that such books form a category which is doomed to extinction. I hope not, because there is nothing I enjoy more than reading an accurate account by an intelligent

writer of what happened to him away from home.

THE subject-matter of the best travel books is the conflict between writer and place. It is not important which of them carries the day, so long as the struggle is faithfully recorded. It takes a writer with a gift for describing situation to do this well, which is perhaps the reason why many of the travel books that remain in the memory have been produced by writers expert at the fashioning of novels. One remembers Evelyn Waugh's indignation in Ethiopia, Graham Greene deadpanning through West Africa, Aldous Huxley letting Mexico get him down, Gide discovering his social conscience in the Congo, long after other equally accurate travel accounts have blurred and vanished. Given the novelistic skill of these particular writers it is perhaps perverse of me to prefer their few travel pieces to their novels, but I do.

The particularized travel books, those dealing with a definite quest or mission, along with records of exploration and conquest, have their own special charm, but too often the reader is made aware of the fact that they were penned by travelers who also wrote, rather than by

PAUL BOWLES, who has contributed a number of travel "Letters" to *The Nation*, is the author of *The Sheltering Sky*, *The Spider's House* and most recently *Yallah, the record of a journey to Northwest Africa*.



writers who also traveled. (Michel Vieuchange's *Smara* is a distinguished exception, and for the reason that his quest was ultimately an interior one; he went in search of ecstasy, and finding only physical suffering, he was obliged to use the pages of his journal as an alembic in which to work the transformation.)

There is a category which in its approach and subject-matter comes closer to autobiography than to travel, but which because it deals with the displaced person in relatively unfamiliar surroundings is conceded to be a part of travel literature. This is the intimate account of a writer's daily life during his prolonged residence in one particular place abroad. There are several favorites of mine in this group: Flaudrau's *Viva Mexico!*, Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday*, Dinesen's *Out of Africa*, Peter Mayne's *The Alleys of Marrakech*. They are books in which the personality of the author is the decisive element; their charm derives from this unequivocal placing of emphasis upon personal attitudes and reflections.

I am wondering: in what way, if I were now engaged in writing a travel book, would my behavior be different from what it is at this very moment? I sit here on a bench in a tiny park overlooking the city of Lisbon. Harbor sounds float up from below, to be audible between the sharp cries of small children playing on the grass nearby. The light is very strong, although the sun is covered by a veil of haze, and the smell in the air is a compound of unidentifiable suggestions of spring. Suddenly the little red rubber ball the children have been tossing back and forth bounces through the iron grillwork of the fence and over the parapet into a walled courtyard far below. There is a good deal of shouted recrimination in the wake of this event, after which the young ball-players disperse—all but one small boy, clearly the owner of the lost plaything, who remains behind, clutching the bars of the fence, staring wistfully downward. At this point I have my answer. If I were here to write a travel book, I should call him over and talk with him, offer him the money for another ball. But since

I am not, I merely sit still and continue to imagine how, if I were to attempt to write such a book, I should go about it.

FOR a true travel book, I don't think a sufficiently accurate job can be done after the fact, if the writer has been living as he pleased during the time he proposes to write about, not taking notes, not conscious of his function as an instrument of reception. The ill-defined memory of his own emotional responses is always stronger than the exact memory of what caused them. Reliance upon recollection is proper to determining the substance of a novel, but not in this case, where it is too likely to alter the writing's firmness of texture.

The writer must make the decision to adhere to a scrupulous honesty in reporting. Any conscious distortion is equivalent to cheating at solitaire: the purpose of the game is nullified. The account must be as near the truth as he can get, and it seems to me the easiest way to achieve that is to aim for precision in describing his own reactions. A reader can get an idea of what a place is really like only if he knows what its effects were upon someone of whose character he has some idea, of whose preferences he is aware. Thus it seems essential that the writer place a certain insistence upon the objective presentation of his own personality; it provides an interpretive gauge with which the reader can measure for himself the relative importance of each detail, like the scale of miles in the corner of a map.

The problem of giving the travel account a linear structure is not primarily a literary one. It is more a matter involving the character and behavior of the writer. He has got to insure that the experiencing which will constitute his material comes into being. He is writing a story which he is obliged first to live out, and if the direction the story is taking appears to demand certain elements in which his life is lacking, he will need to know how to rearrange his existence so that those elements may be provided. His powers of invention must be applied to dealing, not with the question of writing, but

## A Hard Look at the Department of Defense

# FORGING A NEW SWORD

By WILLIAM R. KINTNER

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with his own relation to the external reality around him.

It goes without saying that whatever attempts have been undertaken to make a place accessible to the tourist are just so many barricades in the way of the writer, and if he manages to make contact with the place it will be in spite of them rather than thanks to them. The purpose of official aid for the visitor is to make individual research unnecessary; in many countries there is a further, more sinister design in government-sponsored tourist bureaus: a conscious intent to discourage personal relationships between strangers and residents. Writers are particularly suspect, of course, but

it is one of their routine tasks to circumvent this sort of thing. "You have no need to talk with anyone," I was assured by a policeman in an African country. "Our tourist office will supply you with guides at fixed rates and a special booklet in English free of charge that will give you all the information you require."

And again: "How do I know you're a bona fide tourist?" demanded an employee of a South American consulate in London when I applied for a visa. "Why, what would I be?" I said. "I don't know," she replied. "It says 'writer' in your passport. How do I know what you're going to do?" "You don't," I told her, and went to the Far East instead.

intelligent laymen, like Gavin Maxwell and Ian Stephens, to present such groups interestingly and with reasonable accuracy. *People of the Reeds* and *Horned Moon* are valuable sources for the anthropologist as well as escape mechanisms for the seeking public.

*PEOPLE OF THE REEDS* is a personal book, the book of a poet who sees, feels and describes. Whether he understands is less important. His words and prose are colorful and infectious, just as they were in his earlier books, *Bandit* (biography of Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit) and *Harpoon Venture* (a story of commercial shark fishing off the Hebrides). "The daylight faded altogether from the sky, and the stars came out and were reflected in the water as chips of silver that wriggled like tadpoles in the ripple of the paddles."

I have but one minor criticism: I sicken each time I read the "there I was where few white men had trod before" routine. Actually, several travelers' reports of these peoples, other than those of Wilfred Thesiger, have been published in the last twenty years: *The Blood Feud* by Captain C. E. Curry, 1938, and "Marsh People of Southern Iraq" by Lady Drower, *Royal Central Asian Society Journal*, Volume 34, 1947, are but two examples.

Maxwell's trip among the Marsh Arabs of South Iraq along with Thesiger, famed British explorer of Arabia, Iraq and Afghanistan and unlicensed medical practitioner, was an attempt to prove once again that man is man in spite of machines. Therefore, knowing about the Ma'dan tribesmen was secondary to being what the author would like to

## Man's Search for Himself

*PEOPLE OF THE REEDS.* By Gavin Maxwell. Harper & Bros. 224 pp. \$4.50.  
*HORNED MOON.* By Ian Stephens. Indiana University Press. 288 pp. \$5.

**Louis Dupree**

MAN is continually seeking himself. As he goes out from this familiar earth, as his scientists force him to fly faster, farther, possibly past time in outer space, he is also looking back. Before he leaves this planet for the stars, man wants to know what he is like—where he came from, what his earth is made of and how it feels as well as how it seems.

Part of this seeking is obvious escapism, part of it a passionate desire to know, to seek, to find before—before what? This is also a pertinent point. Who knows what will follow? Day follows night, Vanguard follows Explorer follows Sputnik, but before the final fuse is lit man wants to know and he wants to escape.

Although the study of modern primitives (non-literates) is traditionally the province of anthropologists, most of the current stock of travel books are written by journalists, doctors, or just plain travelers. Anthropologists are so absorbed in the intricacies of kinship terminolo-

gy, sexual habits, and the interrelationships of each part of a culture to its whole that they neglect to communicate their findings to any save colleagues. They should, in my opinion, not only prepare dust-collecting monographs but also write books aimed at general readers, who, because they seek, deserve to know. But alas! Few anthropologists have the talent, the time, or the inclination. Two recent exceptions are *The Seven Caves* by Carleton S. Coon (Alfred A. Knopf) and Francis Huxley's *Affable Savages* (Viking); the former about the Middle East, the latter about the Urubu tribe of the Brazilian rain forest. Generally, however, it is left for

## The Pride of Life

*A Roman Setting*

Old men discourse upon wise topics here:

Children and women pass the shadows by,  
Only the young are desperate. Their clear  
And unambiguous gazes strike  
Against each brushing hand or eye,  
Their faces like

O something far away, maybe a cave  
Where looks and actions always moved to hunt,  
Where every gesture knew how to behave  
And there was never space between  
The easy having and the want.  
I think the keen

Primitive stares that pierce this decorous street  
Look to some far back mood and time to claim  
A life beyond the urbane and effete,  
Where youth from coolest childhood came,  
And look to look was like the hunter's throw —  
Perpetually new and long ago.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

LOUIS DUPREE, associate professor of anthropology at Pennsylvania State University, has engaged in anthropological and archaeological research in France, West Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Lybia, Panama and Puerto Rico. He has published extensively in the scholarly journals and is now completing a popular book, *The Land of Insolence*, about his experiences in Afghanistan.



he—one who has lived away from the sprawling suburbia which England is fast becoming. He succeeds, both for his own and reader benefit. Maxwell is the center of the book. He cannot speak Arabic and feels as a child does listening to adult conversations. In this way, he accurately plays the role of Every-tourist. But with the help of his Arabic-speaking companion and his own acute sense of the real and now, Maxwell generally keeps himself in the background and the attention of the reader focused on the Ma'dan. Toward the end of the book, his flirtation with an otter (female, of course) is very touching—and here the reader leaves Iraq for the universal.

BUT the bulk of the book specifically discusses the Marsh Arabs, their environment, their neighbors; and, although Maxwell the man interests us, the Ma'dan interest us more. They are a relatively isolated tribe, living Venice-like existences, dependent on the reeds of the marshes for hut construction material and household containers, and on water buffaloes for dung (used as fuel and cement) and milk. They never use the buffaloes as draft animals, but occasionally sell them to buy grain. The Ma'dan fish with poison and five-pronged spears which they throw very inaccurately. The semi-nomadic Berbera, tribal neighbors on the edge of the marshes, fish with nets from canoes. The Ma'dan refuse to adapt this system and consider it effete, thus rejecting a much more efficient subsistence method.

This is not the place to dig into personal theories which I cannot substantiate, but I believe that few peoples consciously select cultural items which will assist them in their efforts to survive in the world's great and little struggles. Man, being rational and emotional, selects those cultural items which lead to his downfall: the American Indian chose the horse and rifle from the Spaniard; new items which only hastened the destruction of the buffalo and the Indian. The nuclear way of life could possibly lead to the stars, if we don't destroy ourselves first.

Maxwell seems surprised at the cleanliness of the Marsh Arabs, in spite of certain customs which, on the surface, appear unappetizing. The mat floors of the semi-cylindrical mat huts are kept spotlessly clean, and no one wears shoes indoors. Maxwell and Thesiger stayed only a short time (one night if possible) in the *mudhif* or guest house of a village. Hospitality is expensive among a people living at a basic subsistence level when each visitor calls for elaborate feasting.

Children of nature never live in paradise. Maxwell recalls fleas, mosquitoes, dysentery, sons fighting fathers, brothers fighting brothers, and most frightening of all—the danger of the wild pig, which when killed cannot even be eaten because all Muslims consider the pig unclean. The wild pig of the South Iraqi marshes is not the puny creature of the Indian subcontinent; adults reach the size of small donkeys and they attack without provocation. Maxwell himself was set upon by a large pig but miraculously escaped.

The groups surrounding these primitive Venetians are also interesting. The Shadda, Faraijat and Suwaid, all living near the Iranian border, are part-time smugglers who ferry illegal (untaxed) grain into the marsh lands from Iran. The Sabians or Mandeans, who live to the north of the marshes, have been famed as boat builders since before the Christian era. These strange (to Christians) people believe that Christ was an impostor and that John the Baptist is the true Messiah.

Maxwell introduces us to all these peoples—as well as himself. Often he sulks, and admits it. He knows nothing about the area, yet learns to appreciate it: We leave the book with a sense of being—not of knowing, and I think that is the author's intention. We have been with Maxwell on his journey and have a healthy respect for both the author and his Arab friends. He gives us no noble savages to emulate or envy but rather a people adapted and adapting to their own time and place, ever seeking but never finding equilibrium in their lives—or he in his.

IAN STEPHENS' *Horned Moon* is broader in scope. It deals with national and international problems, but throughout the book Stephens retains his human approach and bombards his reader with anecdotes which give a taste of the true flavor of "Delkaria," a term which Stephens substitutes for the "Indo-Pakistani sub-continent," a phrase he deprecates. "Del" is for Delhi, capital of India; "Kar" for Karachi, capital of Pakistan. I don't think the new term will stick; India and Pakistan seem unconfusingly adequate names.

Stephens spent twenty-one years in India, nine of them as editor of the influential newspaper *The Statesman*, published in both Delhi and Calcutta. He left India in 1951 after bouts with his conscience and Lord Louis Mountbatten, whom Stephens thought excessively pro-Indian (as opposed to Pakistan) when he served as the last British Viceroy to India and the first

Governor General of independent India.

Stephens published several editorials which were considered unfavorable by the Indians. Actually Stephens had criticized both India and Pakistan for disrupting Commonwealth unity with their 1947-49 undeclared war in Kashmir. But the Indians refused to listen to a calm, sensible voice. "So sensitive themselves, they [the Hindus] can be strangely insensitive to what is happening in non-Hindu minds."

*Horned Moon* (referring to the cres-

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cent on Pakistan's national flag) gives an eloquent statement of the Kashmir problem as seen through the eyes of one who, though sympathetic to both sides, believes Pakistan the less guilty of two guilty parties.

Structurally, *Horned Moon* is loosely based on a 1952 return trip by Stephens to West Pakistan, Kashmir and Afghanistan. He reminisces easily and his breezy travelogue style, coupled with searching political interviews and statements, give the book an exciting drive. We are introduced to fierce Pathans, gentle Kashmiri Muslims, energetic Punjabis, sun-baked Sindhis, Mongoloid Gilgitis, ever-mysterious, ever-hospitable Afghans, and the best mountaineering cragmen in the world—the Hunzawals and Nagarwals.

One thing which always amazes me about British travel books is the ease with which their authors, be they journalists or administrators, identify birds and plants. In my travels in the Middle East and South Asia, I have difficulty identifying anything beyond crows, vultures and roses. My admiration for these flora and fauna name-droppers is unbounded.

Very rarely, Stephens seems to square his shoulders and hit his hand with the riding crop of British superiority, but these instances serve only to humanize the book further, for his sympathy and love for the peoples of Delkaria are genuine.

Many things have occurred since the author's 1952 trip: (1) Pakistan has changed prime ministers several times and finally has a constitution; (2) Pakistan has committed herself to the Western bloc of SEATO and has signed arms aid alliances with the United States; (3) Abdullah, first pro-Indian and then pro-independence Governor of Kashmir, was jailed, recently released and is now in danger of being jailed again; (4) India has accepted the "demands?" of the Kashmiri peoples and integrated Indian-occupied Kashmir into the Indian union, and so forth. It is hoped that Mr. Stephens will visit the Indo-Pakistani sub-continent once again and give us his perspective on these events and their effects on the peoples.

YES, as he begins to probe into space, man is also seeking back in time and probing into current cultural patterns different from his own. The travel books reflect his dual curiosity, for to reach strange places, air travel is usually necessary. Both Maxwell and Stephens write glowingly of aircraft rides, Stephens ecstatically so. Many pages in *Horned Moon* would do honor to Saint Exupéry.

In writing of his jet ride: "More surprising is the sense of lost dangers, of an almost obscene nakedness, each time you look out sideways and realize, with a fresh shock, that there are no propellers."

So are we all—those of us who can read, write and think—seeking something and everything before we disappear with a whimper or stand defiant, listening to the last ding-dong of destiny.

## Anxiety

April. Cold  
Winds leach the gold  
Of the sun, white  
Clouds stop the light.  
The torn sky rages;  
And what assuages  
A grief of reason  
Now in this season?  
April. Pale hills  
And the daffodils,  
Willow and brook,  
Cry, "Look, look,"  
Where he, the walker,  
The dumb self-stalker,  
Staggers, tip-toe,  
Avid to know  
And fearful to tread  
His path of dread;  
Wind, sun  
Cry, "Hoo, poor one  
Walking the meadow—  
Where is your shadow?"

April. A tree  
Cries, "I," the free  
And certain swallows  
Skim the hollows,  
Sufficient as air  
Everywhere.  
The great earth  
Heaves in rebirth  
In April, freeing  
Anthems of being,  
Atom, planet,  
Petal or granite,  
Identities singing  
Like crazy bell-ringing.  
But person is gone.  
The walker steps on,  
Wired by pain  
To his bones, insane  
In the shrieking danger  
Of loss, of anger;  
He runs in the meadow  
Where he casts no shadow.  
And the separate wits  
Of his brain are bits  
Of memory falling,  
Crying, and calling.  
And in the cold spring  
The wind is singing.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

## Holiday Journal

*JOURNEY TO JAVA.* By Harold Nicolson. Doubleday & Co. 335 pp. \$5.

Richard Church

BEFORE commenting on this book, I must confess to being a person uncommonly fascinated by good prose. I am therefore liable to be over-partial to this author's virtues, and perhaps too lenient toward his faults. For he has faults. He can be facetious, adopting a bantering manner toward people and events that gives a false impression of conceit and a superiority complex. This is unfair to himself, for by the quality of his mind, shown in his wide experience of men and affairs, his sound and patiently accumulated scholarship, his humility in the face of real quality, and above all in his loyalty to friends and to the establishment of truth, he reveals a character that is endearing. That all this can be discovered in his writing is a testimony to its quality. The temporary affectations here and there have to be accepted as no more than the demonstration of a still unconquered diffidence, which must be deeply rooted in him, not to be hidden even by the worldly wisdom acquired during a long professional career in the British diplomatic service and in politics.

This book is the journal of a holiday. It is a long thanks letter, to the two hundred and fifty-five friends who "conspired to give me an enormous cheque. I decided to spend this present on a visit to the Far East which I had not seen before. V. and I sailed from England in the liner Willem Ruys of the Rotterdam Lloyd on January 15, 1957, and returned on March 17. It is to the generosity of my friends that I owe two of the happiest months which, in a life of wholly unmerited felicity, I have ever enjoyed."

The occasion was his seventieth birthday, and the V. who accompanied him was his wife, the distinguished English poet Vita Sackville-West, the Lady of Sissinghurst Castle in Kent, where may be found one of the most beautiful gardens in Europe.

That phrase, "in a life of wholly unmerited felicity" is a direct revelation of the personality of the man. All writers open the gates of self in this

*RICHARD CHURCH is a British novelist, poet and critic. The first two volumes of his autobiography, Over the Bridge and The Golden Sovereign have recently been published here.*



way, sooner or later, even though they may have been trained in another profession to habits of caution, reserve, evasion and all the devices of ceremony and protocol. A man who has served in the Foreign Service of his country is likely to be imprisoned within this technique. That is why the autobiographies of so many ambassadors are noncommittal and dull.

Sir Harold Nicolson is a rare exception. I suspect that he has always been the literary artist first, and the diplomat second. The literary world is the richer. His candor is disarming, and sometimes it is disconcerting, for he can be feline in his sudden bursts of ferocity. The velvet paw draws blood, under the instant and taloned caress, whenever this shrewd critic believes himself to be confronted with pretentiousness and humbug. Sometimes, as in his dislike of the divine genius of Oliver Goldsmith, he can scratch unfairly. But we all have our prejudices, and they often serve to complete the self-portrait we are engaged upon from birth to death. In sudden fits of spleen Sir Harold refuses to suffer fools and bores gladly. But that may be a healthy reaction from a career in which he had to disguise such emotions.

GENERALLY, that felicity of which he writes is his normal mood. He is so fundamentally humble-minded however, that he comments hesitantly upon this blessing. "I always have the feeling that, considering that we live in a world of chaos and transition, I ought to be more unhappy than I am. I have protected myself from this form of self-reproach by the reflection that the average human being is capable of absorbing only an average amount of worry; he is a vessel of a certain capacity and if more is poured into the vessel than it is designed to contain then the liquid overflows."

Such is the man who sets out to tell us of his journey to Java, in the company of a wife of whom he says "what have I done that I should have been given so enchanting a companion

through my life?" In order to supply a perspective to the two months of hedonism, Sir Harold proposed to set himself the task of finding, by contemplation, the origins of what he calls "causeless melancholy," that condition once included amongst the seven deadly sins under the name of *accidie*. Against the touchstone of this inquiry, he observes his fellow passengers, and in the course of this contrast between objective and subjective activity, we are given a gallery of brilliant portraits, including one that I suspect is an imaginary projection, on whose synthetic character the author loads much philosophic speculation and many distastes. This man, whom he calls Sidney Culpeper, is a rich dilettante who collects jade and despises the middle and lower classes (as he anachronistically calls them). But in the end, even this contemptible person is revealed as a man with a secret agony and a patent virtue, and the author apologizes for his acid delineation.

The philosophic inquiry, after ransacking the whole of Sir Harold's scholarship, worldly experience and present environment, comes to the conclusion that there is no such condition as "causeless melancholy." With Lucretian common-sense, Sir Harold decides that depression must have some origin in defective health, either mental or more probably physical. His own epicurean tendency in taste and inclination thus comes to the fore, exposing him as a civilized sophisticate with a determined distaste for zealotry and mysticism. He would have washed his hands in the same bowl as Pilate.

It is not easy to discuss the circumstances of the tour. Travelogues are usually tedious, but Sir Harold, by his device of leavening the sight-seeing and ocean voyage with his wide-ranging speculations about life and letters, avoids all *longeurs*. Further, his expert literary skill enables him to paint word-pictures of the phosphorescent phenomena of the sea, and of oriental cities and landscapes, that are wholly acceptable to the armchair traveler.

### Nuit Blanche

Blind for the lamp she's smashed and the riving tears,  
 She who, one by one,  
 Fetches up griefs like stones  
 The quiet years have mossed  
 And heaves them far far off;  
 Riven, shriven wakes her  
 To passion's dank black crater  
 And her griefs, dead-ahead, fallow for the light-foot years.

KATHERINE HOSKINS

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# An Englishman on Cyprus

**BITTER LEMONS.** By Lawrence Durrell. E. P. Dutton & Co. 251 pp. \$3.50.

**Jane Stolle**

BOOKS about "life among the natives" are often misleading. The author either pokes fun at the "ridiculous rustics" in his adopted country, or idealizes them as "noble savages" beyond all credible proportions. The books may be entertaining reading for armchair travelers, but they are seldom authentic. If we are going to have to get along with our little brown, yellow and white brothers throughout the world because sputnik tells us so, we are better off understanding them than teasing or adoring them. What are their problems? How do they deal with them? And, since it seems we will have to deal with their problems too, what is our role?

Lawrence Durrell does not purport, according to his preface to *Bitter Lemons*, to answer those questions about his neighbors on the island of Cyprus.

"This is not a political book," he says, "but simply a somewhat impressionistic study of the moods and atmospheres of Cyprus during the troubled years 1953-56."

Durrell is modest. In poetic yet incisive prose, he not only brings the Cypriots vividly alive, but traces the emergence of the Enosis question—their "problem"—from the wine-shop conversation stage to its ugly, active terrorist evolution. But, all the time, he is concerned with the human reactions to

those events, not just the events themselves, and strangely, there is much comfort to be found in their tragic unfolding. Man, Durrell implies, if given a chance, may be the best anti-missile missile after all.

Durrell, an English novelist and poet who speaks fluent Greek, renovated and moved in to an old villa in the village of Bellapaix. Because he spoke their language and respected their simple ways, the villagers did not consider him one of "the enemy," the British governing body. In fact, Durrell says, the Cypriots' fight with England had so little basis in animosity that the whole thing seemed unreal at times.

"Here, too [in the school where he taught], bloomed that extraordinary flower of chance, the quixotic irrational love of England . . . and in a fantastic sort of way it flowered in blissful co-existence with the haunting dream of Union with Greece. The portrait of Byron, for example, in the great hall, at the head of the whiskered team of shepherds and farmers whose efforts brought freedom for Greece. . . . England, they said, sent her greatest poet to help them raise the flag. He died for Greece and England—they are both not countries but symbols of liberty incarnate."

But, sparked by the violently anti-British EOKA terrorist minority and kindled by British refusal even to consider the nationalists' demands, the

Cypriot sentiment switched reluctantly from Byron to bombs. England lost its opportunity to channel the traditional pro-British feeling into a compromise—satisfactory, Durrell feels, to both sides.

Nevertheless—and comfortingly—the obstinate and unwavering friendship of Durrell's fellow villagers did not falter, even when he joined "the enemy" as press officer to the British colonial office on the island in order to do what he could as liaison between the opposing factions. They, who had gently discussed Enosis with him in the wine-shops, now spoke only of less painful things. They followed him, unobtrusively and unbidden, when he went out at night to protect him from "the crazy ones." They watched over his house while he worked for "the enemy." Though they believed in Enosis, they did not betray their values as moral human beings.

What can we learn from Durrell as to our role in other troubled spots of the world, on other Cypruses? Perhaps, that a little early understanding, a genuine identification with their problems and faith in "the natives" as moral human beings can, as well as "a tiny little bomb," move mountains.

*JANE STOLLE has written, at various times, a weekly column in The New York Post from Mexico, a column in the Irish Independent of Dublin from Rome, and has been a free-lance and subsequently staff writer for The New York Times. She lived and worked in Spain from 1951 until 1956.*

## Section 3: LETTERS

### The Artless Speaking Voice . . . by Horace Gregory

ONE of the secrets of good letter-writing is the transference of the speaking voice to written words. It is an art disguised by an air of artlessness. That is why the letters Dorothy Osborne wrote 300 years

*HORACE GREGORY is the author of Selected Poems; D. H. Lawrence: Pilgrim of Apocalypse; in collaboration with Marya Zaturenska, A History of American Poetry, 1900-1940. He is translator of The Poems of Catullus and, to be published in the fall, a new version of Ovid's Metamorphoses. His biography of Amy Lowell will also appear in the fall.*

ago to William Temple have endured. We overhear her talking to her future husband, telling him among other things of the kind of man she wishes to marry: "He must not be a fool of no sort, nor peevish, nor ill-natured, nor proud, nor covetous; and to all this must be added, that he must love me and I him as much as we are capable of loving." She herself was no fool, which was a compliment to him, and the tone of her voice on paper convinced him of her sincerity.

In the next century letter-writing flowered. Men and women of leisure took time out to write long, long let-

ters. This habit became so securely fixed (for those who could write at all), so popular, that fashionable novelists—Samuel Richardson, Fanny Burney—told their stories in the form of letters written by their heroines. These fictional letters provided an illusion of being "true" beyond the resources of fiction. Artlessness was implied. Today our substitutes for this fictional device are to be found at their most naive levels in "true confessions" magazines, and lower still, in "confidential" reporting, or in "autobiographies" of actresses "retold" by publicity men.

The best of letters do contain an



illusion of life that exists beyond the provinces of art. In the nineteenth century, Edward Fitzgerald had a way of talking to his friends in letters that transcended what we usually define as Victorian prose. In our day that same transcendence is to be met in the letters of D. H. Lawrence; the "artless" speaking voice is overheard.

Some few of Henry James's letters are memorable, and one I remember has far more obvious concern with social convention, with life as he felt and saw it, than with his art. One summer afternoon in London in 1934, my wife and I were having tea (actually Scotch and soda) at the Kensington home of Violet Hunt. Miss Hunt was then well over seventy, but had kept her straight, "willowy" figure, her air of smartness. She wore a thin and clinging, un-English afternoon gown. A portrait of her, "willowy" and young, by Burne-Jones hung in the drawing room behind her. Her conversation, her manner were appropriate to the title of her autobiography, *My Flurried Years*.

"You're Americans," she said, "and Americans are snobbish. Perhaps you'd like to see a letter to me from Henry James, an old American friend of mine who made me very sad. He had invited me to one of his house-parties at Rye." She produced a slightly brown-edged sheet of blue note-paper. "And then he told me I couldn't come because that week I had eloped and was living in sin with Ford Madox Ford. Think of that! When I was younger, I could have married Oscar Wilde; I wanted to, but my mother wouldn't let me; she

was so Victorian! Henry wrote to me: 'Dear Violet, you have broken the conventions; I cannot receive you at Rye, nor visit your house again.' Here, read it. And when he had last visited me, he left his umbrella behind. I never saw him again."

James had made his position clear. He had spoken; there was nothing more for him to say.

QUEEN Victoria had a great dislike for Gladstone because he seemed always to talk at her as though he were addressing a public meeting. Letters written for posterity in the Gladstone spirit seldom please those who receive them and almost never charm the readers of the future. The one exception that I remember is Dr. Johnson's famous letter to Lord Chesterfield. Lord Chesterfield's equally famous letters to his son, for me at least, have the taint of straining toward an immortality. Perhaps the son felt that taint; certainly he was unable to make use of the worldly advice. The letters were not written to him, but at him.

Those who receive letters hopefully, sometimes fearfully, assume that letters contain more truth than fiction. Both wary and unwary lovers are inclined not to doubt the love letters they receive. The same revelations of character, the same "honesty" are assumed in the reading of letters written by children, which however fanciful they may be, have the virtue of seeming spontaneous, unwilled, undesigned, undisguised. We are sometimes charmed by the obviously misspelled letter, finding in it signs of the ingenuous,

## Birthday

For once arrived at the time fixed. To discover  
That whatever it was is just over.

They disperse already, backs to the beholder,  
Balancing, each, a long pole on his shoulder.

These, as their bearers go, wave slow farewells.  
Behind them the usual litter, which this time tells  
Nothing of what is ended. The turning faces  
May talk of it still. Too far to catch their voices.

Too far to call. From the shoes upward they vanish  
In nothing rising like water, till they finish,  
Heads last, still walking slowly, bearing away on  
No shoulders all horizons except one.

W. S. MERWIN

## Important Books That Others Did Not Dare to Print

Seven years ago, on a Sunday afternoon in Central Park, the editors of *Monthly Review* found I. F. Stone in a pessimistic mood. One commercial publisher after another had rejected his manuscript on *The Hidden History of the Korean War*. Almost on the spot we decided to become publishers of good books that were politically or socially unacceptable to the established houses.

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the innocent, the hopeful. This is indeed artless. But in our enthusiasm we had better not forget the genius that has made possible the best of letter writers: D. H. Lawrence writing of his mother's death to Rachel Annand Taylor, Dorothy Osborne writing to Temple of why and how she thrust the letters of an earlier and rejected lover into the fire, Fitzgerald writing on Mozart to Frederic Tennyson, Horace Walpole writing

on the "Cock Lane Ghost" to Sir Horace Mann, or even Henry James's refusal to see Violet Hunt. None carries in it the taint of being written for posterity; in each the air of artlessness and of being written to the one who received it is preserved. In some of them their "truth" is both more immediate and enduring than in less gifted, yet deliberate efforts at writing fiction. In them the art that conceals art remains supreme.

called "Master" are concluded to have been meant for him.

Her later romantic attachment to Judge Lord, her father's friend, was on more equal terms. With him she evidently came closer to a normal human relationship with a "corporeal friend" than ever in her life. Her father, whom Higginson described as "not severe but I should think remote," was not one to whom she knelt. She merely gave him the customary filial deference of the times, and he in return apparently honored in his daughter the need for renunciation of the non-essential, for the sake of the essence, which he knew in himself.

Emily Dickinson referred several times to Chillon. In 1864 she wrote to her sister Lavinia: "You remember the Prisoner of Chillon did not know Liberty when it came, and asked to go back to Jail." Twenty-two years later she wrote to Higginson after the death of their great friend, Helen Hunt Jackson, "I think she would rather have stayed with us, but perhaps she will learn the customs of Heaven, as the Prisoner of Chillon of Captivity." Emily Dickinson's Chillon was of her own choosing, and so was her tyrant. One wonders what would have been the fate of her poems during her lifetime had she sent them to a critic more daring than Higginson who, recognizing their originality, shrank from a prosody so foreign to that of the period and dissuaded her from publication.

AMONGST the few letters by others in the collection there is one from Higginson to his wife, written during a visit to Amherst in 1870. It provides an unexcelled picture of the poet as seen by a friend who held her in a high regard that fell far short of adulation. A few excerpts:

A step like a pattering child's in entry and in glided a little plain woman with two smooth bands of reddish hair... in a very plain & exquisitely clean white pique and a blue net worsted shawl. She came to me with two day lilies which she put in a sort of childlike way into my hand & said in a soft frightened breathless childlike voice—"These are my introduction"—and added under her breath Forgive me if I am frightened; I never see strangers & hardly know what I say—but she talked soon & thenceforward continuously—& deferentially—sometimes stopping to ask me to talk instead of her—but readily recommencing.

I never was with anyone who drained my nerve power so much.

## The Non-Corporeal Friend

*THE LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON.* Editor, Thomas H. Johnson; Associate editor, Theodora Ward. Harvard University Press. 3 vols. 999 pp. \$25.

### Dilys Laing

"A LETTER always seems to me like immortality because it is the mind alone without corporeal friend." So runs a typically iambic and aphoristic line in a letter from Emily Dickinson to Thomas Wentworth Higginson in 1869.

We, who cannot have the poet for corporeal friend, can now abundantly "obtrude... on her divine Majority" by means of her poems and letters. A notable publishing venture begun in 1955 with three volumes of the poems, edited by Thomas H. Johnson, is now brought to its triumphant completion in three companion volumes of her letters, edited by Mr. Johnson in association with Theodora Ward. Among the many virtues of this work, its completeness will most recommend it to scholars and librarians. All known holographs as well as previously published items of Emily Dickinson's prose—whether letters or fragments—are here arranged in an order as nearly chronological as possible with items that were seldom dated after 1850. These amount to some 1150 pieces. There are about 100 letters never before published, and the editors have been able to restore many letters previously printed with deletions. An admirably reticent but thorough annotation follows each letter.

The earliest letter, innocent of any punctuation except the dash, was written in the poet's twelfth year to her brother Austin at school. All the writing of her adolescence reveals a high-

spirited, affectionate girl reveling in family nonsense and normally responsive to ideas of love and piety. In a letter to Austin from Mount Holyoke in 1848 Emily struck two notes that were to characterize the rest of her life: "All, all are kind to me but their tones fall strangely on my ear & their countenances meet mine not like home faces." She expressed relief that she was not to return to school after the one year, and bade Austin tell a friend that she was "pining for a Valentine."

Home became her world and she never ceased to write, or pine for, valentines trivial or serious. The corporeal, and therefore mortal, friend was often too much for her. The immortal distillation in words of wit and affection was what she needed as fuel for her genius, even before that genius discovered poetry to be its means of life. This perhaps partly explains her later passion for the mysterious lover now fairly conclusively identified as the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, a married man. The very necessity for renunciation—"a piercing virtue"—made him a suitable candidate.

STIRRED by the religious movements in Amherst which claimed her father and many of her friends, she never became "a Christian" in the revivalist sense. She wrote to Helen Hunt Jackson in 1885: "Would that I knew how to pray... but I am a Pagan." Nevertheless the passion for discipleship was strong in her and she knelt to two men in her lifetime with unabashed humility. One was Higginson, whom she asked to be her preceptor, and to whom she usually signed herself "Your Scholar." The other was the Reverend Wadsworth. The one brief note known to exist from him to her is included in the collection. None of her letters to him escaped destruction, so far as is now known, but several drafts of passionate letters addressed to one whom she

*DILYS LAING is the author of a novel, The Great Year, and three books of verse: Another England, Birth Is Farewell and Walk Through Two Landscapes.*



Without touching her, she drew from me. I am glad not to live near her. She often thought me *tired* & seemed very thoughtful of others.

There are nearly three printed pages of these notes. The letter has had previous publication but one is grateful to find it here.

Gradually, as death after death, or other loss of friends, struck at her too death-haunted spirit, her high, word-drunken gaiety purified itself into darting wit, compressed itself into aphorism, sometimes telling, sometimes merely sententious, and above all, disciplined itself into poetry. Many of the letters, especially the extravagant ones to her sister-in-law, Susan Gilbert Dickinson, descend to a sentimentalism and adulation embarrassing to us, if not to those who read them first. But the epistolary style departed more and more from prose and became an intensely personal language differing little in imagery and prosody from the formal poems.

Emily Dickinson's sense of election expressed itself early (1846) in a letter to Abiah Root: "I wonder if we shall

know each other in heaven, and whether we shall be a chosen band as we are here." In 1862 it displayed itself urgently in her poems, especially in the great one beginning:

The Soul selects her own Society  
Then shuts the Door—  
On her divine Majority—  
Obtrude no more—

In the same year the same feeling was given an inverted, or oblique, expression in these words to Higginson: "If fame belonged to me I could not escape her—if she did not, the longest day would pass me by on the chase—and the approbation of my dog would forsake me—then—My barefoot rank is better."

The great ones have an intuition of their greatness. Emily Dickinson must have known, deep down, that fame belonged to her. These three volumes of her letters, with the three companion volumes of her poems, are her latest assurance of an approbation far less limited, though not less faithful, than the one she named.

## 'What I Mean Is . . .'

DYLAN THOMAS: *LETTERS TO VERNON WATKINS*. Editor, Vernon Watkins. New Directions, 144 pp. \$3.

Vivian Mercier

DYLAN THOMAS died in what Dante would have considered middle age; I suppose that is why everybody compares him to Keats, who died indisputably young. Yet it would be affectation on my part not to compare some of his letters to Vernon Watkins with some of Keats's. The moment one starts to make the comparison, one sees what is missing: Thomas expresses hardly a single general idea. In one hundred-and-twenty pages we find nothing that could stand for a moment beside Keats's "I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the heart's affections, and the truth of Imagination. What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth, whether it existed before or not. . . ."; or beside "A poet is the most unpoetical of anything in existence, because he has no identity. . . ." Not

that Thomas was incapable of such ideas—these two in particular were perhaps implicit in every poem he wrote—but that he saved them for his poetry and there expressed them in symbolic rather than discursive language.

These letters, then, do not offer us a philosophy of poetry—perhaps only because of that current fetish, specialization—but in two other respects they are equal or superior to Keats's: their intense, exaggerated awareness of life and their quasi-religious devotion to the "craft or sullen art" of poetry.

Compare, for comic exaggeration, Keats's attack on the men of Devon with Thomas' wartime summations of Sussex, of Beaconsfield ("where Chesterton sat on his R.C."), and of the mean village "where everyone goes into the pubs sideways, & the dogs piss only on back-doors, and there are more unwanted babies shoved up the chimneys than there are used french letters in the offertory boxes."

Compare too, for simplicity and strength, these words from Thomas with any of Keats's *cris du coeur*: "My own news is very big and simple. I was married three days ago; to Caitlin Macnamara; in Penzance registry office; with no money, no prospect of money, no attendant friends or relatives, and in complete happiness."

VIVIAN MERCIER teaches English and Comparative Literature at the Baruch School of City College of New York. He is an Irish citizen and joint editor of *One Thousand Years of Irish Prose*.

April 26, 1958

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In their devotion to poetry and painstaking commentary on work in progress, these letters outstrip not only Keats's but also Yeats's famous series to Dorothy Wellesley. I particularly admire some of the comments on Watkins' poems—or, rather, early drafts of poems. This, for example: "What I mean is, the whole line seems a kind of tired indrawing of breath between loud & strong utterances. And I've always disliked the weak line. I admit that readers of complicated poetry do need a breather every now and then, but I don't think the poetry should give it to them. When they want one, they should take it and then go on." Or this: "All the words are lovely, but they *seem* so *chosen*, not struck out. I can see the sensitive picking of words, but none of the strong, inevitable pulling that makes a poem an event, a happening, an action perhaps. . . ." Then there are his replies to Watkins' criticisms (What a pity that the other half of this correspondence has not survived!), always grateful for "your complete intellectual honesty" but sometimes firm: "I think you are liable,

in your criticisms of me, to underrate the value—or, rather, the integrity, the wholeness—of what I am saying or trying to make clear that I am saying, and often to suggest alterations or amendments for purely musical motives." Best of all is a vindication of his own later manner from a 1945 letter: "Thank God, writing is daily more difficult . . . and that the result, if only to you and me, is worth all the discarded shocks, the reluctantly shelved grand moony images, cut-&-come again cardpack of references."

WATKINS' reputation both as a man and as a poet stands to gain enormously from the publication of these letters—one of the reasons, probably, why he at first decided not to publish them. He strikes one as a completely decent human being, able to bring out the best in anybody and particularly in Thomas. Having been called by Dylan (even though "with a kind of giggling gravity") "the only other poet except me whose poetry I really like today" would guarantee practically anybody a ledge on

Parnassus in the 50s. But to have been told by Dylan that "We know each other by doing so many things together, from croquet to bathing . . . in the icy moon, poetry and very high teas, getting drunk, reading, reading, reading, sea staring, Swansea, Gower, Laugharne, London . . ." doubtless promotes Watkins to the contemporary Olympus.

This correspondence will of course prove a "mine" for biographers and commentators. I could find it in my heart to hope that Olsons unfledged and Brinnins yet unborn will be trapped in its galleries by rock-falls or blown up by firedamp. What I prefer to think of is this little volume's effect on poets who are now twenty-one, as I was twenty-one when *Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley* appeared. (How was I to know then that I was not a poet?) I like to think, too, of its effect on future poets who will read it when they are fifteen or eighteen or twenty-one. May it give them the precept and the example of poetic vocation that Yeats gave to the 40s and Keats to many a decade before that.

## Section 4: SATIRE

*IN THE following section we publish a group of essays on Satire in present-day life and art. The echoes of opinion and example running through this symposium are the more remarkable because the contributors were selected to provide a variety of background and pre-occupation. Frank O'Connor is the great Irish story teller; Gore Vidal has managed while still in his youth to earn a reputation both as an avant-garde novelist, and*

*as a superior stage and television dramatist; William Sty is one of the most thoughtful of the young literary critics; Harold Churman is a distinguished theatre director and critic, with the Group Theatre in his background and a present special affection for the French; Kenneth Rexroth, poet and effective champion of the dissidents in contemporary art, here admonishes those who would turn hard dissent into an easy cult.*

## Is This a Dagger? . . . by Frank O'Connor

A.E., THE POET, lamented endlessly the absence of a satirist from modern Irish literature. Few editors have ever fathered more writers, but not one of us ever had in him a hint of Voltaire. Like a fond parent trying to interest his children in a constructional toy, he spouted great chunks of Heine at us, and then, seeing our blank looks, would say hopefully "Or perhaps you prefer Aristophanes? Don't you think a wonderful play could be written with De Valera as Cleon?" But we didn't, and A.E. went sadly away, leaving us to our puff-puffs. None of us could ever fashion a story or a play into a stiletto to run into the vitals of some pompous ass. Oliver Gogarty, like Brian O'Nolan of our own time,

could make phrases that delighted everybody, but the phrases never concentrated themselves into the shape of a dagger; they were more like fireworks that spluttered and jumped all over the place, as much a danger to his friends as to his enemies. Irish anger is unfocused; malice for its own sweet sake, as in the days of the bards.

Signs on it, twenty-five years later we find the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin banning *Ulysses* and his colleague of Cork banning Santa Claus. (For the moment other legendary figures have escaped: the Bogey Man, the Easter Bunny and that sinister figure invoked by Irish mothers whose children toy with their food, the Baba with the Chuck-

chucks.) No, we had only one great satirist. Swift's anger is never unfocused; even in the mildest squib he will remember who his enemies are, and they are always powerful, always dangerous, and one reads him wondering how on earth he escaped a real dagger in his own guts. Swift is almost a definition of satire; the intellectual dagger opposing the real dagger, David face to face with Goliath; and though like Aristophanes and Rabelais he died in his bed, it was not that he didn't fight in the front line. Who knows what happened to Zoshchenko?

Perhaps that is why America seems to have so few satirists, and even Mencken seems a bit tame. The element of real danger is not



sufficiently present. Satire is a liberal art, and modern American thought is drenched in a syrupy liberalism till even an old-fashioned liberal like myself doesn't know whether he's on his head or his heels. I read in my paper of some teen-age atrocity, and then I read a liberal journalist who smothers it all in golden syrup. This little pig had no father; this little pig had one; this little pig had a traumatic experience, and all of them yelled wee-wee-wee because they were being tortured by policemen trying to extract confessions from them. Clearly they are all liberal martyrs; and who could be more liberal than that liberal priesthood of psychologists who explain their funny little ways to us and warn us to understand rather than condemn? Isn't that what we ourselves have always preached? How can we who are liberals satirize good liberal doctrine? So we meekly submit to batteries of tests and only wince when we answer true or false to a question such as "Everything has turned out like the Bible and the Prophets said it would." We make our little protest on the side against the bad English or the bad logic, though without much effect. One philosophy student in a Southern college who did this had his paper returned marked PLEASE WRITE MORE LEGIBLE. We begin to wonder whether to a serious psychologist grammar and logic are anything more than inhibitions to be got rid of, but though we may end up wondering whether the liberal priesthood is any more inclined to literacy than the old, and even to doubt if it is liberal at all, we do not wish to be caught on the side of reaction with the dotty old ladies and gentlemen who sigh for hangings and floggings as an adolescent sighs for a passionate love affair. American liberals are stymied from the word go.

FOR reasons of their own the operators of the mass media bring us the same atmosphere of sweetness and light. They, poor creatures, have to or they lose their investments. Shakespeare's *Henry V* probably cost the equivalent of \$250 to produce. Olivier's film of *Henry V* cost \$3,000,000 and see what happens!

All the bawdy jokes drop out! "Don't offend the old ladies!" is the motto. Publishers of Shakespeare's day were liable to lose their ears over a satire, but at least they appear to have been more reckless with their ears than modern publishers are with their Cadillacs. The capital required for radio, movies and television is so colossal that no poor writer could get near it and no banker in his senses would advance \$100 on anything that was liable to offend anybody, and so we bring our children up in a moral atmosphere that never rises above the level of cops and robbers.

But satire is disappearing in Europe as well, and that this is no mere fancy can be proved by the changing attitude of the courts of law. Just pick up a copy of George Moore's *Hail and Farewell*; read again the satirical descriptions of Martyn, Gill and Plunkett and, without bothering to ask yourself if any publisher today would publish it, ask yourself what the damages would be if he did. Damages for so-called libels have become so preposterous in England and Ireland that the English have had to legislate against them, and no insurance company will even quote a rate for insuring publisher and author against "libels" concerning Irish people. The legislation merely proves the trend—

more damn sweetness and light! Everybody had better love everybody else or —. But the Russians are our real masters in the new art of politeness. Damages in a Russian libel case are liable to be final.

My one great hope of the mass media was that sooner or later they would be bound to give printing its *coup de grâce* and that literature would have to begin all over again as simple manuscript material; that happy in our anonymity, we should write our satires on the Bishop of Cork and attribute them to someone equally powerful and respectable, and that a new order of scribes would grow up who would retail copies at black-market rates. No more 500,000-word novels about the American Civil War; no more sweetness and light! I had even hoped that I might have discovered an antidote to organizational man. But now I see only too clearly what organizational man will do with my attempts at disruption—fingerprint every man and woman known to be able to read and write (these will soon be few enough) and then, heigh-ho for the great state trial, and the imaginative sentence to end all imaginative sentences—965 years' imprisonment and a fine of \$50,000,000! "Everything has turned out like the Bible and the Prophets said it would."

## The Unrocked Boat

### Gore Vidal

MR. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE has recently proposed that satire tends to flourish at those times when the Establishment is confident that its eternal truths and verities (to borrow Mr. Faulkner's most famed redundancy) are indeed eternal and therefore impervious to ill-natured wit. Mr. Muggeridge concludes that in an age like ours (other-directed, hydrogen-haunted, artificially tranquilized and doggedly togetherd) satire is more apt to take than administer a beating. Now he is right in one thing: satire has taken a beating. It hardly exists in the more public art forms and except for an occasional timid appearance in the novel or on a night club floor (I refer now to the curious magic of Mort Sahl, a new politically-minded comedian whose eclectic wit is happily communicable to the young), satire has

seldom thrived in our perennially comfortable land. But I suggest that the reasons for this are precisely the opposite of those Mr. Muggeridge gives. In the first place, he underestimates the very real complacency of our culture which despite lowering political weather—those atom bombs again—traditionally holds that boats in any weather are best left unrocked. And, secondly, it would appear to me that satire, historically, has been most useful—and most used—when the moral and religious assumptions of a people about itself are in a state of serious confusion because of some dramatic change for good or ill in that people's fortunes.

As his world and city fell, Aristophanes attacked a demoralized war-minded Establishment which did not long survive him. As the Roman Republic disintegrat-



ed, Cicerō satirized radicals, Catullus satirized the mysteriously amiable Caesar, and Horace ticked off a number of highly placed bores—all this in a time of proscription and violent change. Later, under the Empire, Petronius and Lucan though good courtiers had the bad luck to find the Divine Nero irresistibly funny, their satiric thrusts rewarded with the optimum of Roman prizes: that ineluctable warm bath with open veins. Those were not, to say the least, complacent days. Nor can one argue that, fierce palace politics aside, the Roman imperium ever rested on certain common assumptions confidently held. Beyond a glum acceptance of law as necessary to commercial endeavor and the accidental discovery that government is largely a matter of filing and cross-indexing, the Roman state from Sulla to Constantine was gloriously confused in its morality, politics and religion. Confronted by so many rich absurdities and contradictions, satire became a high and useful art: Persius, Juvenal, Martial, even St. Paul; though between fatal baths and confinement upon disagreeable islands, the satirists themselves did not always have too good a time of it.

THE Christian victory, though it did not precisely bring peace on earth, did at least manage to put a severe leash on the satiric impulse. There are not many recorded attacks on the Church between the Emperor Julian's death and the Reformation, a millennium which — though marked by the usual wars of aggression as well as a number of odd religious wars (something new under the sun)—qualified supremely, in the West at least, as a period of firmly entrenched spiritual values and therefore a seedbed, one would think, for satire. Yet it was not; and the truth of the matter of course is that no well-organized central administration, temporal or spiritual, is apt to allow its beneficiaries the license of laughter at its own expense. Cardinals are not funny in Ireland or in Spain today, at least not publicly. Even in America, they must write particularly bad verse to occasion a wary joke or two. Yet in France and Italy, two nations which have been for some time in a euphoric state of moral and political confusion, Cardinals are stock figures of comedy, cropping up in numerous jokes, good and bad, malicious and amiable. I worry the Roman Church only because it is an elderly institution of great significance morally and therefore an obvious target for useful satire. At present, in America, it is not.

Now I would propose that the United States in its short history has been

much too preoccupied uniting and exploring, pioneering and building, inventing and consuming, to give much thought to anything not relevant to the practical and immediate. Not that we have lacked for harsh critics; in fact, most of our country's better writers have been naysayers, deploring the day and resolutely pessimistic about tomorrow. On the other hand, our humorists have been jolly and ubiquitous. We all know, rather wearily, about frontier humor. Mark Twain's jokes go on and on and some are funny but none is truly satiric because he was not one to rock the boat. It was his ordeal to be tamed, and the petulance and bitterness of the final *What Is Man?* answers as nothing else could why he did not dare question any of his society's basic assumptions.

Henry James observed that it took a great deal of history to make a little bit of literature; and I suspect it takes a far more homogeneous, more settled, yet more uneasy society to produce satirists. And if one is to be met by the argument that God forbid things be any worse simply to make matters easier for one small department of literature, I would be the first to agree that the benign incompetence of the Great Golfer and his Team is certainly preferable to a touchy Nero or even to an inscrutable Caesar.

Yet there is a real need for the satirist in our affairs, especially now. Since the Second World War and its horrors there has been a remarkable change in our society. Anti-Semitism seems happily to have vanished, except among the more irritable Jews, while anti-Catholics no longer smile, at least in mixed religious company, when the Vatican certifies that the sun did a dance over Portugal. Even my Southern relatives employ a certain tact in discussing The Problem. A profound tolerance is in the land—a tolerance so profound that it is not in its effect entirely unlike terror. One dares not raise one's voice against any religion, idea or even delinquency if it is explicable by a therapist. I suspect much of the American's hatred of Russia and communism is simply a siphoning off of other irrational dislikes which, blocked by the stern tolerance of the day, can find expression only in Communist-baiting. Now one does not propose that we return to the bad old days of holding people responsible for inherited characteristics. Yet one should like to learn tolerance from within and not have it imposed from without. And to put forward a recklessly anti-egalitarian proposition: As long as any group within the society deliberately maintains its identity it is, or should be, a fair target for satire—both for its own good and for

the society's. Laughing at someone else is an excellent way of learning how to laugh at oneself; and questioning what seem to be the absurd beliefs of another group is a good way of recognizing the potential absurdity of many of one's own cherished beliefs, witness the travels of Gulliver.

IT IS generally agreed and officially lamented that we are in a new age of conformity; youth wants security, not adventure; the great questions are not asked because the realization that there are no absolute answers has at last penetrated to the bottom layer of society—and why be curious if the answers are only tentative? Now, if this time is indeed so bland, then according to Muggeridge's law, satire must flourish. Yet satire hardly exists; in perfect comfort the squares grow ever more rectilinear. And, to strike the minatory note, if ever there was a people ripe for dictatorship it is the American people today. Should a home-grown Hitler appear, whose voice amongst the public orders would be raised against him in derision? Certainly no voice on television: sorry, the fellow has a lot of admirers; yes, we know he's bad news but you can't hurt people's feelings, you know. They buy soap, too. And elsewhere there would be the tolerant reflex: well, he *could* be right; after all a lot of people seem to agree with him. . . . And then the iron fist closes and we start *our* Empire.

I have often chided my Soviet friends on the naïveté of their country's censorship. Newly literate and still awed by the printed word, the Russian governors are terrified of ideas. If only they knew what our governors know: that in a massive egalitarian society no idea which runs counter to the prevailing superstitions can successfully penetrate the official carapace. We give our solemn critics every freedom, including the one to fail. And fail they do: silence and indifference neutralize the irritant more effectively than brain-washing. No, it could be a marvelous one for satirists. Look at the targets: Christianity, Psychiatry, Marxism, Romantic Love, Xenophobia, Science (all capitalized) and all regarded with reverence if not admiration. You need only take your pick, and not worry about bad taste. If one can make the cautious laugh by clowning, half the work is done, for laughter is the satirist's anaesthetic; he can then make his incision, darting on before the audience knows what has been done to it. But he must be swift and engaging or the laughter will turn to indifferent silence, the ultimate censorship.



Where can the American satirist operate today? Not on television, seldom if ever in the movies, and on the stage only if he is willing to play the buffoon. But the novel remains; and it would be good to see those writers with a talent for satire (Randall Jarrell for one) strike boldly at the large targets, without that vitiating diffidence peculiar to the contemporary American novelist. We don't know very much, they seem to say . . . we are deep of course, often mystic, and we do know that love and compassion are the most beautiful things in the world and in our studies of loneliness we like to show the full potentiality, if not the actuality, of love (how Flaubert would have satirized these latter-day Bovarists!); but we don't know, or want

to know, any Senators, Bishops, atomic scientists and as for psychiatrists, well, we like ours: he is a Jungian. And, shrinking each into his own skin, our novelists grow more private and for those who lack genius — that is to say the majority — more dull. I do not suggest that everyone turn his hand to satire; it is after all only one of a number of ways to get the thing said. Nor do I echo those solid *Forsyte Saga* newspaper reviewers who maintain that what we need is a good novel about the wool trade or building a dam, but what I feel we do need is more engagement in the outer world. And daring. And wit. And, finally, satirists who are needed as truth is needed, for is not satire, simply, truth grinning in a solemn canting world?

## The Old in Heart

William Esty

THE recent publication of *Collected Short Stories* of Aldous Huxley (Harper, 397 pp., \$5) and of Charles Rolo's anthology *The World of Evelyn Waugh* (Little, Brown, 411 pp., \$6) invites a comparison between the work of these spangled performers who made their names in the twenties and thirties, and that of England's present-day so-called Angry Young Men.

Although Messrs. Amis, Wain, Braine, Osborne and Co. are now the aggressively young writers on the English literary scene, a rereading of Huxley and Waugh conjures up a far more effective idea of youth. This is partly because we ourselves were younger when we first read Huxley and Waugh. But the crackling exhilaration imparted by their prose at its best is mainly explained by the fact that they invite us to share a sort of imaginary youth, gay, feckless, clever, irreverent, energetically damned, unburdened by "heart." In short, like Scott Fitzgerald in such pieces as "May Day," they created a *myth* of youth, the youth we never had and therefore love. It is no accident that the best work of Huxley and Waugh was written when they were quite young, and is all about glitteringly young, luxuriously sad persons (as Auden has pointed out, one must be rich or young, or both, properly to roll sorrow on one's tongue).

They should have died early, these two, but did not. They grew older and wrote more and more, stiffening in the worst of the attitudes out of which their youth had made deliciously insouciant, outrageously enjoyable art. As they became Literary Figures, whose opinions are handsomely bought by the American

magazines, their voices became shrilly self-serious, the old outrageous fun turned merely outrageous and then — boring.

THE short story has never been Huxley's forte. The best of his short pieces, the *novella*, "The Farcical History of Richard Greenow," from his first book *Limbo*, has not been included in the new collection. It will be found in Cyril Connolly's edition of *Great English Short Novels*, prefaced by the editor's terse, trenchant summary of Huxley's strength and weakness. (This criticism should be read in conjunction with Connolly's wickedly funny take-off on Huxley in *The Condemned Playground*). We get the familiar anthology standbys, "The Gioconda Smile," "The Tillotson Banquet," "Young Archimedes." How dreary it is to read these again! How dreary are most of these stories, especially when one reads them at a sitting. One is left with a very bad taste by this concentration of the Huxley stylistic vices: tricky plot twists, repetitions, quotations from Continental authors followed by translations, the careful explanations of the teacher who doesn't want the backward boys to miss the point.

The freshest, most pleasurable piece in the collection is an un-Huxleyan story called "Happily Ever After," one of the first he wrote. This tale of an English country household bereaved of its loved, promising young man by World War I is no masterpiece, but it has a quiet appeal quite missing from the later, more "typical," silly-clever stories. One of its figures is a determinedly detached

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Santayana-esque philosopher, Jacobsen, whose response to the grief that strikes the family he is visiting is to walk briskly in the garden, trying to practice his philosophy of not letting external things impinge on one. The malice in this por-

trait is deft, not italicized and sermonized in the later Huxley manner. But then, the later Huxley has *become* a Zen version of Jacobsen, walking briskly in a perpetual garden outside Time, while the rest of us suffer inside the

## YELP

### for Huckleberry Brando

I have seen the youngest minds on my block spotted with measles hallucinated burning on rock and roll skates skipping mad ropes kept in after angry school dragging their flagellate beat slouches to hot dog stand to Woolworth basement to drugstore soda fountain looking for volcanic cokes or mute stark malts knee-panted searchers aching for broken siblings and broken cap pistols and coonskin caps with radioactive buckles on the back and raving hop-scotch kabbala through clenched milk teeth  
 who yelling tears and insults demanded their money back at unsmiling boxoffice when Pecos Slim kissed his girl in the sunset instead of his horse in the sunset  
 who for nine days running hummed or whistled or sang aloud or tapped on dinnerplates or Sister's skull "M-I-C-K-E-Y---M-O-U-S-E-E-E" till busted in their public mouths by fathers intent on wrestling matches  
 who fantasied their bones' fantasy with fabulous visions of three-year school holidays and Captain Video for president  
 who walked across innumerable backyards stained with sandboxes and gym sets to find out if you had a comic book or I had a comic book or he had a comic book  
 who crept hungry through deserted kitchens seeking jam or brussels sprouts or philadelphia cream cheese and found only cooking sherry and later wandered high and illuminated past mystic Erector sets  
 who played marbles for keeps and disappeared into the yelling front rows of Saturday theatres waving popcorn bags and box kites  
 who loned it through the halls of P. S. 114 seeking a visionary lavatory that was a BOYS' visionary lavatory  
 who stuck out their tongues at school nurses and fell down on their elbows and wept demanding instantaneous cod liver oil  
 who trembled with ecstasy reading Elizabeth Mapes Dodge and floated across the tops of cereal boxes contemplating ultimate Disneyland  
 who fell out of their red wagons and continued along the sidewalk and down the street and into the YMCA pool naked —  
 ah, Huckleberry Brando, you with who I played hooky and with who snowballed the ancient ikons of mailboxes stuffed full of scarlet TIME  
 and who was busted in your private earmuffs for jaywalking by the Safety Patrol cossacks—  
 while you are lost I am lost and while you cannot play I cannot play

## II

Huckleberry Brando! I'm with you standing in the corner  
 where you're calmer than I am  
 I'm with you in the corner  
 where none of us ever escape  
 I'm with you in the corner  
 where we're dreaming of tomorrow and ultimate tomorrow and future sideburns and Harley-Davidson motorcycles  
 I'm with you in the corner  
 where I'm planning to make a zip-gun and blast out of this lousy drag  
 I'm with you in the corner  
 where we sense the first hairs of mustaches growing and intimations of beat chicks in slacks and ponytails carrying battered copies of ON THE ROAD  
 I'm with you in the corner  
 where I'm choked with boredom and claustrophobia fear and beginning to run  
 o lost and by the wind grieved  
 and I'm tired of waiting so I'm beating it home, man, to Mommy and Popsy and to beat old Howdy Doodie on the beat old 21-inch television set  
 I'm not with you in the corner anymore, Huck  
 where that's tough pectoral old beat buddy

GROVER LEWIS

house of our temporal preoccupations.

The reader who wants to savor Huxley at his best is well advised to ignore the *Collected Short Stories* and turn to the author's first four books — especially *Antic Hay*, one of the funniest novels of our time. Huxley has always had a "message," or rather a succession of messages, which have deeply marred his work, from the faddy-solemn D. H. Lawrenceism of *Point Counter Point* to the faddy-solemn Perennial Philosophy of his more recent writings. *Antic Hay* has a message, too—it is about the terrible fragmentization of the modern world and the consequent splitting of modern men and women. However, it proposes no pompous panaceas, and Huxley's bitter view is here not pounded out in disguised lectures, but rather embodied in a number of wonderful, grotesque scenes, as when Theodore Gumbriel, Jr. pads his shoulders and puts on a blond, fan-shaped beard so he may seek out the sexual adventures appropriate to a Renaissance Complete Man.

MR. ROLO's anthology consists, with the exception of one short story and a "novel" written at age seven, of fairly lengthy excerpts from most of the Waugh novels, spanning his development from *Decline and Fall* to *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold*. In his introduction Mr. Rolo states that Waugh "has at no time been a critic of what he considers the genuine upper class. The target of his early burlesques was the new 'bogus' upper crust, which was well on its way to dominating London Society when Waugh's generation came of age—the world of frantic fashion-setters, money-makers and party-givers . . . the world, too, of the rebellious Bright Young People. Toward the latter, Waugh's attitude was double-edged: while clearly he found their anarchic spirit exhilarating and was in sympathy with their disillusionment, he perceived that their revolt was negative, their design for living senselessly prodigal. Already the norms and ideals that stirred his loyalties were those of the Old Guard, of that 'fine phalanx of the passing order. . .'"

This is correct in its main drift, but Mr. Rolo forgets that the Bright Young People are themselves mostly "genuine upper class"; Agatha Runcible, the wildest and funniest of them all, is a peer's daughter. Waugh did *not* see the aristocracy as immune from London's frenetic, aimless pleasure-seeking. And the Rolo anthology includes the passage from *Decline and Fall* which describes how poor, harmless Paul Pennyfeather is humiliated at the hands of some



brutal, drunken representatives of the wholesome country nobility.

No, if Waugh speaks lovingly of ancient houses and ancient titles, it is to flay present ways—including the present life of most British aristocrats—with the comparison to the responsible and ordered values of an older, better time. In his early, pre-Literary Figure novels, this use of the past to beat the present produces some rich comic effects, but in the later work, it all goes sour. Even in his early books, it is often hard to distinguish between the gay, irresponsible, adolescently cruel behavior Waugh is describing, and the author's own attitudes. With the passage of years, Waugh's cruel and irresponsible social views have emerged ever more explicitly, his reactionary use of a (mythical) English past against a hated present has become ever more insistent and unfunny. The horrible evacuee children from the slums in *Put Out More Flags* are a permissible comic device; the gratuitous sneer at workingmen in *Brideshead Revisited* is a cry from a genuine-Tudor soapbox. More and more it has come to seem that it is the cruelty and injustice of the past—of medieval England, of imperialist Britain—that constitute its main charm for the aging Bright Young Person. Yet when they were young, both Huxley and Waugh made wonderfully funny and talented books out of their vision of a privileged and brilliant generation dissipating its gifts in atomized, unfulfilling activity. They made a dazzling myth out of their gilded youth. What of our contemporary crop of Young Men?

THE ANSWER is, not much. Like most of the younger American writers, the Angry Young Men just don't write very well, and are therefore not very interesting. They have created no myth of their own youth, except perhaps the "myth" that they are angry, and angry in some clear, definable, significant way. They are supposed to be a gang of up-from-the-bottom, cock-a-snook militants, but this is not really so.

True, there is the difference of money. In Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, everyone meets at Sbis's, where the prices are higher than at the Ritz. Waugh's Adam Fenwick-Symes, with ten shillings in his pocket, checks in at Shephard's Hotel, where all drinks unless otherwise specified are champagne. The heroes of the Angry Young Novels have to scrape and calculate for their cigarettes and half-pints of beer; these writers are often at their best when conveying the sheer *grubbiness* of the life of the contemporary young Englishman reaching

for secure middle-class status with nothing but a good education behind him.

But the big point about the Angry Young Men is that they're supposed to be angry about Class, and they aren't, really, though their novels are certainly permeated with an exacerbated, defensive awareness of Class. John Braine's mediocre *Room at the Top*, the story of a young man from the working class who fornicates his way up the social ladder of a mill town, shocked a number of reviewers in England, or at least there were reviewers who pretended to shock. It is hard to see why. Despite hero Joe Lampton's wearily repetitive talk of money and sex, and descriptions of the latter in terms of the former, the novel has a simple and edifying moral, pounded at the reader *ad nauseam*: Joe's working father was right, "There's some things that can be bought too dear." Braine's novel fails, not from cynicism, much less class militancy, but simply from being an over-obvious and dull morality play.

John Wain is an untalented young writer whose name is, incomprehensibly, always bracketed with that of the genuinely gifted Kingsley Amis. Wain sends his heroes on grotesque "picaresque" adventures the reader never believes in, because they are narrated in a flat-footed style that blatantly contradicts the would-be free-flowing zaniness of the episodes. When Amis attempts the grotesque, that staple of the young Huxley and Waugh, he too falls on his face. The young English writers, when they *do* achieve real wit, use a different, closer-to-actuality method.

Amis has to his credit one extraordinarily funny book, *Lucky Jim*; one fairly funny one, *That Uncertain Feeling*; and one dismal fiasco, *I Like It Here*. John Osborne's play, *Look Back In Anger*, was entertaining—energetic invective is usually interesting, at least while it lasts. A really good play *could* have been made about a surly young semi-intellectual who sits around berating his wife and expressing his dislike of T. S. Eliot as he thumbs through the Sunday papers. Osborne, however, did not maintain sufficient artistic distance from his angry young creation (cf. Stendhal's double-eyed view of his young heroes), as becomes even more apparent when one reads his noisily rude, self-pitying, ultimately pointless contribution to the "angry" anthology, *Declaration*. Amis at his worst leans, like Osborne, on mere *opinions*, supposedly "shocking": *I Like It Here* relies heavily on the Amis-hero's expressed distaste for foreign travel, Henry James, painting, the theatre, etc. All

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this is a substitute for creating, just like the pontifications of the older and tireder Waugh and Huxley.

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Anger, as such, is no substitute for good writing, any more than latter-day Huxley-Waugh attitudinizing is. When we have more talent—with or without anger—we will have writers who can shape the myth of our generation, just as the young Huxley and Waugh made our image of the doomed Bright Young People.

## No Time for Comedy

Harold Clurman

I DO NOT particularly concentrate on politics nowadays and I may as well confess that I read history as art and philosophy, rather than as usable knowledge, so that like the average educated American I remain an innocent in world affairs. Still, what with the headlines and an occasional skimming of articles in the daily and weekly journals, some things seep in. Sometimes they make me laugh. I am sure they oughtn't.

Several weeks ago, for example, the Administration acknowledged a recession. A day or two later an official statement assured us that there would be an upswing during the month of March. Harry Truman made some caustic remarks about the Government's bungling. Then I read a quote from President Eisenhower's speech in which he spoke—obviously referring to Truman and like-minded critics—of "men of little faith." This was followed a few days later by a Presidential statement that things would get worse before they got better. By this time I was grinning, though I know this reaction was absolutely wrong.

Remédies for the bad effects of the recession were suggested. Tax cuts, then no tax cuts, federal spending projects, then no such projects, partial disarmament, no disarmament, and so on and on to an item which announced that our Secretary of State felt there should be no halting of nuclear preparedness since this would impede the work now being done on perfecting the clean-bomb. At this point I could not suppress a guffaw—which I am convinced was wicked of me.

Such wickedness never finds itself on our stage today. (There is only the wickedness of total imperviousness to

these matters.) Our theatre rarely gnashes its teeth in an indignant smile or hoots with derisive pain. This is hardly surprising: after all we are not Europeans. George Kaufman, who we should remember was co-author of *Once in a Lifetime* and other similar plays, once remarked that on Broadway "Satire is what closes on Saturday night." Most satirical plays on our stage are of foreign origin.

There was some kidding in *The Tea-house of the August Moon*, but it gave offense to no one at all. *No Time for Sergeants* poked fun at the army brass, but this is an almost traditional joke. No one ever asks at the end of such plays, as someone asked me many years ago during a performance of *Waiting for Lefty*, "Say, do they really mean it?" Gore Vidal told me recently, in answer to a criticism in my review of his play, *Visit To a Small Planet*, that he had tried to suggest a point of view but that the audience in the out-of-town tryout froze when it began to suspect a serious intention. The plays of industrial unrest nowadays seem to be typified by *The Pajama Game*. Voltaire's *Candide* became a giant marshmallow on Broadway.

SOCIAL satire has always been rare on our stage because satire is the product of a degree of civilized sophistication which our theatre audiences—either literal-minded or frivolous—do not usually possess. (How many plays in the history of our theatre can we compare in purpose with Gogol's *Inspector General* or Beaumarchais' *Marriage of Figaro*?) Even in terms of harmless satire in a gay vein, the last successful show I can recall is the 1946 revue *Call*

*Me Mister*—smoother and slicker than the *Pins and Needles* of 1937-39. What is worth examining however is why there is less satire at the present time than in the twenties—our most self-critical as well as most self-indulgent era—or in the thirties—the period of our most acute social awareness.

To create satire which goes beyond good-natured spoofing of follies and vices that are regarded as peccadilloes, you have to have a community with strong beliefs and convictions. Almost everyone today is uncertain of his beliefs and few are rash enough to harbor convictions.

But when one's beliefs have been shaken, when convictions have been undermined by events, and self-questioning has taken possession of one's soul, the consequences may still bear the marks of the believing personality. The agony which results from the destruction of once firmly held beliefs may take on a dynamic quality apparently destructive but basically the expression of a passion for a renewed faith. Blasphemy is frequently a more telling expression of the religious spirit than piety.

The satire or irony inherent in the plays of many contemporary French dramatists, beginning with Camus' *Caligula* through to Genet, Ionesco and Beckett, is a manifestation of outrage and not, as many suppose, the result of a wholly nihilistic attitude. They are at once savage, sometimes obscene, protests

## Hunting Song

Ai, but he hunted ill.

Ai, but he hunted ill.

The shrew in the grass  
had watched him pass,  
crouched beside her sill.

Ai, he forgot the sun.

Ai, he forgot the sun.

The fox in the meadow  
had barked at his shadow  
and so he had come and gone.

Ai, he forgot the wind.

Ai, he forgot the wind.

The doe in the wood  
had lightly fled  
as she caught his smell upwind.

If only he had been still.

If only he had been still,  
but the green-necked mallard  
had dipped in the shallows  
and veered behind the hill.

Ai, hunter, ai, hunter, ai, hunter  
with his heavy gun at his side.  
The rabbit's lair  
was always near,  
and there the quarry hid.

MILLEN BRAND

The NATION



against the absurdity of our existence in a world where most of the old faiths have turned to hypocrisy and a (not always odious) cry for a new one.

These rebels without a platform (except the stage) and without a program (except that of *la farce*: French for a riotous upsetting of the official apple-cart) are admitted by their very detractors to express something of their country's present spirit. Most of Western Europe (particularly France) knows it is sick, caught in a web of insane contradictions. But being conscious of this and expressing it fully in a mad satire—a comic grimace is noticeable even in the most lacerating and melancholy of their plays—is a sign of vitality.

IN the hysterically prosperous twenties we had the energy and wit to poke fun at ourselves and to confess our nightmares—if only as a corrective to our creeping complacency. Besides O'Neill whose realm was the tragic (except possibly for *Marco Millions*), there were such plays, mixing the bitter with the sweet, as *What Price Glory?* by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings, *The Show-Off* by George Kelly, *The Front Page* by Hecht and McArthur, *Beggar on Horseback* by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. The Teapot Dome scandal provided the pivotal theme of *The Grand Street Follies* of 1922. Even *The Garrick Gaieties* of 1925—Rodgers and Hart's first success—contained a number about the Monkey Trial which had some bite. There were occasional rumblings of real dissent—often incoherent or imitative (of the German expressionist dramatists) but nonetheless aggressive.

Very little of all this dug deep because, in a predominantly confident, or at least heedless, time there seemed little need for more than a smiling degree of self-depreciation. When E. E. Cummings' play *him* was produced in 1928 in the Village the entire press stood aghast, not recognizing either the play's lyric and satirical quality or its implied prophecy of the coming collapse.

The twenties, theatrically speaking, moved from the sly but painless joke of the Kaufman-Gershwin *Of Thee I Sing* (1931) into the middle thirties when our faces grew longer, and even the essentially conservative Maxwell Anderson mixed some sneers with the chuckles in *Both Your Houses*, which spoke of America's inexhaustible fund of political inertia.

The mid-thirties, as everyone knows, was the Odets period in the theatre, which, lest we forget, was marked by a wholesomely enthusiastic humor as well

as the pathos and bathos of our hopes in panaceas we did not fully understand. (Satire mellowed by sentiment was always one of Odets' strong points.) But beyond the "radical," "leftwing" hortatory plays which represented the youthful singing combativeness of the New Deal days, there sprouted on our side streets little political "cabarets" somewhat reminiscent of the *boîtes* in Paris, where the pulse of the people may always be felt beating in ragtime.

The hopes of the thirties were both rebuffed and justified by the war years and their "national unity." Tennessee Williams emerged in his gentlest mood in *The Glass Menagerie*. Saroyan's early plays took the edge off their satirical outline in tender clowning and woozy or boozy kindliness. The post-war forties in the theatre were enlivened by Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* which, for all its tearfulness, contains definite elements of satire and, generally speaking, reveals a more sober and cautious continuance of the New Deal mentality of the thirties. We still produced affably liberal comedies like Thurber and Nugent's *The Male Animal*, Lindsay and Crouse's *The State of the Union* and Garson Kanin's *Born Yesterday*.

The decline of the satiric spirit begins with the fifties. Our hopes were disappointed, rebelliousness was first frowned upon and then squelched. Social criticism now seems to lack a base and the building of positive values appears to lack support in social realities. What new affirmations are made seem to turn inward, are always on a personal level, as if to say "please mind your own business and let me mind mine—and if we are going to take a public stand it must remain within the confines of ideologies and organizations of undisputed respectability and authority." We are not so much frightened, now that McCarthy has passed away, as transfixed, stuck, spiritually immobilized.

We do not know today if we are prosperous or not or exactly what it means to be prosperous—except that to fail to be a success is shameful. We are the leaders of the Western world, but we are not sure whom we are leading or to what. We do not know if we can stop war, though we are rather hopeless of surviving it. We pray that the psychoanalysts will reassure us since the moralists and preachers have not redeemed us. Playwrights who have tried to portray the consequences of this disarray now apologize for their perversity and promise that with some medical assistance they will become good boys. According to our critics and audiences it is somehow terribly wrong to be "un-

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by

Barron B. Beshoar

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healthy," so that as John Gassner has written, "Health seems to be our brand of decadence."

To be confused is not yet to be damned. An avowal of our confusion even in terms of the comic without fear of some notes of exasperation would be a sign of strength. We live in a challenging time, but we seem unable to take

up the challenge. The so-called cynicism of the twenties was creative; the solemnity and some of the immature sloganizing of the thirties and forties were still creative; what is stultifying us now is a failure to recognize and cry out that somewhere along the way our line was lost; that we must go back and find out what it was and what happened to it.

## Revolt: True and False

Kenneth Rexroth

YOU don't have to read Toynbee or Hegel to know that there is a systole and diastole to history. What goes up comes down, what swings left swings right; a literate chimpanzee could learn this from ten years or less of reading the newspapers. Alas, the merchants of words seem not, in the second postwar period, to have understood. Nobody covered his bets, nobody protected his flank. Now the spokesmen of the age of conformity are in a very exposed position. Apple-sellers are just around the corner, a shadow is haunting the leading thinktank circles—the shadow of a second Writers' Project. The younger critics are trying to pawn their pillowcase headdresses, the last Eliot anybody will admit remembering is George, every known type of ambiguity is going for ten cents on the dollar, the quality slicks and the pulpier pulps have discovered dissent, Madison Avenue is busy hunting samples of a new hot commodity—nonconformity. What goes up comes down, with as little insight. Blindly I go my way, said Adolf, like a sleep-walker—not to make an invidious comparison, but because that historic phrase is the perfect rhetoric of the enthusiastic pawn of history.

Why are the ideogogues so at the mercy of their own verbiage? Why do they always have to believe it? I think it is one of the secrets of our civilization—sell the salesman. If you sell him hard enough, he'll take care of the customers, and he's got lots of cousins. The purveyors of the Social Lie today *must* believe it. After all we're not living in the age of Burke: this merchandise has had a long time to spoil. If they didn't believe it smelled like violets, they'd die of disgust. Now a long but significant digression (like Toynbee):

I'll never forget one day, bumming around Texas in the early twenties with a very sharp boy named Harold Mann. Just a couple of years before, he had been St. Louis district manager of Real Silk Hosiery, the famous house-to-house pitch of those days. We were busted, so

he went to the local Real Silk office, perhaps it was in Pecos, and took out a kit to pick up some change. He came back early, with plenty of change, but with ashen cheeks and haunted eyes. Said he, "I have just witnessed one of the great climacterics of history, far more important than the World War. It used to be the manager told you, 'The sucker comes to the door. You say this, she says that, you put your foot in the door, she says this, you say that, you bust out the kit. The sucker says this, you say that—and so on.' Now you go down at eight in the morning and spend an hour singing *Real Silk, Real Silk*, to the tune of *Marching Through Georgia*, and listen to the boss tell you what good stockings they are—all on your own time. Mark my words, this will make a greater change in the human race than the invention of fire!"

Wise words. When Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a member of Stevenson's writing crew, came to review Adlai's speeches for *The Reporter*, he reviewed them with the delicious surprise of a sweet new ingenue in the hands of the late Lionel Barrymore. The technical term for this is the hallucination of documents and the delusion of participation.

SO NOW. Before all the Henry Adamsons from the Bronx and the cornfield Lord Chesterfields start miscegenating, blowing jazz poetry and taking heroin, it would be a good idea to understand what that long-forgotten word "revolt" is all about. Who objects to what and why, and what is it that is wrong with what we used to call The System, anyway? How do you nonconform?

One thing for sure, you don't do it by caricaturing the values of the very civilization that debauched you in the first place. You don't dash here and yon through the night, wrecking stolen cars and going "Wheel!" You don't have six deserted wives, all of them pregnant. You don't take dope. You don't "dig" jazz. (Which means you don't think it is savage jungle drums and horns blow-

ing up a storm around the flickering fires while the missionary soup comes to a boil.) You don't Whitmanize and Rimbaudize and Artaudize that evil perversion we call, in jazz, "Crow-Jimism." Probably you shave. Probably you wear shoes. At least you plan to take up both if things get much worse. If you dress and behave eccentrically, you dress and behave the way nobody else does—not the way every high school boy who can remember Jimmy Dean does. The essence of revolt is understanding, the essence of disconformity is comprehension, and their second essence is purposeful action.

This is why the word merchants can't dig it. They haven't, don't and can't *act*. Marx called this "human self-alienation"—the divorce of man from his work, and hence, his divorce from his fellows, and hence from himself. This is what that thing we used to call the Revolution is all about. There is good reason for disaffiliation; it's not just for kicks. But the man who has got by all his life just quivering his glottis can't, constitutionally, understand this. I am, amongst other things, a poet. My poetry is work. I write it to lay hands on an obdurate world, to make love to women and to overthrow the State, the Church and the Capitalist System. I do not write it to get it analyzed in a seminar and neither did John Donne or Arthur Rimbaud. And anybody can throw away his socks and let his feet go dirty. The billionaires all have six deserted wives, or at least they used to in the best days of the old *Masses* and *Mother Earth*. Disaffiliation from the inhuman means affiliation with the truly human.

LITERATURE is work. Art is work. And work, said St. Benedict, is prayer. There are at least three Zen Buddhists to be found in every public toilet in every city over 250,000 in the U.S.A. after ten at night. "You just dig it man. You just let it happen. It just busts in your head like sh—t in your blood stream, you dig? It's the old whirl, man, you dig?" Have these poor disheveled children any idea of the work, years and years of it, that goes to the perfecting of a Japanese swordsman, a judo expert, one of the admirals that pulled off Pearl Harbor, a monk in a Zendo, or any other recognized exponent of the philosophy of Buddhidharma? No. "Like that's all for squares, man. Like pops, don't come around talking that old moldy fig political jive, you bug me, man. W.O.R.K., wasn't that the name of a bunch of real gone cats used to ride freight trains in Montana and Washington way back? Like why don't you make like them, pops, and dig



this new Zen kick, like?" *Illumination*. The reasoned derangement of the senses. Rimbaud, Celine, Artaud, Genet, Beckett, Ionesco—is that what they did: just let it happen?

Yes, and no. Rimbaud no more than got those famous words out of his mouth than he went off and never came back and never wrote another word. Reasoned derangement of the senses is for gun runners in Africa when they relax *en famille* in a grass hut; it's a bourgeois-type kick. It is true, especially in a period of cowardice and silence, that those who are being stamped into the mud see most clearly the iron soles of Juggernaut and the clay feet within—but Celine has been ill for a very long time, and Artaud was not at all well. Genet we can lay on the side—he has always seemed to me a one-man rubber-neck bus of the sins of Paris, an up-to-date and conscienceless Eugene Sue. But anybody who thinks Beckett and Ionesco just let it happen needs to go back and take English One. The real danger, of course, is that artists like these will be hooked by the mystique they have, innocently, helped create.

AN orthodoxy is forming, and like all orthodoxies it is a system of lies and evasions, a ritual of the lazy and greedy. How do you escape it? By reading Marx and Kropotkin? By joining up? Indeed not. *Playboy*, a leading socio-economic authority, says, "Rexroth says the Anarchists must organize." Excuse me; I mean, *ça ira*. It is a deliberately fostered delusion of Western Civilization, of the *Old and New Testaments* and the *Koran*, that life is hard to understand and harder still to live. It is only too obvious, every step of the way as the newspapers roll past, what should be—should have been—done.

You are right in choosing art as the one perfect instrument; you are even right in choosing jazz. The best artists of the past fifteen years of darkness have found voice in jazz for the same reason that, in the years of terror after the 1905 revolution, the Russians wrote metaphysics: the cops couldn't understand it. But do you think jazz is something you just get up and blow out of a cloud of pod? Do you think being beat comes easy? You don't get that way growing an embouchure moustache and painting nail holes on your hands and feet. Do you know about Lester Young, clinging to his saxophone in the Army stockades in the piney woods of the savage South? Do you know that story?

Be very careful you don't become what Madison Avenue wants every artist to be—a wild man.

April 26, 1958

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

A LOAN exhibition of the works of Pierre-Auguste Renoir is being shown at Wildenstein's until May 10 in benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York. The seventy paintings and eight or ten pieces of sculpture present the whole range of Renoir's work, from the precise drawing and grayed tones of the *Pont des Arts*, painted in 1868 at the age of twenty-seven, to the voluptuous forms and prismatic color of *The Concert*, done in 1919, the year of the painter's death. It is probably the most representative group of Renoirs to be seen here since the Rosenberg show of 1944. One regrets the absence of the celebrated pictures from the Phillips Gallery and from Boston of boating life on the Marne. But there is the *Moulin de la Galette* and the *Waitress from Duval's* to replace them.

What an easy-going man Renoir must have been! One understands his distrust for Seurat's intellectualized painting theories. Renoir did not work by theory; he depended on spontaneity and sensibility. Since he was a man of simple tastes—a sort of Saint Francis of the brush—he could allow himself the luxury of painting as he liked. And he liked the most pleasant things—pretty girls, presentable ladies and gentlemen, children with big eyes and clear complexions, fruit, flowers and sunny landscapes—all the elements of a good world which his innocent, sensual eye transformed into a Third Republic Garden of Eden.

Since he did not work by voluntary formula, his painting style has great variety. Sometimes the paint is put down in tiny touches, thin and liquid; sometimes it is loaded. Sometimes the edges are neat; sometimes everything melts in a mist. A number of the pictures are in the pointillist manner. There is even one done at l'Estaque of olives and pines and white, rocky hills whose composition and treatment are not unlike Cézanne's—whom Renoir was visiting.

However little most of the pictures seem to have been tarnished by time or restoration, one still would like to have them as they came from the painter's brush. For color was Renoir's gift and passion. It is really only in his color that he conforms to the Impressionist idea. As Proust pointed out, he was, in sentiment, a belated Fragonard. Vlaminck has a pretty story about his color sense, of how Renoir, taking a walk with some other painters, left his overcoat behind in a field. They all returned to

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look for it. "There it is," said Renoir, pointing in the distance. "You can't tell what it is," said somebody, "it's too far away." "Oh, yes I can. It's black. There are no blacks in nature."

A LARGE and handsome show of the Sicilian painter, Renato Guttuso, is being held at the ACA Gallery until April 28. Guttuso is one of the most brilliant of the contemporary Italians, a vigorous draughtsman, a lively colorist and a master of differentiated paint textures. His subjects are not unlike those of the contemporary Italian cinema—ordinary people and things. Whatever he paints is seen from an unexpected point of view—people crossing a street, each one different, each one in a hurry; a farm hand eating spaghetti; still lifes of the common objects of a painter's studio—brushes, tubes and cans of paint. The largest picture, and perhaps the finest, is of an orange grove, the whole canvas filled with leaves and fruit, relieved only in one corner by the tile roofing of a white-washed shed. The picture of a man and woman on a Vespa illustrates brilliantly and touchingly how the scooter has motorized the love-life of the Italian young.

Guttuso is a fine painter. His compositions are free and emphatic. The color is perhaps more striking than harmonious. The vigor of his linear patterns, the bold opposition of colors, the constant presence of characterization carried almost to caricature, give a poster-like projection. In fact, the work escapes the epithet "poster" only by the humanity of its conception and the sensitivity of the artist's hand. To make an arbitrary comparison, just as the work of Renoir is domestic and companionable, the work of Guttuso is public and moralistic.

Renoir was painting pictures of and for amateurs of painting living comfortable lives in comfortable houses. Consequently the works are soft and harmonious, subtle and detailed, made to be seen often and at close range.

Guttuso, on the other hand, working in Italy, where there is little private collecting, paints for large exhibitions and museum purchase. The pictures are bold in design and color, striking in theme—with sociological overtones—and planned to read clearly from a distance. Pictures painted with this in mind have more emphasis and less depth than more personalized work. And, though it is manifestly unfair to compare the living and the dead, Guttuso's brilliant manipulation of the declamatory style cannot be expected to offer as rich an experience as Renoir's quiet and confident serenity expressed through a more refined tradition.

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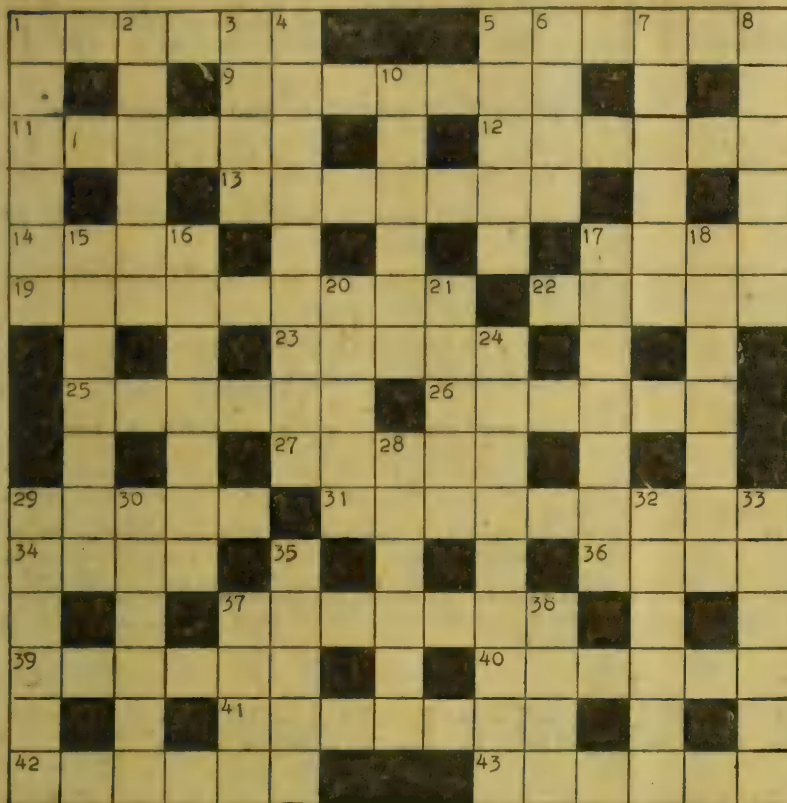
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The NATION



# Crossword Puzzle No. 769

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 They might appear rather smug at more than one series. (6)
- 5 One sort of tag makes another tag lie. (6)
- 9 Not what the G.I. wears—even if his head is cold! (You wouldn't like them, either!) (7)
- 11 And while this suggests the opposite of a head cold, the brave might return to it. (6)
- 12 Certainly not a healthy function. (3-3)
- 13 20 is confused about the state of bad business, perhaps. (7)
- 14 Is the desert raid broken up? (4)
- 17 Hardy girl, possibly. (4)
- 19 and 10 down Did he give the city the run-around? (3, 6, 6)
- 22 Not a likely place for a private discussion. (5)
- 23 This town seems to be the first in England. (5)
- 25 We would be wrong to follow gentle growth like this. (6)
- 26 Bad, like a candle? (6)
- 27 Arrange some of your tendencies to be rather strict. (5)
- 29 The arrangement of ham and eggs, for example. (5)
- 31 She cleans a version of it for the steward. (9)
- 34 One who might 12 without getting sick. (4)
- 36 Took a leafy plant inside. (4)
- 37 This goes into something I'd put back on a mask! (7)

- 39 It might be tenuous as hatred. (6)
- 40 Passages composed by 6, in like circumstances. (6)
- 41 Are sets of them more difficult as clues? (7)
- 42 A pig might eventually become less careful. (6)
- 43 The part of 30 that comes out on a high place used to be in prison. (6)

## DOWN:

- 1 A trifle showy? At least a trifle!
- 2 Rossini's was thievish. (6)
- 3 A common sign of England's head of 31. (4)
- 4 Is Dickens' character relatively healthy? (3, 6)
- 5 If you're having success here, you might have such a mind. (5)
- 6 Man? Wight? (Either one!) (4)
- 7 FF, compared to F. (6)
- 8 Only belief can make me this! (6)
- 15 Brings up something about me suggestive of pipe-cleaners. (7)
- 16 The sort of liver suggestive of 4's brother David? (7)
- 17 Is the sergeant more properly addressed first? (7)
- 18 Where the gnomon casts its shadow.
- 20 Proving he can be shown up by a little wisdom. (5)
- 21 Does his name suggest a contracted version of a well-known comedian?
- 24 Holds up the service, perhaps, as braid does. (9)
- 28 Tutelar diety (bearing a gift, no doubt). (6)

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- 29 Set wrong in an environment be-  
longing to us, it turns out. (6)
- 30 Ruins the way Lancelot, for exam-  
ple, goes up to his resting place. (6)
- 32 This little town has character. (6)
- 33 Inferior tenant, by the sound of it.
- 35 Schumann's was wild. (5)
- 37 Palm Sunday, if specific. (4)
- 38 Miss Stevens' get-up? (4)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 768

ACROSS: 1 BIGAMIST; 5 STITCH; 10  
PURISTS; 11 and 21 OPTICAL ILLUSION;  
12 ABLE; 16 and 3 LAND MASS; 17  
SPENDER; 19 IDLER; 20 VOTARY; 23  
and 37 LEFT AT THE POST; 25 REEFS;  
27 LEVITES; 31 UTAH; 32 SIDED; 33, 13  
and 9 IT'S A SMALL WORLD; 36 IN-  
TRUDE; 38 NORMAN; 39 ARBUCKLE.  
DOWN: 1 BYPLAY; 2 GARBLED; 4 SE-  
SAME; 6 TUTT; 7 TOCCATA; 8 HOLL-  
DAYS; 13 SPRITES; 14 ANTACID; 15  
LEVERED; 17 SEPAL; 18 ROSES; 24  
PLATTER; 26 FETLOCK; 28 VIPER; 29  
TENTER; 30 WATTLE; 34 TUBA; 35  
PERU.



(The following, in condensed form, is text of the third public statement in a series by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. It appeared in The New York Times April 11, 1958)

# NUCLEAR BOMBS CAN DESTROY ALL LIFE IN WAR

## SIGNED BY

Prof. John C. Bennett  
Brock Chisholm, M.D.  
Norman Cousins  
Rev. Henry Hitt Crane  
India Edwards  
Eugene Exman  
Harold E. Fey  
Rev. Harry E. Fosdick  
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James Warburg  
Allan M. Wilson  
Dr. Hugh Wolfe

1. *We MUST postpone our coming tests*
2. *We must call for a United Nations inspected ban on tests*
3. *We must not supply bomb materials to other countries*
4. *American security and world security are now ONE*

**NUCLEAR TESTS ARE ENDANGERING  
OUR HEALTH RIGHT NOW!**

## ACT NOW—FOR MAN'S SAKE

Write President Eisenhower, The White House, Washington, D.C., and Vice-President Nixon, The Capitol, Washington, D.C.

Write your U.S. Senator and Representative in Washington opposing the bills to transfer bomb materials to other countries and favoring an end to nuclear tests as a first step toward a broader disarmament. Send a copy to Senator John O. Pastore of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

## And Here's What is Happening in New York—

The Greater New York Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, composed of fifteen local Committees throughout an area of seventy miles surrounding New York City, is engaged in carrying out the program of the National Committee in this area. Its recent activities include:

1. An "Appeal for Nuclear Sanity" campaign (April 11-19).
2. Eight public meetings.
3. Open letters, bearing thousands of signatures, to the U.S. Senators from New York and New Jersey.

4. Delegations to the New York City Department of Health and to the U.N. missions of the three testing powers.
5. Letters to the heads of state of the United States and the Soviet Union, calling for immediate cessation of tests.
6. Various educational activities through press, radio and television.
7. Extensive distribution of literature on the nuclear problem, including statements of Albert Schweitzer, Walter Millis, C. Wright Mills, General Omar N. Bradley, Norman Cousins and Dr. Hugh C. Wolfe.

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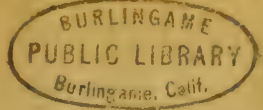
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MAY 5 '58



# THE NATION

MAY 3, 1958 . . 25c

A DIPLOMACY for FREE MEN

*by D. F. Fleming*

WILL FRANCE PLAY IT SAFE?

*by Alexander Werth*



# LETTERS

## Academic Freedom

*Dear Sirs:* The comments on academic freedom by Dean Louis M. Hacker of the Columbia School of General Studies [*The Nation*, April 12] are well taken. Some nine years back several hundred of us at the University of California, both faculty and graduate assistants, failed signally to gain acceptance for this same point of view.

It is, of course, ridiculous to lay major responsibility for the agony endured on one deceased Senator. Forces which have risen in every threatened culture from Bogota to Berlin employed the classic device of outmoded power to perpetuate its tenure. We must recognize that they achieved a signal success. Their rationale, in line with the purest dictums of Machiavelli, was *raison d'état*.

Ultimate decisions may well be affected by what university deans decide to do. Will they confine themselves to a discreet horror of the past, some decade after the event, or will they in time of uneasy peace prepare wisely for the dangers of war? Will they perhaps forestall later crimes by strengthening academic freedom when this freedom has a chance to build its sinews? Specifically, will any of them encourage the employment, for example, of a Sweezy, Huberman, Aptheker, Foner or Sillen?

WILLIAM DOYLE

Berkeley, California

*Dear Sirs:* Dean Hacker makes a point which has long been overlooked in discussions of academic freedom: "... the open University means that youth has the same rights we seek for ourselves as citizens to form its own clubs, maintain its own discussion groups and platforms, run its own newspapers—without let or interference on the part of University administrators or faculties."

Shortly before Dr. Hacker's lines were printed, all four editors of the Brooklyn College student newspaper resigned in protest against "interference" by the college administration with their paper's editorial policy. This is hardly the first instance of a dispute between the administration of President Harry D. Gideonse and student editors at Brooklyn College. . . . We feel that the continuing pattern of resignations, suspensions, expulsions, and withdrawals of recognition, particularly with regard to the student newspaper, justifies an investigation by some properly constituted responsible body. . . . It is likewise time that private groups with a professional

concern for academic freedom, such as the American Association of University Professors, or the National Student Association, take a closer look at Brooklyn College.

MARVIN M. KARPATKIN

New York City

## The G.P. in Medicine

*Dear Sirs:* Whether or not "the general practitioner is out-dated," as stated in Dr. George Silver's March 8 article, is a matter of opinion; but whether or not "he is rapidly disappearing" and there will soon be "only specialists to choose from," as stated in his letter in the April 12 issue, is a matter for statistical refutation. The rise of the American Academy of General Practice from zero to some 24,000 members in ten years is in itself evidence of the strength of general practice. . . .

Even in Dr. Silver's own city, New York, which is a stronghold of specialization, there are some two or three hundred members of the Academy, and one can safely infer several times as many general practitioners who are not members. This is a small fraction of the total doctors in the city, but it is not negligible, and the proportion is much higher elsewhere. With our aggressive program of postgraduate education, mandatory for Academy members, we are in a position to agree that "only highly trained" physicians can properly apply modern medical knowledge, but to deny that these must necessarily be specialists.

WILLIAM F. PUTNAM, M.D.

Secretary, New Hampshire Chapter  
American Academy of General  
Practice

Lyme, New Hampshire

## Bearding the Corporation

*Dear Sirs:* One morning recently, I walked into my office—I work for a large corporation—with three days' growth of hair on my face. For some time I had been considering growing a beard, and at last I had decided to do so. The first week my appearance was rather dismaying, but after that it improved.

A few days after my first bearded appearance, my vice-president saw me and told me that my beard "shocked" him. This was in bad enough taste, but he continued by asking for my reasons for growing it, and he was insulted when I refused to tell him. During the two extremely unpleasant interviews, he made the following points:

1. My beard might be offensive to some of my customers—not the average customer, but the odd one who might

complain or stop using our services.

2. No man with a beard could appear presentable.

3. The average customer (sic!) has come to expect a certain type, which is neatly dressed and clean-shaven. The beard, then, would be offensive to the average client. (I was fairly bewildered at this point.)

4. A beard is essentially more offensive

(Continued on Page 393)

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## EDITORIALS

### Operation "Fail Safe"

The debate in the Security Council over the Strategic Air Command's Arctic sorties added little to the hand-outs at Gromyko's news conference and the White House-State Department rejoinder, which shows the extent to which the permanent members of the Council have reduced that body to a mere echo chamber for the Big Two's endlessly reiterated recriminations. But, however hypocritical the Russian complaint may be on its face, if it is examined in the light of the developing technological situation it cannot be dismissed on Mr. Lodge's cavalier premise that all that is necessary is to outvote 'em. For all that one of its palpable purposes was to keep us diplomatically off balance, the Russian complaint is related to a real and present danger, and one which is bound to increase. On this account it will continue to attract uneasy attention: one defeat in the Security Council, or several, will not dispose of it.

The dispatch from the Omaha headquarters of the Strategic Air Command by Frank H. Bartholomew, United Press president, which gave Gromyko his opening, was no more than a rehash of magazine and Sunday supplement stories which have been appearing with S.A.C. cooperation for the past few months. Even if American magazines were his only source of air intelligence, Gromyko could have lodged his protest in January. But the State Department's rebuttal, to the effect that S.A.C. has never launched its hydrogen-loaded bombers "except in carefully planned and controlled exercises and practices," is both false and stupid. The second paragraph of Bartholomew's dispatch began, "This is not practice," and told of S.A.C. flights across the North Pole toward the Soviet Union which were prompted by radar images of "foreign objects flying swiftly toward the United States." The flights were aborted only because the images turned out to be radar static. The State Department press agents should read the output of the S.A.C. press agents. They should also read *Time*, which in its April 28 issue reveals that "the U.S. has even put S.A.C. alert crews into the air deliberately to reinforce U.S. diplomacy at precise pressure points, e.g., during Russia's threats of intervention in the 1956 Suez crisis, to show on Communist long-range radarscopes that the U.S. carries a thermo-

nuclear stick big enough to last at least until the U.S.'s own big ballistic missiles are operational."

This is, indeed, the crucial issue. We are assured that all the S.A.C. maneuvers are perfectly benign, because unless a go-ahead in code is received by the bombers at a pre-designated "Fail Safe" line, they will automatically return to base with their loads. But manned bombers are obsolescent: the reason we are still putting our main reliance on them is that we haven't got operational missiles, and the reason S.A.C. is on fifteen-minute alert is that we are afraid the Russians do have them. Early next year we expect to have intermediate-range missiles at launching sites in Europe. *The Nation* pointed out editorially in its November 30, 1957, issue that "the officers in charge of these installations will have at most fifteen minutes' warning time of the approach of missiles from the East." We also called attention at the time to the fact that "long-range radar is another recent, complex and not always reliable development; it is possible to mistake artifacts generated within the circuits or harmless flying objects for approaching missiles." Dr. John J. Hagen has recently added satellites to the list of flying objects which, on the radarscope, may be indistinguishable from missiles. Where, sensible men may ask, will "Fail Safe" be when American IRBMs are based in Britain, France, Italy, Turkey, the Netherlands, Nationalist China and South Korea, and the Russian IRBMs, or a meteoric facsimile thereof, can fly both East and West? Mr. Lodge's collegiate joy over his defeat of Mr. Sobolev will be little comfort then.

### The Press and William Heikkila

When the Immigration Service in San Francisco decided to dispose of a thorny deportation case by snatching the prospective deportee out of the country without giving him opportunity to communicate with his wife or notify his attorney, it evidently assumed that the only protests would come from confirmed civil libertarians and a few assorted "leftists." But for three days, the official abduction dominated the headlines in Bay Area newspapers, forcing even California's newly-acquired big league baseball into smaller type. Virtually every newspaper in the area headlined the incident



as "kidnapping," and not always in quotation marks. In these stories Heikkila, an alien and an ex-Communist, received sympathetic treatment, as did his wife, who is a citizen. To the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Immigration Service—"which frequently behaves like a terror agency of a police state"—had outdone itself with "a performance which outrages simple decency." The San Francisco *News* called the abduction "a leaf from the Gestapo manual," echoing Judge Edward P. Murphy, who said that it had "a smell of the Gestapo, the rack and the thumbscrew" about it. When the action was denounced by both San Francisco Congressmen—one a Republican, the other a Democrat—the head of the Immigration Service undertook an agonizing reappraisal and decided that an "error of judgment" had been committed.

The muscles with which the free press is supposed to defend popular liberties against repression have become flabby from non-use in recent years, but it is good to learn that they have not atrophied and that the national conscience has reawakened to a point which encourages their exercise.

## Information About What?

Speaking of the press, its great lords and ladies have been meeting this week in New York and, as might be expected, the "right to know" slogan has been reverberating through the banquet rooms and meeting halls of the Waldorf-Astoria. The "right to know" campaign is, of course, thoroughly justified; there has been too much secrecy in government. The immediate danger, however, is not that the press's right to know will be infringed, but that government will continue to manipulate the right so successfully that people will no longer believe what they read. And the long-range danger is that the people will not defend the freedom of a press in which they have lost confidence. All this has been said before, but it has a special relevance in the spring of 1958. In no small measure the blackout of news by government agencies stems from the willingness of the press to serve as an instrument of national policy in waging the cold war. The cold-war setting is what has enabled Admiral Strauss to hoodwink the Washington press corps. Additional information was not needed in order to raise important questions about bomb-detection tests; discrepancies in official A.E.C. releases and handouts should have prompted these questions. Censorship did not prevent representatives of the American press and wire services from doing a better job in reporting on Soviet education and Soviet science in the pre-sputnik period. The truth is that the press, generally speaking, has "conformed," and its conformity has spread from cold-war policies to matters much less urgent. Nowadays, when a district attorney announces that he is launching a campaign against "crime," the

newspapers dutifully carry his statement without bothering to remind their readers that the "crime" against which the campaign is to be directed consists of shooting craps at street corners or playing penny-ante poker in the backrooms of pool halls.

If the press needs more information from government agencies of the type that is now classified, the people stand in urgent need of more unclassified facts about such matters as the current recession. But at the moment one section of the press is conducting a campaign to put a rosy gloss on unemployment statistics, while another and larger section is all-out in its support of the "You Auto Buy Now" campaign without questioning in any manner the styling, pricing or production policies of an industry that remains, as always, one of the largest buyers of advertising space in American newspapers. And just how much does the press really need to know about the private life of Princess Soraya Esfandiary Bakhtiary in order to discharge those major public responsibilities which entitle it to the protection of the First Amendment?

Even the boys and girls who edit college newspapers sense that there is something a bit fishy about this "right to know" campaign. "How the devil," ask the editors of the *Daily Trojan* at the University of Southern California, "can intelligent newspapermen give that much space to junk like this [the Lana Turner love letters] when Algeria is on fire, Cuba is seething, the Russians are waging the propaganda war of the century and the national economy is in need of some good doctoring?" Granted that it is entitled to more information from government agencies, what the press stands most in need of at the moment is more courage, independence, initiative and, above all, skepticism.

## Sowing the Dragon's Teeth

The latest concoction to give the Russians a chance to point to Americans as inveterate warmongers is S 3165, the nuclear-arms give-away bill. This measure provides for exchange of nuclear-arms information and the furnishing by Washington of materials for making nuclear arms to an ally "which already has a substantial nuclear-arms capability." For the present, only Great Britain could qualify, but the line forms on the right. France is painfully collecting enough plutonium for a small A-bomb and the French right-wingers will be enraged if anything is denied to *la Patrie* which the perfidious British have received from the nuclear dispensary. Nor will the French be long satisfied with mere uranium or plutonium bombs. Nothing but the best, i.e., hydrogen, will do. If the French have thermonuclear bombs, will the Germans be happy with less? Or the Italians? Or the Turks? It will be the nationalist version of keeping up with the Joneses.

The way in which such contagions spread is illustrat-



ed by the case of Yugoslavia versus Italy. Things have been relatively quiet along the Adriatic for the past few years, but now the Yugoslavs are aroused because the Italians are shortly to receive American IRBMs, pointing East. The Soviet Union is in an easterly direction from Italy, but so is Yugoslavia, and of course missiles can fall short, accidentally or on purpose.

AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss had his doubts about exporting atomic information and explosives as late as last December, but now he is convinced of the necessity because of "the greater issue of the defense of the Free World." Congressman Chet Holifield has not been so easily brainwashed. "If this legislation becomes law," he has declared, "we enter a new phase of international peril. We cross the threshold of a journey from which there may be no return." Truer words have rarely been spoken.

## Those Gooney Birds

Land-leveling operations have been recommended as a means of keeping albatrosses from soaring over Midway Island runways and tangling with aircraft. There have been no jet operations on Midway since last year, when one jet sucked an albatross into its engines. On this Pacific outpost, the albatross is known as a "gooney bird" (from "gony," meaning boob or dunce). Marines recall that the birds occasionally fall into gun pits and are "too stupid to know how to get out."

But we, the sovereign American people, are much smarter than these stupid birds. We permit the direct Los Angeles-New York airway to run squarely over Nellis Air Force base, which averages about 3,500 take-offs per month, and don't even warn military planes to keep out. Hours after forty-nine persons met their death when a jet plane crashed into an airliner in this unrestricted space, other military planes were executing dangerous aerial acrobatics in this same space, endangering the passengers and crews of two airliners. Much brighter than those dumb Pacific birds, we sanction rules which require civilian aviation to keep out of military air zones, but do not prevent military planes from using civil airways. An alert people, we divert government funds to the problem of outer space to a degree that, in the opinion of aviation experts, endangers research on everyday safety problems affecting civilian air traffic in these United States.

A good thing those gooney birds can't talk.

## Revolt of the Consumers

Detroit and Fifth Avenue are facing one of the most sinister revolts in the history of free enterprise—the consumer is resisting the product. This is unprecedented, unheard-of and economically, if not politically, un-American. Americans love nice things and the business

of business has always been to sell them what is nice. But they're not buying Edsels and they're not buying chemises and if this mood of unwonted independence continues they may jump over into a parallel alley and stop buying the Dulles foreign policy.

The revolt in cars and women's fashion has taken place because the manufacturers, living in the deep parochialism of their own products, have forgotten what it is they are selling. A car is a machine that gets you from here to there in sufficient comfort and safety at a cost per mile which can be related to the pleasure or convenience enjoyed. A dress is a covering that keeps a woman at a comfortable temperature and suggests that she is a well-proportioned example of her species. Obviously a great many variations can be played within these definitions. But the manufacturers, worshipping the god of obsolescence, keep pushing at the edges of the definitions until finally they produce something which is only incidentally a convenient means of transport or a seemingly cloak for nakedness. The public then asks, "Is *this* a car; is *this* a dress?" and heresy is abroad in the land.

Washington, which after all is only business in striped pants, also forgets what it is making through preoccupation with what it can sell. Will the public buy massive retaliation, will the DEW line catch its fancy, will a summit meeting add some zilch to the spring model of diplomacy? Until someday someone looks at this expensive and ill-fitting conglomeration of gadgets and furbelows and asks, "Is *this* a foreign policy?"

## Atlas Shrugs at City College

For reasons which some of its students would call scarcely perceptible, the City College of New York last week celebrated Academic Freedom Week. Since the McCarthy hearings, student organizations have been forced by campus rule to file membership lists with the administration. The files are supposedly private, but the student fear is that Army or FBI questioners who come to the school for information might see the record. Since the rule was passed, chapters of the Students for Democratic Action, the Young Democrats, the Young Liberals and the NAACP have died out on the campus. One of the student sponsors of Academic Freedom Week sadly explained, "The kids feel any political action at all is 'Communitic.' We even had a hard time selling our 'Academic Freedom Week' buttons for a nickel apiece."

Into this country of tired and anxious young men and women came a handful of outside speakers to celebrate freedom. Representing the Right was Ayn Rand, author of the best-selling *Atlas Shrugged*, a novel which puts into fictional form the highest ideologies of the National Association of Manufacturers. On the same dias was Robert McKay, professor of law at



New York University and a member of the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union. The 200 students (the largest gathering of the week) who heard Miss Rand and Mr. McKay agreed on one thing: the former was much more Right than the latter was Left.

Still, the 'way, 'way Left had its day, the next afternoon. William Albertson, New York State secretary of the Communist Party, who has so far escaped the Smith Act and was therefore reluctantly permitted to speak, appeared before an even dozen listeners who no doubt represented the most fearless members of the

student body. They sat patiently as Mr. Albertson, a horn-rimmed, weary man of middle age, droned out the tattered clichés of his trade. The wind stirred gently the red velvet draperies that rest along the high windows of the Finley Hall Grand Ballroom. From outside, the music of the band playing *Varsity Drag*, an anthem of the Lost Generation, could faintly be heard. One of the girls who fought for the right of Mr. Albertson to speak in her school—a girl of what we call the Silent Generation—passed a scribbled note to a friend beside her. It read: "I shudder to think that this is what we made such a fuss over."

## A DIPLOMACY for FREE MEN . . by D. F. Fleming

PEOPLE ARE becoming increasingly aware that the United States is not doing well in that great conflict of governmental and national wills which we call the Cold War.

Why is it that the struggle goes against us? Why is it that despite our world-wide ring of alliances, our vast productive potential and our remarkable achievements in arming for war, the past decade has left us worse off than before? Why is it that after eleven years of huge expenditures and enormous effort, no position of strength has been achieved, democracy is not being extended, and neither communism nor the influence of the Red bloc has been contained? Even our own internal liberties are less secure.

Thirteen years ago last month Franklin D. Roosevelt died, an hour after he had cabled to Churchill about certain disagreements with the Soviets in ending the war with Germany:

I would minimize the general Soviet problems as much as possible, because these problems, in one form or another, seem to arise every day and most of them straighten out, as in the case of the Berne meeting. We must be firm, however, and our course thus far is correct.

Eleven days after Roosevelt's death, President Truman gave Molotov a very severe castigation in the White House on the subject of Po-

land, an area through which the Soviet Union had been invaded disastrously three times since 1914. Truman did this against the advice of his three elder statesmen, Stimson, Marshall and Leahy (see William D. Leahy, *I Was There*, pp. 351-2; Walter Millis, *The Forrestal Diaries*, pp. 48-51). By September, 1945, Mr. Truman had made up his mind to treat the Soviet Union as an unfriendly state and to contain her, though after the failure of the Churchill address at Fulton, Missouri, in March, 1946, he did not find an occasion for the Truman Doctrine until March, 1947 (see the authoritative articles by Arthur Krock, *The New York Times*, March 23, 25, 1947).

Thereafter action and reaction combined rapidly into the vicious spiral of a great power fight, with the inevitable cyclonic accompaniment of an arms race in the atomic era. This conflict whirled ever faster until the United States had the giant territories of both the Soviet Union and China ringed with patchwork alliances and powerful armed bases. By June 12, 1957, NATO head General Norstad was able to say that we could with "relative impunity" attack the Soviets from a 360-degree perimeter dotted by 250 Allied bases. It was "absolutely essential," Norstad added, that we keep the Soviets always faced with the certainty of destruction.

Then, on August 27, 1957, Russia announced that she had the ICBM and proved it by hoisting the two heavy sputniks on October 4 and

November 2. Since then it has become clearer daily that soon *we* can be attacked by giant jet bombers, by ICBMs and by IRBMs launched from long-range submarines that will be able to reach every target in the United States. The encircler is becoming completely encircled. Now both sides can destroy each other utterly; and catastrophe can come accidentally, on any day and in several different ways.

What made our leaders of government and public opinion think that they could bottle up the Soviet Union and China—two of the world's largest and most capable peoples, together holding the vast bulk of the world's largest island and possessing enormous resources? What made our leaders think that the Russians' traumatic need for military security in East Europe could be subordinated to our desire that those who had long controlled East Europe against the Soviet Union should retain full political rights? What made us think that the new industrialized Russia, which had just driven out the mightiest armies ever assembled on this planet, could be denied secure access to warm water, exactly as the weak Czarist regime had been? What made our leaders think that this powerful Russia could be excluded from any voice or role in the Middle East, on its borders?

The Truman Administration wisely refrained from trying to suppress the giant Communist revolution in China by military force. But what

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made that Administration so certain that Stalin had replied to containment by ordering the invasion of South Korea? Does any evidence that he did so exist to this day? And after the successful defense of South Korea under the U.N., what persuaded our leaders that they could destroy the North Korean state and seize both military and political control of the highly strategic North Korean triangle against the will of both the Soviet Union and China?

Above all, what makes us think today that we can continue to blockade the bulge of China indefinitely? What rising great power would endure this situation any longer than it takes to amass the power to change it?

Or again, what convinced us that we could arm Germany and weld her into our power system against our recent ally, the Soviet Union? And having long refused to accept a neutralized, united Germany, is there now any way we can avoid the Soviet solution of two sovereign German states, gradually settling their common problems by negotiation?

TWO THINGS are clear to me: (1) that we quickly assumed the position of a loser after World War II and refused to accept the two great consequences of that war—Soviet control of East Europe and the Communist revolution in China; and (2) that we mortgaged our resources, our souls and our future to negating other people's purposes. Both these actions were self-defeating. We could not reverse the main results of the war. We could not confine and frustrate the two new great powers which it produced.

In walking determinedly through the Soviet looking glass, we condemned ourselves to all the futilities of *reacting* instead of *acting*. In large degree, we abandoned the initiative to the great nations we were so quick to change from allies into enemies. The result is that, under our negative pressures, they have generated more power and advanced faster than they could have otherwise, rising from devastation and near-prostration to new eminence in the world. In large measure we forced upon



Courtesy New Statesman (London)

*"One Step, and I Shoot!"*

them the business of creation, while abandoning it ourselves.

On February 27, this year, the editor of Reuters returned from a trip to China (where we are forbidden even to go), reporting that bitter things are said there about the Americans and that Chinese universities are "crammed to their limits" with young people "burning to place China on an equal technological footing with the West." Today we marvel at the massive power of Soviet education, science and armament. A decade or two from now we will be wondering why we tried so long to ostracize the Chinese, insisting on having their enmity.

How can Americans be persuaded to abandon the illusion that the entire Pacific Ocean, up into Chinese harbors, is an American lake, in which our leaders can rope off and poison hundreds of thousands of square miles as they please?

IN seeking escape from the chilling grip of our failing cold-war policies there are four main questions which must be answered:

1. *Can we break the obsessive hold upon us of military thinking, spending, testing, planning, fabrication and deployment?* What do we do with an Air Force that is bigger than our five biggest business giants combined? What do we do with the Pentagon, the world's largest industry, with investments valued at \$146 billion and more piling up? Will our hoards of missiles be more gigantic still, and their business and economic implications as profound?

2. *How can we get our leaders to*

*understand that the spiraling race for the ultimate nuclear weapon can never end peacefully with both sides ahead?* It can be halted only if the leaders on both sides will agree to do so *at the same moment*. The right moment would seem to be when there is a substantial stand-off. Such a moment occurred at the 1955 Summit Conference in Geneva, but it was wasted by Mr. Dulles, who insisted once more upon unconditional Soviet surrender in Germany.

We apparently persist in demanding fool-proof, complete disarmament in one package, while we continue bomb testing for three purposes: (1) to test our missile warheads; (2) to develop that all but inconceivable miracle—an anti-missile missile which would meet enemy missiles traveling toward us at 18,000 miles an hour; and (3) to develop an infinite wealth of "clean" little bombs with which to destroy the great manpower armies of Russia and China, while they refrain from using the big dirty bombs, of which both sides have so many. Is there any escape from the conclusion that a halt can never be had on these terms? How long must we go on insisting on total perfection in arms control or none? How can we escape from the Count-Down for Disaster, as Walter Millis put it in an article in *The Nation* of February 15?

3. *Can we get a workable conception of foreign aid?* For a time we did magnificent work in West Europe in reconstruction and the revival of free enterprise in that area, and if the stopping of communism



was our leading motive, it was not the only one. Then the Korean War caused us to pour the great bulk of our so-called "foreign aid" into supporting big military machines in South Korea, Formosa, Vietnam, Pakistan and Turkey. In all these spots on the fringes of Asia the economies are now weighed down by the burden of maintaining swollen military establishments, which could not be kept going in war.

In West Europe the same policy has overburdened our allies since 1950, and now—according to CBS correspondent David Schoenbrun—there is a new NATO plan, "MC-70," which calls for the replacement of \$18 billion of obsolescent military equipment already sent them, plus \$7 billion for nuclear weapons—most of the cost to be carried by the American taxpayer.

IN our own hemisphere, the present Administration has abandoned the Good Neighbor policy of lending money to governments for development projects; now we encourage private investment, that is, the buying up of properties. This policy has been strongly resisted in Argentina, Brazil and Mexico, and it has aroused strong resentment everywhere in Latin America. In Canada, it has been a leading element in the recent political explosion, caused in part at least by Canadian resentment of their southern neighbors, who seemed to be trying to buy out their country.

How can we compete in this manner with the Soviet bloc, which trades goods for goods and makes loans at 2½ per cent? When can we begin to help underdeveloped countries like India adequately, in ways acceptable to them, because they need help and we need friends? Why don't we put real money into the proposed United Nations SUNFED program, and challenge the Red bloc to do likewise? In the past two and a half years the Reds have contracted \$1.5 billion in aid to ten underdeveloped lands compared to our \$900 million. Is this the best we can do?

Since World War II we have spent \$443 billions on defense, and we are today infinitely less secure than in 1945. In fact, our military security

evaporates daily. When will we begin to see the needs of the less favored peoples and go out to meet them? Of one thing we may be sure: if we remain frozen in our cold-war trenches much longer, the bulk of the people in the world will turn their faces from us. Many of them have already done so.

4. *How can we get leaders who will make peace, accept the main consequences of World War II and help the world to settle down to the assumption of continued living?* Can we accept the fact that the American Century, so confidently announced in 1941, is already over, squandered in cold war and containment? Can we understand that the American paramountcy in the world that we took for granted after World War II is a chimera, that hereafter we can only be a great power among equals?

After 1918, we deliberately rejected the greatest opportunity of a national lifetime to lead in organizing the world for peace and against war. We chose isolation instead. Since 1945, we have overcompensated tragically in the opposite direction. Can we now execute enough disengagement on a world scale to improve our chances of national survival? Or must we flash out of the pages of history even faster than we came in?

General Omar N. Bradley, in his great address in Washington on November 5, 1957, said that time "is running against us with the speed of a sputnik. If we're going to save ourselves from the instruments of our own intellect, we had better soon get ourselves under control and begin making the world safe for living." Dr. I. I. Rabi, one of our leading nuclear scientists, put it as sharply on December 31, 1957, when he said: "We have to face the problem of living together on this planet or we won't live. . . . The end of our national existence is in sight unless we solve this problem."

THE HOUR for our salvation is late, and we shall fail to make the drastic change in our national course which is required unless we look into our hearts as well as into the objective circumstances of our peril.

Nothing can be done on a basis of

institutionalized and sanctified mistrust. We cannot prosper on a steady diet of suspicion, fear and hate. Nothing constructive can come from the daily incantation of the alleged desire of Moscow to conquer the world. We can save ourselves only by acting in the knowledge that the peoples of the Soviet Union and China have the same deep desires that we have—to live in peace, to improve their standard of living, to enjoy more personal freedom. Unless we have faith in our fellow men, and in the inexorable power of evolution to change all things without the use of nuclear bombs, nothing else can save us.

Nor must we shy away from the compelling necessity of learning to love our cherished "enemies." Three days after the first sputnik, the editors of *The New York Times* rose out of their cold-war trenches long enough to warn that we must "turn away from wrath and destruction and towards brotherly love." Now, said the *Times*, "we must arise out of our long childhood and play the part of wise, mature and humane men, or we shall surely die."

So we must, if the scientific fruit of our brains is not to fuse with our fears and destroy us. But how do we get the leadership? In every part of the United States there is a deep questioning of the failure of our post-war foreign policies. The manufacturers of public opinion, governmental and private, led us into the Cold War, but there is a growing awareness that they do not know how to make peace and let us out. Which of our effective political leaders will be the first to sense that our people, and all others, urgently want to come out from under the deadly shadow of the coming forests of mushrooms in the sky?

What, too, do we the people do to advance the making of peace? The British people have already made it plain to their leaders that they must move toward something better than living on the edge of inferno. When do we Americans assert ourselves? When shall we make it plain that we mean to escape the grip of a position-of-strength, brinkmanship policy which has lost us the leadership of the world?



# SHORT RUN at the PENTAGON

. . by Al Toffler

*Washington, D.C.*  
SINCE MID-1947, ninety-five men and one woman have taken frantic turns at directing the \$146 billion Pentagon establishment, incomparably the biggest, most complex—and most frustrating—industry in the world. The ninety-six comprise the roster of individuals who, since the Department of Defense was created, have filled the thirty-odd top posts (by now reduced to twenty-eight) of the Pentagon's civilian hierarchy: the secretaryships and deputy and assistant secretaryships of the Army, Navy, Air Force and of the Defense Department itself.

The President, in his current pursuit of Pentagon reorganization, might well consider why it is that so many people have had to be found to fill so few offices in so short a time. The average length of service of the sixty-eight on the list who no longer hold office (i.e., excluding the incumbents) comes to about two years; a dozen have served twelve months or fewer. And of the twenty-eight incumbents, half have served less than two years, nine less than one and only seven served more than four. In the last decade, the Defense Department has had six different top secretaries, the Army five, the Navy six and the Air Force five.

THE TABLE on the following page dramatizes the fact that the wrong men are being appointed to the Pentagon's civilian leadership: wrong because many of them move into their jobs completely untrained, and wrong because few of them stay long enough to become trained. And a further disqualification might be added: in many cases, these civilian chieftains of the military take up their posts encumbered by ties to corporations which are dependent upon the military for all or most of their business.

There are some who say that the

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May 3, 1958

Pentagon, with its \$146 billion in assets, is primarily a business enterprise, and therefore should be run by businessmen. But what business, one-thousandth the size of the Pentagon, would permit a turnover in its top management every two years? Even more to the point: the Pentagon is more than business. It is *public* business; it represents national security; it *makes* policy as well as follows it. Precisely because this is so, American law and American tradition vest control over the military in the hands of civilians. But surely such a situation calls for the experienced specialist capable of representing broad civilian interests in solving the special problems of the military. Instead, we have neophyte top secretaries, like any GI, serving two-year hitches—or less.

WHO ARE THE ninety-six civilians who have held Pentagon secretaryships in the last decade, and why did so many of them rush in and out of the revolving door with such celerity? Generalizations are always dangerous; what is described here is not a "typical" or "average" secretary or assistant secretary, but rather one whose background holds good for at least a plurality of the ninety-six. He comes from a middle- or upper-class family and has attended an Ivy League college and an eminent law school (thirty-six of the ninety-six are lawyers; seventeen are graduates of Harvard Law, seven of Yale Law). He is an Episcopalian or a Presbyterian, has practiced law for a big firm; or, if not a lawyer, his career has been with a large corporation (there are, of course, exceptions). As he reaches middle age, directorships of various business enterprises accrue to him as if by some natural law; he is oriented, generally, to the higher reaches of business. He is invited to the Pentagon because he is a friend of someone, or the friend of a friend, or because he is the friend of the party in power.

He accepts the appointment with

a built-in itch to leave. Most likely, the acceptance has meant a financial sacrifice (the Secretary of Defense earns \$25,000 a year; the Deputy Secretary of Defense and the Secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force get \$22,500; Assistant Secretaries get \$20,000). Even more important, Pentagon service means a break in his own career. As the wife of a Quaker Oats executive explained when her husband resigned from a government post: "The presidency of Quaker Oats isn't going to lie around forever." The fact is that the invitation to the Pentagon has come to him when he was about fifty years old; he is too young to retire from his own business and too old to want to start a brand new career in government.

HIS TIME in service is not likely to ease his built-in itch to leave. His problems are multitudinous, and they are presented to him in the incomprehensible gobbledegook of military lingo. It takes him six months to learn to swim in the tides of paper that surround him (a typical Pentagon gag: "Assistant Secretaries only know what they are doing when they are in the lavatory"). During this time he must rely entirely upon the advice of a staff which, though part military and part civilian, is thoroughly imbued with the military way of doing things. And when he has finally mastered the tools of his new craft, he becomes embroiled in inter-service rivalry, constantly under the chauvinistic pressures of the uniformed generals and admirals of his service. In the end, he is like-





# The Pentagon's Revolving Door for Civilians

The Pentagon's civilian heads comprise a secretary, undersecretary and four assistants for each military service, and a secretary, deputy and eight assistants for the Defense Department. The following have filled these posts (plus six additional ones, now abolished) since 1957. Only seventeen names appear more than once; these served in more than one secretaryship.

## DEFENSE DEPARTMENT

|                   | Appointed      | Departed       | Tenure (in mos.) |
|-------------------|----------------|----------------|------------------|
| <b>Secretary</b>  |                |                |                  |
| James Forrestal   | Sept. 17, 1947 | Mar. 27, 1949  | 18               |
| Louis Johnson     | Mar. 28, 1949  | Sept. 19, 1950 | 18               |
| George Marshall   | Sept. 21, 1950 | Sept. 12, 1951 | 12               |
| Robert A. Lovett  | Sept. 17, 1951 | Jan. 20, 1953  | 16               |
| Charles E. Wilson | Jan. 28, 1953  | Oct. 1957      | 56               |
| Neil McElroy      | Oct. 9, 1957   | Incumbent      |                  |

### Deputy Secretary

|                   |                |                |    |
|-------------------|----------------|----------------|----|
| Stephen T. Early  | May 2, 1949    | Sept. 30, 1950 | 17 |
| Robert A. Lovett  | Oct. 4, 1950   | Sept. 16, 1951 | 12 |
| Wm. C. Foster     | Sept. 24, 1951 | Jan. 20, 1953  | 16 |
| Roger M. Kyes     | Feb. 2, 1953   | May 1, 1954    | 15 |
| Rob't B. Anderson | May 3, 1954    | Aug. 4, 1955   | 15 |
| R. B. Robertson   | Aug. 5, 1955   | Apr. 25, 1957  | 21 |
| Donald A. Quarles | May 1, 1957    | Incumbent      |    |

### Assistant Secretaries

|                     |                |               |    |
|---------------------|----------------|---------------|----|
| Wilfred J. McNeil   | Sept. 12, 1949 | Incumbent     |    |
| Paul H. Griffith    | Sept. 12, 1949 | Nov. 15, 1950 | 14 |
| Marx Leva           | Sept. 12, 1949 | May 1, 1951   | 19 |
| Anna Rosenberg      | Nov. 15, 1950  | Jan. 20, 1953 | 26 |
| Daniel K. Edwards   | May 3, 1951    | Nov. 19, 1951 | 7  |
| Chas. A. Coolidge   | Nov. 20, 1951  | Dec. 31, 1952 | 13 |
| John A. Hannah      | Feb. 11, 1953  | July 31, 1954 | 18 |
| Frank C. Nash       | Feb. 11, 1953  | Feb. 28, 1954 | 12 |
| Franklin Floete     | Aug. 3, 1953   | Mar. 3, 1956  | 30 |
| Dr. Melvin Casberg  | Aug. 3, 1953   | Jan. 27, 1954 | 5  |
| Chas. S. Thomas     | Aug. 5, 1953   | May 2, 1954   | 8  |
| Frank Newbury       | Aug. 18, 1953  | May 17, 1957  | 45 |
| Donald A. Quarles   | Sept. 1, 1953  | Aug. 13, 1955 | 23 |
| Frederick A. Seaton | Sept. 15, 1953 | Feb. 20, 1955 | 17 |
| Dr. Frank B. Berry  | Jan. 28, 1954  | Incumbent     |    |
| Struve Hensel       | Mar. 5, 1954   | June 30, 1955 | 16 |
| Thomas P. Pike      | May 3, 1954    | June 27, 1956 | 25 |
| Carter L. Burgess   | Oct. 11, 1954  | Jan. 22, 1957 | 27 |
| Rob't Tripp Ross    | Mar. 15, 1955  | Feb. 2, 1957  | 23 |
| Gordon Gray         | July 14, 1955  | Feb. 27, 1957 | 19 |
| Clifford C. Furnas  | Dec. 5, 1955   | Feb. 15, 1957 | 14 |
| Floyd S. Bryant     | Apr. 30, 1956  | Incumbent     |    |
| E. Perkins McGuire  | Dec. 28, 1956  | Incumbent     |    |
| Mansfield Sprague   | Feb. 28, 1957  | Incumbent     |    |
| Murray Snyder       | Mar. 21, 1957  | Incumbent     |    |
| Wm. H. Francis, Jr. | Apr. 19, 1957  | Incumbent     |    |
| Paul D. Foote       | Sept. 10, 1957 | Incumbent     |    |

## ARMY

|                   |                |               |    |
|-------------------|----------------|---------------|----|
| <b>Secretary</b>  |                |               |    |
| Kenneth C. Royall | Sept. 18, 1947 | Apr. 27, 1949 | 19 |
| Gordon Gray       | June 20, 1949  | Apr. 12, 1950 | 13 |
| Rob't Pace, Jr.   | Apr. 12, 1950  | Jan. 20, 1953 | 33 |
| Rob't T. Stevens  | Feb. 4, 1953   | July 21, 1955 | 30 |
| Wilbur Brucker    | July 21, 1955  | Incumbent     |    |

### Undersecretary

|                    |               |               |    |
|--------------------|---------------|---------------|----|
| Wm. H. Draper, Jr. | Aug. 29, 1947 | Feb. 28, 1949 | 18 |
| Gordon Gray        | May 25, 1949  | June 20, 1949 | 1  |
| Tracy S. Voorhees  | Aug. 22, 1949 | Apr. 24, 1950 | 8  |
| A. Alexander       | May 24, 1950  | Mar. 3, 1952  | 21 |
| Karl D. Bendetsen  | Apr. 23, 1952 | Oct. 5, 1952  | 5  |
| Earl D. Johnson    | Feb. 6, 1953  | Jan. 13, 1954 | 11 |
| John Slezak        | Feb. 8, 1954  | Jan. 16, 1955 | 11 |
| Chas. C. Finucane  | Feb. 9, 1955  | Incumbent     |    |

### Assistant Secretaries

|                |                |               |    |
|----------------|----------------|---------------|----|
| Gordon Gray    | Sept. 24, 1947 | May 25, 1949  | 20 |
| Tracy Voorhees | June 17, 1948  | Aug. 22, 1949 | 15 |

|                   | Appointed     | Departed      | Tenure (in mos.) |
|-------------------|---------------|---------------|------------------|
| A. Alexander      | Aug. 22, 1949 | May 24, 1950  | 9                |
| Karl D. Bendetsen | Feb. 20, 1950 | Apr. 23, 1952 | 28               |
| Earl D. Johnson   | May 31, 1950  | Oct. 26, 1952 | 28               |
| Fred Korth        | May 22, 1952  | Jan. 20, 1953 | 8                |
| F. Shackleford    | Oct. 6, 1952  | Jan. 20, 1953 | 4                |
| John Slezak       | May 4, 1953   | Feb. 9, 1954  | 9                |
| James P. Mitchell | May 4, 1953   | Oct. 8, 1953  | 5                |
| Hugh M. Milton II | Nov. 19, 1953 | Incumbent     |                  |
| Geo. H. Roderick  | Feb. 9, 1954  | Incumbent     |                  |
| F. H. Higgins     | Aug. 26, 1954 | Incumbent     |                  |
| Chas. C. Finucane | Sept. 9, 1954 | Feb. 9, 1955  | 5                |
| Chester R. Davis  | Mar. 10, 1955 | Dec. 15, 1956 | 21               |
| Dewey Short       | Mar. 15, 1957 | Incumbent     |                  |

## NAVY

|                   |                |               |    |
|-------------------|----------------|---------------|----|
| <b>Secretary</b>  |                |               |    |
| John L. Sullivan  | Sept. 18, 1947 | May 24, 1949  | 20 |
| F. P. Mathews     | May 25, 1949   | July 31, 1951 | 26 |
| Dan A. Kimball    | July 31, 1951  | Jan. 20, 1953 | 18 |
| R. B. Anderson    | Feb. 4, 1953   | May 3, 1954   | 15 |
| Charles S. Thomas | May 3, 1954    | Apr. 1, 1957  | 35 |
| T. S. Gates, Jr.  | Apr. 1, 1957   | Incumbent     |    |

### Undersecretary

|                   |                |               |    |
|-------------------|----------------|---------------|----|
| W. John Kenney    | Sept. 19, 1947 | May 24, 1949  | 20 |
| Dan A. Kimball    | May 25, 1949   | July 31, 1951 | 26 |
| F. P. Whitehair   | Aug. 7, 1951   | Jan. 29, 1953 | 18 |
| Charles S. Thomas | Feb. 9, 1953   | Aug. 8, 1953  | 6  |
| T. S. Gates, Jr.  | Oct. 7, 1953   | Apr. 1, 1957  | 42 |
| William B. Franke | Apr. 1, 1957   | Incumbent     |    |

### Assistant Secretaries

|                   |               |                |    |
|-------------------|---------------|----------------|----|
| W. John Kenney    | Mar. 1, 1946  | Sept. 19, 1947 | 20 |
| John N. Brown     | Nov. 12, 1946 | Mar. 8, 1949   | 29 |
| Mark E. Andrews   | Jan. 21, 1948 | Feb. 15, 1949  | 13 |
| John T. Koehler   | Feb. 18, 1949 | Oct. 3, 1951   | 32 |
| Dan A. Kimball    | Mar. 9, 1949  | May 25, 1949   | 2  |
| John F. Floberg   | Jan. 27, 1950 | July 23, 1953  | 30 |
| Herbert R. Askins | Oct. 3, 1951  | Jan. 20, 1953  | 16 |
| R. H. Fogler      | June 22, 1953 | Jan. 12, 1957  | 43 |
| J. H. Smith, Jr.  | July 23, 1953 | June 20, 1956  | 35 |
| William B. Franke | Oct. 4, 1954  | Apr. 1, 1957   | 30 |
| Albert Pratt      | Oct. 4, 1954  | Feb. 1, 1957   | 28 |
| Garrison Norton   | June 28, 1956 | Incumbent      |    |
| Fred A. Bantz     | Apr. 10, 1957 | Incumbent      |    |
| J. S. Armstrong   | May 28, 1957  | Incumbent      |    |
| Richard Jackson   | Aug. 26, 1957 | Incumbent      |    |

## AIR FORCE

|                   |                |               |    |
|-------------------|----------------|---------------|----|
| <b>Secretary</b>  |                |               |    |
| Stuart Symington  | Sept. 18, 1947 | Apr. 23, 1950 | 30 |
| T. K. Finletter   | Apr. 24, 1950  | Jan. 19, 1953 | 33 |
| Harold Talbott    | Feb. 5, 1953   | Aug. 14, 1955 | 30 |
| Donald A. Quarles | Aug. 15, 1955  | May 1, 1957   | 21 |
| James H. Douglas  | May 1, 1957    | Incumbent     |    |

### Undersecretary

|                   |                |               |    |
|-------------------|----------------|---------------|----|
| Arthur S. Barrows | Sept. 27, 1947 | Apr. 21, 1950 | 31 |
| John McCone       | June 15, 1950  | Oct. 21, 1951 | 16 |
| Roswell Gilpatric | Oct. 19, 1951  | Feb. 5, 1953  | 15 |
| James H. Douglas  | Mar. 3, 1953   | Apr. 30, 1957 | 50 |
| M. A. MacIntyre   | June 5, 1957   | Incumbent     |    |

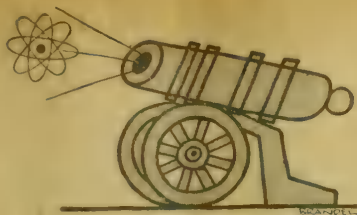
### Assistant Secretaries

|                   |                |                |    |
|-------------------|----------------|----------------|----|
| Eugene Zuckert    | Sept. 26, 1947 | Feb. 24, 1952  | 53 |
| C. V. Whitney     | Sept. 26, 1947 | Apr. 11, 1949  | 19 |
| Harold C. Stuart  | Oct. 17, 1949  | May 24, 1951   | 19 |
| Roswell Gilpatric | May 25, 1951   | Oct. 18, 1951  | 5  |
| Edwin V. Huggins  | Jan. 1, 1952   | Feb. 13, 1953  | 13 |
| James T. Hill     | July 5, 1952   | Jan. 20, 1953  | 6  |
| H. Lee White      | Feb. 17, 1953  | July 2, 1954   | 17 |
| Roger Lewis       | Apr. 3, 1953   | Sept. 30, 1955 | 30 |
| Lyle S. Garlock   | Aug. 23, 1954  | Incumbent      |    |
| David S. Smith    | Oct. 19, 1954  | Incumbent      |    |
| Dudley C. Sharp   | Oct. 3, 1955   | Incumbent      |    |
| Trevor Gardner    | Mar. 1, 1955   | Feb. 11, 1956  | 11 |
| Richard E. Horner | July 1, 1957   | Incumbent      |    |



ly to become as service-minded, or more so, than his uniformed colleagues.

Much has been written in these columns about the propensity of military men to retire to private industry doing business with the government (for example, see Matthew Josephson's *The Big Guns*, January 21, 1956). The civilian entering the Pentagon owes loyalties to his old company, which may also be doing business with government; moreover, he is more than likely to return to his old company once his Pentagon stint is over. Even men with the



highest integrity (and few who have held Pentagon office can be said to have had anything less) must suffer under these pressures under the day-to-day routines of office. And then, of course, there is the serious ques-

tion of the relationship of the ex-Pentagon civilian, returned to private industry, and his former colleagues in government.

The paradox remains. Is civilian control really possible? To understand the military well enough to control it, long association is necessary. This period grows longer as specialization continues and the military ramifies. Today the military is already so big and powerful that, by sheer mass, it swallows the civilians assigned to police it.

The dilemma demands public attention.

## FARMER in the TRAP . . . *Joseph Bensman and A. J. Vidich*

READERS OF THE *Minneapolis Tribune* over the past few weeks have been presented with an appraisal of rural society that is reminiscent of the picture drawn by Steinbeck during the depression of the thirties. Carl T. Rowan traveled through the Minnesota countryside and, in a series of eleven *Tribune* articles, reported that most of the central themes of the last great depression are still there: organized bill collecting, the closing of consumer credit, falling commodity prices, mortgage foreclosures, stagnation of village business, farm auctions and a general malaise in the rural economy. Reading Mr. Rowan's reports—which are quite exceptional in the candor with which they treat subjects psychologically tabooed during the prosperous years of farming between 1945-55 — one gains an impression of rural anxiety and desperation unequaled since the twenties and early thirties. The picture is the more impressive in that the writer concentrated on the relatively wealthy communities of South-

western and Western Minnesota, where the soil is the richest and crop failures are practically non-existent.

Mr. Rowan noted the following facts about Minnesota's rural depression:

1. Net farm income in the state dropped nearly \$20 million in 1957, while farm expenses rose \$28 million. Areas of crop income suffered the most, dropping 13 per cent.

2. "We had virtually no bankruptcies in this area from 1940 to 1950. But I am not exaggerating when I tell you that from 1950 till today bankruptcies, or things comparable to bankruptcies, are at about the level of the 1930s."

3. "A lawyer who supervises thirty tenant farms for absentee owners says that 85 per cent of tenant farmers in Southwestern Minnesota are in financial difficulty."

4. Mortgage (or commercial) credit in farm sales dropped from 47 per cent in 1956 to 36.4 in 1957, signifying a credit tightness and the growing importance of the local "money lender."

The same picture that Mr. Rowan painted for Minnesota was described for the United States as a whole in *The New York Times* for March 29:

1. Net realized income from farming declined from \$17 billion in 1952 to \$13.9 billion in 1957.

2. Net income of farm families

from all sources dropped from \$23.1 billion to \$20.2 billion.

3. While total per capita income of farm families rose from \$953 in 1952 to \$993 in 1957, the part derived from farming dropped from \$702 to \$684.

4. According to the mid-March index, farm prices were still 8.5 per cent below 1952 levels and costs were 5 per cent higher. The parity ratio had dropped from 100 in 1952 to 87 at mid-March (or, to put this another way, the prices the farmer was receiving were 87 per cent of the prices he was paying).

The net result of such drops in farm prices and losses in income has been to drive farmers from the farm. Between April 1956, and April 1957, the U.S. Census reports, the farm population declined by 1,861,000, or about 8 per cent. Between 1950 and 1957, farm population dropped from 25,058,000 to 20,396,000 — a drop of 18.6 per cent.

Clearly, despite seasonal price fluctuations that may seem temporarily to favor the farmer, he is caught in a deep and abiding depression. And when one recalls that the farm economy is still the economic basis of small-town America, it is easy to project the farm depression into a small-town depression. As soon as farm incomes fall off, retail sales slow down, automobile sales virtually stop, the hungry local printer un-

JOSEPH BENSMAN, a consumer-research specialist, and ARTHUR J. VIDICH, assistant professor of sociology at the University of Connecticut, are the authors of *Small Town in Mass Society* and numerous other works on rural communities.



derbids city shops and has his non-unionized employees work all night at no extra pay, bank deposits begin to go down and bank loans rise. Mr. Rowan richly illustrates how the small town is affected, and how a deep sense of pessimism, whose equivalent can only be found by going back to 1933, pervades rural life today.

This pessimism seems to us to be one of the most striking changes that has taken place in rural America since we did our own study of the small town in 1952-54. At that time there still existed an air of optimism and buoyancy; townspeople



as well as farmers could laugh or even remain indifferent when Ezra Benson gave a major speech, at a nearby university, advocating cuts in price supports. When Benson's name is mentioned in Minnesota today, as it is quite frequently, no one finds anything to laugh at.

THE AMERICAN farmer has always been dependent on politics and legislation, and to understand what is happening one has to go beyond Mr. Rowan's depression-like imagery to an examination of how federal agricultural policies affect small-town life. Agricultural legislation in the last twenty-five years has been aimed primarily at controlling the production and distribution of farm commodities. Throughout all of this period, the farmer has found that his market has been increasingly dependent on specific legislation affecting the commodity he is trying to sell.

Take the example of milk. A New York State dairy farmer gears his enterprise to the production of fluid milk for marketing in the New Milk Marketing Area (the milk shed).

This is a marketing area, established by state and federal law, administered by a price administrator who establishes milk prices on the basis of a formula linked to its ultimate processing as cheese, ice-cream, butter or packaged fluid milk. The government price support on butter — the willingness of the government to buy butter at a certain price set by the Secretary of Agriculture — acts in support of the milk-shed price paid to the farmer, since the government is a guaranteed "consumer" of all excess production.

Thus the individual dairy farmer has very little to do with prices. The best he can do to gain a measure of control over his situation is to think up ways to cut costs. He can try to cut labor costs by working harder himself or by working more efficiently (labor-saving devices); or he may decide to increase volume at the expense of butter-fat content (poorer feed) or vice versa, depending on his calculation of what the price structure means in terms of his farm operation.

Any farmer who, in the thirties, oriented his operation to the mass market, similarly addressed himself to favorably pegged prices, subsidies and quotas. There was and is no other way to produce for the market. Beginning in the late thirties and particularly after the early forties, almost any farmer who followed this approach was almost sure to be successful. Within the fairly wide limits of good farm management, the farmer who was reasonably efficient in adjusting to changes in agricultural policies had almost no way to fail. As a consequence, in periods of favorable prices the farmer has come to accept fixed prices and other farm legislation as a necessary condition for his operations. In fact, by orienting themselves to federal legislation and by making sensitive adjustments necessary to staying in tune with it, farmers have become the most successful class in small-town America.

FOR the farmer, then, the buoyancy and optimism characteristic of the 1940-1953 period consisted of having a favorable legislative frontier. The favorable federal legislation encour-

aged the profit-minded, businesslike farmer—and farmers are perhaps the last of the pure exponents of the small-business ideology—to make his profit by operating within the limits of legal price and production legislation and controls. This has meant the acceptance, for the purpose of cutting costs, of mass-production techniques (huge all-purpose machinery, increased size of fields, etc.), intensified cultivation of allowable acreage by heavy use of fertilizer, use of improved seeds and stock, and chemical feeding. Today, for the first time, American farmers are literally dumping fertilizer on fields, planting close rows and using every inch of acre to increase production within restricted acreages and soil-bank allotments.

THE NET result of this interplay has been ever-increasing productivity on ever-decreasing acreage — the nightmare of every secretary of agriculture. The techniques developed by the farmer to evade the intent of the law have proven superior, so far, to the ability of either Republican or Democratic secretaries of agriculture to frame legislation to control production. Up to 1953, at least, the result was continued farm prosperity within the framework of ever-increasing surpluses and ever-increasing subsidy costs. Through their farm bloc and the overbalance of farm representation in the United States Senate, farmers have been as successful in exploiting the government and the consumer as the soil. But, while allowing this to happen, federal legislation has also provided relief to millions of small farmers who otherwise would have been driven from the farms and into the ranks of transient agricultural workers and urban industrial laborers. Price-support policy in the thirties was intended not only to stabilize agriculture, but to keep the farmer on the farm and off the city breadlines.

The farm-support and production programs worked too well, however; they helped not only the poor farmer but also the large producer. The result has been the creation of permanent political pressure to maintain agricultural support of all kinds



even during periods of full employment.

For centuries, there has been a continuous trend in Western countries toward decreases in the number of farms and the size of farm population. The political humanitarianism of the New and Fair Deals had the effect of partially arresting these trends in the United States throughout the period 1933-53. Because New Deal and Fair Deal farm policies kept marginal and uneconomic operators in business, they did not represent a "rational" approach to a basic economic problem dating back to the "enclosures" of the twelfth century, which marked the beginnings of the industrial expansion of agriculture.

Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson is a highly rational man in search of logical solutions to basic economic problems regardless of the political, economic or human consequences of his rational solutions. Quite obviously, continued reduction of price support constitutes the heart of Benson's approach to the farm problem; his recent victory over Congress' attempts to restrain him from lowering supports to 60 per cent of parity (before or after the election) is an omen of things to come. In Benson's logic, every reduction in price supports constitutes a massive stride toward the "solution" of the farm problem.

But each reduction results in the slicing off of another layer of the farm population—this is the process described by Mr. Rowan in Min-

nesota—and results further in the decline of the agriculturally-oriented economy of the small town. To solve the problems of the rural way of life, Benson contributes to its stagnation. And to the extent that the Secretary's program is rational, the farm depression is a direct consequence of his rationality.

However, Benson's solution poses new problems:

1. The liquidation of the marginal farmers is unlikely to reduce farm surpluses substantially simply because marginal farmers are unproductive even of surpluses. Large-scale, price-conscious farmers will make further advances in agricultural technology, resulting in increased production and reduced costs. Since this will occur at lower-level parity formulas, consumer prices may go down—provided, of course, the processors don't absorb the differences themselves. But lower prices, which will "solve" the problem of surplus farmers, will not necessarily solve the problem of farm surpluses.

2. The amount of federal subsistence payments will probably go down and will constitute a saving to the taxpayer. However, since the cost of such programs is the economic liquidation of marginal farmers, and since this is occurring at a time when industry cannot absorb the already existing industrial labor force, one of the major effects of Benson's program is to transfer federal expenditures from the budget of the Department of Agriculture to the budget of the Department of



Welfare. In this sense, the Secretary is attempting to solve his problem by transferring it to other segments of the economy.

The roots of Mr. Benson's philosophy, of course, go back a long way. For seven or eight centuries agriculture has been continuously losing ground to industry, and the dispossessed farmer, peasant, cottager have been the continuous problem of industrial society. Modern society's solution has been ultimately to absorb the surplus farmers into industry — a process not unaccompanied by considerable misery, poverty and degradation. This classical solution obviously rests on the ability of industry to absorb the rural dispossessed. By lowering the level of price supports, Secretary Benson can guarantee the dispossession of the rural population, but President Eisenhower has not been able to guarantee their absorption into industry.

Benson may have history and long-range economics on his side, but such arguments are not likely to be of solace to the Minnesota farmer.

## WILL FRANCE PLAY IT SAFE? . . by Alexander Werth

*Paris, May 3*  
DESPITE THE COLD weather, I spent Easter week in the Vézère valley in the Southwest of France. The numerous conversations I had with the local people—who include every-

ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's Paris correspondent, is the author of the just-published *Lost Statesman: The Strange Story of Pierre Mendès-France*.

thing from Poujadists to the rural type of French Communist—were so revealing of the real state of mind in France today that I was not in the least surprised, on my return to Paris, to find that the Gaillard Government was on the point of being overthrown by the National Assembly. For it would be a mistake to imagine that the "Suez mentality," complete with xenophobia and anti-Americanism, is confined to the

French Right, still less to its extreme Fascist fringe. Almost everybody in France is more or less xenophobe today; and the difference between many of those who voted for Gaillard and those who voted against Gaillard was merely the difference between uncontrollable anger and a certain sense of reality and expediency. The thirty-eight-year-old Félix Gaillard himself hesitated, throughout his six months in





office, between these two attitudes. The day after the bombing of Sakhiyet he wholly supported the Algerian diehards, and even as late as a month ago he delighted his right-wing supporters by treating Messrs. Murphy and Beeley with a deliberate display of casualness. *He* wasn't going to cut his Easter vacation short by twenty-four hours; if they wanted to see him, they would be welcome as his "guests" in his château in the Charente country, miles from nowhere. Swallowing their pride, the veteran U. S. diplomat and his British partner undertook the long automobile trek.

But the ultimate result of these château conversations was not quite what Gaillard had expected. And then, on top of it all, came the Eisenhower message asking Gaillard to use his "common sense." Despite the crowing in the great majority of the French press over the "breakdown of the good offices" and the "inevitable" French appeal to the U.N.—which would have to recognize the fact of Tunisia's "belligerency"—Gaillard now realized that he would place France in a desperately dangerous position in rejecting the Murphy-Beeley proposals outright. Hence the calling of the Cabinet meeting—which lasted more than ten hours—on Saturday, April 12. It was decided to submit the dispute to the "arbitration" of the National Assembly. No amount of window-dressing could hide the gulf between the Algerian diehards in Gaillard's Cabinet and the belated "realists," who now hesitated to leave France completely isolated.

In reality, however, neither Gaillard nor Pineau *liked* the idea of "capitulating" to the United States. Nor, for that matter, did the country as a whole like it. For here are a few samples of views expressed to me by people in the Vézère country:

We've got everybody against us: Britain, and America, and the American oil companies; they want to drive us out of Algeria because of the oil. . . .

We can hold Algeria indefinitely, and we'll always have enough troops to defend the pipelines, and by 1960 we'll have enough Sahara oil to cover half our consumption, and the British and American oil companies can go to hell. . . .

We've been kicked around often enough by the Americans—over Indo-China, Morocco and Tunisia—and over German rearmament, and we're not going to give way over Algeria. . . .

People who were talking like this were very ordinary small-town Frenchmen—most of whom vote Radical or Socialist, and who would be horrified if they were called Fascists. But the anti-Arab feeling is strong everywhere; and the only person I met who thought the Algerian war wrong, and the police tortures in Algeria revolting (most of the other people—who read the local nationalist press—have never even heard of such things) was a railwayman, probably a Communist.

This little sampling of provincial France represents the dominant mood in France today, and goes a long way to explain the result of the parliamentary meeting on April 15 that ended in the crushing defeat of Gaillard. It is interesting to observe that the men at the National Assembly who received the loudest applause were the three most determined diehards: Jacques Soustelle, Gaullist ex-Governor of Algeria, and two right-wing members, M. Pierre André and M. Montel. Soustelle claimed that the whole of American foreign policy had been nothing but a series of failures and betrayals of France; Pierre André declared that the "good offices" were nothing but a death-trap; and Montel accused Gaillard of "abandoning everything under American pressure."

Compared with these explosive

speeches, the Government and pro-Government spokesmen were tame and almost apologetic. Most striking was the complete silence observed by M. Lacoste, the Minister for Algeria, and M. Chaban Delmas, the Minister of Defense, when right-wing speakers denounced the inadequacies of the military defenses against incursions into Algeria from Tunisian territory. For, at heart, these and other members of the Gaillard Government were fundamentally in agreement with the Algerian diehards. So practically the whole Right, including the Poujadists and M. Bidault (one of the three Catholic MRPs to vote that way), opposed Gaillard; at the other extreme were the Communists and their allies, as well as a handful of deputies around Mendès-France. The reason why the Communists voted against Gaillard are obvious; but why Mendès-France's followers? To them, the Gaillard policy was merely a "caricature" of their own policy—which is, first and foremost, an attempt to bring about an understanding among France, Tunisia and Morocco and, eventually, the Algerian rebels, with a view to forming a vast North-African Federation working in close cooperation with France. Gaillard, on the contrary, tried to buy right-wing support by *intensifying* the war in Algeria, even while adopting a soft, "American" policy in Tunisia.

AND SO the Gaillard Government was overthrown by 321 to 255 votes. Its six-month record was not a happy one. Economically, it is true, it did reasonably well; it managed to borrow \$600 million (directly or indirectly) from the United States. Production was still rising.

But it had "covered" Sakhiyet, and Gaillard himself had, throughout, been a prisoner of the Right and other Algeria extremists. The arbitrary confiscation of magazines, newspapers and books had become an almost weekly occurrence, and the Government's response to the numerous revelations about tortures and police murders in Algeria had been extremely feeble, to say the least. Nevertheless Gaillard, as a disciple of Jean Monnet and a



trained financial and economic expert (who was fully conscious of the importance of American financial support), was considered by the State Department as a relatively reasonable man; and it was, in fact, his relative reasonableness that in the end cost him his job.

Where do we go from here? To all appearances, the political crisis is going to be a long one. It is scarcely conceivable that an extreme anti-American like Bidault will succeed in finding a parliamentary majority. The overthrow of Gaillard must, I think, be considered first and foremost as a demonstration of an irrational national anger—an anger worked up artificially by the myth of America's determination to throw France out of North Africa. But such demonstrations of anger are not a new thing: the rejection of the European Defense Community and the numerous other votes against German rearmament, in defiance of American and British pressure, were similar demonstrations. But in the end there was acceptance of the U.S. line.

At the moment, the establishment of a Gaullist or any other dictatorship still seems remote; after the gleeful overthrow of Gaillard as a "pro-American," French opinion may sober up and start thinking along more rational lines. The chances are that, faced with the choice of "going it alone" or resuming negotiations with America and eventually with Tunisia, it will still play for safety and prefer the latter course. As the *Canard Enchaîné* asked the go-it-alone people: "Fine, go ahead with your war in North Africa and occupy Tunisia; but will you, before doing so, refund those \$600 million?" For there's another aspect to the whole situation which doesn't seem to have occurred to the Algeria diehards: France can "go it alone" only under a more or less Fascist regime of financial and economic austerity. And a striking thing about France today is that life continues to be very normal and pleasant, with as much to buy and to eat as ever. And even if Bidault would like to sleep in Bourguiba's bed, complete with his top boots, it is doubtful whether French opin-

ion is ready to pay the price by cutting down drastically on food, drink and gasoline. This contradiction between the bellicose, xenophobic mood of France and her reluctance to give up the good things in life may, after all, prove the best safeguard for both the (no doubt relative) unity of Western Europe and the (equally relative) democracy of France.

The one danger is a repetition, on a much larger scale, of the French reaction with its cries of "treason" that followed a few months after the Indo-China armistice. If the North African settlement—and there must be one some day—is made to look too humiliating to France, then there may be a sharp Fascist reaction.

NOW that French opinion has had the satisfaction of "telling America to go to hell," it will be for America to be wise enough not to lose her temper in turn, but on the contrary to talk sweet reason to France and to persuade her that the Algerian problem has *already* become internationalized, and that it's no use persisting with the fiction of "*l'Algérie c'est la France*"—the slogan a bunch of toughs tried to shout outside the American Embassy the night the Gaillard Government fell.

Although over two precious years have been wasted in fighting a senseless war in Algeria, there is perhaps still a chance for a France-North Africa partnership, commonwealth or federation. But there is not much time to lose, for the position of Bourguiba—in danger of being swamped by pro-Nasser men—is becoming more precarious every day. And Mr. Dulles should have made his statement about America not being interested in North Africa much sooner; and also, he should have been much more precise. It would make an enormous difference if French opinion were genuinely convinced that America is *not* interested in the oil of the Sahara—unless, of course, the French themselves explicitly ask America to take part in the development of North Africa, in the name of helping underdeveloped countries, or of Western solidarity, and all that.

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)  
than a variety of other traits or habits, i.e., heavy mascara, over-bleached hair, men in shirt sleeves, men with the odor of cigars.

I resigned my job, not simply to retain my beard, but to retain whatever integrity I had and to dissociate myself from a man whose public morality I found disgusting. I did not conform to the vice-president's rigid and narrow conception of an employee—a bland, beardless face, obedient as a machine, immaculate black or gray suit, and outrageous necktie. . . .

I have been accused of irresponsibility by some people, for resigning my position over so trivial a matter. They told me that if I wanted more money, that would have been a proper reason for quitting. That is a topsy-turvy morality, for I believe that my responsibility is to my principles before it is to my stomach.

I should, I suppose, point out that my work has been more than satisfactory. . . . Ironically, two of my clients complimented me on the beard, one the very day the vice-president gave me the ultimatum. My vice-president refused to believe it.

Alan Harrington, in his *Life in the Crystal Palace*, published January 11 in *The Nation*, speaks of the "mild pressure to conform" which exists in large corporations. There is an absolute demand for conformity—and the reasons for the demand are specious. . . .

ERIC W. HUGHES, JR.

New York City

### Soviet Travelogue

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested to know that Mr. and Mrs. Elmer McClain of Lima, Ohio, are presenting a program of color movies and slides on their travels in Russia last summer. They spent eight weeks in the USSR and traveled more than 16,000 miles. Their tour included the Youth Festival and the Agricultural Exposition in Moscow, a trip by boat on the Black Sea from Odessa to Yalta and on the Volga from Gorki to Kuibyshev, Samarkand, Stalinabad opposite Afghanistan, and the "Virgin Lands" farming ventures in the Altai region bordering China and Mongolia.

Anyone interested in booking the McClains for a showing of their film program may get in touch with them at R.F.D. 6, Lima, Ohio.

JACK RUNNER

Ada, Ohio



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Thornton Wilder and the German Psyche

Paul Fussell, Jr.

CURIOSITY about modern American literature is one of the most striking phenomena in the intellectual life of the German Federal Republic. In particular, students from the ages of seventeen to twenty-one consume quantities of American fiction. Poetry and criticism are somewhat less accessible to them, largely because of their ingrained preconceptions about what these things "ought" to be like. But their apprehension of the best modern American fiction is admirable. University lectures in American fiction are likely to be crowded, and the students order with enthusiasm from a Hamburg importing firm thousands of inexpensive copies of the works of Dreiser, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner and Wolfe. German taste, at the universities and among intellectuals, is generally that of a highly literate American: the later works of Steinbeck and Saroyan are found unimpressive, and those Germans who have learned to read English with sensitivity return constantly to a canon whose central nervous system is the line James—Hemingway—Faulkner.

On the other hand, among what must be called the middle-classes, the situation in taste is not so happy. Most popular at this level are American fictions of the optimist-coy school: the works of Saroyan; the later works of Steinbeck, especially *The Pearl*, in which vast profundities are discovered; and, preeminently, all the writings and all the public utterances of Thornton Wilder.

During the past winter I have spoken as a Fulbright lecturer to many groups of secondary-school teachers in Southwestern Germany; I have usually talked about modern

American fiction. And when I have finished talking, several either plaintive or truculent voices invariably have been raised in behalf of Wilder. Why, pray, have I neglected Wilder in my comments on the modern novel in America? What suggestions have I to offer about the best way of teaching *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*? What do the best American critics think of *The Woman of Andros*? On one occasion early in the year, before I had learned that one publicly criticizes Wilder in Germany at the risk of appearing dangerously disloyal, I said that I didn't think that Wilder was very interesting; and, furthermore, that I was puzzled and distressed by German admiration of his work. This was at the *Amerika Haus* in Heidelberg, and I sensed for months afterward that my comments had betrayed my wicked impulses: I had been impudently sacrilegious; I had been critically flippant.

ALTHOUGH Wilder has been hysterically popular in Germany since the end of the war, when the State Department sent *Our Town* on tour as a "representative example" of "modern American theatre" (and what other pleasant plays, excluding musicals, have we?), his star has risen even higher since he received the Peace Prize at the Frankfurt Book Fair in 1957. This prize, awarded by the German booksellers (who clearly know a hot commodity when they see one), made it obvious to Germans that Wilder is the foremost modern American writer. Gigantic photographs of a benign and "philosophic" Wilder blossomed in public places from Bremen to Karlsruhe. *Amerika Häuser*, bookstores, and even drugstores erected elaborate displays of Wilder's saintly features, Wilder's selected aphorisms, and pyramids of copies of *Our Town*, arranged like canned goods. Well-intentioned readers, in-

nocent of Faulkner and Fitzgerald, bore home from the bookstores copies of *The Cabala* and *The Woman of Andros*, convinced that by apprehending these works they were gaining an entrance into the secret recesses of the American sensibility.

Soon after receiving the Frankfurt prize, Wilder began a series of speaking appearances at the German universities. He spoke always of Large Issues: Love, especially, and Democracy, and the virtues of the Common Man, and how hateful Eliot was with his undemocratic notions about elites, authoritative churches and the important uses of convention in literature. Here, gratifying the European image of what he should be, was The American Writer, with all his folksy innocence of evil, with his touching devotion to Love, and with his inspiring and efficient optimism. Away with your nasty Faulkners; give us no more of your dirty-minded Hemingways, no more of your homosexual Hart Cranes, your opaque and ironic Wallace Stevens. We Want Wilder and, what's more, We Want Wilder's America.

For it becomes apparent that the German canonization of Wilder — and the admiration of Wilder verges on the irrational — is a phenomenon of even greater interest to the political psychologist than to the student of the droll vagaries of public literary taste. Of American writers since the twenties, Wilder seems least touched by the social, intellectual and psychological currents of actual America. The image of America presented to Europeans by *Our Town* is pastoral, complacent, coy, charming and entirely unreal. Neither *Main Street* nor *Winesburg, Ohio*, not to mention Wolfe's *Altamont* or Faulkner's *Jefferson*, presents the Germans, committed irrevocably as they are to a long and painful military and political alliance with America, with a sufficiently reassuring setting of The Old Folks at Home. But Grover's Corners is a comfort. How pleasant

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to realize that, although hoodlums are in charge at Little Rock, the good little people of Grover's Corners are one's real allies.

AGAIN, in the melioristic suggestions at the end of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, in the implication that all fatal and shameful disasters work out somehow for the best, in the emphasis on a vague, unfocused "Love" as the solution to the most embarrassing metaphysical and theological problems, the German, yoked now like a dwarf Siamese twin to the American giant, can find the comfort he requires. After all—the disaster of 1945 led directly to the Economic Miracle, didn't it?

Finally, the vitalistic cosmic optimism of *The Skin of Our Teeth* provides the contemporary German with the psychological reassurance he demands. Shocked and terrified by the situation in which he finds himself as the primary European target of bombs dispatched from opposite directions, the middle-class German reader flees to the lap of Wilder,

who provides two assurances: first, that the citizens of Grover's Corners are too instinctively decent ever to fire off a missile with a real war-head; and second, that if the bombs should begin going off, it won't make so much difference anyway, since, as Mr. Antrobus himself says, after the Broadway Armageddon which he is permitted to survive, "All I ask is the chance to build new worlds, and God has always given us that."

This use of Wilder as a mode of psychic consolation betrays the German's pathetic belief in an America which becomes less believable every day. What is more pathetic is the German's compulsion to construct in his imagination a model of the kind of America, cleansed, purified, "spiritual," in which he now can believe. The Wilder vogue in Germany is thus significant of the post-war condition of the German psyche which, after wallowing from 1933 until 1945 in brute political realities, now hankers as violently after the spiritual, the disembodied and the ideal.

## Two Sides to a Tycoon

*SWOPE OF G. E.* By David Loth. Simon & Schuster. 309 pp. \$5.

Carl Dreher

THE social critic, the dissenter, the prophet may be vindicated in the after-time, but it is not within their power to decide what shall be done or left undone in the here and now. In our setup the crucial decisions are made by big businessmen or, under usual circumstances, at least with their consent. The lives of these disposers therefore merit serious study; unfortunately, as commonly written up, they emerge so filled with pomp and pretense that it is hard to separate meaning from triviality. This book by Gerard Swope's journalist-friend is an exception. Its manner, reflecting Swope's old-fashioned reserve, is perhaps too constrained, but the facts are presented and interpreted with professional competence and more candor than is customary in official or semi-official biographies.

If one chooses to regard the mature

CARL DREHER spent many years as an engineer before he turned to writing. His latest book is *Automation*.

May 3, 1958

Swope merely as the third president of the General Electric Company and the pre-G.E. Swope as merely the pupal stage of the mature Swope, his life can be epitomized in terms which make him indistinguishable from the conventional business climber.

Swope rode the wave of electrification in the factory, the highway and the home. His first permanent job was with the Western Electric Company in Chicago. Seeing where the main chance lay, he soon switched from engineering to selling. In 1905 he was appointed sales manager of the machinery division, and five years later he had been moved to New York as general sales manager of Western Electric, and shortly thereafter, vice-president and general manager of International Western Electric. By 1910 his reputation as an organizer, troubleshooter, and administrative spark plug had taken on national proportions.

During World War I Swope pretty much ran the Service of Supply as a dollar-a-year man under General G. W. Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal. When the war ended he accepted the presidency of the International General Electric Company. Three years later

Charles A. Coffin, the first president of G. E. and at seventy-seven still the chief executive officer, persuaded the board of directors to elect Swope as president, with Owen D. Young, who had been vice-president and general counsel, as chairman of the board.

Swope and Young reigned, with Swope doing most of the work, from 1922 to 1939, when they retired together. They returned as a caretaker government when President Roosevelt asked Swope's successor, Charles E. Wilson ("Electric Charlie," to be distinguished from "Engine Charlie") to become vice-chairman of the War Production Board.

SO FAR: a conventionally successful career, based on ability, perseverance, and getting to be known by the right people. Now look at some other sides of what turns out to be a more complex personality than the business résumé would indicate. Gerard Swope was the son of German immigrants, Isaac and Ida Swope. His maternal grandfather was the chief rabbi of Thuringia. During the period of his ascent and ascendancy, an unwritten law barred Jews from engineering and executive jobs in the great industrial corporations. But not this Jew.

And: Swope was not only an industrial rationalizer and innovator, but a persistent do-gooder from youth to old age. Soon after moving to Chicago to work for Western Electric, he became a teacher and resident at Hull House, the settlement which Jane Addams and Ellen Gates Starr started in the West Side slums in 1889. As tough and preoccupied a businessman as ever lived, Swope never shed the Hull House philosophy and carried it into practice whenever he saw a chance to combine reform with good business. Some of his associates regarded him as a radical and, compared for instance with Elbert H. Gary, he was. At the same time he was so safe and sane, and governed his business domains with such a single aim to profit, that he was never penalized for his liberalism, and in the later stages of his career, as events caught up with him, it proved an asset.

Swope's politics were consistent with these principles. In 1912 he supported Woodrow Wilson and expressed approval of the policies which resulted in the Federal Reserve System, the Federal Trade Commission, exemption of labor from the anti-trust laws, and the eight-hour day, first for railroad workers, then for all labor. Later, during the Great Depression which these reforms did not avert, Swope evolved the plan which carried his name and many features of



which were adopted by the National Recovery Administration. Struck down by the Supreme Court because of its potentially dangerous features, the N.R.A. did embody recognition of the principle of organized national action against the depression at a time when powerful interests were as much opposed to it as they are now for it. As Charles and Mary Beard said, Swope "had shaken the pillars of respectability for the season and thrown a burning brand of thought into the very center of complacency."

He was careful not to bring down the roof. He cut the payroll like any socially unconscious executive and in 1931 had a profit available for dividends of \$41 million. "On the average," Loth comments, "it still was safer to be a General Electric stockholder than a General Electric worker."

Still, Swope advocated social security, unemployment insurance and other New Deal measures and, seeing it coming in any case, he was receptive to trade unionism in the G. E. plants and overruled parochial managers who were not. He voted for Wendell Willkie in 1940 after begging Franklin D. Roosevelt to respect the two-term tradition, but in 1944 abandoned it himself and once more voted for Roosevelt.

After Swope's first retirement, Fiorello La Guardia persuaded him to accept the chairmanship of the New York City Housing Authority. During his administration the number of rooms in the projects rose from 8,000 to almost 37,000 and the average rental per room per year was reduced from \$105 to under \$85. He resigned from this and other civic posts to do government work during World War II. After his second resignation from G.E., and again at the suggestion of La Guardia, he joined the board of the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York. "Scornful," Loth says, "of those who argued that it was a step toward socialized medicine," he was still an active director at the time of his death.

SWOPE realized, as did Roosevelt, that a liberal policy would best serve to preserve capitalism, but beyond expediency and calculation he appears to have had genuine humanitarian and libertarian impulses. The one time he came under serious fire he stood his ground admirably. He had long been a friend of Edward C. Carter, the chief organizer of the Institute of Pacific Relations in 1926. In 1949, Swope accepted the chairmanship of the American branch of the Institute. In the same year the Chinese Communists completed their

conquest of the mainland and the McCarthy-McCarran witch hunt was intensified. McCarran attacked the Institute as an organization infiltrated, if not dominated, by Reds.

McCarran was not such a fool as to subpoena Swope or anyone who could have given the Institute's side of the story. Notably temperate in speech, Swope called the charges "outrageous" and said at a press conference that if the day ever came when it would not be possible for a group like the Institute "to seek and publish facts without fear of political reprisal . . . something essential to the American way of life will have been lost." When timid vice-presidents in charge of public relations discontinued their companies' contributions to the Institute, Swope went straight to the presidents, informed them that G. E. was continuing its financial support, and persuaded them to do likewise. Loth says truly that "the ruthless drive for conformity by smear and intimidation" was curbed by men and women who took a stand like Swope's. One cannot say that it took no courage, for many as safe as Swope ran for cover.

Opinions will differ on Swope's place in industrial and economic history. To the ultra-conservative it will seem that he yielded too much to the internal enemy: he could not be accused of treason to the class which assimilated him, but it is only necessary to compare Swope with others who have arrived to appreciate to what an extent he remained his own man. To the Socialist it will seem that Swope did no more than fight a delaying action and left behind more problems than he found.

Perhaps the key to his significance lies in T. K. Quinn's remark that Swope had his own standards of morals and values, without any interest in social theories. But social theories are as important to society as scientific and technological theories are to industry. If this is true, and the truth is faced, it can be argued that America's destiny is to produce, with the same zeal as if it were a complex technological project, an indigenous, democratic form of socialism which would enable us to compete on better than even terms with the Soviet Union. The world might prove as eager to emulate us in such an achievement as it has been to adopt our industrial schema. Of course the groups with which Swope—and Franklin D. Roosevelt—affiliated themselves will have none of that. But the attempt should be made. If this hypothesis is accepted, what we are waiting for is someone with Swope's force and resolution, but a larger ambition than to be a corporation president.

## Second Impressions

### Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

#### Criticism

EACH generation must write not only its own books but its own criticism of its books and, if there is time, as when invention slackens, its own appraisal of its own situation. Hence in a month: Malcolm Cowley's *The Literary Situation* (Compass Books, \$1.25), Maxwell Geismar's *American Moderns* (Hill and Wang, \$1.95; cloth, \$3.95), and John W. Aldridge's *After the Lost Generation* (Noonday, \$1.45). Though they cover much the same ground and agree on such ideas as that expressed in Mr. Geismar's subtitle, "From Rebellion to Conformity," they complement each other rather than overlap, and the difference in the ages of the writers adds interest to their views. As Mr. Aldridge says of his own book, the writers' points of view are part of the history they present.

Mr. Cowley's *The Literary Situation* is fullest of the three, treating criticism, fiction, the whole range of a writer's interests indeed, and the prospects for the next half century. He covers all aspects of the writer's life and work with the familiarity, concern and sympathy of an uncle, somewhat discursively but with a very clear vision.

Mr. Geismar combines reprinted periodical reviews and ten new articles into a remarkably successful unit of three large parts, including "Newcomers," as neither of the reprints can. A *Nation* article of 1955, "Decline of the Classic Moderns," states his theme, that the generation of Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos and Steinbeck has lost its creative power. Elsewhere he adds that nothing has quite replaced them.

Mr. Aldridge's book is subtitled "A Critical Study of the Writers of Two Wars," by which he means novelists of those periods, whatever their subjects. He is younger, more personally involved, and more earnest than either Cowley or Geismar.

But, except as Mr. Cowley was writing social history instead of criticism, the tone of the three books is the same. "Going back . . . is rather like going back to the house where you lived as a child and finding it smaller and somehow less substantial than you always remembered it." That is Mr. Aldridge on Hemingway, but any of the trio might have said it about nearly any of the older generation of writers. As for the future, Mr. Aldridge especially, as



one of the younger writers, is concerned with the necessity for establishing a new union of values, point of view and technique of the sort which, in Mr. Geismar's opinion, makes *The Wall* John Hersey's best book; but moral and political chaos, materialism and the absence of any generally agreed point of view make the repetition of Hersey's success difficult. Multiple influences, they say, encourage conformity and mediocrity; as Mr. Cowley points out, even a favorable factor like the popularizing of good writing in paperbacks is potentially dangerous and is certainly accompanied by popularization of much trash.

### Poetry

An encouraging variety of poetry is being made available in paperbacks. Among anthologies, W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson's five-volume *Poets of the English Language* (Viking Portables, \$1.45 ea.), freshly selected, sensitive, knowing and respectful of poetry and its readers, has exceptional range and quality. These beautiful and comfortable books include British and American poets from Chaucer to Yeats, even Henryson, William Alabaster and Melville; and the introductions by Mr. Auden are incisive, illuminating, compact as an egg. New translations too are excellent. *Poems From the Greek Anthology in English Paraphrase* by Dudley Fitts (New Directions, \$1) and *Sappho: A New Translation* by Mary Barnard; foreword by Mr. Fitts (California, \$1.50) are managed with great wit and suggestiveness, and the commentaries are brief and pointed. The *Sappho* is complete except for a few fragments; the *Anthology* includes 141 pieces.

*Illuminations and Other Prose Poems* by Arthur Rimbaud, revised edition (translated by Louise Varèse, New Directions, \$1.25), and *Poems of Jules Laforgue* (translated by Patricia Terry, California, \$1.50) present original and translation on facing pages. Chronologically, all of Rimbaud is adolescent. In *Illuminations*, his most important work, he is torn by inner discord, "baffled . . . frustrated . . . a challenge" (*Rimbaud* by C. A. Hackett, *Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought*, Hilary House, cloth, \$2), and he aggressively rejects and reshapes the world as he was soon to renounce poetry. Miss Varèse is a restrained, scholarly editor and sensitive translator.

In America Laforgue is known best at second hand through his influence on Ezra Pound, the early T. S. Eliot and Hart Crane. At twenty-one he wrote "Funeral March for the Death of the

Earth," which with other poems of *Le Sanglot de la Terre* broached his only themes—death, a world of ephemeral farce played by man who is miserable to no purpose, a demand that space show signs of life. If his remaining six years' production now seems monotonous, it is partly because of Prufrock and other offspring. Mrs. Terry provides interesting critical notes; her translations are often resourceful, though the opposed originals are sometimes embarrassing.

See also the older *Selected Writings of Jules Laforgue* by William J. Smith (Evergreen, \$1.75); *The Complete Poems of Hart Crane* (Anchor, 95c), reviewed in *The Nation*, February 15; *Selected Poems of Ezra Pound*, a New Edition (New Directions, \$1.15) with a good sampling of all his work, including 85 pages of the *Cantos*; *Collected Poems and One Foot in Eden* by Edwin Muir (Evergreen, \$1.75 and \$1.45); *Selected Poems* by Lawrence Durrell (Evergreen, \$1.25); *Selected Poems* by Oscar Williams (Clarke & Way, \$1.45); Goethe's *Faust Part I* (New Directions, \$1.15), a new American version based on the translation of C. F. McIntyre.

### Miscellaneous

*Under Milk Wood* by Dylan Thomas (New Directions, \$1), a "play for voices" chiefly in a subtly rhythmical prose, is Thomas' last work, the tender, whimsical, homely story of a spring day in a small Welsh town of universal application.

*The Creative Experiment* by C. M. Bowra (Evergreen, \$1.75; cloth, \$3.50), carrying on after *The Heritage of Symbolism*, examines the objectives of European poetry from 1910 to about 1930 in a substantial opening chapter and studies selected aspects of Cavafy, Apollinaire, Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Eliot, Lorca and Alberti.

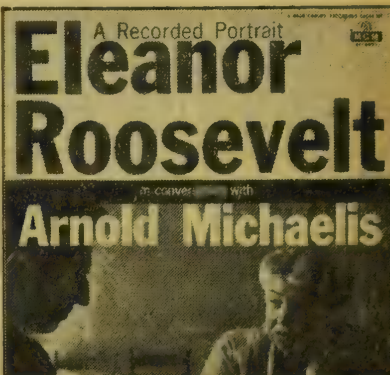
*Stream of Consciousness in the Modern Novel* by Robert Humphrey (California, \$1.25) is a scholarly investigation of the functions, techniques, devices and forms as developed chiefly by Joyce, Virginia Woolf and Faulkner.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: Four by Carson McCullers (Bantam): *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter* (50c), *The Member of the Wedding*, *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe* (35c ea.); *The Short Reign of Pippin IV* by John Steinbeck (Bantam, 35c); *Eight Great Comedies*, Aristophanes to Shaw, with brief essays and bibliography (Mentor, 50c); *Charlemagne* by Harold Lamb (Bantam, 50c); *How to Understand Music* by Oscar Thompson (Premier, 50c).

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# THEATRE

## Harold Clurman

JEANMAIRE with the *Ballets de Paris* (Broadway Theatre) is jolly, piquant, attractive. The sets by Clave for the company's most successful ballet *Carmen* (sets which one of our daily reviewers once called amateurish) are masterpieces. There are other excellent dancers with the *Ballets de Paris*. The show as a whole is pleasurable.

But the evening I enjoyed most this season—more than all ten of the best plays—was that of the Muscovite Moiseyev Dance Company. My enthusiasm seems to be universal. It has been many years since I have heard such excited applause and cheering at any theatrical occasion in New York. Part of this demonstrativeness may be quasi-political or super propaganda. The audience hopes to make everyone feel that the tensions of diplomatic relations in no way affect the cordiality of its sentiments toward Russians as people—especially when these people are superb artists.

Transcending this cheerful consideration is the fact that the combination of vigor with innocence, perfect technical proficiency with smiling heartiness, physical exuberance with youthful elation releases in our (American) hearts a particular spring of fervor. The qualities which these dancers possess are not only the qualities we most admire but those we like to claim as our own when we feel ourselves to be at our best. It may be said without sentimentality that these Russians on the stage arouse in our audiences a kinship, a certain sense of "brotherhood."

Besides the qualities I have mentioned, which might be achieved by any group of brilliant dancers, there are others even more important. The good

humor and healthy playfulness of most of the members are a token of an expansive fresh air humanity which is the most immediate impression one receives. There is also a gratifying (and unboastful) virility in the male dancers conjoined with a rare, robust yet gentle femininity in the women.

In most modern ballet companies the women appear to be trained to function as men. The result is literally overpowering and sometimes frightening. In the Moiseyev company one feels that the women—radiant as apples—are happy to be the more than adequate base for the men's boundless energy. There is no "war of the sexes" here, but a natural consummation and completion. Sensuality as such is wholly absent.

A sense of togetherness is the outstanding virtue of the entire event. I do not refer to the teamwork which, it goes without saying, is characteristic of all great troupes. I mean that the distinguishing mark of the company's art is its communality, a collectivism which is not merely organizational but organic: the individuals achieve freedom, power and pleasure through their being a group, sharing common sentiments, living one life, experiencing a creative unity. All the ensemble dances seem to begin or end as if the people who compose the unit did not feel themselves altogether secure or alive until they had touched one another in the proximity of a tight formation—like a fist or a flower.

All this might strike one as a superior sort of folk athletics if it were not for the unerringly picturesque and dramatic sense of the theatre—typically Russian—which the director Ivan Moiseyev has given all the dances.

## Edelweiss

Went up after the rare thing for love  
Of rarity over the bird warmed trees  
Where all things, ice white in blue space, blazed  
In wind so bright the climber burns to move.  
  
Not lower my noble white flower than this last rim.  
I bore it down to the valley for a light;  
My girl and her sisters wanted it like fate.  
The red companionable rose I bought for them...  
  
Not this bloom that the cramponing climber greets  
In danger flowering purer than love dars:  
To get nothing, to give nothing appears  
Terrible from any view but one last height.  
Few singled figures are home in heavenward ice  
And none there so much at home as edelweiss.

LEONARD NATHAN

The high point of his theatrical artistry is the number called "Partisans" which represents people riding to battle in some lonely region at night. We see soldiers moving (as if on horseback) in a strangely fleet and compelling rhythm to the fray. The number is built like a play: mysterious and suspenseful at the beginning, mounting in confidence with always a touch of friendly humor—an all-embracing friendliness informs everything—and ending in a climax of furious power that is an ecstasy of zeal.

This is theatre at one of its true peaks: entertainment which is a dithyramb of movement and meaning, a celebration through the body of a people's soul, a rite, a festivity, an explosive affirmation of fulfillment in the drama of life.

# MUSIC

## Lester Trimble

SINCE Julius Rudel took over the directorship of the New York City Opera Company, things have been buzzing. At present writing, the company is somewhere near the half-way mark in a five-week season of American opera, and this project, regardless of the final critical judgment, is one of the most valuable I can imagine. Aided by \$105,000 of Ford Foundation money, Mr. Rudel has mounted a series of ten musico-theatrical works, all relatively new, and two of them (*The Ballad of Baby Doe*, by Douglas Moore and *The Good Soldier Schweik*, by Robert Kurka) previously unperformed in New York. Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars*, of which I shall say something later, has proved such a box-office success that the season has been extended an extra week for it alone.

But Rudel's imagination has not rested with the presentation of an unusual operatic season. As a musician who came up through the ranks at the City Center, working his way from rehearsal pianist to conductor and finally to general director, he is aware of the American composer's lack of opportunity for first-hand experience in opera. After all, how many opera houses do we have? In how many cities does an American composer have a chance even to attend an opera production, let alone to spend enough time before or behind the footlights to get the "feel" of the thing into his head and hands? Many of the almost 200 scores that were examined in preparation for this season represented so much wasted effort. Their composers, Mr. Rudel suspects, "had never been



inside a real opera house, and certainly not backstage."

To remedy this situation insofar as that could be possible in a five-week season, the director has given a group of thirty young composers carte-blanche to wander in and out of the City Center's rehearsal rooms, observing soloists, choruses, orchestra and stage directors at work; asking questions, and receiving a few prepared lectures by members of the staff. It is immensely instructive to these young men. One of them, a composer beginning to be known for his orchestral works, told me that he learned more about opera in the days he spent at the City Center (usually from ten in the morning until eleven at night) than he did in a year of being assistant conductor in a touring professional opera company. Another still younger musician, a student of mine, has not been available for a composition lesson since the season began. Such reactions tell me that, whatever the other values of this season, Julius Rudel has gone to the heart of the matter—the composer—and is getting tremendous mileage from his money. It is important to realize this, for some negative criticisms will be lodged against the City Center's season. As it progresses, I note some tendencies with which I do not agree and which I feel must be spoken about. It would be a pity if the Ford Foundation, having applied funds to a really practical, creative project, should react badly to criticisms of the season. But it would be an equal pity if criticism should hobble or distort itself for fear of dislodging this necessary foundation support.

AND NOW, to get down to the three operas I have so far attended: Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe*; Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars*; and Marc Blitzstein's *Regina*. Of the three, the Moore work is the only one that stems from a purely operatic impulse. Its text (by John Latouche) is an opera libretto, not a play. It, and the music, sing; it plays in the manner of true opera, with ample time taken out for arias and set-pieces, each of which advances the dramatic import of the venture. On the two occasions I have heard *The Ballad of Baby Doe* (one on TV), I have been tremendously impressed with the stature achieved in the character of Augusta, the first wife and wise adviser to the silver magnate, Horace Tabor, who was divorced by him when he fell in love with the sweet but simple Baby Doe. In the creation of this character (and to a slightly lesser extent, the character of Horace Tabor), Moore and

Latouche have done what I believe is necessary in opera: they have erected a human image of sufficient affective amplitude to justify the slowing of dramatic action to a point where song can enrich it. Moore's music itself is mild in idiom and more simplified than I wish it were. But his creative impulse is genuinely operatic, not oriented toward "show-biz." His Augusta is not quite a Tosca, but she has sufficient stature to remain in the mind months after one has heard the opera. By contrast with the TV version of *Baby Doe*, which was possibly abbreviated, the staged presentation bogs down a bit through its many small, additive scenes. That is a theatrical problem, and I think the work could stand some cropping and welding together. But just as it stands, it is real, lusty, bona fide opera.

WEILL'S *Lost in the Stars* is not opera at all. Nor was the composer more than nominally, by late-date naturalization, an American, so I don't see how this work can be fitted into a framework of "American opera." It was probably programmed for box-office reasons, and since it has proved so popular, I shall not complain. But let us not either confuse the issue by pretending that a play which is fifty per cent spoken, in which the music is incidental, contributing neither to the expansion of the characters nor to the furthering of the plot, is an opera. *Lost in the Stars* is a good show, and it is perhaps dragging in the Broadway crowd at the moderate City Center prices. But that will not help the cause of American opera unless the same group is willing to support opera itself—real opera.

Blitzstein's *Regina* is in many ways the most complex concoction of the three, since it tries to be a serious opera and a Broadway success at the same time, has evolved for itself a subtle and complicated medium, and has moderated its success as an opera only by attempting so many things and some which are incompatible. Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* simply begs to be made into opera. But Blitzstein, whatever changes he may have made in the original verbiage of the play, saddled himself with more text than a normal libretto would contain. His device of having the characters fluctuate between speaking and singing at a moment's notice, interpolating a spoken word or two, or a short sentence, into a line of melody, is effective in that it keeps the play moving strongly in a prose sense, and yet allows for a preponderance of singing. It creates, actually, a mosaic of speech, song and action

in which pieces of all sizes, even arias, can be fitted into context. At the same time, probably in order not to disrupt the texture of this mosaic too much and the prose flow as well, the composer limited his use of long, straightforward solos. With the exception of Birdie's aria, far along in the opera, nobody really sets his heels into the floor and sings his heart out. Regina talks and sings and stalks the stage like a beast of prey. But she does not, for a sufficient moment, simply stop and amplify her personality through melody.

Blitzstein's music, too, betrays an ambivalence which I believe is well-nigh inescapable when a composer with a serious gift aspires to a Broadway genre success. Real opera has never been a Broadway commodity. The musical show has been, but that form lives on ideas of light character, which are incapable of projecting deep, sober emotions. When a work such as *Regina* tries to maintain the prose values of a successful Broadway play and its original type of appeal, while at the same time bringing it over into the realm of serious opera, the odds are stacked against the composer's total success. In order not to ruin the play, techniques must be adopted which may inhibit elevated musical expression. If the opera is to be presented before a pre-

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## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

dominantly Broadway audience, it must also, I should think, keep its ideas within a frame of reference bearing some relationship to the Broadway tradition. This would mean a lightening of the music's emotional qualities and a satisfying of the audience's desire for entertainment, as opposed to edification, fulfillment, or whatever it may be that constitutes an æsthetic experience. *Regina* really rises to operatic heights of intensity only in Birdie's self-revelatory aria. At other times, it hovers handsomely on the brink.

### New Cantata

*Lester Trimble, The Nation's music critic, could hardly be expected to review the works of Lester Trimble, composer. We therefore reprint comment by Edward Downes which appeared in The New York Times of April 21:*

An enchanting new cantata by Lester Trimble based on four fragments from *The Canterbury Tales* was the highpoint of three premières presented late yesterday afternoon [Sunday, April 20] at the Ninety-second Street Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association [in New York City] . . .

Mr. Trimble's cantata, set for soprano, harpsichord, flute and clarinet, has the breath of spring in it. It echoes the nimble wit as well as the lyricism of Chaucer's poetry.

It reflects the characters of the knight, the young squire and the wife of Bath with warmth and with the delightful combination of sophistication and innocence associated with Chaucer. Dorothy Renzi sang the solo part with charm and the piece made a hit with the audience. . . .

### Keraunograph

Night-piercing, whitely illuminant,  
The lightning flees but leaves  
A pale secret of trees in leaping  
Attitudes.

Mind sears in the storm's disclosures;  
This is no image of a peopled  
Forest.

Earth in its power exultant,  
Clamant in praises, unwearable,  
Sufficient.

Such scars are deep. We, the brief  
Strangers, wondering at our loneliness,  
Catch sight of the local mysteries,  
The rites uninterrupted by our arrival  
Or departure.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

ADMIRABLE taste and eloquent acting have made a charming picture of *The Red and the Black*. If the adjective seems odd, it is nonetheless just. Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, two of France's most deft screen writers, and Claude Autant-Lara, a director of ingenuity and wit, have conspired to make a lovely, lively and yearning romance of Stendhal's savage classic. The shift is the easier because Stendhal's irony is cloaked in velvet—they have removed the steel and show the sensuous fabric.

And this happens even though, as the producers could point out, many key statements and key situations are brought over from the novel. Much, of course, has been left behind — particularly the ecclesiastical maneuverings of which Julien Sorel was both the beneficiary and the victim. The picture thus evades the anti-clericalism that was one prong of Stendhal's attack; this in itself greatly lightens the tone, and also lends an unmeant air of mystery to Sorel's rapid displacements of fortune. But Sorel's hypocrisy, his peasant strategy, his cold estimate of what he owes himself as a hero born too late for Bonaparte's legions, is explicitly stated.

The statements don't "take" because the environment of the film won't support them. Stendhal says of the Faubourg Saint-Germain town house owned by the Marquis de la Mole that it was "as depressing as it was magnificent . . . the native heath of boredom and dreary argument." What the film shows is a décor of quiet, happy, excellently cultivated luxury. The marquis' home enchanted Sorel, and it could be explained that the picture reflects that enchantment. But Julien was not enchanted by the seminary at Besançon, and yet its chambers might have been designed by Matisse. The eye will not accept rancor in such settings.

And so with the acting. Everyone has commented on how well Gerard Philipe gratifies one's mental image of Julien Sorel. So he does, but the resemblance is one of person, not of manner or motive. Philipe is an actor of uncommon gifts, but they are gifts for passion, grace and wit. He can look whimsical, he relishes persiflage, he can behave like a heedless romantic, but he cannot—or at least he does not—look calculating or gauche. Even when he says "now I calculate," the viewer knows that the dear boy is in a transport of amorous adventure.

Antonella Laudi as Mathilde is in much the same situation. Here is no forced bloom of aristocracy, heated by the constrictions of her life into an illness of chivalric romance. She looks and acts like a girl who seizes the chance of love with the strength of her roistering ancestors; there is something familiarly American about her behavior—and she is spared that terrible consummation of neuroticism at the end of the book when Mathilde carries the severed head of her lover to its mountain grave. Danielle Darrieux may come some closer to Stendhal's Madame de Reval, though again the grasp on love, however unrealistic, seems healthier than the book intended. The picture — in scene and character — is overwhelmingly good looking; it exhales a joy in life that quite sweeps aside the implications. Thus it is a great pleasure to watch. This sort of travesty usually makes me angry; this time it doesn't because, I guess, the film makers have done their work with such zest. I'm not really satisfied, but it would seem prudish to be petulant in the face of so much skill and style.

A MUCH less formidable project is translating Colette to the screen. It is being done all the time and *Mitsou*, though it looks to be one of her less original notions, is a fresh lark. Colette gets her effects by reversing conventional images. Mitsou (Danielle Delorme) is a *bal tabarin* dancer, the *petite amie* of a wealthy, indulgent man of affairs. She is bored but well enough reconciled to her fortunes until, one evening, she meets a handsome lieutenant in a blue uniform (this is Paris, World War I). Then, such tears, this knowing girl of the boulevards finds that she does not know how to convey the absolutely new, absolutely pure love she feels. The fine lieutenant is offended by her rude manners, by a directness of speech that betrays a kind of innocence he is too innocent to recognize. There is estrangement and desolation; but there is also help from a marvelously unexpected quarter (unexpected, that is, if you know nothing of the joys of French boudoir farce). The man of affairs can deny his sweetheart nothing—not even the lieutenant her heart demands. Coaches are hired, decorators are called in, a quick *gamin* mind is quickly stocked and, presto, a *petite amie* becomes a *jeune fille*. Very silly—*Pygmalion* is very silly—but fetching.

The NATION



# Crossword Puzzle No. 770

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 One might not know how it's going to come out as an extension on the attic. (9,5)
- 9 In other words, at one — joined together. (7)
- 10 Zeus, as worshiped in Egypt, brings back the best solution. (7)
- 11 Ante in a couple of samples, rather than repair ahead of time. (6)
- 12 Sheds tears about a girl associated with garden walls, perhaps. (8)
- 14 and 15 Just the buckboard for an Australian ranch! (7,5)
- 17 Fed at the table by those who feel lucky? (5)
- 19 A limited estate of inheritance implies a chiropodist might help. (3,4)
- 21 Silent, silent, burial place. (8)
- 23 and 2 down Young lads with tools for delicate cutting? (6,7)
- 25 Used by those full of care. (7)
- 26 Perhaps compounded of a 15 down statement. (7)
- 27 Most sensible, he seems, gaiety itself! (14)

## DOWN:

- 1 Might cause a bad car hold-up, but shouldn't prove expensive. (5-4)
- 2 See 23 across
- 3 I'm a soldier with not one fictitious make-up. (9)

- 4 and 8 down What some people trade in might have scared us. (4,4)
- 5 One might easily pass for a late campanologist. (4,6)
- 6 Shakespearean Athenian. (5)
- 7 Are some politicians supposed to be this scared? (7)
- 8 See 4 down
- 13 The thing Lucy made in going? (10)
- 15 Awe is more tedious, however. (9)
- 16 Certainly not a base quality. (9)
- 18 Sort of square, and real touching. (7)
- 20 What might the French be doing about Greek framework? (7)
- 21 Taken in as part of Robin's band? (4)
- 22 Subject to torsion. (5)
- 24 This river is sort of 26, mid-off. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 769

ACROSS: 1 GAMUTS; 5 AIGLET; 9 BARWIGS; 11 WIGWAM; 12 ILL-USE; 13 SWINDLE; 14 ARID; 17 TESS; 19 and 10 WEE WILLIE WINKIE; 22 FORUM; 23 LEEDS; 25 MILDEW; 26 WICKED; 27 RIGID; 29 ORDER; 31 SENESCHAL; 34 USER; 36 KALE; 37 DIVISOR; 39 THREAD; 40 AISLES; 41 TEASERS; 42 RASHER; 43 DEBTOR; DOWN: 1 GEWGAW; 2 MAGPIE; 3 TEAS; 4 SAM WEL- LER; 5 AGILE; 6 ISLE; 7 LOUDER; 8 TIBISM; 15 REAMERS; 16 DWELLER; 17 TOPKICK; 18 SUNDIAL; 20 LEWIS; 21 EDWIN; 24 SIDEBORD; 28 GENUS; 29 OUSTER; 30 DEBRIS; 32 HAMLET; 33 LESSER; 35 RIDER; 37 DATE; 38 RISE.

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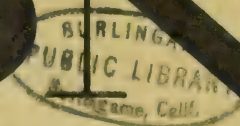
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# LETTERS

## The "Naive" Mr. Mayo . . .

Dear Sirs: Morrow Mayo, in his recent comments in *The Nation* [Failure of a Mission, issue of April 12] lambastes United States press correspondents stationed in Moscow for failing "to keep the American people informed of significant developments . . ." in the Soviet Union. And, in so doing, Mr. Mayo—described as a "veteran journalist"—displays remarkable naïveté. Hasn't he yet heard that our correspondents in Moscow are rigidly bound not only by censorship but by the ever-present fear of expulsion if any of their dispatches reveal anything the Kremlin tyrants don't want revealed? Does Mr. Mayo think that United States newsmen in Moscow have the same open-handed hospitality and freewheeling newsgathering resources possessed by their opposite numbers—the Tass Soviet "newsmen"—in Washington?

Personally, I hope that Mr. Mayo's Ohio newspaper will assign him to Moscow so that we here in America could have the benefits of his presumably capable journalistic talents—that is, if he comes up with new techniques in evading the traditional Soviet censorship.

VICTOR LASKY

New York City

## . . . Hits Right Back

Dear Sirs: I would be happy to demonstrate. If any paper will send me to the USSR this summer, I will guarantee to send back, within a space of two months, much information of the type our people would like to read.

Mr. Lasky missed the whole point of my remarks. Of course there is censorship in Moscow on political and military subjects. I regret this as much as he does. But much of the advance of Soviet learning, education and science was not classified information. It was information that any country would be glad to have disseminated abroad; but because it revealed something admirable that was going on in the Soviet Union, our correspondents would not touch it.

My technique as a correspondent in the Soviet Union would be that of simple honesty. I would ask the help of Soviet writers, and I would send back nothing that was not first read and approved by the proper authorities. I would like to spend several days in Moscow schools, meeting teachers and students, and giving a clear picture. I am an amateur painter, having studied under Travis and Jankowski, and I

would like to spend several days painting in Russian art classes.

I would seek a talk with Premier Khrushchev, and I would do so as a human being and not as a walking antithesis. I would ask him to talk about fundamentals—about Hegel, about Marxism, about dialectical materialism, which is the officially adopted philosophy of the Soviet Union.

What mankind wants is a lessening of the tension, peaceful coexistence, and a growing friendship between ourselves and the Soviet people.

MORROW MAYO

Euclid, Ohio

## Brink-Reaction

Dear Sirs: In biological physics, the name *Kippreaktion* (brink-reaction) has been used for the process by which an event on a macroscopic level is, under suitable conditions, precipitated by a random microscopic event. However, perhaps one need look no deeper than at the not always predictable or rational behavior of human beings to recognize that there can be no "foolproof safeguards"—even against an accidental war. Now that we are regularly being led to the brink, and left there, the possible should soon be the probable.

The existence of a means of total destruction is in itself the greatest threat we can be faced with: unless we stop producing and storing nuclear bombs, immediately and even unilaterally, it may soon be recorded of us, in a universe of pure ideas and disembodied ideals, that we chose to die for principles by which we would not live.

BENJAMIN NELSON

New York City

## Albert Camus' Plea

Dear Sirs: A number of American and European friends have formed a committee to help Spanish refugees. For us, the Spanish Civil War is long since ended; not so for thousands who now live in France with their families. For them the war continues, in suffering and privation. They endure poverty and illness with pride.

But we should ease their condition if we can. Our help can give them medical care, the tools for making a living, the hope for a life with some dignity. Whatever you do for them will make an immediate difference in their daily lives. Help them, I beg you, with cash, clothes, blankets. And, in advance, I thank you with all my heart.

Contributions should be sent to Span-

ish Refugee Aid, Inc., Room 421, 80 E. 11th Street, N.Y.C. 3, N.Y. Contributions are tax deductible.

ALBERT CAMUS

Paris, France

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## EDITORIALS

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### Mr. Dulles Scores

When things go wrong over and over and over again, it is usually due not merely to the blows of fate, but to some basic error in the behavior of the person or group so beset. This has been the case with American foreign policy in the past few years, and the statesman most responsible has offered various explanations which had one defect in common: he never placed any of the blame on himself. But now, presumably at his initiative and certainly with his sanction, Mr. Dulles has tried something new and different and, not surprisingly, he has achieved a new, different and welcome result. Whatever action the Security Council may ultimately take in the matter of the S.A.C. Arctic sorties, the United States, and Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State, appear in an unusually favorable light.

The gravamen of the Russian complaint of April 21 was that in response to fortuitous images appearing on the radar screens of the U.S.-Canadian Distant Early Warning Line, the S.A.C. carried on hydrogen-armed flights in the direction of the Soviet borders, and that these flights were a threat to the peace. With standardized indignation, John Cabot Lodge, Mr. Dulles' mouthpiece in the United Nations, replied that this was pure calumny and that S.A.C. had to patrol the Arctic because of the danger of surprise attack by the Soviet Union. As usual, Mr. Lodge had the votes, and Arkady A. Sobolev, his Soviet opposite number, withdrew his resolution in the face of certain defeat. The trite theatricals of the two gentlemen left nobody very happy, since it seemed that the nuclear Armageddon had been brought a step nearer.

Normally matters would have rested there. But on April 26, Mr. Lodge launched what *The New York Times* called a counter-offensive on the issue. "The U.S. move," the *Times* suggested, "will focus attention on the fact that it is the Russians who have rejected measures to prevent attack and throw into question their motives and good faith in last week's protest." While Mr. Lodge did inject the usual quatum of self-righteousness into his proposal, there was more to it than that. In effect, he conceded that there must be some danger in all this radar-watching and fifteen-

minute alerting, and in the "fail safe" maneuvers of the S.A.C. bombers. Accordingly, he proposed measures to allay fears of massive surprise on both sides—thereby conceding that the Russians, no more than the Americans, could afford to take at face value protestations of peaceful intent.

It was now Mr. Sobolev's turn to be indignant, and indeed it would be unconscionably difficult to make technical arrangements which, without fundamental change, would infallibly insure each of the two chief nuclear powers against the menace of the other. But the fact remained that a conciliatory move had been made. It had the charm, at least, of novelty, and it seemed to hold out some promise of halting the sweep toward Armageddon. Dag Hammarskjöld, in an unusual and effective intervention, asked the Russians to follow through on this "first frail basis for the development of some kind of trust." They should. And so should Mr. Dulles. He has deservedly gained friends and thrown on the screen of world events a more ingratiating image of himself; perhaps he will learn the lesson that in the current international atmosphere of hatred and harshness a little conciliation goes a long way.

### Liberals, Conservatives and the Court

It is ironic that on the eve of May 1, which President Eisenhower has proclaimed "Law Day: U.S.A."—"a day of national dedication to the principles of government under law"—the Senate Judiciary Committee should have voted approval, 10 to 5, of Senator Jenner's four-point bill to "curb" the Supreme Court. We are confident the bill will be defeated, but the fact that it was approved in committee is a measure of the extent to which the liberal and conservative positions have been reversed on the old issue of "curbing the Court." At the turn of the century, such liberals as LaFollette and Theodore Roosevelt, incensed by the Supreme Court's 5 to 4 decision blocking legislation against child labor, wanted Congress to have the power to overrule the Court by a two-thirds vote. The conservative screams against this proposal were, as Harry Barnard notes in his column in the *Chicago Daily News*, "so



decibelic as to almost put another crack in the Liberty Bell." When a generation later the second Roosevelt—fearing that the Court might not uphold the National Labor Relations Act, and annoyed by its trend of decisions—proposed his "Court-packing plan," the conservatives again screamed their protests. But today the Jenner bill, cunningly conceived from a constitutional point of view and all the more dangerous for this reason, is supported by a large section of conservative opinion. To Mr. Barnard goes credit for having forced an important conservative journal to state its real reasons for encouraging Senator Jenner. Frederick Nelson, senior editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has informed the readers of the *Daily News* (April 28) that while the *Post* has not actually endorsed the Jenner bill, nevertheless it is in favor of something being done by Congress to save us from the danger of "judicial dictatorship-rule by 'Platonic Guardians.'"

Writes Mr. Nelson: "Something has to give, and for my part I hope it will be Warrenism. . . . Maybe Bill Jenner, whether or not he is 'to be pitied,' has scared 'em a little." It is strange to find the senior editor of one of this country's senior conservative publications suggesting that the members of the Supreme Court should be "scared . . . a little." To Mr. Nelson we would say this: many liberals made a mistake in endorsing Roosevelt's Court reorganization plan, *The Nation* included. A democratic society needs, we are convinced, a gyroscope of some kind to offset the tides of extremism and to keep it on course. That institution, with us, is the Supreme Court. Conservatives should profit by the mistake which liberals made in the 1930s and not turn against the Court because they would now like to see more decisions written to their specifications. The Supreme Court has ridden out many storms; it will ride out this one. But it might be endangered, some time, if a majority should reject the need for a gyroscopic instrument.

## Who Respects the Law?

The five-man appellate division of New York's Supreme Court has unanimously upheld the ruling of State Education Commissioner James E. Allen that teachers cannot be compelled to inform on others as a condition for retaining their positions (see comments in *The Nation*, April 12). The Board of Education should set an example for its charges and the public by promptly reinstating the five teachers who, by pressing their position in this long and costly litigation, have demonstrated an admirable attachment to principle as well as a recognition of the fact that ours is, indeed, a government of laws. If the board wants to be malicious, it can probably force these teachers to suffer further expense, annoyance and delay. But doesn't it have an obligation to exhibit as much respect for the law as these five teachers?

## His Finest Hour

Lewis L. Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, is also president of a charitable fund set up in memory of his parents, Lewis and Rosa Strauss. In this latter capacity he has awarded the Albert Einstein medal and \$5,000 to his friend and associate, Dr. Edward Teller. The award is made annually to "an outstanding contributor to human knowledge in the natural sciences." Dr. Teller calls himself the "father of the H-bomb" and takes great paternal pride in this monstrous offspring. His greatest contribution to science would seem to be the creation of the image of ultimate horror. It appears, therefore, that the award was given this year to the scientist whom Einstein, if he were still alive, would hold in deepest contempt.

We have a reciprocal suggestion for Dr. Teller. He should establish the Albert Schweitzer Award for humane statesmanship and present it to his boss, Admiral Strauss, as the civilian who has contributed most to the continuation of nuclear tests and the general poisoning of the atmosphere.

## The Menace of Skepticism

An eminent scientist who, on the record, consistently knows what he is talking about, recently pictured to a typical American audience the horrors of nuclear warfare, in which those who die quickly from blast or incineration would be the lucky ones. At the end of his talk the listeners, instead of sitting in stunned silence or rising to march on Washington, applauded vigorously in appreciation of a rousing speech which they obviously didn't take seriously.

It is difficult for human beings to accept, as a hard and ineluctable fact, even the thought of individual death, much less that of the whole human race and all highly developed life on the earth. But in this case, comfort and precedent insulate us from reality. At the present rate of technological development the time will soon be here—probably is already here—when nuclear weapons, used in an all-out war, would leave nothing alive except perhaps some radio-resistant spores. Yet people everywhere view the prospect with calm detachment and go about their business.

It would seem to be a job for the psychologists. What are psychologists for, except to make people aware of reality as a first step to coping with it? In the field of nuclear war, however, the efforts of a sizable proportion of psychologists are devoted, not to preventing it or inducing people to think of it as a serious possibility, but to perfecting—if that is the word—the instruments by which the human race can commit suicide. In the December, 1957, issue of the *American Psychologist*, Dr. Arthur W. Melton reveals, with a kind of slap-happy exaltation, that 729 psychologists, or almost 5 per cent of the 15,000 listed in the 1957 American



Psychological Association *Directory*, are working for the Department of Defense, Army, Air Force or Navy, or for agencies of the military. Some are civilians, some are in uniform. There is one full-time military psychologist in government for every 6.5 academic psychologists.

One of the crucial tasks of the military psychologist is to analyze the "interactions of human components and hardware components" and to come up with a "personnel subsystem tailored to the efficient and effective production of the human components of the new weapons system." As long as the combination works efficiently for a few minutes or seconds, it doesn't matter if the human components are irradiated, roasted, blasted or otherwise done in, and everyone else with them. Not much help can be expected in this quarter, but possibly some of the other 95 per cent will consider using their insights, skills and techniques to bring home to people that their own lives, the lives of future generations, and all the achievements of a billion years of human and pre-human striving are actually, this day, hanging in the balance.

### Ice and Amity

In the Antarctic, parties of Soviet and American scientists and technicians exchange information, cooperate wholeheartedly in a manner rarely equaled in the corporate enterprises of their respective countries, and mingle socially with the utmost cordiality. There is no fundamental difference between the Russians and Americans who plot and scheme in Moscow and Washington, and the Americans and Russians who live and let live in the Antarctic. Cold and loneliness make them brothers. It would be easy to overrate the importance of the phenomenon, but it does seem to show that there is no law of human nature which decrees hostility among nations and races.

### Our Dunderheaded China Policy

Despite 5,000,000 unemployed, a huge unsold inventory of automobiles, trucks and farm implements, and a vast unused plant capacity, the mind-set of Washington policy-makers against trade with China appears to remain as rigid as ever. Spurning trade with China is not the easiest way "to catch up with the Russians" who, as Mr. Dulles reports, are currently successfully pushing a major trade offensive. The Chinese were aggressors, true. But so were the Japanese, the Germans and the Italians. We trade with these and with Tito's Yugoslavia and Gomulka's Poland, both Communist states, as well. Nor can our policy-makers any longer fall back on the *sotto voce* plea that the policies they are making have been forced upon them by us, the American electorate, the sovereign people. Polls recently conducted by the responsible newspapers on the West Coast, where sentiment was thought to be strong-

est against recognition of China, have shown heavy percentages (60 per cent in Portland, 85 per cent in San Francisco) in favor of a resumption of normal diplomatic and trade relations with that country. There remains that old tiresome bleat about the Chinese having nothing to offer in trade but pig bristles and chopsticks. Even so, unemployed auto workers in Detroit were no more pleased than their fellow trade-unionists of the Ford Company of Canada when that company recently felt compelled to cancel a Chinese order for 1,000 Canadian-built cars. A policy that handicaps American manufacturers, penalizes our workers, irritates Canada and other allies, and that gives the Soviet Union and its Eastern satellites a near-monopoly on current, and a virtual option on future, trade with China must be ranked as among the major diplomatic absurdities of the postwar period.

### Easy Does It

As Kenneth Rexroth remarked in these pages a couple of weeks ago, what swings to one idiotic extreme in this country can be counted on to swing pretty soon to the other idiotic extreme. We play battledore with poppycock to the extent that our citizens assume a series of postures as unlikely as those of an Indian fakir. And not of their own will, whatever they may think.

For the last couple of years, "togetherness" has been the touchstone of American virtue: little blue heavens all over the suburbs, with daddy sawing plywood, mommy baking cakes and everyone getting together to re-paper the rumpus room. To say nothing of "teams" in Washington, "brainstorming" in business and crash programs in science. All very cozy, and people who don't look on life as an emotional rush hour on the subway have been viewed as odd balls and suspected of being intellectuals.

But now the word has gone out: "togetherness" is the bunk—we got to have room to let our personal identities grow. The new official campaign is well launched: an urbane and quite funny article by philosophy professor Charles Frankel in *The New York Times* Sunday magazine; a less urbane but faintly sexy snort in *Playboy*; and, for the homogenized hamburger set, a sermon in *Everywoman* that calls for an end to "togetherness" in the name of the founding fathers.

Of course "togetherness" is the bunk—together for what, for the Lord's sake!—but "apartness" when it comes riding in will also be the bunk. Are we going to set up little cubicles of contemplation adjoining the split-level living room? Zen for everywoman may be just a step away, and what a field day that will be for the how-to-do-it books on controlled breathing and the lotos seat.

A campaign we could back with some pleasure would be an all-out, no-compromise, nation-wide, full-color sales drive for the golden mean.



# THE GREAT DEBATE

The complexity as well as the importance of the educational problem facing this country are demonstrated not only by today's headlines, but by the current flood of books on the subject. It is of course impossible, within the confines of a magazine format, to treat the subject in extenso. In the following four articles we have attempted to do no more than define the framework of the problem and to deal in some detail with some of its more important aspects: the teacher shortage, the questions of finances, curricula and pedagogical methods, the inherent difficulty of squaring the American concept of mass education with the con-

cept of quality education. The writers are all experts in their field, with long experience in the practice as well as the theory of education.

In addition to this special section, the reader's attention is invited to the book reviews, beginning on page 418, which cover recent important writings on education. The Nation will continue to examine various aspects of the subject in future issues; already in preparation are two articles dealing with the graduate business school and with the "liberal" education which some corporations are now urging upon their executives.

—EDITORS

## 1. Schools Need More Than Money . . Alvin C. Eurich

THE CURRENT emphasis upon "doing something about education" often leaves the impression that if only more money were available our educational problems would be solved. This approach is understandable in a country such as ours, where more people live comfortably and have more money to spend on luxuries than in any other nation of the world. More people have cars, refrigerators, radios and television sets; more people can also read and write than in any other major nation.

Actually, however, we have spent more money on education in recent years, yet the general situation has deteriorated. Between 1950 and 1957, school expenditures have risen 60 per cent and teachers' salaries 50 per cent. Despite this, our 1957 teacher shortage is 50 per cent greater than in 1950 and, although total enrollment is up only 30 per cent, we have 110 per cent more pupils on double shifts. Clearly we are confronted with problems in education that money alone cannot solve.

The situation is obscured because

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data about the number of our teachers and pupils varies so greatly that almost no two figures on the same subject by two "authorities" agree. From available figures, the "best guess" of our present need for teachers can be described approximately as follows:

|                                                                                   |         |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Needed to fill vacancies caused by a loss from the teaching force each year ..... | 95,000  |
| Needed to meet the demand for new teachers caused by added enrollment .....       | 55,000  |
| Needed to replace sub-standard and emergency teachers .....                       | 91,000  |
| Total .....                                                                       | 241,000 |

This is a conservative estimate. It does not include teachers needed for almost two million children now in overcrowded and inadequate classrooms and going to school for less than a full day. It does not provide for enriching the curriculum. Nor does this tabulation include the growing number of unfilled vacancies for which no teachers can be found this year. New York City alone, for example, with the second highest teacher salary schedule in the United States, was short 2,000 teachers at the start of the 1957-58 school year. At midyear, Chicago found itself with 1,852 unfilled teaching positions in its public-school system. If estimates for these needs were added to the 241,000 teachers listed above, it seems reasonable to believe that the

real number of teachers we need may be well over 300,000.

To meet this need we had last June a total of about 338,000 college graduates of whom only 109,000 were newly prepared to teach, and only 79,100 of this group actually entered teaching in the fall of 1957. Thus even if by some miracle the majority of our new college graduates go into teaching—which society could ill afford because of the serious need for college graduates in other fields—we would still be short of well-qualified teachers.

By no stretch of the imagination can this shortage be solved merely with more money. This is not to say that money is not needed; it is only to emphasize the point that something more is urgently required. The adequately trained people who might be drawn into teaching are just not there. In addition, there is intense competition from other fields.

IN THE early years of our history, according to Harold Clark, only about twelve occupations demanded high-grade manpower. Now there are about 2,200, with ten to twenty new occupations added to the list each year. The 1870 census lists 11,000 persons as scientists, teachers of science and technicians, in contrast to the 1950 census, which lists 1,011,000. The number of persons employed in just these three areas has increased at a much faster rate than the general population; if adequate high-grade personnel had been available,

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the increase would have been even greater.

At college level, the need for additional staff members has not yet become as acute as at lower levels, mainly because the pressure for student admissions has been less; for the last two years, students entering college have been part of a generation born before the country's birth rate began to rise sharply. Even so, the percentage of new faculty members with Ph.D.s has dropped from 31 to 23 during the past three years, while in the same period the percentage with less than an M.A. has risen from 18 to 23. If advanced education and training mean anything in providing teachers of quality for the schools and colleges, this represents a sharp deterioration. At the same time, faculty salaries have gone up steadily. Where ten years ago salaries of \$4,000 and \$5,000 were usual, today salaries of \$9,000 to \$12,000 are becoming more common for full professors in major universities.

As for the closely related problem of increased enrollment, we have not even begun to experience the real impact of the rising birth rate on our educational system. The 2,559,000 children born in 1940 are now crowding our high schools, while the 3,632,000 born in 1950 are crowding the lower grades. In 1954, American births for the first time numbered over 4,000,000 and this figure has been maintained in the years since. This means a new wave of enrollments in the elementary schools for 1960 which will hit the high schools in 1968, although we have not even found a way to meet current overcrowding resulting from lower birth rates in the past. Thus by 1960 we will have 10 per cent more children in elementary school than now and, in 1968, 40 per cent more in high school.

SINCE RUSSIA successfully launched its satellites, the American public has become more deeply concerned with its long-standing educational deficits. The Soviet educational system is repeatedly pointed to as one which has provided the basis for Russia's impressive scientific progress, so we are urged to spend more in sup-

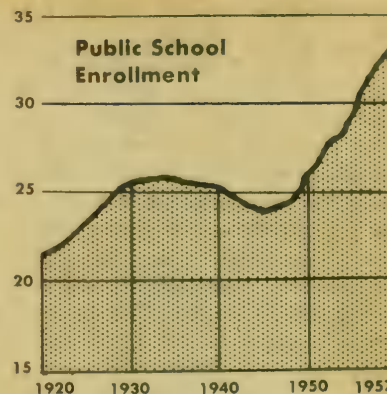
port of education in order to compete. Instead of urging a blind imitation of the Russian system of schooling, however, we should realize that Soviet methods and goals in education are entirely unsuitable for a country with democratic ideals. Yet we can learn from the Russian attitude, which gives top priority to education not only in discussions, but in action. No one is more important in Russia than the teacher, except for high party officials and perhaps the officials of industry.

As a result of this attitude, approximately 50 per cent of the university graduates in Russia go into teaching; and, in addition, most of the other half are qualified to teach. There is no teacher shortage. In the United States we have difficulty attracting even 20 per cent of our college and university graduates into teaching. Russian salaries support the Soviet belief that the important scientist is worth as much to the country as the head of a large industrial organization. The United States, in similar terms, assumes that the head of a big corporation is worth thirty-five to fifty times as much as an outstanding scientist.

WHILE IN the United States the average college faculty member's salary is little more than the average factory worker's, and a full professor's income is about one and a half times a factory worker's pay, the head of a department in a Russian university earns about eight times as much as the average Russian worker. In the Soviet Union, high premiums go to the highly competent teachers and scientists, with a more than 8 to 1 spread between the income of a full professor and the lowest academic positions. In sharp contrast, the average full professor in the United States earns less than double the salary of beginning instructors, and many college professors earn less than public-school teachers in large cities.

The USSR assumes that practically all major scientists should be in universities, spending at least part of their time educating others. In the United States, industry and business make positions for scientists so at-

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tractive that it is difficult to recruit them for college or university faculties, or to keep them there after they have accepted such positions. We seem not much concerned with having our most highly trained, talented manpower reproducing its kind by educating successive generations.

The major question confronting the nation in regard to education is simply this: will we try to solve our educational problems by appropriating more money to do more of the same things in the same ways we have been doing them in the past in our schools and colleges, or will we try to find more effective, more efficient and more economical procedures?

First and above all else, we need the approach that brings continuing progress in other areas of American life, where if we fail to find solutions by traditional methods, we question the procedures and devise new and more effective ones. We need to act on a basis of belief that education can be constantly improved; we must abandon our current passive attitude, which seems to assume that if a given educational practice has been used over a period of many years, it must therefore be the best possible. Had we adopted such an attitude in our industrial development, where would we be today?

At the present time anyone advocating a new teaching procedure is immediately put on the defensive by our educators, who demand proof that the new practice is as good or better than the old, traditional one. And yet at no time has proof been



demanded or given that the older procedures are really effective, or even the most effective.

Take, for example, the question of class size. There are probably no more rigid notions in education than those regarding the number of students one teacher can handle effectively. We assume this number to be one teacher for every thirty pupils at the elementary school level, and one for every twenty-five in the secondary school grades. The unquestioning acceptance of these ratios represents the keystone of our entire educational system. Because of them, new school buildings are constructed with classrooms designed for twenty-five or thirty students. This, in turn, determines the number of teachers we need; and the design of buildings and number of teachers determine capital, operating and maintenance costs.

**YET WE HAVE** no evidence that these ratios provide optimum conditions for learning. On the contrary, fifty years of research on this problem is summarized in the *Encyclopaedia of Educational Research* with the following conclusion:

Mere size of class has little significant influence on educational efficiency as measured by achievement in the academic subjects. Although experimental evidence does not provide a clear-cut answer to the class size issue, the general trend of the evidence places the burden of proof squarely upon the proponents of small classes.

Why, then, should we continue to place the burden of proof solely upon anyone who proposes larger classes? Would it not be more constructive if this line of reasoning were followed to another conclusion, namely, that what we need more than anything else in education is the application of ingenuity to the solution of our problems? The following questions challenge our imaginations and suggest areas in which new answers might be devised.

1. *Class Size.* Suppose that instead of inflexible adherence to old formulas we begin to apply our inventiveness to define and then provide the optimum conditions for learning for each student. We might then utilize

some of our very best teachers on television and film to make them available to many more students than is now possible. This would mean that we must recognize that teachers, like people in other professions, differ considerably in their skills. Some would be found to be most effective with relatively large classes, and some with smaller groups. Some would have great talent for teaching on television, others would be much better in directing small group discussions. If we then set up schools to utilize this variation in human abilities to the greatest possible extent, what would this do to our rigid ideas of class size?

2. *Teacher Incentives.* Suppose, further, we begin to provide greater incentives both in prestige and income for teachers to improve. At the college and university levels we have done this to some extent by setting up a system of rank, ranging from assistant and instructor up to professor and distinguished service professor. But below the college level we label a person who is teaching in the classroom for the first day "a teacher," just as we call the most gifted and competent person with twenty-five years of experience "a teacher." We could, instead, set up a system of rank in the pre-college grades running somewhat as follows: assistant, tutor, instructor, teacher, television teacher—and pay each accordingly. Such a system, with salary gradations at each level, would offer constant incentives to teachers to improve and extend their effectiveness.

3. *Curriculum.* The late Ray Lyman Wilbur, while president of Stanford University, said that it is as difficult to change the curriculum of a college as it is to move a cemetery. We should ask ourselves why we teach the courses that we offer at every level of education, and whether our reasons for these offerings are valid in terms of what should be our prime concern, educating students. If every school in the country seriously asked itself which of its courses are absolutely essential for the education of students, it is likely that only a very small percentage of the courses now offered would remain.

All too often curriculum changes occur as a result of internal and ex-

ternal pressures unrelated to the learning process. Faculty members are frequently allowed to introduce courses which may or may not contribute to the students' education. When the teacher moves to another institution, the course continues to be offered. A short time ago I heard the end result of such thoughtless proliferation in the boast of a college president that it would take a student more than forty years, attending full-time, to complete all the courses offered in his college. Rather than something to be proud of, this seems to me a devastating indictment of his curriculum.

Course additions motivated by pressures from non-educational special interests also help to clutter up our curriculum. Recently, for example, a Mr. Reginald Johnson received the President's Award of the Salesmen's Association of the Paper Industry "for outstanding contribution in furthering educational programs for the industry." If you wonder how he advanced education, it was by attaining an increase in college courses devoted to the paper industry, with emphasis on sales.

Supposing we used an entirely new approach, and asked whether the curriculum could be worked out in relation to the *ideas* that have been important to the growth of civilization, rather than around subject-matter areas. We could begin by considering basic concepts essential to our democratic way of life, such as freedom and liberty, and teach them from one grade level to the next, to extend the pupil's maturity. We could go on to basic ideas in the physical sciences such as measurement, energy, momentum, stability. We would soon find that basic ideas overlap subject-matter fields. Would not a curriculum developed around such ideas and basic skills be more meaningful than scattered and elected subjects?

I hold no special brief for these specific examples or procedures. Some will work, others will not. But one thing is certain: unless we apply the same kind of ingenuity to educational problems that we have applied to other areas of American life, we will find no adequate solutions. Money is clearly not enough.



## 2. Teacher Shortage: Cause and Cure . . Irving Adler

THERE ARE three distinct, though related, aspects to the problem of staffing the public schools: getting enough teachers, improving their quality and training them properly for their jobs. This article re-examines each of these aspects in the light of recent trends, and with particular reference to the effect that sputnik has had on thinking about school problems.

There has been a chronic shortage of teachers since World War II. Many factors have combined to create this shortage, but the basic factor is the rising birth rate. The number of live births in the United States has risen from 2.3 million in 1933 to 4.2 million in 1956. Predictions that the birth rate would level off at about this time have turned out to be wrong. It is still rising, and the trend toward early marriage and larger families promises to keep it rising. More births naturally mean more children going to school. The total enrollment in elementary and secondary schools has increased 39 per cent in the last ten years, while the number of teachers has increased only 32 per cent in the same period. The result has been overcrowding of classes.

One of the reasons for the lag in the number of teachers lies in the birth-rate figures themselves. The birth-rate graph is a great wave sweeping through the population and affecting different age levels with the passage of time. The supply of children now entering school comes from the crest of the wave. But the supply of young adults from whom teachers must be recruited comes from the 1933-38 trough. At the same time that we have more children to teach, we have fewer young adults to draw from for our teacher supply. This bare statistical fact is something that we cannot do

anything about. But it doesn't mean that the teacher shortage is inevitable. A declining adult population by itself does not necessarily mean a shortage of personnel. It might have been offset by a rise in labor productivity which freed people from industry and agriculture to enter the teaching profession. This counter-trend did not develop because of the influence of other factors arising from national policies. But policies can be changed, so there is an area in which we can do something about the teacher shortage.

The national policy that, more than any other, has aggravated the teacher shortage has been the Cold War and the accompanying armaments race. It has had a triple effect on teacher supply: the growth of the armed forces to unprecedented peacetime levels has been a direct drain on manpower; the growth of industries that manufacture military equipment has been a further drain; the accompanying inflation, by keeping teachers' real wages low, has made the teaching profession seem uninviting to many young people. The third point has had particular effect on the supply of teachers for secondary schools.

However, the trends have not been all in the wrong direction. The number of teachers did increase by 32 per cent in ten years. Also, the fraction of the college population that prepares for teaching has steadily increased, from 24 per cent of all college students in 1947, to 32 per cent in 1957. However, this increase does not automatically assure a comparable increase in the number of teachers, because only four out of five who prepare to teach in elementary school, and three out of five who prepare to teach in secondary school, actually become teachers. Here we see the effects of higher salaries offered by industry. Moreover, the number of students preparing for different types of teaching positions does not match the actual need. Although the need for elementary- versus secondary-school teachers is in the ratio 2 to 1, the number of students preparing for

these levels is in the ratio 3 to 2, and is declining. A special weak spot is the number of students preparing to teach mathematics and science. At the very moment when there is an increasing need for them, this number has been shrinking. While 9,000 science teachers were graduated in 1950, the class of 1956 produced only 4,300. The number of graduates who prepared to teach mathematics dropped in the same period from 4,600 to 2,500, and of the latter only two-thirds actually became teachers.

This picture is brightened somewhat by a new factor that has come into play in the last few years—a campaign to enlist as teachers mature college graduates who have been out of school for five years or more. This campaign has been directed especially towards married women who become available for work as their children grow up. Because of their maturity, their experience with children and their educational background, these women are potentially good teachers. More than one hundred colleges and universities in twenty-seven states are offering special training programs for them. Over 5,000 teachers have been obtained from these programs. If the campaign is pushed with greater vigor, many more can be enlisted to supplement the inadequate supply being graduated from the schools.

THE LAUNCHING of the sputnik dramatized the truth of the proposition that the industrial progress, and even the military strength, of a country depend on the level of education of its people. It stirred hope among school officials that now, at last, Washington would really do something about the school crisis. But the hope so far has proved illusory. For several decades, school officials have given the federal government proof that local tax resources are inadequate for financing public education today. If we want to raise teachers' salaries to a level that can compete with salary scales in industry, we need substantial

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federal aid to education. But this plea has been falling on deaf ears. Sputnik seemed to offer a way of breaking through to the closed minds in Washington. Now educators could argue that federal aid to education is a military necessity, and therefore deserving of support. However, the argument has boomeranged. If military considerations are really paramount, then the military budget should get first preference. The President has already proposed that we meet the sputnik challenge by increasing military expenditures at the expense of other budget items. As a result, the prospects for federal aid to education are as dim as ever. The renewed emphasis on armaments also means a continued diversion of manpower into unproductive military preparations rather than constructive peacetime pursuits like education.

There are no short cuts to solving the school crisis. Not opportunistic emphasis on "military necessity," but disarmament and the reduction of international tensions are the roads to overcoming the teacher shortage. Only when we take this way will money and men now tied up in military preparations be made available for serving the schools.

WHEN THERE is a shortage of teachers, the schools are always under pressure to relax standards and to accept as teachers people with lower qualifications. One of the paradoxes of the present situation

is that this pressure has been successfully resisted. Although here and there unqualified people have been granted emergency teaching certificates, on the whole professional standards have been maintained and have even been raised. The teachers in the schools today are better educated than those who taught ten years ago. A decade ago, only 46 per cent of teachers were college graduates; today, the figure is 70 per cent. Ten years ago, only twenty states required elementary-school teachers to have a B.A. degree; today, thirty-seven states have this requirement. Of course, the other 30 per cent and the other eleven states show that the problem of professional standards is still not completely solved. For example, in Iowa 21 per cent and in Nebraska 33 per cent of all elementary-school teachers have had less than two years of college training. In Nebraska, the situation is getting worse; 53 per cent of teachers appointed last year have had less than two years of college. But while Nebraska is moving backwards in this respect, the country as a whole is moving steadily forward.

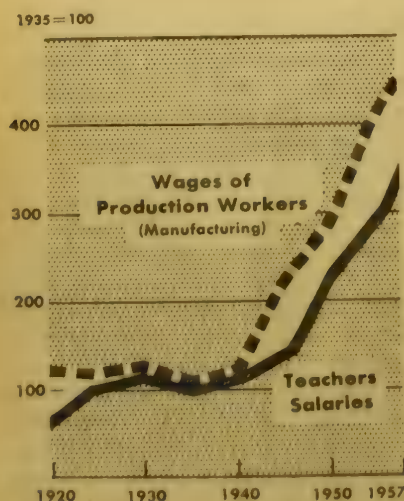
The rise in standards of preparation is a direct result of a change in salary policy that has taken place in the last two decades. In the past, elementary-school teachers used to be paid less than those in secondary school; low standards were simply the reverse of the low-salary coin. After the war, however, the movement for a single salary schedule swept the country. In 1941, only one-third of the country's urban school districts had a single salary schedule; by 1949, nearly all of them had it. Higher salaries made it possible to require higher standards of preparation. It is interesting, too, that the states that have the highest standards have had the least difficulty in attracting young people to the teaching profession.

Some observers express a more pessimistic view of the quality of the young people who are becoming teachers. William H. Whyte, Jr., for example, in *The Organization Man*, complains that prospective teachers are at the bottom of the heap in I.Q. and in academic achieve-

ment. "It is now well evident," he says, "that a large proportion of the younger people who will one day be in charge of our secondary-school system are precisely those with the least aptitude for education of all Americans attending college." However, I see no grounds for alarm here. Let us admit that the best mathematicians do not become mathematics teachers, and the best writers do not become English teachers. This is as it should be. The most competent mathematicians should go into mathematical research and the best writers should write. Any other employment for them would be a shameful waste of their talents. Besides, all of us who have gone to college know that the best scholars are not necessarily the best teachers, and vice versa. Granting that the people who prepare for teaching are not all sparkling intellects, this fact does not prove that they will be poor teachers. We have no more right to expect every teacher to be a creative thinker than we have to expect every automobile mechanic to be an inventor. The moderately capable college graduate may not become an educational innovator, but, with proper training and good supervision, he can become a competent craftsman.

This brings us to the third aspect of the problem of teacher supply: the kind of training a teacher should get.

IN RECENT discussions about teacher training, critics like Arthur Bestor have charged that schools of education pay too much attention to methods of teaching and too little to the content that should be taught. As a result, he says, they turn out teachers who know how to teach, but who do not know their subjects. Schools of education have countered by asserting that all the knowledge in the world is useless if it is not communicated. To people who observe this dispute from the sidelines, it may seem pointless; surely a teacher's preparation should include instruction in both content and methods. However, there is a real point at issue, and that is the question of choosing the best time for stressing one or the other aspect





of teacher preparation. On this question, we may well be guided by the teachers' own judgment of the value of the preparation they have received. Most teachers feel that, except for practice teaching, the courses that they took in methods of teaching were of little help. Either the courses were too vague to have any bearing on real classroom problems, or too specific to mean anything to someone who isn't actually teaching. The best time to learn methods is while you are teaching, when the problems of teaching are real and immediate. It would be more appropriate, therefore, to put more stress on content during the period of pre-service training, and rely more on in-service training for mastery of methods.

HOWEVER, if in-service training is to be effective, there will have to be a radical change in the role of the supervisory staff in the schools. School supervisors are, presumably, the best and most experienced teachers, selected for promotion to positions of leadership. To exercise this leadership effectively, they should be free to use most of their time for the improvement of instruction through consultation on methods of teaching, the preparation of teaching materials, etc. Instead, they are usually submerged in administrative duties, so that their promotion means in effect removing their influence from the classroom. The

weakness of educational leadership in the schools is seen most clearly in what happens to the newly appointed teacher, fresh out of training school. She is often plunged into a classroom to sink or swim. The supervisor is too much involved in office work to be available for daily consultation about lesson plans, classroom management and teaching techniques. In some cases, where the supervisor does have contact with the teacher, it is not as sympathetic guide but rather as fear-inspiring inspector with the power to hire and fire. That this happens far more often than it should is seen in the currency of the term "snoo-ervisor" in school circles. The solution to this problem may require ■ separation of administrative from supervisory duties, with a corps of people freed from routine clerical duties to concentrate on the job of helping teachers become better teachers. Perhaps the schools of education can help solve the problem by supplying specialists in methods who work in the field in a program of in-service training, rather than concentrating on pre-service training as they do today.

A third change in teacher training that is long overdue is a thoroughgoing re-education of the entire teaching profession on the significance of individual differences in a program of mass education. American school practices are based on the assumption that mass education

is incompatible with the maintenance of high standards. We give our children intelligence tests to measure what is supposed to be their innate ability. Then we assume that those who score low are incapable of learning very much, so we don't try to teach them very much. Adjusting the curriculum to individual differences has taken the direction of diluting the curriculum. However, the experience of the schools in the Soviet Union shows that our assumption is false. In the Soviet schools there is mass education *and* the maintenance of high standards. This point seems to have been missed in much of the discussion of sputnik's challenge to American education. If we want to catch up with the Soviet Union in our output of highly qualified scientists and engineers, it will not be enough to identify a few more high I.Q. students and give them more intensive training while we neglect everybody else. Instead, we shall have to do what the Soviet schools have been doing all along, *establish high standards of education for everybody*. The fact that children do not all learn at the same rate and in the same way should be a spur to our efforts, rather than an excuse for not trying to teach them very much. It is time for the teaching profession to re-examine its thinking on this subject, so that it can discard false theories which have helped to impoverish American education.

### 3. Education for What? . . . *William J. Sanders*

THE MOST amazing characteristic of public education in the United States is that its objectives are so lacking in clarity, and yet it enjoys such confidence as the means of correcting whatever ills—technological, economic, political, moral, social or spiritual—beset the nation. There is universal agreement that the quality of education should be better, that education should be better supported and be available to everyone. But

public opinion is vague concerning what education *is* and what it is *for*. There is little or no consensus on what children should learn beyond the fundamentals, or how it should be taught; indeed there are differences of opinion as to what the fundamentals are.

There is no central authority governing education in this country. It is a function left to the states because the Constitution makes no mention of it. The states in turn delegated the function to local school districts, with more or less, but mostly less, state supervision. Consequent-

ly the kind of education offered is largely determined by the local school boards. This does not mean that local authorities are unaware of what is going on elsewhere. The colleges and universities in 1890 came to an agreement as to what applicants for admission should have studied, but these institutions of higher learning have since multiplied and become more diverse in their offerings and requirements for admission, and they no longer dominate the schools as they did at the turn of the century. Institutions that prepare teachers and supervisors for the schools are

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in communication with each other and have given rise to an educational profession that, from time to time, makes pronouncements on the aims of education which are often bitterly criticized by representatives of other institutions of higher learning as well as by the press and segments of the public.

Decisions as to what the schools are to teach and how they are to be conducted are not reached by the colleges or by the profession alone; since education is controlled by the "people," the pressures upon educational decisions are many and varied. For example, industry has supported vocational education to insure a supply of trained workers essential for economic prosperity. Labor has supported raising the age limits for compulsory education to guarantee educational opportunity for children of the working class and to limit the labor market. Humanitarians who wish to advance the general welfare and protect children from exploitation also support this move. The keeping of so many children in school until the age of sixteen, or in some states eighteen, poses a nice problem as to what all of them *can* learn or *should* learn. The schools have made remarkable progress in meeting the problem, but only to attract a deluge of criticism from those who believe solutions have been found at the expense of "standards."

Presumably, almost all children of school age are in school and ways and means are sought by statute, or by influence brought to bear upon school authorities, to teach them what is thought to be good. Understandably, in most states the teaching of American history and government is required by law; so are the effects of alcohol and narcotics. In addition, there are many kinds of "education" sponsored by organized groups: for example, education for conservation, economic education, thrift education (sponsored by banks and the United States Treasury), education for family living (sponsored by the American Society for Social Hygiene), education for nutrition (dairy councils *et al.*), health education, safety education (the National Safety Council), and intergroup and interracial education,



sponsored by organizations devoted to the elimination of religious and racial prejudice. The "captive audience" in the schools is a standing invitation to organized groups and industrial enterprises to "tell their story," and because what they offer has apparent merit, and those who offer it have influence, it is not frequently rejected. There are times, however, when it becomes difficult to distinguish between education on the one hand, and propaganda and advertising on the other. In any event, the school curriculum suffers from an embarrassment of pressures from such sources.

IT MUST NOT be overlooked that public education requires an enormous staff that has come to be divided into organizations based on special interests. The superintendents, elementary school principals and high school principals are organized; so are the teachers of all subject areas, such as science, mathematics, English, social studies, home economics, physical education, art, music, industrial arts, etc. The suppliers of textbooks and instructional equipment in these many areas constitute a large and influential portion of the economy, and are joined with the organized interests within the profession itself to seek greater emphasis upon their respective subject areas. No doubt these elements are sincerely convinced that the emphases they call for are good for American youth and the nation.

All of these forces are met in an attempt to provide an educational program housed in buildings that must be designed and equipped to

reflect the program. Thus the architectural profession and the building industry, as well as organizations concerned with keeping public expenditures down, become involved.

It would be unrealistic to expect these widely differing interests to provide a united front when it comes to the definition of the aims of education. Indeed, their representatives frequently align themselves on opposite sides. Some find parts of the curriculum other than what they support to be quite objectionable; some find that the schools are anti-intellectual; others find them too intellectual. The one belief they all hold in common is that stress upon the area of their own particular interests will strengthen education and be of value to the nation.

CONFUSION about schools in the minds of many is due to their seeing only limited aspects of what the schools are doing. The fact is that there has developed, as a resultant of many forces, an educational system that is surprisingly good. High schools are organized into college preparatory classes and classes for those who will not go to college. Pupils are trained for business, and for trades and industries; girls learn how to run their homes successfully; both boys and girls are provided with opportunities to engage in constantly improving athletic programs; the musical and artistic performances of school pupils are getting better. Pupils with scholastic ability are identified and encouraged—even though they do not always receive encouragement from home—to prepare for college, and scholarships are found for them. Other pupils who have no interest in school and very little academic ability are prepared for useful occupations and civic responsibility. Our system, unlike European systems, is open; it is possible for those who do not choose to prepare for higher education when they enter high school to be guided into such preparation when and if they come to show ability.

The ideal, and it is one that is achieved in large measure, is to help every child develop his powers to the fullest. This means that the school, taking children of different



capabilities and different rates of maturing, sets itself the task of preparing each one for a life that will be challenging to him, that will give him dignity and provide him with an opportunity to contribute to the welfare of his community and nation. It teaches boys and girls, through the social life of the school, how to

get on with each other; and through the whole curriculum, how to develop self-discipline. The student who leaves school may return. The graduate from high school may take college courses after he has accepted a job. The mechanic or industrial worker may, through evening vocational courses, prepare for a better

job. The farmer may upgrade his skill and knowledge during winter nights at vocational agriculture centers set up in schools.

The die is not necessarily cast at any early age; the American school does not, like European schools, freeze one into his place in a stratified social system. The child from a

## A BRITISHER'S VIEW . . by W. Kenneth Richmond

Glasgow

Like most outsiders, I find a great deal to admire and envy (and much to deplore) in American education. Above all, I am impressed by the enormous energy which goes into it, the interest it arouses at all levels and in all sections of the community. By contrast, the British attitude is relatively lukewarm. It is true that many distinguished critics, Dr. R. M. Hutchins among them, would have us believe that America has become rich and powerful not because of its educational system, but in spite of it. I respect, and see the force of, their arguments: nevertheless I believe they are mistaken. The shortcomings and the vices of the Big Business approach to education are only too apparent, but if we ask how it comes about that education in the United States is big business, the answer can only be because it is felt to be everybody's business. Basically, the difference between the one-track system which America favors and the two-track system which prevails in Britain is the difference between an education that is provided by the people and one that is provided for them.

Since 1890, the American high school has been called upon to fulfill a dual function: providing a sound general education for the mass of non-academic pupils, while at the same time offering courses for the minority (substantial and growing but still a minority) who go on to college or university. It is not surprising, therefore, that in assuming this difficult role, the high school has never quite succeeded in allaying the suspicions of either of the two parties concerned—the so-called academic and non-academic groups. In opening its doors to all comers, in

freeing itself of college requirements, in laying on an *à la carte* curriculum, in adopting a points system which purports to treat Laundry as somehow the equivalent of Latin, the school has gone to great lengths—some say to excessive lengths—to cater to the meanest as well as the highest intelligence. Even so, the feeling persists that it is still biased towards the college preparatory side.

The record shows that public opinion has been overwhelmingly against any move which sought to make secondary education more selective or to create special provision for the abler students. It may be conceded that in taking this line, public opinion has as often as not been inspired by motives best described as anti-intellectual, and that its influence has not been altogether for the good. Having said this, I still think that the resolute refusal to have anything to do with policies calling for differential treatment has been based on a sound instinct.

LOOKING back over the past two centuries, it can be shown fairly conclusively that the upward extension of the educational ladder—through the elementary school, thence through the high school and, currently, through to the junior college—has been nothing if not a popular movement. It can be shown, further, that attempts have been made all along the line to discourage this upward extension—and that many of these attempts have originated in the academic camp. Certainly some of the arguments of this outspoken school of thought are not to be ignored. No one can blink his eyes to the dangers of an education which is half-way to becoming the slave of public relations. No one should cherish the illusion that excess of quantity ever makes up for deficient quality. When it is known that the average American high-school graduate is nearly two years behind his opposite number in the English grammar

school (at any rate so far as scholastic attainments are concerned), there is no room for complacency.

But in recognizing that the prosecution has a strong case, Americans will do well to make sure that a new problem of segregation, no less bedeviling than the one the South already has to grapple with, is not smuggled in by the side door. As things are, the existence of a large and growing number of exclusive, fee-paying schools in the United States, whether or not on the model of the English Public School, indicates that the desire of some to be "more equal" than others is as strong in the United States as it is anywhere else. It may well be, then, that behind all the complaints about the existing set-up there is the furtive desire to promote an intellectual élite. If so, the move is retrogressive and needs to be checked.

As England interprets it, equality of opportunity can mean only one thing—finding the best brains and seeing to it that they come to the top. The result is a selective system, the sheep being separated from the goats at the tender age of eleven. Solutions of this sort have their advantages, not least in guaranteeing high standards in the professional cadres, but it may be questioned whether they are quite so happy in satisfying the aspirations of the three-quarters who fail to make the grade.

It may be a sorry confession, but the truth is that England has never taken kindly to the doctrine of equality, still less to that of fraternity. Yet the fact remains that the social conscience here is uneasy, if not actually dissatisfied, with the present arrangement; and the signs are that, where she is not entirely bound by tradition, a solution in some ways approximating the American one will eventually be arrived at. It would, I believe, be both tragic and ironic if America were so far to forget her own native tradition as to move in the opposite direction.

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socially impoverished background can acquire confidence in school by learning accepted patterns of behavior that his parents could not teach him. The school prepares him to belong. It attempts to teach moral values to those who will not learn them at home and who belong to no church; in attempting to develop decent standards of taste and behavior, it competes fairly successfully with the distractions and depravities of adult taste that surround the child on all sides. It tries to provide a selected environment for five or six hours a day, 180 days a year, in which he will be prepared for life, and is criticized because it cannot do as good a job as private residential schools that keep him in such an environment for twenty-four hours a day. And it does these things even though the proportion of the national income expended for the schools is no greater than in 1900—slightly less than 3 per cent.

GETTING AGREEMENT on the aims of education is made additionally difficult by the fact that the social scene does not stand still. One cannot, from an ivory tower, set forth objectives for education without their becoming empty platitudes. The task is to make these goals effective by relating them to where the students are. But where are they? The character of the pupil personnel in city schools is changing as the character of the city changes. Families that have a relatively high cultural index are moving out of the cities and are being replaced by families from impoverished rural areas. Many of those leaving the cities are the children of immigrants of previous generations: successfully educated and assimilated, and with an improved economic, cultural and social status, they leave the city schools to cope with the newcomers. The suburban areas are becoming urbanized, and the rural areas suburbanized. Not only is there a desperate need for teachers and buildings in both these areas, but there is an even more desperate need for adjustment of the school program to the abilities and the needs of these dislocated children. Moreover, the mobility of the population is not

only out of the city to the country, but back and forth across the country. It appears now that there must be some overall design for education that will make clear the goals of education implicit in the thinking of the American people; and let them know what to expect from the schools as they move their children from place to place. It will not be easy, but it must be done.

AT THE present time state departments of education, local school systems, school-board associations, and the colleges and universities are all concerned with the development of such a design. There does seem to



be some agreement emerging that the purpose of the school is not to peddle a mass of information, not to teach detailed practices, not to reiterate the simple counsels of common sense, the truisms that can be picked up from everyday experience, the chatter of adolescents, and television. The school is coming to be recognized as a selected environment where what is planned to be learned should be learned systematically in related patterns of means and ends. There is increasing agreement that the principles to be learned are those that *ought* to be learned, according to the judgment of knowledgeable adults in the light of what is known about the nature of the child and how he develops, and what is known about the demands that will be made upon him by the physical, social and political world in which he will live.

There is a growing agreement on the basic skills that children must master: the ability to speak, to listen, to read and to write. There is also a growing agreement that these skills are learned in connection with thinking, which is the relating of concepts

within ever-enlarging patterns of means and ends, and that the basic skills are perfected through the development of such conceptual patterns.

THERE IS further agreement on basic disciplines. Mathematics is taught as a specialized language skill. It is the language of science, an excellent example of the shading of speaking and writing skills into the abstract conceptual range through the relation of quantitative symbols. The sciences, physical and biological, meet a natural need to know and to do. They are, therefore, not only interesting to the student, but their principles are universally applicable. In addition to being eminently useful and necessary, they provide the student with a sense of power and achievement. History, related to geography, economics and political science, gives him a perspective on contemporary society as related to the past and for the purpose of projecting the future. Literature, art and music deal with the moral and spiritual needs of men and women, with their aspirations, desires, internal conflicts, and with the nature of good and evil; in short, they deal with the many-faceted approaches to man's understanding of himself and what he would be. It is through these arts that men have expressed themselves, their feelings and ideals; therefore, they reflect the most important and most interesting activities in which men engage. They are the chief concern of human beings as long as they live. Through them, through the search to express the innermost and most essential of human needs, men develop that quality described as wisdom. Foreign languages should be taught to give students a linguistic sense, so that they can learn a necessary foreign language, when the time comes, with speed and confidence. Sports should be provided for all in school, both for the development of strong bodies and for the fun that youth derives from being physically active in competition.

The work must be organized according to the abilities of children; to this end, there is a growing conviction that the school should not



be made up of different kinds of education. For those with greater academic ability, who may be expected to continue education for a longer time, the emphasis should be upon learning more abstract principles. For those who are not interested in the academic, or who desire to take their places in industry or commerce earlier, the emphasis should be upon the practical application of principles, as in shopwork, business practices and homemaking. Two things must be remembered, however: first, the student must have the best counseling possible in making his choice; and second, the way must be kept open for him to change, should it appear wise for him to do so at a later date.

Also, good taste in behavior must

be learned in the schools. The schools are criticized for having added courses in personality adjustment, dating, etc. The feeling is growing that good taste in dealing with others will be learned best from working and living together within the framework of the school program.

The clarification of the aims and procedures of American education will be much more difficult and complicated than the slick, easy criticisms of the schools, appearing in print on every hand, would lead one to believe. It is one thing to point out the necessity of improving the quality of education, citing certain school practices out of context, to prove the point. It is another to show *how* it can be improved. The ideal program is no more likely to

be advanced by professional writers, newspaper columnists, publishers or college professors of history (indeed, they have not advanced beyond the point of criticism) than by school-board members, superintendents of schools or teachers of home economics. The task requires a constructive, coordinated approach on the part of interested and thoughtful people representing every part of the body politic, an approach that will enhance the values of a national school program already unsurpassed in history, and that may reach a common understanding of what the schools should do and how they should do it. This will take time and energy, but the problem of designing a rational scheme of education for America is worth it.

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## BUT IS IT A CHURCH? . . . *by Eugene Raskin*

THE CURRENT BOOM in church building has produced, along with the usual spate of innocuous traditional copies, a great number of unfamiliar-looking edifices in the modern manner. Over the land the Sunday morning eyes of churchgoers widen in mingled pride and perplexity, as even admirers of contemporary architecture are heard to mutter, "Maybe it's beautiful—but is it a church?"

The consternation and the attending controversy are not limited to laymen. At the 1958 Conference on Church Architecture, Walter A. Taylor, Director of Education and Research of the American Institute of Architects, remarked that in the church field his profession is "suffering from architectural indigestion." On the other hand, Father Reinhold, an authority on Liturgical Art, writes, "A church building that does not speak the stylistic language of the age in which it is built . . . is suspect of escapism by using a style

that is dead." The reversal of what might have been the expected attitudes of these distinguished gentlemen is characteristic of the general chaos surrounding the question. Perhaps the only clear fact that emerges is that we will have no significantly expressive church architecture until we — architects, clergy, laymen — learn what religion actually means in mid-twentieth-century America. It is impossible to express a thought you do not have.

Setting aside the architectural battle for the moment, let us examine the boom itself. It is, of course, not an isolated phenomenon, but part of the overall building spree which in the past decade has jammed our cities with new office buildings and covered our countryside with new developments to swell the numbers of those who struggle, like desperate salmon, in the daily commuting stream.

New residential areas mean new inhabitants—people in the process of forming new roots. Many are young couples with small children and a consequent concern for the standards, physical, civic and moral, of their new communities. They want to join in the fight against delin-

quency, grade crossings and thick-headed school boards. They want to make desirable friends in whose company they can drink martinis and exhibit their barbecue equipment. What more direct way to do all this than through the church? And if existing churches are inadequate, or if there's no church at all, why not build? In the recent era of prosperity, the money has not been hard to raise. The new people are mostly well-to-do, and church contributions, after all, are deductible.

To these "practical" reasons one must add the apparently sincere desire of many young families to rediscover the values of religion—perhaps in search of emotional security in an atomic world, or perhaps in simple revolt against the revolt of their parents. In any case, the climate of religious revival is certainly at hand, and the churches multiply.

What puts the architect into his expressive dilemma is the new emphasis by the church on social, civic and welfare activities, out of which to a large measure the increased demand for churches grows. That means club rooms, class rooms, social halls and the like, in addition to the normal provision for worship.

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These new functions of the church call for new architectural solutions, not merely in terms of physical elements, but more important, in terms of the expressive statement, on the whole, through architecture, of how we feel about God and the religious act.

In the Middle Ages there was no such problem. One knew very well how one felt about God, and in what spirit He was to be approached. God was an impenetrable mystery, to be worshipped (in an equally incomprehensible language) but never to be understood. The Gothic cathedral, with its high, dim vaults, its darkly glowing stained glass, its cold masonry and its miserable acoustics which gave such enchanting over-reverberation to every sound, was a perfect setting for the flowering of this attitude and the ritual that dramatized it. The power and clarity of this architecture remain unsurpassed. The point, of course, is that both the power and the clarity were possible because *that which was to be expressed*, a particular attitude towards God, was strong and clear in the minds of the people and their architects.

In the Renaissance, God emerged from the new wave of rationalism and materialism with most of His mystery washed off. He became, instead, the most successful Merchant Prince and General of them all. Small wonder, then, the image having become what it did, that churches took on the forms of Roman palaces and temples—ornate, gilded and tapestried to the saturation point. Mysticism was dead: long live Monumentality!

New England saw God become a

democrat; again, the church told the story. No ostentation, no glamor, no mystery. You came right in, and if there was something you wanted to talk to God about, you stood right up and told Him what was on your mind. To repeat, the simple clarity of this architecture stems from a direct awareness of what religion was all about and what it meant in that period. The architect had no trouble with expression, because he knew exactly what he had to say.

Today the poor architect just does not know what his church is to say. For God is no longer the Merchant Prince, the Democrat or the Mystery. In this country, at least, He is more often than not the Director of the Community Center—a concept not easily susceptible to dramatic architectural statement. (The problem applies to the churches of all denominations, though with perhaps special acuteness to synagogue design, since Judaism in America has less architectural tradition to lean on.)

Not that the architect of the mid-twentieth century is any less gifted than his predecessors. In fact, with the vast technology now at his command, his range of artistic expression is greater than during any period of the past; in commercial, residential and public architecture breathtakingly exciting work is being done. The gags of traditionalism are utterly cast off and a new architecture is springing up, speaking vividly of the values of our culture. But when it comes to church architecture, the values themselves being unclear, the best we hear is a kind of noisy double talk.

Clearly there is no longer room for stylistic traditionalism, since any

disavowal of the new social orientation of the church would be as dishonest as the anachronistic architecture it would imply. Father Hope, writing in *Commonweal*, says, "Any art which today aspires to fulfill the needs of the Christian community . . . must spring from an outlook that is social rather than individualistic. . . . For the enormity of mankind's anguish is too real . . . to be wished away by sentimental fancies in paint or stone or plaster."

A new and valid contemporary church expression must be found, regardless of how many eyebrows are lifted and sentiments offended. But, of course, it is a search easier called for than realized. Church boards and architects, being only human, are not always unswerving in their dedication to the ultimate ideal. Understandably, they are sometimes affected by other factors, of which at least three deserve consideration.

Prestige, for one. Stamford, Connecticut, for example, may want to show the world that it is an up-and-coming community, beside which its neighbors, Norwalk and Danbury, can hardly be rated as much more than horse-and-buggy towns. This noble purpose is, one must confess, admirably served by a dashing new church built in the shape of a fish, made of triangulated concrete ribs. [See architect's sketch at left.—Ed.] At the risk of being called a cynic, one is tempted to suspect that the design was inspired by at least a hint of a desire to do something striking, rather than an unadulterated effort to discover and express what God means in this day.

A second factor exists in the commendable wish to assert the rightness of religion in modern life. An "advanced" church design is most helpful in this task, since it states that the worship of God is far from old-fashioned. On the contrary, it is as up-to-date and progressive as Freudianism and nuclear physics. The more "advanced" the design, the stronger the statement, until the sad result is that emphasis substitutes for conviction, dramatics for drama and form for content. The architecture says much, but conveys little.

The third operative factor is the



First Presbyterian Church, Stamford, Conn.: Harrison and Abramowitz, Architects.



ego of the architect himself. An architect is, after all, a creative artist, which means that no matter what he is building a monument to, it is also a monument to himself, the subjective individualism of the creator being an inevitable part of all his work. Sometimes, however, the objective content of what he is dealing with is of such decisive clarity that the marks of his own personality become subordinate in the total effect. But since such clarity fails to exist today in the meaning of religion, a church commission understandably begins to suggest to the architect an opportunity to exhibit his exuberant originality, rather than ■ challenge

to his insight into the essence of the question.

Nevertheless, it is in this last factor—the creative ego of the architect—that the most significant hope for the future of church architecture lies. It is always the artist, in the end, whose task it is to synthesize and give moving form, in picture, word or structure, to the basic values of his period. When an architect comes along who both feels deeply and is able to externalize the meaning of religion here and now, we shall have a church architecture of true import.

One such architect is Le Corbusier. In his church in Les Vosges, he has

both felt and stated this meaning. With plastic concrete shapes, freely molded, he has found an organic expression which speaks effectively of the unity of soil and man as works of the same Creator; but it is a statement which, however valid for peasant-rooted France, would hardly have equal application to an automotive, commuting America.

The answer has not been found, but in a thousand church-board meeting rooms, and a thousand architects' offices, the search goes on. Meanwhile, to those who on viewing the latest hyperbolic-paraboloid ask, "But is it a church?" one can only reply, "It is, if you think it is."

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## LEARNING the CANNONEER'S HOP... *Eric Pearl*

ANYBODY WHO has ever been in the army must realize that his training period revolves around the verb "simulate." Except for a week of marksmanship competition on the rifle range, the new recruit, during his first eight weeks of basic training, is expected to simulate practically everything: fear, respect towards his officers, wonder, even a degree of interest.

Once basic is over, if the recruit enters one of the service branches as a supply clerk, or goes into Intelligence, Graves Registration or Personnel, he will probably have to simulate very little. He will also, it may be noted, have to do very little. But if he enters one of the combat arms, whether it be infantry, the armored cavalry, or the artillery, he will only just have begun to simulate. Almost everything that occurs during the training in one of these branches is like the twenty-second inning of a nothing-to-nothing ball game. It all involves what the Army has labeled a "simulated tactical situation." The idea is to make individual training more practical and

to make unit training seem more real. This may mean anything from standing on the chow-line five yards apart from one's neighbor to the camouflaging of ■ bivouac in such a way that only the battalion commander's shiny new jeep is visible from the air. It covers ■ variety of discomforts.

To the two- or three-year man stationed overseas, or who is on a tactical maneuver with a regular TO & E [Table of Organization and Equipment] outfit, this kind of simulation will very shortly become dreary and routine and therefore bearable, but in the career of the new six-month reservist (or short-timer), the act of simulation and the "tactical situation" seem to be a pathetic waste of his time and energies.

The alert short-timer reasons that he is in the service to be trained, or that he has pulled a fast one on the government and he wants to get it done with even faster. In either case, although he may be prepared to waste time and even to gold-brick, he is unprepared to waste his time simulating, or, as is so often the case, simulating the wasting of time. For he wants to learn as much as possible about many different aspects of his branch of service, so that when he returns to his Reserve unit he can

gain a certain amount of rank and status and thereby narrow down his chances for future inconvenience. But the men in the Pentagon and at the different training camps throughout the nation do not see the problem of training the reservist in quite this light. They probably decided that training a man to be versatile would be at best a kind of military dilettantism (already plentiful in the Reserves) and at worst would create an unruly mob of 400,000 "jacks-of-all-trades." Thus they decided to use the Regular Army system of drilling a man in one particular specialty until he knew it like the callous on his palm. To do this, steady, harassing simulation was deemed absolutely essential, and the results often turn out to be quite interesting.

For instance, let us consider the Field Artillery. Even the readers of the tabloids know that field artillery is fast becoming obsolescent for any future large-scale war. However, even its most vituperative detractors have to admit that it would still be of great utility in another limited conflict such as Korea. Furthermore, as a result of Korea, the Army Ordnance is overstocked with guns and howitzers. So they still find it necessary to train gun crews and detail crews (wiremen, surveyors, fire-direction computers) for the field artil-

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*ERIC PEARL, a teacher and poet, is a veteran of the Reserve Forces Act of 1955, who apparently earned—though never received—a Purple Heart at Fort Chaffee.*

May 10, 1958



lery. One of the most active training grounds for reservists in the Field Artillery is to be found at Fort Chaffee in the scraggly, eroded hill country of Southwest Arkansas.

Fort Chaffee is one of the newer Army posts. Named after General Ada Chaffee, one of the pioneer American advocates of mechanized warfare, it was for a long time an armored center. Then, with the expansion of Fort Knox in Kentucky, and after the lessons learned in Korea on mountainous terrain concerning the relative inefficiency of tanks, it was converted to artillery. During the last few years (aside from a small basic-training complement and a specialist school command of about the same size), artillery crimson has been the order of the day at Chaffee; and, since the passage of the Reserve Forces Act in 1955, it has trained mostly short-timers.

It is estimated that 50,000 reservists have been instructed in the Artillery Training Center. By far the largest percentage of these have been trained as cannoners. Now this training can be broken into two uneven parts. After basic, there is a second eight weeks of individual training, followed by six weeks of unit-training in a somewhat abridged and simulated TO & E outfit. For these fourteen weeks a rigid training schedule has been developed which accounts for every hour of the day. Aside from classes in sex education, citizenship and character guidance, and simultaneously with duties in his home battery—such as KP or latrine orderly—the reservist is oriented first in the mission and purpose of the artillery; then he is shown some quasi-technical movies on the basic functioning mechanism of the howitzer; he is next trained step by step as a cannoner; and lastly he is led through a series of drills and simulations. This might be an excellent method of teaching something as complicated as anti-aircraft detection or the firing of liquid-fuel missiles which require long, complicated count-downs and safety checks. It might even be a desirable program for the weekly training sessions of those reservists who are not on active duty, so that they can maintain themselves at some level of



readiness. But the young reservist who is on active duty very soon discovers that the care and operation of a howitzer is plainly not the most abstruse of subjects. In those moments when he is not aggravated by the pompous assertions of his superiors that he is basically unteachable, he is overcome by an immense ennui.

The "cannoneer's hop," you see, is not a difficult step. In fact, one need only have the use of two arms and two legs to master the "laying of the piece," as the setting of deflections and elevations is called. What little brain work there is belongs to the fire-direction computers. Thus a fantastic division of labor occurs. If it takes only two to tango, it takes twelve to do the cannoneer's hop. In a howitzer training section, there is one man who merely sets the fuse; another loads the gun; still another removes the empty cartridge casing and stacks it neatly along the side for Ordnance to collect; another pulls the lanyard. . . . (One old sergeant, a veteran of both Korea and Normandy, once confided to me that he had never had more than four men on his gun in all the time that he was in combat and that they still fired an awful lot of rounds.)

The idea is to get quick precision registration and firepower out of light artillery. The system probably originated with Lord Nelson or with Michael Kutusov; or perhaps it is something left over from those days before the Reserve Forces Act when mostly draftees were being inducted

and when those who scored lowest on their GT scores, or who had no other usable training, qualification or aptitudes, were sent either to the infantry, the armor, or the full artillery like lambs to the simulated slaughter. This is no longer the case. Our present reservists are not receiving Military Occupation Specialties (MOS), or job-titles, because of their test scores; they do so on the basis of the Reserve units from which they come.

But when a man joins a reserve program nowadays it is usually because his draft board is in hot pursuit of him, or because he is eighteen and a half or under and wants to get his time in before going on to college. In either case he is recruited by the Reserves, assigned an MOS, and sent off to active duty without any of the usual processing or interviewing that takes place in the Regular Army and, in some cases, without even taking a physical. (There were boys at Chaffee who suffered from 60 per cent blindness or a severe lack of muscular co-ordination [two of the usual 4F categories] but because they had technically enlisted and because they were only short-timers, it was not adjudged desirable to process them out. Some were made permanent latrine orderlies, but some are now serving in your ready reserves.) The reserve officers neither know nor care to know of a man's potentialities until he returns from active duty. So he is merely fitted into the first available slot in their TO & E



roster; and the very first available slot in the TO & E roster of a line battery of a field artillery battalion is usually as a cannoneer.

The man who is thrust so awkwardly into such a gap might very well be capable of performing a more complicated and useful function for his country. It was not surprising to discover at Fort Chaffee the shocking number of college graduates, or even men with graduate school training as lawyers, architects and, of course, writers, doing the cannoneer's hop in any one of the multitudinous training compounds.

To any sensible, civilian the sight must be disquieting. Imagine a huge compound, about 500 yards square, surrounded by high wire fences. In one direction there are drab rows of narrow, rectangular classroom buildings. In the other direction are the even longer rows of howitzers with their muzzles pointed at low elevation. The area is neatly policed; the buildings, although buff-colored, are immaculate; and the guns have been freshly painted olive drab. It is a cold, gray afternoon, or else it is blistering hot and dusty (it is always one or the other in Arkansas). There are groups of trainees at attention behind each howitzer. They are trying to listen to the hoarse commands of a large, enthusiastic sergeant who is wearing a red helmet liner and a red scarf along with his fatigue uniform, and who is mounted on a small podium to their front.

It is very much like a game of musical chairs with a little rough-house thrown in. The first command is: "At ease, you goddamn Cannonballs. At ease!" The men's bodies stiffen with anticipation and worry. There is a moment of dreadful silence broken by the command, "CanNonEeers Post!" At this, the Number One man goes through his simplified duties one at a time. Then he moves down the line to become the Number Twelve man; the Number Two man takes his place, and everybody else moves up a slot. Sometimes the wind howls or it begins to drizzle. Sometimes the sergeant has to bark "At Ease!" even louder to demand attention. But the big switch continues, rain or shine.

This grotesque ballet goes on for

eight uninterrupted weeks in the short army career of a short-timer. Only then are the men moved out into the field for live firing and for their training in RSOP, or bivouac. But before this transfer can take place, they are supposed to pass what is known as a proficiency test. Those men who are not bored senseless, and who meet the minimal requirements for belonging to what the zoologists call the primates, pass easily. But a surprising number of the brighter sort do not. I suspect that many of these, after eight weeks of tedium, are interested either in making fools of the army by deliberately failing, or else they have had resort to the subterfuge of one almost continual sick-call for the eight weeks of their training. Even so, the number of men who fail is usually admitted to be quite negligible. There would certainly be many if the men were not threatened as they are. But the threats are also negligible, and for cycle after cycle the rigid monotony of the cannoneer's hop continues, while thousands upon thousands of young men are trained to be bored, to be insufferably lazy, or to be, at best, somewhat reluctant automatons servicing a somewhat inefficient weapon.

I WAS ONE of the luckier ones. So that this won't seem like just another case of sour grapes, let me state right here and now that I was privileged because I was not chosen to be a cannoneer. Instead, I was given the opportunity of going to Radio-Telephone School. In fact, the only real contact I had with the cannoneer's park was when I was ordered to walk guard around it late one wintry evening. I suppose I shall always keep this image of myself circling that empty compound with an empty rifle over my shoulder, trying to find an empty boiler room to hide in and warm up, as a symbol of the inadequacies of the training program. For, if somebody had come along that evening and had tried to steal some of our priceless equipment, I think I might have welcomed him with open arms. I know that I certainly would have been hesitant to call the Commander of The Relief, because he would have been

sound asleep and would have been very angry at being disturbed.

I was about to discuss my eight weeks in Radio-Telephone School. The words "radio" and "communications" are given a high priority in the Army's vocabulary; they would seem to indicate skilled labor of a sort, and when I was notified that I was to go to the school, I must confess that I was excited with my prospects. I had visions of myself with that intense look on my face, adjusting my ear phones, trying to detect dit from dot, flashing frantic code messages around the world. I bragged to my wife about the hi-fi system I would be able to construct for her—and I went to my first few classes in a real state of anticipation.

Being a short-timer, however, I was not to be trained as a code operator or as a radio repairman. I learned very soon that my course was to be no more esoteric than that of my colleagues in cannoneer park. I discovered, in fact, that the radios which we were being trained to operate were about as difficult to handle as my little Philco portable at home. I was to learn nothing more than how to turn a radio on and how to shut one off, turn it on, shut it off, on, off. It required simulation, dedication and no skill.

But in my case it paid to be ignorant. At least I didn't have to do the cannoneer's hop and, because I was going to school, I was considered a specialist by the cadre. Thus I was able to miss bivouac and a host of other nasty details. Nevertheless, I couldn't help sharing the guilt of my superiors for having let me get away with all this; and, as I used to sit and look about my classroom at the many B.A.s and M.A.s and J.L.B.s who were turning on and shutting off their radios, or as I looked through the window at the even greater number who were policing the area outside, I couldn't stop myself from thinking what a waste of talent it all was. I suppose the Army thought differently.

After all, we were only in for six months. Six months wasn't like being in the *real* Army. It was only a simulated army experience. So what more could we expect?



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Perspectives on Education

### 1. In the Colleges

#### CHANGING VALUES IN COLLEGE.

By Philip E. Jacob. Harper & Bros.  
174 pp. \$3.50.

Leo Marx

FOR five or six years after World War II our colleges and universities enjoyed a golden day. It was a time when everyone felt the excitement of the war's end and a return to sanity. As a group the veterans were superior students, and as long as they dominated the colleges there was an unusually crisp, adult tone about the academic enterprise. One of the chief attractions of the veterans was that they, like the students of the now legendary thirties, were *engaged*. (The currency of this word is an expression of the same nostalgia as the legend.) They had a vivid sense of a world beyond the academy. As for the others, the young ones fresh out of high school, no teacher was surprised when they proved to be a bit pallid and dull by comparison. The explanation was obvious enough, or so it seemed at the moment.

When the veterans went home, however, the change in atmosphere was shocking. Not only were the new students young and inexperienced, they were mysteriously unreachable. So far as anyone could tell they were not interested in ideas or books or art or politics. Teachers complained about their intolerable passivity and self-absorption. What sort of people were they anyway? No one seemed to know, but obviously something more than five years—or even a war—had come between them and the veterans. What was it? Only recently have we begun to grasp the meaning of this change.

We can learn a lot about it from this carefully documented, sober and devastating book. Here Professor Philip E. Jacob, who teaches political science at the University of Pennsylvania, brings together the results of many recent studies of higher education. Though he is chiefly concerned to gauge the effect

of college teaching upon student values, his survey accomplishes much more. Among other things, it confirms some of our more dismal hunches about the transformation of the national character now under way. Our typical college student, as Professor Jacob draws his profile, is an all too plausible product of post-war America. Like Picasso's lady in front of the mirror, he has two faces.

One face is turned to a private world full of promise, while the other stares at public doom. Indeed, what is most striking about this student is his schizoid way of protecting himself from the contradictions in what he knows and feels. When, for example, he looks to his personal future he is "gloriously contented"; images of prosperity and domestic tranquillity dance in his head. But he has no doubt that World War III will begin within twelve years. On one side he expresses supreme confidence in his control over his own destiny, but his public face is blank and weak. It never has occurred to him that he might do anything to change the way we live in our business culture. He accepts the whole pattern, having decided long before he came to college that the only thing to do is get ahead as quickly as possible. Hence no civic or political activity interests him. Although he goes to church, he sees little if any connection between religion and his everyday experience. He honors traditional values, such as honesty, but he is as likely as not to cheat on examinations.

TEACHERS will be amazed, I think, to discover how familiar they are with this statistical model. From top to bottom a deep fissure runs through the student's system of belief. Is it any wonder that he seems a bit withdrawn? We compare him unfavorably to the students of the thirties, but they never had to face anything like the ambiguities of his world. To be sure, they too lived at a time of drift toward war. But they did not have to cope with the simultaneous temptation of soft suburbia, or the general moral paralysis of this moment. We complain about the passivity of this generation, but where in all America do we hear anyone effectively resisting the general drift? In the thirties the college student could look to his elders. Where are the heroes of that epoch today? They are as

silent as the silent generation, and doubtless for the same reasons. The difference is that their minds were not shaped by the forces of silence. They can remember another state of mind, which is all very well, but no excuse for bullying the young. In a curious way Professor Jacob's cold statistics make one feel *sorry* for this berated generation.

What happens to them while in college? The answer seems to be nothing much. The bulk of the book is devoted to this question, and it is probably unfair to sum it up so concisely; and yet, so far as student values are concerned, all the evidence suggests that our higher education changes little or nothing. A few exceptional colleges do create the sort of highly-charged atmosphere in which the cultural bias dissolves; and a few exceptionally endowed teachers do manage to stir the minds of their students. But for the most part formal college training does not touch the place where beliefs are kept. Indeed this book suggests that much of our current discussion of education is founded upon an exalted notion of the powers of pedagogy.

In spite of the endless tinkering with curricula, the efforts to implant a relativistic idea of social institutions, the ingenious experiments with general education, the truth is that most students take their cues from social realities, not ideas. While professors talk, students teach one another the real lessons of American life: mind your own affairs, keep somewhere near the middle of the group, smile, and you'll get along. After four years our students are more tolerant, more acceptant of the world's way, and

### From American Panels

#### Coffee Break

The Counter is a curve,  
Waist-high; no seat;  
They also serve  
Who only stand and eat.

#### Winter Resort

For miles the human form  
Obliterates the sand;  
The sky is blue and warm,  
The beach, all skin, is tanned.

#### "Togetherness"

The lone wolf is God's mistake;  
The joiner is the *summum bonum*  
Because enough of him will make  
*E pluribus unum*.

ERNEST KROLL

The NATION

LEO MARX, now teaching at the University of Minnesota, has been appointed professor of English and American Studies at Amherst College. Last year he was Fulbright lecturer at the University of Nottingham, England.



more like one another. Not that they were a parcel of individualists when they arrived at college—even then they were a “remarkably homogeneous” group. But college proves to be another vehicle of conformity, so that when they leave they are even more alike than when they arrive. Professor Jacob finds that his subjects are unabashedly self-centered, and that perhaps they are “the forerunners of a major cultural and ethical revolution, the unconscious ushers of an essentially secular (though nominally religious), self-oriented (though group-conforming) society.” The idea strikes a chord; there could be something in it.

## 2. In the Schools

*SCHOOLS WITHOUT SCHOLARS.* By John Keats. Houghton Mifflin Co. 202 pp. \$3.

*WHAT WE WANT OF OUR SCHOOLS.* By Irving Adler. John Day Co. 256 pp. \$3.75.

*WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR HIGH SCHOOLS?* By John F. Latimer. Public Affairs Press. 138 pp. \$3.25.

### Harold Howe II

WE public educators, who have for years felt neglected or even ignored, are suddenly confronted with more attention than we can easily absorb. Magazines, television, press and radio are so busy taking us apart and putting us back together in different shapes that we are beleaguered by too much interest rather than too little.

Still, the concern is healthy and these three books are a further expression of it. The first is a lively book, the second a thoughtful book, and the third an attempt at a scholarly book. All three try within short scope to provide cogent generalizations in an area—the American public school—where generalizations are impossible. The one broad statement which can be made is that our schools present a picture of diversity. A reader should approach these books with three assumptions: *What's Happened To Our High Schools?* is not a question to be answered by averaging figures about all our high schools; *What We Want Of Our Schools* will be different in different localities with different problems; although *Schools With-*

*out Scholars* exist, they do not exist universally.

In fairness to Mr. Keats it must be said that he qualifies his criticism and is aware of the wide spectrum of quality among American schools. His book is grounded in the sensible notion that schools exist to teach children the knowledge and skills which will make them self-reliant, mature individuals. He stands for “fundamental mental disciplines in sound, number, line, word, time and space” as well as for teachers with effective techniques of instruction supported by subject matter backgrounds which are adequate. Mr. Keats's sympathies are nearer the traditionalist extreme than the progressive, and when he makes someone look silly it is generally a modern educator. The inadequate “old-fashioned” teacher can be made equally ridiculous by a clever writer.

Mr. Keats asks for a new examination of the curriculum and for removal of studies which are not related to essential skills, which are not important in understanding the traditions of Western man, or which can be as well carried on through the family or some community agency other than the school. He questions the validity of using the high school to teach how to drive a car. *Schools Without Scholars* is particularly valuable in analyzing the problems of public education in suburban communities where a high percentage of students go on to college. But it raises issues about teacher education and about the place of the citizen in determining the policy of the schools which are worth the attention of all schools.

IRVING ADLER'S *What We Want of Our Schools* carries the subtitle, “Plain Talk on Education from Theory to Budgets.” In between philosophy and money matters Mr. Adler has one chapter which is a short essay on juvenile delinquency and a final chapter on the education of Negroes. The main focus of the book is on the dynamics of American society as they affect the development of public schools, on the way the learning process operates in the individual, and on the pros and cons of the movement called “progressive education.” Mr. Adler makes a real contribution to current debate on this last topic:

The progressive education movement arose as an attempt to achieve two laudable goals — adapting the school to the needs of a changing society and to the needs of growing children. . . . The good tendencies include stress on discussion, criticism and freedom of thought; the use of

experience with concrete materials to develop the meaning of abstractions and to provide opportunities to use what is learned; and attention to the emotional development of the child. The bad tendencies include indoctrination for the *status quo*, and underestimation of the importance of knowledge, systematic instruction, sustained effort and drill. . . . We cannot solve the problem of the schools by accepting or rejecting all of progressive education.

Throughout the book one is constantly aware of Mr. Adler's belief in the importance of full educational opportunities for all American children regardless of family background, race, or creed. But in pursuing this belief with reference to the use of testing programs in the schools he commits what I regard as the one serious error in the book.

The chapter called “The I.Q. Hoax” makes a sharp attack on the misuse of intelligence testing. “As a first step the schools should abolish the use of intelligence tests. The tests serve no useful purpose whatsoever.” In Mr. Adler's view the tests are used to categorize students into narrow classifications. Children thus regimented are then fed a curricular diet regarded as appropriate for them. They are permanently relegated to limited opportunity—trapped into watered-down studies which deny them the chance to enlarge their faculties. This is particularly true, he argues, of students whose backgrounds present some handicap, so that I.Q. testing is discrimination in disguise.

Mr. Adler is beating a horse which was lively thirty years ago but which is close to dead now. Educators are aware of the limitations of intelligence testing. They know that cultural influences affect performance on tests. Most educators today would agree with his italicized statement: “The only way to develop the abilities of a child up to a limit of his powers is to strive constantly to develop his powers beyond the limits of his present abilities.”

But educators would also say that the intelligence which schools are most concerned with is the capacity to conceptualize ideas in the form of words. This capacity can be roughly measured by intelligence testing. Since the school has to know where the student is in order to start improving him, the tests are useful although not definitive instruments. In most modern American schools sophisticated users of intelligence testing data are not committing the sins Mr. Adler attributes to them.

John F. Latimer's *What's Happened To Our High Schools?* traces the num-

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bers and percentages of students enrolled in thirteen broad fields found in the high school curriculum. His analysis, based on U.S. Office of Education figures, shows the changes which have occurred in the patterns of courses offered and of courses elected by students during the first half of the twentieth century. There is considerable discussion of the effects of a larger proportion of the teen-age group attending high school as well as

of the relationship between high schools and advanced education.

Unfortunately this book, which is the result of much careful work, bogs down in its own statistics. It contains some insights worth attention, but it would contribute more to understanding the high school if it gave less attention to minor differences in statistical data and offered a better-organized analysis of broad trends.

## Science by Jury

*SIX DAYS OR FOREVER?* Tennessee v. John Thomas Scopes. By Ray Ginger. Beacon Press. 258 pp. \$3.95.

*George Gaylord Simpson*

IN 1925 the Tennessee legislature passed an act making it a misdemeanor to teach in state-supported schools "any theory that denies the story of the Divine Creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." Later in that same year John Scopes, teacher in a public high school, was tried in Dayton, Tennessee, for violation of that act. There were whole batteries of lawyers on both sides, but attention focused on William Jennings Bryan, for the prosecution, and Clarence Darrow, for the defense. The trial attracted world-wide attention, and its continuing dramatic appeal is demonstrated by the success of a current play, *Inherit the Wind*, on Broadway, and by the publication of the present book.

At least two peculiarities make the case unique among famous trials. First, there was never any interest in the guilt or innocence of the accused. Indeed there was no final verdict. Second, there was not and still is not any clear agreement as to the real issues involved or as to their merits.

The ultimate legal aim of the defense was to have the law declared unconstitutional. To that end the defense lawyers went so far as to plead for the jury to convict their client. The jury obliged, but the verdict was nullified and the constitutional issue was never settled. The prosecution and the judge made gestures toward specifying the guilt of the defendant as the only point

properly under discussion, but even they recognized a broad fringe of other and deeper concerns. Both sides, but especially the defense, paid more attention to arguing whether the fundamentalist or the evolutionary stand was true. It seems not to have been fully recognized that the very fact of arguing this point conceded to the prosecution one, at least, of the really basic issues involved.

Can the truth or falsity of a scientific proposition about nature be settled by a popular vote, by a legislature, or by a jury? (It happened that this jury had no intellectual qualifications whatever, but the principle would have been the same if it had been a jury of eminent scientists.) That question surely was one of the most significant aspects of the case. It was, anomalously and damagingly, the "enlightened" defense that tried to present the question of scientific truth to the jury and the "backward" prosecution and judge who rendered to block that presentation as irrelevant.

Furthermore, the American Civil Liberties Union, which largely managed and supported the defense, stated that another of its purposes was to show that science and religion are not incompatible. But, again, the mere pre-

sentation of that argument to a court was deeply damaging to the cause of freedom of scientific investigation. It implies that when a given scientific theory and any particular religious dogma are in fact incompatible, a court of law is competent to reconcile them or to convict one or the other of error. The ACLU also wanted to oppose any restrictive legislation on the teaching of science, but that essential stand for freedom was negated when the attorneys argued against the legislation not because it was restrictive but because it disagreed with a consensus of scientists.

Behind all this was a context, a climate of mind, a crisis in the history of man, in which the specific issue of evolution was only incidental. In another arena, the same battle was joined between those who accepted the Bible as above all rational consideration and those who investigated its historical aspects by the mundane methods of historical research. Most broadly of all, the almost indescribably complex background was that of the long search for truth and of choice between authority or dogma and rational investigation.

None of the issues, not even the narrowest, was settled. None was even adequately presented. Beneath the drama the trial was, at most, a symptom of change. A symptom and not a cause. This conclusion is arguable, but it does seem probable that the trial had no significant effect on subsequent history. It did not demonstrably change anyone's opinion on evolution, on academic freedom, on the limits of legitimate legislation, or on anything else. Fundamentalists are still probably as numerous as ever, but evolution is still taught in many Southern schools and elsewhere. The Tennessee law is still on the books, but none of its many violators has ever been prosecuted since Scopes. The effort to legislate against

## Plaint for the Death of Guillén Peraza

*(from the Medieval Spanish)*

Grieve, ladies, so may God keep you.  
Guillén Peraza remained in Las Palmas,  
Withered, the flower of his face.

No palm are you, you are broom,  
You are cypress of mournful bough,  
You are misfortune, dire misfortune.

May molten stone buckle your fields,  
May you see no pleasures, only sorrows,  
May the sand-pits cover your flowers.

Guillén Peraza, Guillén Peraza,  
Where is your shield, where is your spear?  
By ill fortune all is ended.

W. S. MERWIN

*The NATION*

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evolution was eventually dropped, but not demonstrably or probably as a result of this trial. Attempts to restrict freedom of inquiry and of teaching have since taken other lines and may possibly have decreased, but certainly have not disappeared.

At any rate, the trial was a fascinating show, if only as a vivid but ignoble episode in the twilight of two great careers. Ray Ginger has done a fine job of research and of writing, with emphasis on the drama but without neglect of more sober and more somber aspects.

## Poet-Traveler

*THE MARCHES OF EL DORADO.*

By Michael Swan. Beacon Press. 304 pp. \$4.95.

### Carleton Beals

HERE is a wandering Englishman who finds life's kinship in Alexander Pope and has to read a chapter of Dickens every night by hurricane lamp after a grueling day through the jungle. Yet he missed little of nature and man in his British Guiana hegira — except several thousand-foot waterfalls. From his book you learn many useful things: the world's toughest glue is made from the gillbacker (not in Webster), the heated juice of the cracata or tree-oyster (not in Webster) will cure earache, and by drinking from the throat-bone of a red howling monkey you can cure any throat ailment.

You may never read *Our Mutual Friend* in a Wapishana hammock, with ants eating up your plastic raincoat underneath, but you can't help becoming interested in the people who make a mesh so pliable it can be drawn through a small ring, yet so strong it can be spread out to hold a whole family with comfort and safety. Without the Carib-Arawak *hamaca* human life in the jungle could not go on. The Indians who loll in them don't read Horace, Blake and Shelley as Swan does; they invent lovely, witty etiological myths. When men first came down to earth from heaven near the Orinoco delta—finding it better than heaven — the last of the tribe, a fat woman, got stuck in the sky-rent, so they had to remain on earth. She's still there —the sun—a version that far outshines our pale Garden of Eden myth.

Swan's book is packed with details

CARLETON BEALS has worked as a journalist in Latin America for many years. Among his books on that section of the world are *Banana Gold*, *The Crime of Cuba*, *America South*, *Rio Grande to Cape Horn*.

May 10, 1958

about everything and everybody in that mighty empire — from humble lichens and black butterflies to grandiose cosmogony, yet is so deftly, vividly written, so replete with adventures and funny-bone anecdotes, such a kindly joke's-on-me attitude toward mankind's ludicrous fumbling, that reader interest rarely flags. Witness his salty sympathy for the bitter will-o'-the-wisp fantasies of the diamond and gold hunters, those sordid modern knights seeking El Dorado. He has a poet's power to evoke the splendors of river, forest and crag; bird and tiger burning bright; the deadly sawtooth piranha fish, too, and electric eels, vampire bats and bushmasters. Ugliness, which he does not shirk, melts away in the exuberance of his insatiable, fearless curiosity.

THE author does not depend solely upon physical motion and personal observations; he has read and pondered nearly all the significant literature from Sir Walter Raleigh to the latest archaeological findings (not yet published) of Meggins and Evans, the work of the Schomburgk brothers, Von Humboldt, Kock-Grünberg and above all, Im Thurn. If he hasn't looked into the great five-volume Carib encyclopedia by Albrick (in Dutch), neither has any other

American or English authority. He seems to have neglected Farabee, Gillen, Hilhouse and the important Antoine Biet (1652) but his scholarship is enormous.

More mystifying is his omission of ant-collector Dr. Paul A. Zahl. For both men, the climax of trip and book was the ascent of mist-shrouded Mount Roraima, the 10,000-foot buttress upon which Venezuela, Brazil and British Guiana pivot. That mystic eminence is the heart of Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. Swan implies that, except for a Venezuelan border-survey commissioner, the magic mountain had never been climbed since Im Thurn's initial success in 1885, and he claims to have followed a route never attempted by earlier explorers. Actually Zahl went in by the almost identical route in 1939, and his account of the conquest of the mountain is more breath-taking.

But Swan's book has more universal scope. His trip to the Barima River and Towakaima Falls in the Forgotten Province scarcely needs his quotation from Thoreau to justify it. In his fascinating journey by jeep through El Dorado, the supposed site of the mythical golden island city Manoa, sought for by Raleigh, the Conquistadores, and the hero of Kingsley's absurd *Westward Ho!* (not

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mentioned here). Swan makes the best of that isolated dreariness: land-seizures and governmental neglect, lost English ranchers, Negroes, half-breeds, benighted missionaries and Indians becoming confused by a changing world.

To see, smell, feel, sing, strike deep, Swan has to be in the forest, not the savannah or the city. His Georgetown interludes are banal. His tepid defense of the Empire is hackneyed. Out of deference to the headlines, with manful effort of tolerance, if not comprehension, he interviewed Cheddi Jagan (so maligned because of his white Marxist wife) whose overwhelming victory at the polls was nullified by democratic British gunboats. In Georgetown Swan is among the little clique of Charlemagnesque sugar-

planters who in 200 years have put less than 200 square miles of a country twice as large as England under cultivation (mostly the Dutch did it): no industries, no interior roads, railroads or air-strips. Here he lowers his sights from his vast vision of this wealthy land to sweatshop level, hemming the national problem into the puerile alternative of sugar-slavery or ruin. Fortunately he does not often concern himself with politics or economics. His one intolerable vulgarity is applying the word "Creole" to pure-blooded Negroes.

Still, these complaints should not be given too much weight in the context of this book—it is flesh-warm, wing-wild, knowledgeable; one of the best of this year of 1958.

## Varieties of Submission

*RUSSIAN FICTION AND SOVIET IDEOLOGY*: Introduction to Fedin, Leonov and Sholokhov. By Ernest J. Simmons. Columbia University Press. 267 pp. \$4.75.

Alexander Werth

HAVING MET all three of Professor Simmons' heroes, I found his book particularly fascinating and—let me say right away—acute and penetrating in its assessment of the more or less tragic dilemma which all three of them have faced in the past quarter-century. I met urbane, very European, very old-Russian-intellectual Fedin as long ago as 1934 in Paris, and many times after that in Moscow; Leonov, the "peasant boy" with the gruff, Party-boy manner, I met at various official functions in Moscow during the war. Outwardly, there was nothing Dostoevskian about him. Sholokhov I met only once, in the summer of 1942. He had had a lot to drink that day, and spoke with a kind of frantic desperation of the rapid German advance through his beloved Don country. Of the three, he was the only one who struck me as completely sincere and wholly uninhibited.

Why did Mr. Simmons pick on these three? It is because he is trying to find an answer to a question that has been in the minds of many students of Soviet literature: how was it possible for writers of such great talent, originality, mental independence and integrity to survive the worst days of Zhdanovism

and to remain honored writers in the Soviet Union—writers whose works continue to sell literally in millions of copies?

Mr. Simmons takes the poorest possible view of the whole literary set-up in Russia, and reminds me of a casual remark once made by Pasternak: "Socially and economically this is probably going to turn out a very fine achievement—only where in hell do art and literature fit into it?"

Both literature and the criticism of it . . . promote not the aims of art, but the aims of Communism. As a consequence, the Soviet Union, in the forty years of its existence, has not produced a significant national literature. . . . Though peculiarly Soviet in content, its literary product has no claim to inclusion in the treasury of world art. This failure among so talented a people must be charged solely to the determination of the Communist Party to fetter the free creative spirit of the literary artist and bend it to its own will.

All the same, Mr. Simmons is both puzzled and fascinated by the fact that, in this Soviet desert of literary conformity, there should still be a few little cases of genuine and unrepressed talent; and the most important of these, in his view, are Fedin, Leonov and Sholokhov. What have these three in common? All of them, in Mr. Simmons' view, live largely in the past; and their work represents a constant struggle between the "old" and the "new"; and the story he tells is, in reality, the story of three different "conversions" or rather, "adaptations" to present-day Soviet ways of thinking. In none of the three cases has the "adaptation" been complete; that

ALEXANDER WERTH, *The Nation's Paris correspondent, is the author of France: 1940-1955 and Lost Statesman: The Strange Story of Pierre Mendès-France.*

The NATION



is perhaps why all three have managed, in Mr. Simmons' view, to "contribute a modicum of artistic dignity to Soviet literature." Without any controls, he suggests, they would have done infinitely better still.

An important fact, which Mr. Simmons constantly stresses, is that all three began to write soon after 1917—or, at any rate, before the literary *gleichschaltung* of 1932—that is, during that short spell when "writers experienced the freedom and creative *élan* of the only revolutionary period of Soviet literature." In the twenties, Fedin wrote *Cities and Years*, Leonov, *The Badgers* and *The Thief* (which has been significantly omitted from his recent *Collected Works*), while Sholokhov wrote *The Silent Don*, the only Soviet novel perhaps which contains a truly unforgettable love story—the story of Gregor and Aksinia.

WHAT also fascinates Mr. Simmons in all three writers is the fact that, even when they try to do so, they never manage to create a "perfect Soviet hero." When such "positive" heroes do appear, they remain shadowy and unconvincing. Sholokhov's heroes are individualists and un-Soviet; Leonov, though a good Party boy, still hankers for tormented, Dostoevskian souls; the case of Fedin is less clear, and also less interesting, and one may even regret that Mr. Simmons should have included him among the "big three." For all his nostalgia for pre-revolutionary Russia, Fedin has, after all, adapted himself rather more fully than the other two to the current pattern of the Soviet writer's "home work."

THE cases of Leonov and Sholokhov are far more interesting. Leonov started as one of the wildest of the wild men in the *Sturm und Drang* years of the 1920s, a writer of tremendous vigor and gusto, of a rich, anarchical style, and with a fascinating genius for pungent Dostoevskian situations and Dostoevskian buffoonery. One might argue that such buffoonery is "un-Soviet." It is certainly absent from the pages of *Krokodil*; but anyone who has lived in Russia during the war years knows that even then the element of buffoonery was very much alive; and neither buffoonery nor "mysteriousness" have completely disappeared from even so seemingly *bien-pensant* a book as Leonov's latest big novel, *The Russian Forest*, written no less than eighteen years after his previous big novel.

Leonov, though only a "fellow traveler" in the 1920s, became genuinely converted to communism in the early

30s; he was fascinated by the grandiose nature of both industrialization and collectivization; but, as an artist, he persisted in his refusal to simplify human beings. All his later work, therefore, must be regarded as a sort of honorable compromise, and if Leonov has not been treated more harshly in recent years, it is because he represents, in a way, a very curious phenomenon in Communist art policy: if an artist is a genuinely great artist and outwardly conforms, certain allowances are made in his case, which would not be made in the case of the smaller fry. We have a parallel example in music: Shostakovich, who has some curious points in common with Leonov, is also tolerated and even honored; he is, in short, big enough not to have to conform completely, except in his official political utterances. Occasionally he is gently rebuked for the introspection, the neuroticism and the buffoonery to be found in his music, but he remains "a great Soviet artist." Only at the very height of Zhdanovism was he denied this description.

The case of Sholokhov is, I feel, much more tragic. For what has Sholokhov written since *The Silent Don* in the late 20s and *Virgin Soil Upturned* in the early

30s? A few admittedly admirable fragments—but still only fragments—of a great new novel-to-be; a few vigorous war-time pamphlet-like, short stories and apart from that—nothing. In short, Sholokhov, the creator of the immense, flesh-and-blood world of *The Silent Don*, has been almost silent for twenty-five years. I have heard some of the pundits of the Writers' Union darkly hinting at Sholokhov's "alcoholism." Much more plausible is the explanation that his silence has been a protest against the demands made upon him by the Party and by the Writers' Union. At the height of the literary "thaw" in 1954 he appeared at the Congress of Soviet Writers and, in the most explosive speech made there, he denounced the Writers' Union and spoke words of bitter sarcasm about spokesmen like Simonov and Ehrenburg who, for all their apparent quarrels and conflicts, all belonged, he said, to the same gang.

What of the future? Mr. Simmons attempts no answer. There is little doubt that Khrushchev's Russia is more liberal than Stalin's in all fields—except one. And that is the field of literature. For the time being, at any rate, the "thaw" in this field is over, as is

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also the brief moment of "Dudintsevism"; and Shepilov, who was the Party's arbiter of the arts, is being denounced today as a double-crosser, who was prepared to tolerate dangerous deviations from the straight path of *partiinost*, or the "Party spirit," in literature. It was possible, in 1952-53, to

induce Sholokhov to prepare a "revised version" of *The Silent Don*. It was a distasteful job, but he did it. Whether he ever completes his great new novel, *They Fought for their Country*, is quite another matter. It is a question which perhaps one man, and one man only—Nikita Khrushchev—can answer.

## Modest Ambitions

### THE MAN WHO BROKE THINGS.

By John Brooks. Harper & Bros. 312 pp. \$3.95.

### THE RETURN OF ANSEL GIBBS.

By Frederick Buechner. Alfred A. Knopf. 308 pp. \$3.75.

YOUNG MR. KEEFE. By Stephen Birmingham. Little, Brown. 369 pp. \$3.95.

THE SERGEANT. By Dennis Murphy. Viking Press. 254 pp. \$3.50.

David L. Stevenson

THE FOUR recent novels by the young writers listed above are examples of intelligent reportorial fiction. This variety of novel reached prominence at the turn of the century, with the works of Howells and Norris. It continues to be practiced today by such established figures as Marquand, O'Hara and Cozzens, and by many of the young initiates. It exists as a comfortable, traditional kind of writing, pretty much

outside the boundaries of serious literary criticism, pleasing its readers by its careful plotting and by its mirror-like fidelity to the transient moment which it reflects. Such fiction makes little effort to stir our pity and terror, to alter our way of perceiving the world or ourselves. Rather, it is a concentrated report, in the form of a novel, presenting segments or aspects of society with which we are already somewhat familiar. In each of the examples under immediate review, it is an honest report, set down in a plain-style prose with no special heightening energy in itself. And it is a report, like that of Cozzens' *By Love Possessed*, that is exciting and alive only in the act of reading it. It leaves no residue of allegorical or symbolic suggestion in the mind. Its total meaning is in the events narrated, and it exhausts its meaning in the telling.

John Brooks's *The Man Who Broke Things* is his third novel, and his third documentary on American life at mid-century. His first, *The Big Wheel*, was a report on the tensions and conflicts of personality on the staff of a weekly news magazine. His second, *A Pride of*

*Lions*, described the not uncommon predicament of a young man caught between the sophisticated life of his New York job and the environmental pull of the small-town attitudes in which he grew up. This third novel by Brooks is an account of the battle for control of a very large corporation. We remember that such battles actually occurred in recent years, with full newspaper coverage, over the proxies of Montgomery Ward and The New York Central. The dramatic interest of *The Man Who Broke Things* is centered upon the domestic and private lives of the junior executives whose mortgage payments and love affairs are dependent upon who wins. The philosophical-moral interest is centered upon the insistent question of the whole novel: What motivates a man like the central character Haislip to dedicate his every thought, and to sacrifice every friend, to a ruthless quest for corporate power? Mr. Brooks finds that he can give us a clear and definite answer to this question, and thereby keep his novel within the limits of communication appropriate to his third report.

FREDERICK BUECHNER'S *The Return of Ansel Gibbs* is also a third novel, though it is his first attempt at reportorial fiction (his first two novels, *A Long Day's Dying* and *The Seasons' Difference*, were studies in character, mood and sensibility). Like *The Man Who Broke Things*, its setting and array of characters are close to the observable, this time in contemporary political America. Ansel Gibbs, detached and skeptical, a modern Henry Adams, has been asked to join the President's Cabinet. He is opposed by a Senator Farwell, an opportunistic mouthpiece of small-town sentimentalities. They confront each other on a television broadcast conducted by a young man noted for tricking his victims into disastrous disclosures. Ansel Gibbs reveals himself for what he is, a man who finds it difficult to commit himself to any action because he sees "as much falseness as truth in almost everything." He also shows himself imprudently scornful of political statesmen who operate on moral insights no heavier than a sleepy Sunday's sermon, and whose perceptions and utterances are such quarter truths as would not convince an intelligent man as to the importance of living one day longer. The novel asks two questions: Is there any function for such a man as Gibbs in contemporary politics? Could such a man be cleared by the Senate? In summarizing its findings, the novel allows Gibbs, after a

DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University. He is the author of *The Love-Game Comedy*.

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series of crises, to think himself fit for the job. He is fortunately confirmed by the Senate, and his daughter rounds things out by marrying the brash young man with the television show.

Stephen Birmingham's *Young Mr. Keefe* and Dennis Murphy's *The Sergeant* are first novels by young men in their twenties, reports on love, marriage and sexual ambivalence in a world haunted by the insights of Freud and the facts of Kinsey. *Young Mr. Keefe* asks whether a fragile, unselfish, married love can survive San Francisco's Telegraph Hill cocktail parties, casual adultery, and the unknowingness of being merely very young. *The Sergeant* asks whether a healthy, sunlit, lyrical romance with a French girl of endless patience can survive her American private's gnawing, unfaced homosexual corruption by a master sergeant in an army depot. The reporter's final answer, in each case, is "Yes, of course."

These four reportorial novels are certainly written well within the mainstream of American fiction of the past fifty years. And it is easy to find pleasant things to say of each. Brooks's *The Man Who Broke Things* reveals him as an amiable, perceptive commentator, essentially an entertainer who keeps all moments of quiet desperation out of bounds. Buechner, in *The Return of Ansel Gibbs*, is a skilled observer and literary craftsman who stays off the seriously tragic implications in the predicament of his central character by the persistent and oracular theological musings of a minor figure in the novel's action. Birmingham's *Young Mr. Keefe* and Murphy's *The Sergeant*, in addition

to a simple competence of presentation, have the added and unintended charm of giving the reader a glimpse of the world through the naive eyes of the truly young. But it should be noticed that these four documentary novels speak well of only momentary things. This stream of our fiction has produced dozens of Tarkingtons and Upton Sinclairs. The significant Dreiser or Lewis or Fitzgerald who emerges from it is almost as rare as the unicorn.

Mark Schorer, in his essay "Technique as Discovery" (*Hudson Review*, 1948), has argued that a documentary novel which can be discussed only for its content is not subject to serious literary criticism, "that to speak of content as such is not to speak of art at all, but of experience... it is only when we speak of the achieved content... that we speak as critics." Since I am inclined to agree with this statement, I find it difficult to feel anything stronger for these four present novelist-reporters than admiration for a job of observation rendered intelligently and in clear prose. Their books permit us to ask only very simple questions: Is the reporting accurate? Is the material observed of general interest? Will they be made into movies? The post-war period has given us many excellent small novels of sensibility, a dozen or so desperate pseudo-masterpieces, a handful of novels that one would have to classify as significant art, with a truly achieved content. I wish, therefore, to register finally only my surprise that these four brightly alert young writers have set such modest limits to what they have attempted.

## THEATRE

Charles A. Fenton

WHEN Archibald MacLeish's new verse play, *J. B.*, was published a few weeks ago, the range of the book-reviewers' reactions was not broad. It extended from the ecstatic to the unhinged. One reviewer, himself an important poet and as a critic known previously for his absolute and wrathful professional standards, declared that *J. B.* was likely to become "one of the lasting achievements of art and mind in our time."

CHARLES A. FENTON, assistant professor of English at Yale University, is the author of *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway* and has completed a biography of Stephen Vincent Benét, to be published in the fall.

This was big talk. The skeptical, without bothering to read the play, spoke of middle-brow taste and journalistic values; the cynical mentioned literary log-rolling. Last week, however, the Yale School of Drama provided an opportunity for the faithful, the skeptical and the cynical to experience *J. B.* in the medium for which Mr. MacLeish intended it.

For five nights and a matinee, in the heady atmosphere of a world premiere, town and gown mingled in the opulent University Theatre which Yale's Harkness built for Harvard's Baker and to which Yale's MacLeish now returned briefly from Harvard's Boylston professorship. Each performance was sold out

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days in advance. The Dean of the School of Drama himself directed the production. Someone inquired if A. Whitney Griswold was going to play Job. The Department of English sent its masters of biblical exegesis to inspect this native talent. One sensed that they did not plan to enjoy it. After all, to have seen *The Cocktail Party* was sufficient bounty for one critical lifetime.

IT really appeared that MacLeish was inviting for himself a set of vocational sores that would match the fleshly ones of the play's hero. In the fullness of a remarkable career, during which he has played with creative distinction a number of roles—Washington bureaucrat, public orator, *Fortune* editor, senior professor—that are normally and regularly robbed of their vitality by lesser men, MacLeish seemed to have willfully chosen to return to the scene of his earliest triumphs for a final destruction.

The audience, primarily academic and intellectual, and thus representing the two groups which have always been uneasy and resentful of MacLeish's conception and execution of the writer as a public figure, had an air of expectant cannibalism. The prospective contest seemed about as equal as an invitation to the literary quarterlies to reassess the career and achievement of James Whitcomb Riley.

And yet, it seems to me, MacLeish was the winner. *J. B.* is a moving and exciting play. Its theme of regeneration is dramatically plausible; it is regeneration independent of the cautious borrowing this literary theme has normally received during the past thirty years. It may well be that *J. B.* is better theatre than poetry, and yet even this, if true, is additional evidence of MacLeish's success. The verse which, when read in the published volume seemed sometimes forced and stagey, has when spoken the grandiloquent bite required by so ambitious an effort. It was, as the production showed, language which summoned a sobriety of response and yet simultaneously provided the verbal extravagance that good drama—particularly when set under a circus top—must have. By superb craftsmanship MacLeish maintains the intricacies of his situation—a play within a play—on three levels of meaning, the theatrical, the actual and the real. All this despite the fact that J. B. and his wife were thoroughly miscast, the one lacking entirely the physical buoyancy and the other the New England self-torment which MacLeish had written for them.

To the literary historian *J. B.* is a fruitful document, reminding us by its vibrancy and courage of the achievement of American literature in the past half century, reminding us again of the role of Puritanism in even an anti-Puritan literary period, reminding us of the zest and grace with which MacLeish's literary generation has performed. It is a tonic too, it seems to me, to witness in MacLeish's continued and meaningful productivity a denial of the historical and critical dogma about the premature collapse of literary talent that is said to occur within all American literary generations.

The simplicity of MacLeish's final symbols—a branch of forsythia, a desperate embrace by Job and his wife—seemed to embarrass the professorial audience. It was too simple, too ordinary; it was too readily understood. The notion that the individual is superior to the institution—that Job is superior to God—is not critically palatable to the institutionalized. There were mutters that it was objectionable to have one's emotions manipulated so expertly; this was the unwilling confirmation of MacLeish's theatrical success. *J. B.*, it's a pleasure to report, is good theatre and a fine display of a writer of genuine intellectual substance who has nevertheless always remembered and created emotion. "It's like those damn things that got us so excited in the 1930s," someone grumbled later on York Street. It was not meant as a compliment to *J. B.*, but I suspect MacLeish would have been pleased at that kind of memory of emotion and belief.

## Spring

(from the French by Paul Eluard)

On the beachfront—  
puddles of water.

In the woods—  
trees full of birds.

On the mountain tops—  
snow melting.

On the apple trees  
branches burning  
with such bright blossoms  
sun goes pale.

It was a winter evening  
in a frozen world  
with you my innocent  
that I saw this spring  
at your side.

There is no night for us.  
Nothing that dies touches you.  
You will never be cold.

Our spring is a spring that makes sense.

WALTER LOWENFELS

The NATION



## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

FOR their last Carnegie Hall program of the season, before leaving on a tour of Central and South America, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic gave a concert performance, in English, of Arthur Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*. It was a monumental affair. The Westminster Choir, which is enormous, was terraced upward across the back of the stage, its members clad in pale, flame-like robes. In the heart of this choir sat another, a white-robed children's chorus from the Columbus Boychoir School, and also a group of soloists to take care of the work's numerous individual singing roles. By means of doublings, the eleven parts were carried by only five, top-flight singers: Adele Addison, Leontyne Price, Frances Bible, David Lloyd and Lorenzo Alvary.

This impressive apparatus comprised the production's singing half. There was also, of course, the Philharmonic, its proportions augmented by two pianos placed directly in front of the podium, and its sound altered by the addition of three alto saxophones. To the conductor's left stood a slender, gray and scarlet figure of Jeanne herself, impersonated on this occasion by Felicia Montealegre, who is in private life Mrs. Leonard Bernstein. (Jeanne is accorded a speaking-acting role in Honegger's "dramatic oratorio," although the action does not permit her to move from the spot where she is supposed to be chained to the stake.) Another important speaking character in the drama, Brother Dominic, was represented by the French baritone, Martial Singher, standing behind a rostrum at the stage's extreme left and speaking through a microphone.

There was no end to the production's spectacularity; no fault in its sophisticated attention to details, nor in its sense of theatricality as illustrated, for example, by the device of having some speaking voices come booming through loudspeakers while others emerged from the massed chorus. There were also lighting effects which I would have supposed Carnegie Hall incapable of providing, and which heightened the drama.

I stress the elaborateness of this production and its high artistic tone (both musical and theatrical) because despite them, *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher* was a disappointment. It was staggering, but left me largely unmoved. Perhaps this was because I had previously known the work in its staged version, as performed

at the Paris Opéra. There, Jeanne stands on a circular dais, enchained, with the choruses sitting as if in jury boxes, in great semi-circles at the stage's left and right. Everything is either acted or mimed. The friend from heaven, Frère Dominique, sits at the foot of Jeanne's dais and reads to her from a huge, Bible-like book containing the minutes of her trials. When the choruses rise up and shout at her, they become both jury and populace. Characters in the drama who are described as beasts appear on stage in that guise, and satirical charades take place around Jeanne's stylized pyre.

OBVIOUSLY, none of this is possible in a concert version, and I do not object in principle to its absence. My chagrin comes from another quarter—that I have, over a period of years, entertained for Honegger's score a far higher regard than it really deserves. That the work was, in certain places, a bit stagnant was apparent even in the mimed version; the action spun its wheels occasionally while repetitive words or musical passages came forth. But this did not seem important, for the eye was occupied. Then too, the French language has an innately poetic quality which can make repetitions of even the single word "Jeanne" (especially in a declamatory, theatrical style) infinitely appealing and dramatic. In English, the affective weights are changed, and even such a pure translation as the Philharmonic's (by Dennis Arundell) cannot avoid an alteration of poetic values. I do not remember my reaction to the French equivalent of "I am going—I am going—I am gone," if such there was in the Opéra production, but the lines must have seemed to carry poetic gradations now missing from the English. At Carnegie Hall, Joan was going—going—gone, several times. But I knew perfectly well that the oratorio was only half over, and that she was not really going for a long time.

My basic discouragement with the music for *Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*, however, as it revealed itself nakedly in concert performance is that it too often reaches for sentiment instead of deep emotion, and effect instead of substance. These are weaknesses which staging can disguise and, in a temporary fashion, seem to justify. But once recognized, they continue to rankle. The repetitiousness of Honegger's music might be accepted in terms of the oratorio's staged version, for he was working with montage effects and multiple flashbacks throughout. But cheapness of musical

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feeling cannot really be excused, and I'm sorry to say that Honneger's music for *Jeanne d'Arc* is too often oversweet and inflated in sentiment. It is beset by a problem which afflicts all but the greatest French music—how to be serious, not to say proclamatory, without giving up one's feelings as a *boulevardier*.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

EDWARD MELCARTH is showing at Durlacher's through May 17 some seventeen canvases as well as the preparatory sketches for his ceiling in the new Lunt-Fontaine Theatre—the only New York theatre as far as I know ever to have been decorated by a painter of his standing. Melcarth's work has much in common with that of the late Reginald Marsh. He has more violence than Marsh and none of Marsh's bitter and entertaining humor. But both painters have admired the broad restlessness and hasty skill of Tintoretto, and in the elaboration of their common subject—the picturesque brutality of city life—both have been led to investigate Venetian painting methods. Melcarth's heavy, opaque paint and positive color seem to me a sounder version of the technique than Marsh's brown tones and transparent glazes.

Melcarth's pictures are bold and varied—city toughs and urban scenes—a beer-hall doorway, a piazza pavement with strollers and photographer, a workman falling from a scaffold, motorcyclists with their girls, bikes and jack-ets, a *Bachannalia* of couples petting on Coney Island beach. The largest and most important, *The Rape of the Sabines*, shows a knife battle between teen-age gangs over girls. The work is vigorous and full of invention, freely painted without stylization. The size and ambition of the concepts are ample excuse for details of drawing sometimes crude and unresolved. The work is designed to be seen from a distance. Melcarth, alone of the figurative painters, is thoroughly at home in the mural style. The figure of *Terpsichore* which crowns the Lunt-Fontaine proscenium, is probably the most successful decorative figure of the sort done here in our time.

FAIRFIELD PORTER is showing through May at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery a group of portraits and landscapes. His subject is a domestic one—family and friends and summer in the country—not unlike the subject of the Late Im-

pressionists. In fact, without having actual resemblance, the work recalls Vuillard. The canvases are large, easy, not stylized or overdetalled, with color harmonies in light, clear, but subdued tones. The stroke is broad and liquid. More attention is given to precision of color than to blending of edges. As in the work of Vuillard or André, and for the same reasons of stylistic unity, the sitter's background is given the same importance as his face and figure. I particularly liked a portrait of the painter's youngest son, and a landscape showing garden chairs and table on a deserted lawn. In striking contrast to Melcarth's bright, objective violence, Porter is pensive, intimate and poetic. Both painters are educated, literate men. It is probably their familiarity with the history of art which allows them to avoid the more immediate influences of our time and to attach themselves to anterior traditions.

The Venezuelan painter, Armando Barrios, shown at Wildenstein's until May 10, has another approach to figurative painting. Melcarth uses the Venetians and Porter the Late Impressionists as stylistic guides. Barrios uses Juan Gris—of all the early Cubists the most successful in figure painting. Like Gris, Barrios constructs his pictures out of sharply bounded areas of bright, flat color. These elaborately interlocking webs at first sight seem abstract. On closer inspection they reveal themselves as careful and vivid depictions of scenes from Venezuelan life—of choir boys, monks, laundresses, musicians and dancers. The severe linear style gives the work a hard, decorative brilliance. But Barrios, by his painting skill and accurate eye for gesture, succeeds in endowing his figures with convincing life and quiet humor despite his quasi-historical and arbitrary stylization.

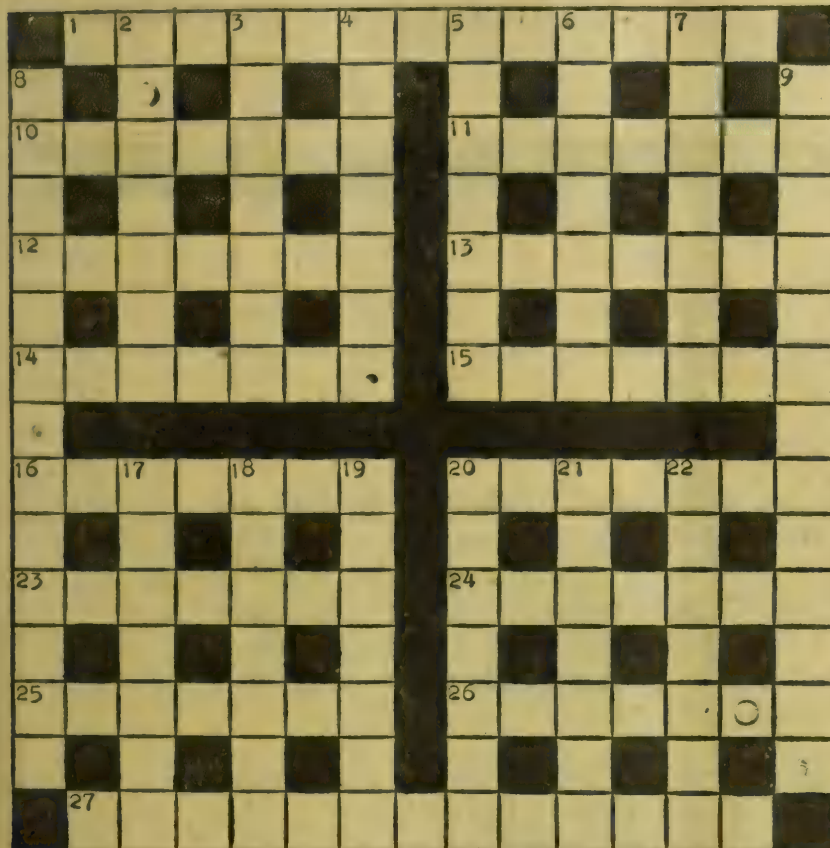
THE use of historical models is characteristic of our time. The rule-of-thumb traditions by which representational painting has always been taught no longer exist, and the student finds little satisfactory guidance in his immediate elders. If he wishes to learn to depict the outside world, he is generally obliged to adopt some historical model and try to solve his problem by methods he can reconstruct from the work of some master of the past.

A bridging such as this is not to be condemned as eclecticism. The painter is not reproducing stylistic details. He is learning from a successful solution how to depict his own world. Once mastery is attained, as it is in these three painters, whatever stylistic references still remain constitute an evocative elegance and not a submissive imitation.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 771

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Heavy character of the book, perhaps — the forward-looking sort. (4-5, 4)
- 10 He might consider craftsmanship a strain. (7)
- 11 Elucidate what might have to be discovered in the alpine sort. (7)
- 12 Make like to study 1040, for example. (7)
- 13 In raising havoc, a dog might get on the table. (7)
- 14 Insulation, but not to a principle of the islands of Langerhans. (7)
- 15 Clement might be responsible for such a ten-line composition. (7)
- 16 Where many workers go for obsequies, perhaps. (7)
- 20 Append. (7)
- 23 In older days, one might have been found in either western Europe or Georgia. (7)
- 24 Flickering or softly radiant. (7)
- 25 Cementing a sort of gun in it? (7)
- 26 Writers have dipped into this quite often. (7)
- 27 People pay more for it in cars, and less for it in workers. (13)

## DOWN:

- 2 Obviously excursions. (7)
- 3 Strip, like piles do. (7)
- 4 Spirit in an honorable name? (7)

- 5 Good hitters are able to do it longer, one can usually see. (7)
- 6 This storm is nothing in a sort of snake? (7)
- 7 Appease the locality at the inside. (7)
- 8 What makes unionism act so hypocritical? (13)
- 9 Is it made by fat only? Untrue, in a manner not attended by prosperity. (13)
- 17 He's low German, and not quite himself. (7)
- 18 He has a base position. (7)
- 19 It takes money to set a leg broken at this place. (7)
- 20 Defiles. (7)
- 21 Run into your relatives from the country? (7)
- 22 Unity makes no sense here, it seems. (7)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 770

ACROSS: 1 CONTINUED STORY; 9 EXPLATE; 10 AMMONIA; 11 PREFIX; 12 CRANNIES; 14 and 15 STATION WAGON; 17 KITTY; 19 FEE TAIL; 21 TACTURN; 23 and 2 down LITTLE NIPPERS; 25 CAUTION; 26 BROMIDE; 27 BLITHE-SOMENESS; DOWN: 1 CHEAP-JACK; 3 IMAGINARY; 4 and 8 USED CARS; 5 DEAD RINGER; 6 TIMON; 7 RUNNING; 13 DIFFERENCE; 15 WEARISOME; 16 NOBLENESS; 18 TACTUAL; 20 LATTICE; 21 TUCK; 22 TWIST; 24 EBRO.

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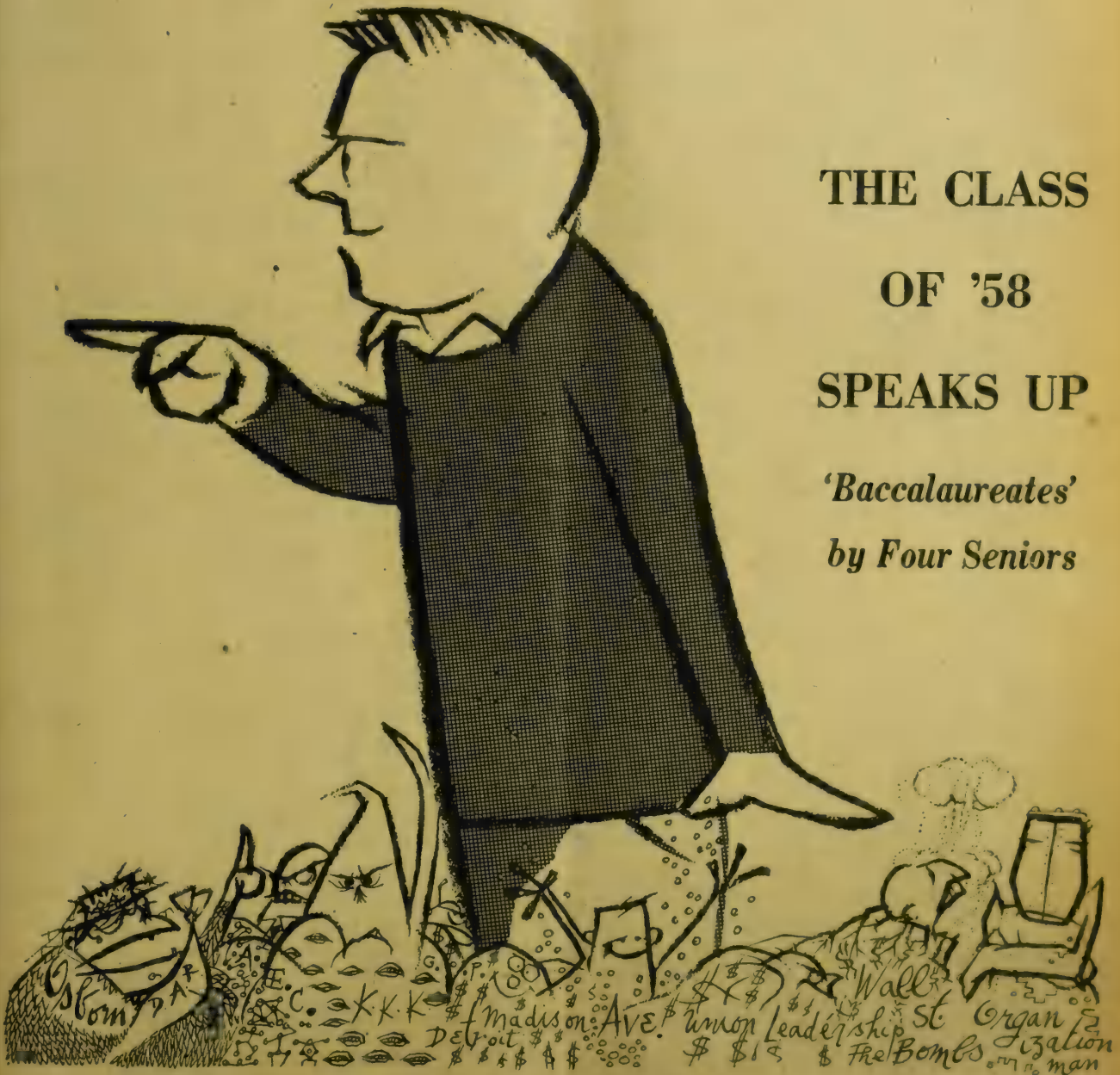
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# LETTERS

## Mr. Truman, Pro and Con

*Dear Sirs:* As a faithful *Nation* reader, permit me to express my disappointment with your editorial "Please, Mr. Truman!", printed in the April 26 issue. Mr. Truman has never been wont to temper his political language. Neither is he generally known for a consummate sense of tact. But to call him, as you did, a "little man" who fell "heir to responsibilities that are beyond his capabilities" is unhistorical . . .

When Mr. Truman became President, a great burden fell on his shoulders; he grew into his job and guided this country with firmness through a turbulent seven years of its history. He left the Executive Branch strengthened, and the country strong. He showed the courage that greatness is made of by the firmness with which he made great decisions. The man who dropped the atom bomb to end the war, under whose Administration our postwar policy was fashioned, who decided to commit us in Korea—this is not a man who must strut as a sideshow on the national stage to win some final applause.

STEPHEN A. SCHUKER

*Ithaca, N.Y.*

*Dear Sirs:* Mr. Truman should be condemned even more harshly than you did in *The Nation*. But praise be for what you did say.

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*Joplin, Mo.*

## Ezra Pound's Champions

*Dear Sirs:* We are not opposed to having Ezra Pound removed from the Washington asylum where he had been kept for twelve years. There are enough disturbed people in our Capital without him. What makes us sad is that it takes a psychopathic disciple of fascism to spur Frost, Hemingway, MacLeish and other leading literary figures to political activity. Their intercession on Pound's behalf was the first public stand on a controversial political matter of this kind that many of them have taken since they spoke out against the Nazis, or Franco's invasion of Spain.

We hope more of our fellow-craftsmen will now join writers such as Waldo Frank and speak out for some of the political prisoners still in jail in this

country. Many of these have a long record of anti-fascist activity—Gil Green, Robert Thompson, Henry Winston are Smith Act prisoners whom President Eisenhower can free. Morton Sobell is serving thirty years as a tragic reminder that the Rosenberg case is not dead.

WALTER LOWENFELS  
PHILLIP BONOSKY

*Mays Landing, N.J.*

## Got His Goatee

*Dear Sirs:* A fellow non-conformist hails Mr. Eric W. Hughes, Jr., [Letters column, May 13]. It is good to know that there are people around who will say baa-baa when their goatee is got. The dilemma is this: either be a "canned" personality or be canned.

Employment agency—anyone?

DAVID DELMAN

*Cleveland, Ohio*

## Pesticides

*Dear Sirs:* The recent article by David Cort ("The Pesticide That Came to Dinner", April 12 issue) is no doubt a harbinger of what will eventually be a problem to the country. That Mr. Cort is an energetic and able person is evidenced by the diversity of his recent articles for *The Nation*; however I feel his latest contribution to be the result of limited research into a field where he has little basic knowledge. Equating the killing of carp with the killing of fiddler crabs seems to verify this confusion.

Perhaps the best solution for the problem presented is not to indict the government for its pest programs, but rather to focus attention on the need to keep the soil in which our food is grown, and off of which our animals feed, in its natural balance. Vegetation in such soil doesn't fall prey to the insects which threaten our existence and hence doesn't require chemical treatment. Louis Bromfield in his writings from his Malabar Farm was perhaps this principle's most eloquent advocate. The government isn't as nearly to be blamed for its insecticide programs as for its lack of research in this field.

RUSSELL LEWIS

*West Andover, Mass.*

*Dear Sirs:* In connection with Mr. Cort's article condemning the widespread use of pesticides, may I quote the fol-

lowing from the Alabama State Department of Conservation bulletin: "The Alabama Department of Conservation

(Continued on page 449)

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## EDITORIALS

### The Conditioning of Joe Doakes

At 10:30 a.m. E.S.T. on May 6 (New York time), one of our periodic experiments in manipulating the public mind began with what one journalistic poet called a "glissande of sirens." Millions of proud, free-born Americans trooped obediently to the air-raid shelters, such as building lobbies and hallways, whose collapse any structural engineer could guarantee if a megaton bomb landed five miles away. Among the good citizens was President Eisenhower, who differs from most of his countrymen in that he can descend into a real shelter, a secret underground command post, the location of which every newspaper man in Washington knows. In New York, Mayor Wagner, wearing a civil-defense helmet and a broad smile, was photographed braving the bombs in Times Square. He had reason to be happy, for only 419,086 New Yorkers were killed and 849,458 injured. Over the entire country 25,000,000 more lives were saved than would have been possible a year ago—surely a handsome dividend from the Civil Defense Administration to the people of the nation who are its wards.

Those who do not savor the thrills of leadership and obedience may take a sour view of these recurring emergencies in which statisticians figure with an accuracy of one part in a million casualties which, even granting their premises, could not possibly be estimated in advance with an accuracy of one part in five. From this possibly subversive standpoint, what is the actual purpose of the imaginary incursions of Russian aircraft (it was kind of them not to use missiles) and the imaginary millions of dead and wounded? Whatever the purpose, the effect seems to be fourfold:

1. To convince Joe Doakes that war is, if not inevitable, at least so likely that we must prepare to the tune of some \$45 billion a year.

2. To convince Joe that, as a result of the heroic efforts of the civil-defense proctors, he has a chance to survive even if fifty, sixty or seventy million of his countrymen perish.

3. To convince Joe that, though the peril is imminent (or why the alerts?), if he obeys the orders of those whom God in His infinite wisdom has placed over him

in civil defense, somehow things will work out for the best, or at least not for the worst.

4. To keep Joe's mind off political and economic questions which can't be solved by fake drills or other hogwash. Who cares about taxes or prices or desegregation when the country is in mortal peril?

Motives may vary from the best to the worst, but no better gimmick has ever been devised to paralyze the public and keep it paralyzed.

### The Obsolescence of Slogans

The eminent historian Arnold Toynbee suggested in a recent interview that the nuclear age may have outmoded the injunction, "Give me liberty or give me death." Patrick Henry was affirming his willingness to take a calculated risk on behalf of principle, and by implication urging others to join him. He was prepared to hang, if his cause was lost, in company with a few score of other patriots. But would he have been willing to stake the life of the entire human race to get rid of George III, or some even more abominable tyrant? The question answers itself: the Founding Fathers were not madmen.

One would think that there could not be two minds about this, but there are. Thus Irving Kristol, writing on "The Question of the Bomb" in the *Spectator*, criticizes Carl Friedrich von Weizsacker, the German physicist who, on personal religious grounds, declines to take part in the making of nuclear weapons. The question, says Kristol, is whether there is "anything in life to be treasured more than life itself?" We think there is, but we do not think that dying in a duel with nuclear weapons will preserve whatever is treasured, nor do we think that anyone has the moral right to force others, including children and non-combatants, to die for a cause which in his eyes involves the ultimate choice.

There is not the slightest evidence that we must choose between death and communism, which is what is actually meant by those who exhort us to be ready to die. Nuclear war would not preserve freedom: it would destroy freedom and everything else worth living (or dying) for. To the extent that it left any human beings alive at all, it could only result in a form of



society beside which the fascism of Hitler, Mussolini, and our ally Franco would appear positively benign.

Death is not too high a price to pay for freedom; on this we are all agreed. But what value would justify the destruction of human life on this planet, not to mention the destruction of the culture of the last two thousand years? To have moral meaning, this question must be raised in a manner that gives each individual a chance to answer it, not in a way that forecloses individual option. To many Americans, we suspect, life under a Communist dictatorship would still seem worth living; millions of Russians find it so. And those Americans who found the prospect intolerable would, as individuals, have the privilege of committing suicide or, better, of combining to resist it. In contrast, to reach for nuclear bombs is tantamount—assuming it were possible—to disorbiting the moon and causing it to crash into the earth in order to destroy the Kremlin. Obsolete slogans no longer provide automatic answers to the hideous questions posed by nuclear weapons.

## The Education of Richard Nixon

*The Nation's* admiration for Richard Nixon is, to put it mildly, limited. Nonetheless the Vice President is entitled to congratulations for the manner in which he has accepted the noisy vilification of various anti-Yankee elements on his current Latin-American tour. Under trying circumstances, he has played a difficult role with courage and determination. Since Mr. Nixon might some day be President, we are glad that he has had the experience. He knows now, if he did not know before, to what extremes of feeling even peoples celebrated for their hospitality and generous spirit may be driven by hunger and poverty and humiliation. He knows, too, if he did not know before, what the "suction pump" policy which the Eisenhower Administration substituted for that of the Good Neighbor has done to American prestige in the lands he has visited (see "Policy of the Suction Pump" by Betty Kirk, *The Nation*, October 5, 1957). It is even possible that Mr. Nixon may now be able to convince the President of the need to review the Good Neighbor policy.

## Advice for Detroit

In our December 22, 1956, issue we published a story by David Cort, "You, Too, Can Drive a Juke-box," which, if it had been read and heeded by the automobile industry, would have gone some way toward averting the catastrophe of 1958 and the foreseeable one of 1959. Now that it isn't selling, the 1958 car is the villain, and suddenly the press, and in particular the news weeklies, is throwing rotten tomatoes at it. Since the 1959 cars are to be even longer and chromier than the 1958 models, the press will have to

keep right on throwing. But it is too late. The design and tooling of the 1959s were largely frozen eighteen months ago. The popular press, which gets the bulk of automobile advertising, is performing the worst possible service to the industry by its belated clamor, second only to its failure to criticize when criticism could have helped, two years ago.

The primary responsibility, of course, lies with the industry. There is no objection to big cars, although in a city they are as ill-mannered as sitting in a crowded subway train with one's legs outstretched in the aisle. Let the manufacturers make big cars for those who need the prestige and have the money. But let them also make modest, economical cars. If General Motors, Ford and Chrysler don't make them, others will. And since careers and issues are interrelated and there are still some Detroit' big shots who insist on manufacturing only big cars, maybe some executive heads must roll before things will get better in Detroit and in the American economy.

## Those Mystery Pilots

From the outset, arms and other supplies have been parachuted to the Indonesian rebels by unidentified four-engine aircraft of American manufacture; this much is generally known. It is also conceded that air power is the decisive element in Indonesia's civil war and that the rebels had neither fighter planes nor skilled pilots when the rebellion was launched. Yet recently rebel planes—four B-26s and two Mustang fighters—manned by well-trained pilots, bombed a British tanker, an Italian freighter, a Greek ship and a ship of Panamanian registry (killing nine). The American press has been unable—or reluctant—to identify the sources of the aircraft or the nationality of the pilots. *Time*, for example, refers to "the mystery pilots." But the planes and pilots were obviously supplied by South Korea or Nationalist China—or, perhaps, by "soldiers of fortune" such as some of Chennault's merry men based on Formosa. In any of these cases the knowledge, if not the approval, of American officials must be presumed. Over a month ago President Syngman Rhee announced his intention of intervening on the side of the rebels. On March 31, he told Scripps-Howard correspondent Jim Lucas that the rebels could have as much materiel from South Korea's plentiful supplies as they might need. He added that he was appealing to "all free nations of Asia" to join in assurances of support to the rebels. "Let's go help them," he said. "Who's going to stop us?"

What, then, is American policy? We are not neutral; that much is clear. For we refused the Indonesian Government's request for arms—thereby forcing it to seek supplies from the Soviet Union, Yugoslavia and China—while knowing that arms and other supplies were



being parachuted to the rebels in planes of American manufacture. But while he is not neutral, Mr. Dulles is not an active interventionist, either. Indeed, he can't be, for however much he may object to the composition of the Indonesian Cabinet or to certain recent tendencies in Jakarta, the Government there is recognized by this country and is a member of the United Nations. Hence the difficulty with Mr. Dulles' policy is that it leaves the Soviets in a position where they can, with propriety, supply the legitimate Indonesian Government with whatever arms it may desire. The other day the first Soviet fighter and bomber planes arrived and, if this latest "brush-fire war" is not extinguished promptly, Communist "volunteers" will soon make their appearance in the wake of Soviet equipment. In a showdown, the odds strongly favor the legitimate Government which, once it emerged victorious from a long and costly civil war, would be a great deal more anti-American than it is at this moment. And Mr. Dulles' grand SEATO alliance would be outflanked.

## The Tonic of Irreverence

J. Edgar Hoover may not be the most influential or the most popular government official in Washington, but there can be no doubt that he has long enjoyed a phenomenal immunity from the curiosity and criticism of the press corps. Even President Eisenhower, at the height of his popularity, failed to achieve the degree of inviolability that Mr. Hoover has long enjoyed. Nor is the press alone in its unwillingness to examine Mr. Hoover as though he were a mortal man, born of mortal parents, much less a public servant who might be asked questions. Citizens, lay critics, organizational spokesmen of all kinds have been equally reluctant to suggest that he might be subject to criticism now and then.

Against this background, several items in last week's news are of more than passing interest. First the *New Yorker* (May 3) examined FBI crime statistics and found them shrill and false. Then the president of the National Association of Broadcasters actually "took issue" with Mr. Hoover who, in an editorial in the *FBI Bulletin*, had blamed "movies and television presentations which flaunt indecency and applaud lawlessness" for the "crime wave" which the head of the FBI discovers at frequent and predictable intervals. Then the National Council of Churches called upon Mr. Hoover to direct the FBI to do something about the spate of bombings and other acts of racial violence which have occurred in Birmingham, Jacksonville, Miami and other Southern cities. Finally, Cyrus S. Eaton, the Cleveland industrialist, told a nation-wide television audience that "scores of agencies" are nowadays engaged in "investigating, in snooping, in informing, in creeping up on people," and then went on to say that "the scientist is

conscious that the Federal Bureau of Investigation is breathing down the back of his neck all the time, scaring him"—and this despite the fact that there are no Communists in this country "to speak of, except in the minds of those on the payroll of the FBI."

That such untoward sentiments should be voiced about Mr. Hoover—audibly, publicly, unapologetically—is proof positive that a growing section of the public is being subverted by the tonic of irreverence.

## The Historical Imperative

Granted the premises, the military rejuvenation of the West German half-state is a classic example of the historical imperative. Five years ago, the concept arose of a European Defense Community to which Germans would contribute soldiers. To this, France objected; and it followed, logically, that instead of a German contribution to an international army, there should arise a purely national German force. Under the treaties of 1954, then, there have been created a West German Army, Navy and Air Force. But fighters need weapons, which the Germans' former enemies supplied in a steady stream. The first weapons were conventional: rifles, tanks, artillery, fighter craft. But when the tactical nuclear weapon became conventional, was it not logical that the West German should have this, too? Last March, under the lash of Chancellor Adenauer and Defense Minister Strauss, the West German parliament approved the logical, and Washington shortly will supply Matadors (but without nuclear warheads) to Herr Strauss's forces. But the historical imperative has not spent itself. What about the nuclear warheads themselves—do they not follow logically? And if the possession, why not the production? Is the Bonn treasury likely to be content for long to pour out money for buying and maintaining the nuclear vehicle without eventually assuring itself that a supply of nuclear warheads is available?

Even assuming (a dangerous assumption) that nuclear-missile bases in Germany are necessary for Western security, was it really necessary to continue this chain reaction? Two atomic powers, the United States and Britain, are among the NATO countries with bases in West Germany. Is a Matador on West German soil less deadly in American hands than in German? At the very least, American and British missile bases on the Elbe represent bargaining points with the Russians; they can one day be withdrawn if a quid pro quo calls for such action. But once the West Germans have nuclear weapons, where does that leave Western bargaining power?

Are Matadors in West German hands really necessary for Western security? Or are they only necessary to make sure that the Rapacki plan for neutralizing Central Europe never comes to fruition?



# THE CLASS OF '58 SPEAKS UP

Under the title "The Careful Young Men," this magazine published on March 9, 1957, an appraisal of the current college generation by sixteen distinguished teachers of creative writing. On the eve of graduation exercises throughout the country for the Class of '58, the Editors thought it timely to permit a part, at least, of that generation to speak for itself. We therefore asked the teacher-contributors to our March 9, 1957, issue to select one of their senior students to write a "commencement oration" for The Nation which would "honestly and courageously reflect his opinion of his own college career, the caliber of his colleagues, the effectiveness of the faculty, the usefulness of the curriculum and the state of mind with which he confronts what is com-

monly referred to as 'the river of life.'" Few of the score of young men and women who submitted articles attempted to answer all the questions implicit in the assignment. But what they chose to ignore reveals as much about them, perhaps, as what they chose to stress. Among the "orations" received, the following four—two from East Coast universities, two from West Coast—were adjudged to be the most interesting, if not in each case the best written; and, taken together, they come as close as any sampling can to reflecting the general tenor of all.

We thank those students whose contributions we could not use because of lack of space, as well as the teachers who made this venture possible.—Editors.

## Heirs to Disillusion

**David Egger and Ellen Maytag (Stanford '58)**

*IF I WERE* in charge of graduation ceremonies, I would invite as speaker a man who had proved his understanding of our generation by writing something that made sense to us. But rather than listen passively to his analysis of our strengths and weaknesses, and his call to action, I would like to have an opportunity to question him, to give my own point of view where I believed his to be incorrect. Perhaps my classmates would speak up, too. We are a thoughtful generation and cautious, but we are not silent.

*Listen:*

**SPEAKER:** You, the graduates of 1958, are potentially the worst generation this country has ever had. Each graduating class has been faced with problems it did not create, but you are the first generation to know that your failure will mean the destruction of mankind. If you do not find a method of controlling nuclear weapons, civilization will disappear. While some members of my generation believed themselves free to ignore Hitler's rise or the Spanish Civil War, none of you is free to ignore Khrushchev or the hydrogen bomb.

Fortunately, you have strong assets. You grew up in time of war. You learned how senseless, how beastly, civilized peoples could be. Perhaps you accepted too readily

mass murders, nuclear destruction and cold war. But at least you have faced all your life what your parents still do not understand—that this is a new world, a world which "finds nothing sacred in the sheer nakedness of being human." Fortunately, too, you have seen that pat solutions—socialism, pacifism, communism and democracy—are naive and unfeasible; that one cannot perfect, but only improve. You are precocious realists, heirs to your parents' disillusion. Because you have listened to them and learned from their mistakes, you do not act as they did. The very fact that you have profited from their advice makes you a mystery to them.

You are sophisticated, but what disturbs my generation most is your apparent apathy. It looks as if many of you are planning to take the easy way. Unlike the young of my day, who wanted to save the world, to make a million dollars, or to write the great American novel, you aim no higher than a two-car garage, a suburban bungalow, a job with General Motors. Where is your ambition? I am not calling for revolutionary zeal; you have learned early and well that the world is not easily or safely changed. I only fear that your sophistication will lead not to mature action but to paralysis. International problems are enormous.

Modern life grows more and more complex. But paralysis means self-destruction. You are too prone to identify the present with the permanent. The problems facing this country will not wait. Unless you can take the step from intelligent analysis to purposeful action, you will lose the world by default.

**FIRST STUDENT:** Wait a minute, what's wrong with my wanting a house in the suburbs? If I don't look out for myself, who will? I can't make a fortune because of the income tax. Anyway, I don't want the headaches connected with a lot of money as long as I can buy everything I want with my salary. As for politics, what can I do? The odds against me are too great. For one thing, the problems are too complicated; for another, national politics is dirty business. I'm better off seeing that my community has adequate schools and that the Junior Chamber of Commerce has some life in it. These are things that I can do; they're the only things that hold much meaning for me. As for employment in a large corporation, well, I have to eat. I want a wife and children. And I don't want to work all my life only to starve when I'm sixty. When my parents were young, they didn't think ahead; I'm not going to repeat their mistake.

What's wrong with General Motors? It's an exciting organization, pioneering in research. It offers good money and quick promotions. I'll



conform eight hours a day and be a free man in my own home. The world will probably be better off without my messing in it. The experts seem confused, but they're probably doing their best. If they blow us up, it's too bad. But what can *I* do?

**SECOND STUDENT:** Not all of us want the suburbs. Some of us want to make this a world that doesn't threaten to fly apart at any minute. Don't tell us the problems. Tell us what we can do about them. Our sophistication hides real ignorance. We're too serious for football games and rallies; we're too smart for panaceas and Share the Wealth. It seems stupid to waste energy in the pointless scurrying around that your generation was so fond of. If we could find something that made sense, something that would be of real benefit to ourselves and to mankind, we would do it. But no one, least of all you, seems to know what to do. Sure, we've learned from the mistakes you've made. But you spend too much time telling us things we already know. Tell us what you have learned as adults. Help us to profit from your experience. We know we can't trust reporters, announcers or telecasters. When the Russians publish lies about their country, our government answers with its own lies. It's hard to see the difference. Our professors perpetuate lies; our university's administration has fed us on a four-year diet of half-truths. For example, administration spokesmen assure us that "the university is very sensitive to student opinion." But when the student body makes a request, it is turned down with a curt, "the university is not a weather vane." Everyone gives us reasons, but they're not reasons.

It's not only Stanford. At Princeton the club-rushing season is the occasion for flagrant anti-Semitism. In the face of adverse publicity, the Interclub Committee there recently issued a pious statement saying that it disapproved of discrimination on moral grounds; the president of the university happily agreed. The president said that discrimination at Princeton was "greatly exaggerated,



but this statement should help redress the balance in that regard." This beast never existed and we killed it!

Whenever some of us try to effect changes at our own university, we are stymied by hypocrisy in high places. When faculty and students advocated that the university use achievement tests in screening its applicants, the administration agreed, as it usually does. But nothing happened because, as they insisted, "academic changes take a long time." We suggested that the university invite Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer to speak at our commencement. The reply: "Graduation is no time to flex our academic-freedom muscles." We would like to believe what we are told, but how can we? We can spot a facade, but we can't see be-

hind it. We can analyze, but few of us can act.

**SPEAKER:** In the first place, you can't expect to believe in anything completely. You know a lot about what is wrong; go ahead and try to fix it. Your generation is spoiled. You tire too easily. You can't expect to know how to take big steps until you've practiced by taking little ones. It took thirty years and two world wars to establish the United Nations. Are you going to let it fail? A strengthened United Nations is our only hope, but you won't get it from the suburbs. Some of you must go and work for it. We must find out more about our allies and our enemies. Why don't you join the American Civil Liberties Union and help open up travel to China?



Demonstrate against the hydrogen bomb. If we are to have effective control, you must demand it.

Where should you begin if you want to improve your university or your government? Power usually resides at the top. If you get nowhere with a secretary, go to the vice-president. If the vice-president is an ass, see the president. It is only men who make the decisions; it is only men with whom you must deal. Few of my generation justify their actions simply by saying, "It's always been done this way." Some of us try to be reasonable. Keep after us if you believe our reasons faulty. Some

of us find it easier to lie. Expose us!

Don't be afraid to praise or to blame. If you do this, people will dislike you. But you must work for what you believe is right. Be immoderate sometimes, and expect to make mistakes. How else will you learn? You are sophisticated and intelligent. You claim a hatred for hypocrisy. You are realistic enough to see problems in all their complexities. This is to your advantage if you do not yield to the conviction that there is nothing you can do. You've graduated, now go to work. The future of mankind will depend upon your imagination and guts.

## The Giant Is Too Big

**Robert L. McGowan (U. of Washington '58)**

WHERE, oh where are the flaming youth of yesteryear? Where are those fearless goldfish eaters, the bearded bohemians, the starry eyes, impassioned cries, the brave young heroes and the lost young souls? Gone? All gone? Does automation rule the day? Do robots march through ivy halls? Who are we—who are condemned by our silence, we of the silent generation? Are we mere shades of gray flannel, flitting silently through the college years? Are we the unspeaking spokesmen of the status quo? Does youth now surrender without a fight?

Would it be enough to say that we are the children of our age? Perhaps it would—for this is the bald truth of the matter. Hollywood was our kindergarten, television is our finishing school. We have risen (or were pushed) through the ranks of the new education, well-adjusted, socially oriented, other-directed, liberally educated. We are the elite in ever-increasing numbers (when does an elite become a mass?). We are the new college generation, the inheritors of the golden age of the atom—but unfortunately not knowing what to do with our inheritance, not even knowing how to squander it, let alone how to preserve it.

It appears that even George Babbitt had standards higher than those in evidence today. True, Babbitt

saw little point in such time-wasters as Shakespeare courses, but he did favor replacing them with something solid and useful like Business English. But if our professors speak truth when they bemoan our present state of half-illiteracy, then we have not even mastered the English.

The battle of words today wages about the cry of conformity. This is the usual charge against us. We have, it is said, no identity—as a group or as individuals; we can be distinguished more easily by our dress than by our ideas or standards. (Do the spring's commencement gowns cover gray flannel?)

In a local history class, a majority of students voted in favor of Socrates' execution. It made quite a stir among the professors, but the students showed little surprise . . . or concern. Some recent polls on various campuses reveal a fantastic unacquaintance with such basic items as the Bill of Rights. Something, it would seem, is sadly amiss. As the products of this educational process, we have some stake in the matter. We might do well to ask ourselves just what the product is, why it is what it is, and what it's for.

In the criticisms of today's students, there is usually an implicit assumption that the college student should represent something different and in some ways better. He

should be characterized by an independence of mind, critical judgment, a set of personal values. And, it is said, these qualities are very hard to find. Perhaps they always were rather scarce, but never so atypical as today. Our values today are the values of the society—monetary, material, narrow. Society has left its mark, but the college education seems to have added nothing more than a thin gloss of sophistication.

But was anything more ever really intended? This, it is to be remembered, is democratic education. Is it not logical to expect that it would provide what the people want? And the last thing they want is a generation of eggheads. As a nation we combine a naively awesome attitude toward education with a deep-seated distrust of learning. This anti-intellectual attitude is very real and potent. Now, with climbing enrollments, is it to be wondered at if this feeling is more and more reflected on the campus?

BUT THEN, what is the ultimate goal of education? Success? Then we must remember that just because we are—by some standards—perhaps the most poorly educated college generation to date, this does not necessarily reflect our chances for success. In our normative society, adjustment and conformity are the keys to success. In these we are well-prepared, and in these good times our success seems assured. It may be that we have nothing to fear but success itself.

If we are so well prepared—so well designed to fit into the grooves of the highly-organized mediocrity that more and more characterizes our society—is this because of our schools or in spite of them? A little of both, it would seem. Perhaps it is more intentional on the elementary level. Can it be denied that we are to a considerable extent what Dewey intended us to be? That is not entirely fair. Dewey intended us to be what we are, plus something more. Nevertheless, we represent the measure of his success . . . or failure.

As for the colleges, their vigorous protests assure us that they never intended any such result. They seem



quite dismayed at their creation and would like very much to disown it. But they cannot entirely do so. True, we cannot hold them responsible for soaring enrollments and the resulting inadequacy of facilities and faculties. But are they entirely blameless in the matter of setting the standards of achievement? Masses of students can exert a powerful downward pull on those standards. It is far more difficult for the students to raise them; this must, for the most part, be done from above. By the time that the individual student realizes that he must set his own intellectual standards (and that they must usually be much higher than those demanded by the school), it has often taken four years and is probably too late. This is the real tragedy occurring in college today.

It may be that the colleges contribute to mediocrity in another way. The evils of over-specialization and purely professional education have been talked of enough. Today we all pay lip-service at least to the ideal of liberal education. But this is too often confused with general education—a light dose of this and that, never strong enough to make any real effect. It becomes a pedagogical perversion of the Greek ideal: nothing too much. The hallmark of this type of education is the survey course: a once-over-lightly treatment and small wonder if the ideas don't sink in. Taking a course or two on everything does not constitute a liberal education. Curricula should be designed to concentrate less on scope and more on intensity. This would mean a lessening of elective freedom, but if that freedom is producing a generation of conformists, then perhaps a more proscribed curriculum would produce individuals. One can even imagine something as extreme as, say, a college year devoted to the Greeks. That would be a liberal education in the best sense.

There is still another influence which helps to explain our conformity, our silent support of the status quo. In the best tradition of Jack and the Beanstalk, youth has always been the giant killer. But if you examine the illustrations of that fairy tale, you notice that the giant

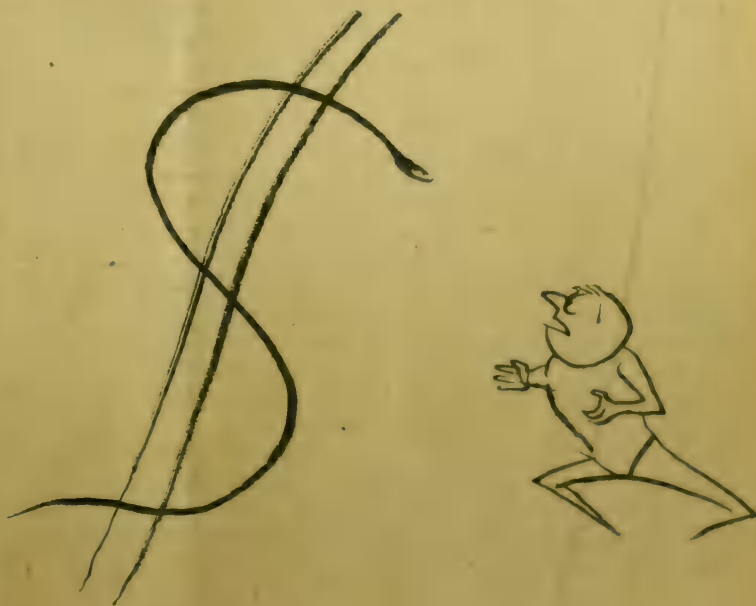
is never so big that he cannot appear in the same picture with Jack. But what if the giant becomes too big? Every generation has its giant, its own particular problem. In the twenties, it faced a breaking-up of ethical values, the loss of a somewhat naive idealism, and was able to enjoy the luxury of being a lost generation. In the thirties, the economic and social problems gave the new generation its quota of battles. In the forties, the battles were more tangible and still easier to come by. Today we too have a problem: our ultimate problem is the issue of war or peace, but given a peculiar magnitude by the implications of the hydrogen bomb. The giant has grown appallingly large. The possible consequences are so devastating, the avenues of solution and control are so remote and difficult to determine, that perhaps we are afraid to accept our problem. At least we know that glib answers will not suffice; sophomore enthusiasms wane in the face of growing arsenals. Not knowing how to cope with the problem, we tend to hope for the best; we cling to the status quo, hoping that if we don't alter the stability of things, no one else will, either. We have grown cautious, afraid of the consequences of misplaced enthusiasms.

To explain is not to excuse, but it may be the first step toward a solution. It seems likely that the final

issuance of war or peace will not be unrelated to our choice of individualism or conformity. Those terms need a lot of defining, but at least we can safely say that too much conformity is always an evil and productive of many evils. There is a large amount of writing today supporting the assertion that ours is an age of conformity, distinguished by the fact that it conforms not to church or state or tradition, but rather to the more artificial standards of the communications media and the complex organizational structure of business and social activity. And it is quite apparent, when we look at ourselves, that college education is failing to provide an effective counterbalance to these influences.

Can it be that the individual is *passé*, a reactionary anachronism not needed in these days of the organization man? There is yet a lurking suspicion that our big problems will only be solved by individual thinking . . . and that can only be done by individuals. Today, in the wake of the sputniks, there is a public clamor for better education. But it is not yet clear whether the public wants educated men or better-trained technicians.

But if we can criticize ourselves, then the criticism does not tell the whole story. Babbitry does not sum up our character. We are something





more than blurred faces in the sheepskin crowd. If we give that illusion, perhaps it is because we share a common trait: our silence. We are slow to give allegiance, suspicious of rashness and panaceas. It is not given to us to be a generation of rebels. But if caution does not become reaction, we may yet win some battles. Our immediate problem is finding a way to join the organization without becoming the organization man. To do this requires a hard, clear set of personal values. It is no job for the other-directed.

Many of us believe that we have caught a glimpse of such values during our student years. Few are with-

out some sense of disappointment. Those years could have been better, the opportunities more frequent and available, the atmosphere more favorable. But neither can we say that we have always risen to the occasion. A century ago, Emerson prophesied the advent of the American Scholar, freed from his bondage to the traditions of the old world. It would be a bitter irony if we cast off those shackles only to adopt a new servitude to the shallow catchwords and cheap values of Madison Avenue. The time has come when we must commit ourselves. If we must do it quietly, at least let us not do it sheepishly.

## A World of Impossibilities

**Thomas C. Chomentowski (Dartmouth '58)**

I ATTEND Dartmouth, an all-men's college. If it doesn't rain, we hold graduation out of doors. We sit on the grass with legs akimbo—modern Indians, though in black robes—in front of Class Day speakers. The eloquence of President Dickey, tall and rugged-looking, moves us, though perhaps not as much as does being outside in the spring air. The valedictorian will speak not as eloquently, not as convincingly, but nicely and youthfully. There will be the words, "We warn you," and "if you have done the job Dartmouth meant for you," and "Tomorrow" and "Man," and "Society," and, I'm fairly certain, "Russia." When it's all over we'll get up to go back to the fraternities for dinner, or maybe have a last picnic on a lovely New England hillside.

Once we spread and set the basket of food where everyone can reach it, it will be time to talk, trying for the truth. It's ironical that, if we were lucky, the first people we had to face when we entered the world were our parents, especially the female. And now, if we haven't lost them in the meantime, they're the first we must face again. Tell *them* that you're not going to start the job of becoming a great lawyer. Say thanks for the \$10,000 they gave you to get through college; and say good-by to their sweet, full arms, be-

cause you're off to the bitter job of not forgetting that a bomb has been made. If you dare, say: There's your new law, the steel parchment of a changed constitution, the new electric fence, the very sun itself, with heat and all, unpredictable. . . . What does this job of not forgetting entail, Mom and Dad?

Mom, you're afraid I'll get hurt? (Again she's the first to face.) That's what the job entails—getting close, right up against something that can hurt. Because the bomb *can* hurt, and these are the times. The bomb can kill, and these are the times. Don't cry, Mom. This is commencement; be happy.

Dad, you needn't shout at me. I know I won't earn any money, and it makes it worse to hear you shout that I'll go broke. (Dad was always the second to face.) I can't be a lawyer, Dad. There have been men in college who told me something else is needed, and I believed it. I got the impression that I would be faking if I went to more schools or entered business. I have illusions of grandeur—that the bomb won't wipe us out, and I am trying to make that come true as much as I can. As far as I know, I can't do that by being a lawyer, a flier, a doctor. Although others *may*. Don't shout at me, Dad, with your warnings. It's commencement; enjoy this picnic

for now; be happy. Dartmouth is beautiful. Let's not ruin it today with crying and shouting, the next to the last time I'll have to face you. Or maybe not. That will be a day.

But today, Mom and Dad (anyone else around cares for me?), don't fret over the likelihood of my failing. I have failed your wishes already, or I'm going to. That's only the beginning. That's the whole day, isn't it — beginning, commencing? Somebody else is failing today, too. Would you permit me to say that these are the times of the great failure? Or is it success that has created the inability to communicate on summits today—the great stalemate? I think our old successes are failing us now. Even now you fail to see that the strong, well-built son, like the one you saw sitting on the grass today, can fail. I will call the United States a son now, no longer a baby and not yet an adult, but a strong college graduate of '58. So many '58s and past years will be failures. These are the times for me, Mom and Dad. At least if I fail, I won't be lying. And maybe I'll have the chance of traveling the other road. Maybe if you, Dad, and I and some others admit we might fail, we will be called successful in speaking the first truth. If we aren't all big successes today, and the United States says the same thing, we have the promise of becoming successes in the future.

IN THIS last year at Dartmouth, the Class of '58 was told about the great issues in the world. The lectures everyone liked were the ones that scared us. When a speaker mentioned that we have no future, the general feeling was that he was an excellent speaker. When Bevan said, "You are young, but I warn you, you will have no future unless . . ." we got out of our seats and gave him a standing ovation. "Unless." That gets our genitals moving once again. Threaten us. Fire us up. Tell us we are doomed. Then all the more chance we have to deny it. Another speaker said man was made great by man's creative power, but within that power lie the seeds of his destruction. Tell us we will roll in mud-



dy foxholes and then die. Tell us we will roll in the gutters under a rain of strontium 90. That takes the pressure off our consciences. Tell us we have been eating so much that soon there will be no more to eat. Tell us we've been having too many babies and not enough deaths. We like to be roughened up. We aren't altogether unlike women who like a beating once in a while. We'll have our beating, and we want the chance to beat up—yes, even in this time when an H-bomb might fall on us if we so much as shout a dirty curse at the wrong (right) person, or flex a muscle. Tell us tomorrow will never come. Such speech always sent us along the walks back to the fraternity houses with hot blood in our veins; and we want that more than anything.

IT IS A little sickening, though, being criticized much of the time—saying we are all these strange types of generations. Can we be so low, we the un-angry, the silent, the bop, the indifferent, the apathetic, the bland, the uncreative, the '58s and more—we who have been given the awful task of creating the new world order? Can't we be honored a bit merely because of what we will have to do? The bitterness of our elders, and our own, comes from the belief that we can't do it.

We can't use the old ways. College told us about man. Our elders have presented us with this wall within man, making him two. No, we have this blistering fire—the ultimate manifestation of an ancient symbol, the Promethean fire, which will weld man together whether he likes it or not (he doesn't like it). Pardon us if at first we're afraid to hold this fire. And don't blame us for drifting or being unclear in our purposes or for taking to the hot-rods and speeding down the highways. After all you've made a lot of highways better than schools.

Pardon us if we negotiate in abstract terms. The big bomb is too hard to look at. The bomb is worth millions of megatons of TNT. It's worth that much human effort, too. And that takes a while to conjure. Now we are going out to become doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers,



artists—that's a large part of the list. Our little Promethean fires are most important now. So don't blame us for not being great. We are doing what we know how to do, our college has shown us that; so we don't do what should be done. We are going out to do what our professors suggest—grow in spite of the crisis. Some day we'll come alive and grow because of the crisis.

Tomorrow, when we step outside the safe walls of alma mater, there will be griping about the recession. A lot of people are going to try to make that our first great issue as "outside" citizens. They'll say *that's* the crisis. For a while, at least, we'll say no—we've heard of other dangers. We've heard of the begging going on for great, spontaneous, creative ways to lead us into a solution for the world crisis. But we won't relinquish our soft bed: getting a new car every two years, the many little luxuries that make a recession seem painful. We've heard the anguished cry for unique statesmen as well as for scientists. Yet we go out to the job that will best stop the economic recession. How long can we get away with living comfortably in the most uncomfortable times in history?

Our leader won't come now. He's too satisfied. We have to go back to unsatisfied times to get our moral base. The dark images of the equatorial belt will inherit the earth if we don't behave, for they are far enough away. They are our steps backward. The abstract artist today goes to them for aid in expressing the emotion of brutal times. There is the new (old) artist in us. Listen to us call this art phony. To live without luxury seems impossible. To fill up all our newly gained, long hours of leisure time seems impossible. To hide from the H-bomb seems impossible. To speak peace with Russia seems impossible. And these are the times. Even to go on as we are in an impossibility.

BUT IF we are to keep living, we will have to do the impossibilities. That's part of the character of our generation and, perhaps, all generations. We will have to get momentary solutions to these predicaments which defy solution. The church is eternal; science, also, defines its character of permanency. Man, in between, has his turn to say the same thing. But he is afraid it won't be done. Maybe he should admit that, and the solutions he finds for



his own life must last for a short time and then give way to the new man. College can do only so much, with its scheduled courses, in lighting such a dark path.

MORE than anything else, I don't want to die. It's too scary. I want to grow. Will I have to hold myself down now until solutions are found for me by someone else—soon enough only for a later generation? Will I cry about the economic recession, or about my own recession into graduate school or the safest possible job, while my spirit aches to be at one with the dangerous spirit of the times? It can be a time of the greatest possible living. The college has tried to focus our four years on the

current specific needs, pleasures and values (whatever that word means) of society. It didn't trust us to do our own focusing. When I see that I have tried to write of the great issues I must blush, because I haven't even faced the issue of earning my own living for the first time. And I haven't wooed and won a girl yet. How can I talk of issues beyond these? I've heard in college; now I have to go out to see if I'm allowed to practice what I've heard.

What I've written is the result of the words and inspiration of a few men in Dartmouth. All the ideas are theirs (especially if there is anything good in this paper). I wrong them if I call these words mine or if I have misinterpreted them.

## Something to be Brave About

*Ronald M. Sohigian (Yale '58)*

IF WE OF this younger generation—the one about to graduate from college—have done little else, we have at least incited a great many usually astute commentators to vilify us. We are called snide and frightened; silent, yet loud; cowardly, yet brash; self-confident, yet insecure; paralyzed with thought, yet irresponsibly active. Somebody, it seems, must be wrong. But those of us who might be tempted to disregard those impassioned critiques because they are so frequently contradictory, are stunned by the realization that almost all of them capture some of the truth.

Unlike our brothers and fathers, we are not the men who careen about Spain in a battered ambulance, or carry pearl-handled revolvers into battle against the Huns. In college we have seen this sort of action, based on political beliefs, regarded with intense disfavor. Our generation is one which views our behavioral sciences with relative boredom. The chairman of Harvard's Department of Government has pointed out that interest in political studies is declining among undergraduates. Daily we are harassed by dispatches from the countries of Southeast Asia which emphasize that the American solutions to most political problems

might not permit of universal application. The diplomatic conference, whether at the noble summit or the lower snowline, seems to us, as we examine our memories, to be a useless relic from the days of the international minuets for political advantage. We have seen the world politics of our own day lurch from brink to brink—and we are not happy. Now that we are finally learning of Wilson's methods and mind, a new set of demons demands a new set of methods. We first saw the world during the days of economic collapse—the Depression. Our earliest memories are of diplomatic failures—the Second World War.

OUR interests now tend to center in different fields. We are experiencing a surge of fascination for the arts. In the past eight years, student subscription in Yale art history courses has doubled. Phonograph-record manufacturers are capitalizing on the enormous interest in good music. Tantalized by the New Critic, now a middle-aged and rather portly literary gentleman of the highest respectability, we study literature with a passion. Turn to the right of you and turn to the left of you; both neighbors want to be writers. At least, it seems so. Philosophy, re-

ligion, art and literature are now in the spotlight.

The enterprise which we abjure is group action by economic, political or sociological means. In college we are now thrilled by the artistic or philosophical attempts to bring order from chaos. All this sounds fine; it accomplishes a clever and accurate appraisal of our status. But it exposes a soft underbelly to our critics. If we are so interested in art and philosophy, intensely individual enterprises (for no great book has been written in committee), then why are we the most voracious consumers of advice in the memory of our admittedly over-critical elders? Even the salvation-mongers stress the horrifying solitude of the religious experience. Yet we yearn for togetherness and belonging. At Yale there is a completely conscientious and highly helpful service for student-job counseling, presumably to keep us from stubbing our toes. A very popular and creative young teacher, not so many years older than his students, curtly informed me that my generation annoyed him with its chicken-hearted pleas for guidance. "Why don't they go out and try something for themselves?" he snapped.

The siren song of voluptuous security penetrates into the most unlikely areas of our life. Campus organizations coax the gullible into their precincts by singing the tunes of economic prosperity and social popularity. As a mogul, they seem to say, you'll be accepted by most folks, and you'll be powerful enough to torture the few who still hate you.

With imagination and misguided industry, an undergraduate may earn an annual income in the five-figure magnitude by establishing a garment trust to sell cold-weather clothes to college students throughout the United States. The average teacher—poorly paid—and the average carpenter—well paid—should be pleased by this news. Or, as an enterprising college boy, one may peddle trips to exotic vacation spots. Success of this sort may arrive very early in life.

AND SO, if silent and uncertain young men, we are also paradoxical. On one hand, we renounce the ap-



paratus of group action for the seemingly more attractive fields of individual attainment. On the other hand, we cling together and hustle for the same goals—money, acceptance and success. This paradox can be explained, to be sure. But can it be resolved? Is our new awareness of the arts simply an alibi for prolonged and gutless indecision? I am not sure about the final answers to this question. I can only suggest some notions and wait for time to make the ultimate decision.

In the field of politics, the birth of a new, literate and highly-skilled conservative philosophy has forced liberal political minds to re-examine the arguments for freedom. No longer can the conservative be dismissed with a chuckle. Now his every statement must be considered seriously. This sort of penetrating re-evaluation of basic political concepts has probably already set the stage for a new concentration on political theory which will probably supply young men for careers in government and international relations. We are painfully aware that however disenchanted we may be with our political past, the science of government in these times requires zeal and a dedication to fundamental principles. If we can resolve the dilemmas of governmental organization, we may be able to overcome the sense of estrangement from our own past by virtue of a greater awareness of the guiding ideals which have motivated men.

When we move into the world of commerce and the professions, we are at once disgusted by the frenzied activity on the treadmill and intimidated by the awesome implications of asserting our individuality. But most of us have a measure of self-confidence which enables us to breathe deeply and wait for the worst. We hope that our abilities will prove sufficient to bring us the sort of material security which will enable us to stop worrying about material security. It is probably safe to say that few of us are prepared to slit our throats if we are not worth a million dollars by 1968. But in concrete problems, we are unsure at what point personal integrity becomes martyr to success.

Thus even in the group situation, we direct our questions at our own individual problems with an almost morbid self-interest. When the critics call us the silent generation, they imply that we are hopeless recreants. Whether or not we are *different* from the young men of other generations is a question which hardly interests us, but we are offended when the representatives of older generations tell us that we are *worse*.

WE ARE unsure of our principles. Never has an age been so mercilessly taunted by more horrible threats. That bomb is not so clean after all. It breeds terror in us who must try to protect our children from its destruction. The absolute proposition of any kind is an object of narrow-eyed distrust. The folly of rigid dogmatism seems all too obvious to us.

The factor in our personalities which prevents us from making a quick run for the Spanish ambulances, however it may puzzle our adversaries, will probably be the factor which is most significant in our mature contribution to the frightening world. We are willing to commit ourselves to the defense and preservation of values when, and only when, we are convinced of their worth. We are not willing to race madly through escapade after escapade for the purpose of demonstrating our individuality. The axe is too sharp and too near for that. We are frightened, but we possess a courage of a hushed kind. It is the courage which searches quietly for something to be brave about.

The task before most of us involves the isolation, and acceptance, of certain values. We do not seek the message tightly bound in capsule form. Our tastes and sensibilities have been sharpened so that we are able to derive meaningful content from literature, art and philosophy. This is a kind of purification of our vision and, combined with the worldly sagacity which we exhibit with such maddening regularity, it may bestow great benefit upon us.

Our college days, especially at the Ivy League schools, which have officially rededicated themselves to the preservation of studies in the

liberal arts, represents a new utilization of the basic stuff of education. We have been long unwilling to accept the synthetic concepts in which many others are only now losing faith—the perverse misapplication of John Dewey's educational theories, for example. Our typical approach uses the more fundamental disciplines of literature, art and philosophy as both ends in themselves, the most sublime luxuries we shall ever enjoy, and as a means to a better understanding of what courses of action we should follow. I have seen no fully-developed strain of anti-intellectualism in my own university. This is probably because we are too firmly pledged to the belief that the new vision will spring from our minds and not from our pockets. Occasionally men ignore the educational possibilities of the university, but even the undergraduate critics accept the basic premise that their remarks are directed at making the study of the liberal arts a more efficient pursuit.

I AM almost certain that most of us feel that in our own environment at Yale, education is reaching its highest development. We have valuable personal contact with our teachers and colleagues provided by the extraordinary system of residence colleges peculiar in America to Harvard and Yale. Both our teachers and our associates are of the highest caliber. We must admit that we do not know all that we would like to know. Most of us sense that whatever happens to us, the schools which have helped give us a knowledge of ourselves and an understanding of the world in which we live must be preserved and strengthened. If the more articulate members of our generation were heard, we would argue to double faculty salaries.

We feel that we are being neither stuffy nor presumptuous when we consider our responsibilities to ourselves and our fellows. The finest and most expensive educational care has been lavished upon us and we are now attempting to meet a higher and more frightening responsibility than we have ever known, the duty to become men who must recognize and accomplish their tasks.



# THE DURABLE Mr. STASSEN. . by Dan Wakefield

Butler, Pa.

THROUGH THE GRAY and overcast dusk of the small town of Butler in western Pennsylvania, a slowly moving caravan of cars, horses, cowboys and Indians wound its way, to the tunes of a teen-age fife and drum corps, along the quiet streets toward the junior high school. The cars bore stickers proclaiming that "Pennsylvania Needs Stassen" and the car at the front bore Stassen himself—a tall, broad-shouldered man once famous for his youth and famous now for his "durability."

Beaten many times but still on the road, Harold Stassen is stumping his way through Pennsylvania in a dogged quest for the promise of his youth and the Republican nomination for governor. Ever since mid-February, when he left his post of steadily diminishing powers as Eisenhower's special advisor on disarmament, Stassen has been campaigning hard for an upset victory in the May 20 primary over the state Republican organization. When he left the Administration with the President's polite assessment that his talents would be wasted in continuing on the job, Stassen was bloody from his last-minute battle to oust Richard Nixon from the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956, and his efforts to forge a disarmament policy under the armored wings of John Foster Dulles. He seemed to have nothing but a mild, though solid, endorsement from the President ("I have been most appreciative of your sincerity of purpose, tireless energy, and dedication to duty") and the fading memories of being Minnesota's three-time boy-wonder Governor. George I. Bloom, who as state Republican chairman for Pennsylvania is the overseer of a gutted plantation, greeted Stassen's ambitions for governor of the keystone state with the cold judgment that, "Anywhere I have had contact with Pennsylvania Republicans, I have found no sentiment

for Harold Stassen." George I. Bloom is still committed to what seems to be a policy of going to hell in his own way, with his own cronies, but now in May his February claim of finding no sentiment for Stassen is long outdated.

When Stassen came last week to Butler, he had already criss-crossed the state several times in tours of speaking and handshaking, entered the homes of thousands of Pennsylvanians with a weekly television program, shaped up a broad and imaginative platform to cure the many ills of Pennsylvania (including a plan for improved commuter service in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh with the help of state and federal railroad subsidies), and earned the reported private rating of "the most formidable foe" for November by the Democratic organization gubernatorial candidate, Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh.

THOUGH Stassen's role in the state has been limited to his tour of duty as president of Pennsylvania University (1948-52), his national reputation makes him a well-known figure here—much more well known than the other Republican gubernatorial hopefuls. William S. Livengood, billed as "the anti-organization candidate *who knows Pennsylvania*," is a former state Secretary of Internal Affairs and a veteran Pennsylvania politician, and is said to have a substantial personal following in party ranks, though nothing like a groundswell backing. The man who is least well known and rated most likely to win is the candidate who has the support of the Pennsylvania Manufacturer's Association, and what is often thought of here as one of its subcommittees, the state Republican organization. Split by wrangles and slowed by defeat, the sputtering Republican machine decided it needed a "new face"—but one of its own—and came up with Arthur T. McGonigle, a gentleman whose fame had previously rested on the high achievement of "taking pretzels out of the bar and putting them into the

kitchen." A Pennsylvania Horatio Alger, who took over a small pretzel manufacturing firm in the thirties and twisted his product into new shapes and new popularity, Arthur McGonigle became a big-time manufacturer and, briefly, head of the state Republican Finance Committee. But neither of those accomplishments had raised his name to a Pennsylvania byword.

McGonigle's forces had recently opened up local headquarters, serving sassafrass tea and pretzels, when Harold Stassen came to Butler, but the citizens left that lure unclaimed to follow the Stassen parade to the junior high school. Though Stassen has no state-wide group like the Pennsylvania Manufacturer's Association behind him, he is credited with scattered "pockets" of special support, and little Butler—population 24,000 — and its surrounding county is one of these pockets. Here, a small group of local Republican committeemen have bolted the ranks to go all out for Stassen. As one of them explained it, "The thing started at a party of some of us here in town, about a half-dozen couples, and it's spread from that. It's been rough, but if we can just get through the primary we can lick Dave Lawrence in November. More than one Democrat has been to me and said, 'If you fellas can get in Stassen we'll vote for him.' I tell you the truth, this county here is mainly Protestant and I don't think they'll go for Lawrence." (David Lawrence is a Catholic, and the state has never had a Catholic governor.)

Stassen is the hope of ending the state Republican drought which has hit even this traditionally G.O.P. county of farming and farm-manufacturing. "We have," the Stassen supporter sadly stated, "our first Democrat Mayor in twenty-eight years." The Butler Republican renegades, like many others throughout the state, see their only hope in Stassen, and the Butler *Eagle*, largest county newspaper, has come out supporting him.

Senator Pechan was the intro-

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.



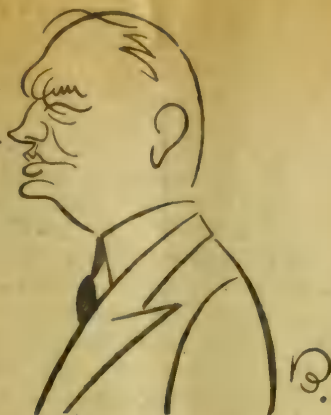
ductory speaker at the rally at the Butler junior high, where a crowd of about 400 filled the downstairs section of the auditorium. This is not an area inclined to the appeal of dissent, and Senator Pechan quickly explained his stand in breaking with the organization slate: "I've been a regular Republican all my life and I always intend to be one. But unless Stassen heads the ticket, we can't win in November. It's going to be hard to sell somebody with no experience in government to take over a twisted, pretzel-like government of Pennsylvania."

An experienced man was needed, Senator Pechan claimed, not only to end the Republican political famine but the growing famine of individuals all over Pennsylvania.

The famine had only recently begun to be felt in the town of Butler, where its coming was heralded officially by the red, white and blue posters of "Auto Buy Day" that decorated Main Street. The Armco plant, which employs about 4,000 people in Butler, had last week made the first big lay-off of about 700 workers, whose seniority dated as far back as 1951. Much of this trouble, Senator Pechan claimed, was due to the heavy taxes on Pennsylvania industry imposed by the Democrats.

"If any man can help Pennsylvania industry," Senator Pechan said, "it is Harold Stassen."

THE MAN TO perform such a feat was there on the stage, and the audience rose in applause as he stepped to the podium. Back from the capitals of the world and conferences with the mighty of the earth, here was Harold Stassen again in a junior high school auditorium facing an audience not much different from the ones he faced in Minnesota when he stumped his way to the governorship at the unlikely age of thirty-one. Here it was two decades, two wars and many defeats later, and Harold Stassen's retreating crop of hair was gray at the edges and his face a pasty hue unknown to farmers, but familiar to those who have mashed out many cigarettes in many all-night sessions of decision. Here he was again, as he was at the begin-



Harold Stassen

ning, waging a fight against the old-guard Republican leadership in a state where the G.O.P. had once been strong and now was parched from years of defeat, at a time when many men were out of jobs and many more were afraid they would be soon. Nothing had changed much except the name of the junior high school and the face of Harold Stassen, which is not any longer the face of a "Childe."

Stassen's big frame was dressed in a black, double-breasted suit, a dark tie and black shoes and socks. He spoke in a deep, clear voice of confidence, beginning his story at the beginning—"As a young man on a farm in Minnesota I decided to devote my life to public service"—and his huge hands, which first were locked together in front of him, began to move, gesturing, lightly touching the edge of the speaker's stand the way a musician's hands touch his instrument, rising for emphasis, leading the crowd with his thoughts. He led them along the story that described the decline of their commonwealth, and what he would do to stop that decline:

We live together in one of the five great states of the union—the others are California, Texas, Ohio and New York. . . . In recent times, Pennsylvania has had a deeper unemployment problem than any of these. Pennsylvania puts a heavier tax than any of the others on industry. . . . Our Pennsylvania has less growth than any of these states in new plants.

The policy of putting heavier taxes on industry and less on the

people might sound good to the working man, Mr. Stassen said, but in the end it led to unemployment. Mr. Stassen said he would, if governor, reduce taxes on industry, and send his lieutenant governor, Frank Hilton, to Washington to lobby for Pennsylvania business. He went on to tell how he would modernize and economize the state government, which he said hadn't been brought up to date since 1874; how he would expand state scholarships "not on a giveaway basis" but to be paid back later on; encourage and aid young men of scientific talent, and improve the state's conservation program; he would stock the barren streams with fish. And at the same time, with his experience in working for peace, he would use the power of the governorship to promote this goal.

None of his opponents, Mr. Stassen pointed out, had impugned his record or ability, but only the fact that he was not a native Pennsylvanian. He frankly admitted to the charge: "It's true. I've never denied it. There's nothing I can do about it." He went on to say that he had officially been a resident for ten years, and that after all there were other Pennsylvania governors who hadn't been natives of the state—for instance, Benjamin Franklin from Massachusetts. Furthermore, to add to the poetic justice of his cause, the first governor of Minnesota was Alexander Ramsey from Pennsylvania. And as for the matter of being governor of two different states in one lifetime, look at Sam Houston, who held the job in Tennessee and then in Texas. Harold Stassen ended his case with this lesson in history, and turned things over to Frank Hilton, former state and national president of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and now Stassen's running mate for lieutenant governor.

Frank Hilton, who had shown up late, was a lantern-jawed young fellow in a light gray suit, blue shirt and maroon tie, and looked like a used-car king who had just come in to encourage the people to do their all during "Auto Buy Day." But instead Frank Hilton recited the sad statistics of the recent Republican decline in the state: four years



ago there were a million more Republicans registered than Democrats, and now the margin had dwindled to 200,000. While Ike was piling up a 600,000 vote victory margin in Pennsylvania in 1956, the Republican candidate for Senator, the incumbent James H. Duff, was losing to Democrat Joe Clark by 20,000. Now those Republican organization forces of defeat were opposing Harold Stassen, supposedly on the grounds that he was a "carpetbagger" from out of state. But, as Mr. Hilton somewhat ineptly pointed out, "These same men supported another carpetbagger—Tom Dewey—in New York."

The "carpetbagger" sitting on the platform stared at his hands and soon the oratory was over and he was hurrying up the aisle like a minister after the service to greet the people as they filed outside. Stassen stood at the entrance, pumping hands and smiling. There was warmth, but more than that there was dignity and he seemed, finally, detached and almost aloof from the citizens who swirled around him. It would be only a few more weeks and he would know if he might have a chance to be leading one of the key state delegations to the 1960 Republican convention, or whether this latest campaign was in vain and

he again would be left with the memory of having in his youth been "the one most likely to succeed." The last of the audience drifted out, and the red-faced, crew-cut county chairman came up to Stassen to say that they might drop by to say a few words at the Policeman's Ball and then go to greet some people at campaign headquarters. Harold Stassen looked down and nodded and then he was moving swiftly, out of the junior high school corridor, on to his future, which now is so dependent on his power to stir the assembled couples who have come to the Policeman's Ball.

## THIS RECESSION IS DIFFERENT . . . *Gardiner C. Means*

SINCE WORLD WAR II there have been three serious departures from full employment: the recession of 1949, the recession of 1953-54, and the current recession which is already assuming the proportions and character of a depression. What caused these recessions? Are they alike? Could they have been prevented? What should be done about the current recession? And what about inflation?

Perhaps the most effective way to answer these questions is to trace the changing relations between demand and capacity since the war and to seek the explanation of the causes and effects of these changes.

### *The Tools of Analysis*

LET US first be sure just what we mean by demand and capacity. For the present purpose, "demand" is what economists call "aggregate de-

mand," and includes consumer demand for goods and services, business demand for plant and equipment as well as inventories, government demand, and net foreign demand. By "capacity," we will mean the amount of goods and services the economy can turn out at full employment. And since capacity changes fairly gradually and steadily with the growth in the labor force, and with increasing productivity, we can treat it as a fairly stable trend around which demand fluctuates. Thus our analysis can focus on fluctuation in demand.

In this analysis there are two conceptions of prime importance which need to be explained. The first is the demand for money, or more explicitly, the demand for cash balances. This is not the demand for credit—for money to borrow—but rather reflects the desire to have money on hand. At any given time individuals and enterprises find it convenient to hold certain amounts of cash on hand, either in the form of hand-to-hand currency or in demand deposits in the bank.

Experience has shown that at least three major factors influence the amount of money people choose to hold. At a given level of prices, people will want to hold more money

if incomes are high than if they are low; they will want to hold more if real incomes—incomes measured in terms of buying power—are the same but money income and prices are higher; and they will want to hold more if short-term interest rates are low (this is particularly true of business and investors). There are many other factors which influence the amount of money people will want to hold, such as greater or lesser certainty as to the future, larger or smaller holdings of other liquid assets, particular opportunities for investment, and unexpected receipts of money. But for the present analysis, the factors of real income, prices and short-term interest rates have a special significance.

This significance arises from the fact that for the economy as a whole, economic relationships must continually adjust so that the amount of money people want to hold is just equal to the outstanding supply of money. An individual can add to or reduce his money holdings with no difficulty, but as long as the total money supply remains constant the community as a whole cannot. For each person or business that reduces money holdings, others must hold an increased amount. And if some want to reduce money holdings, and

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no one wants to increase their money holdings at the current level of incomes, prices, interest rates, etc., something has to give. It is a little like the gyroscope. You try to push it away and it moves to the side. If the community as a whole seeks to reduce its money holdings and there is no shrinkage in the money supply, the main effect is likely to be one or a combination of the following: higher real incomes, higher prices and lower interest rates. Similarly, if the community as a whole seeks to build up money balances when there is no increase in the supply of money, the gyroscopic effect will work itself out primarily through lower real incomes and lower prices. Here we have a *principle of forced adjustment* under which the economy must so adjust that the demand for money balances just equals the outstanding supply.

The second conception fundamental to this analysis is the distinction between market prices and administered prices. Market prices are established in the market by the interaction of buyers and sellers, are highly sensitive to changes in supply or demand, and adjust so as to equate supply and demand. Examples are wheat, cotton, copper and steel scrap. Administered prices are set for periods of time and a series of transactions, and are not highly sensitive—in fact, many are quite insensitive—to changes in supply and demand. As a result, the amount of a commodity offered at an administered price may be very much in excess of the demand at that price; similarly, demand may be very much in excess of supply and orders may be turned away or their filling postponed. The continuous equating of supply and demand through price, posited in traditional economics, is lacking.

In our actual economy, the great bulk of industrial goods and most services are sold at administered prices. Most wage rates also are a form of administered price, since they are usually set by collective bargaining or by the employer. Only for agricultural products and such industrial raw materials as steel scrap, copper and rubber are prices made in the market. In the analysis

which follows, the difference in the behavior of market and administered prices is of just as great significance as the principle of forced adjustment.

With this sharpening of the tools of analysis, let us examine the fluctuations in postwar demand.

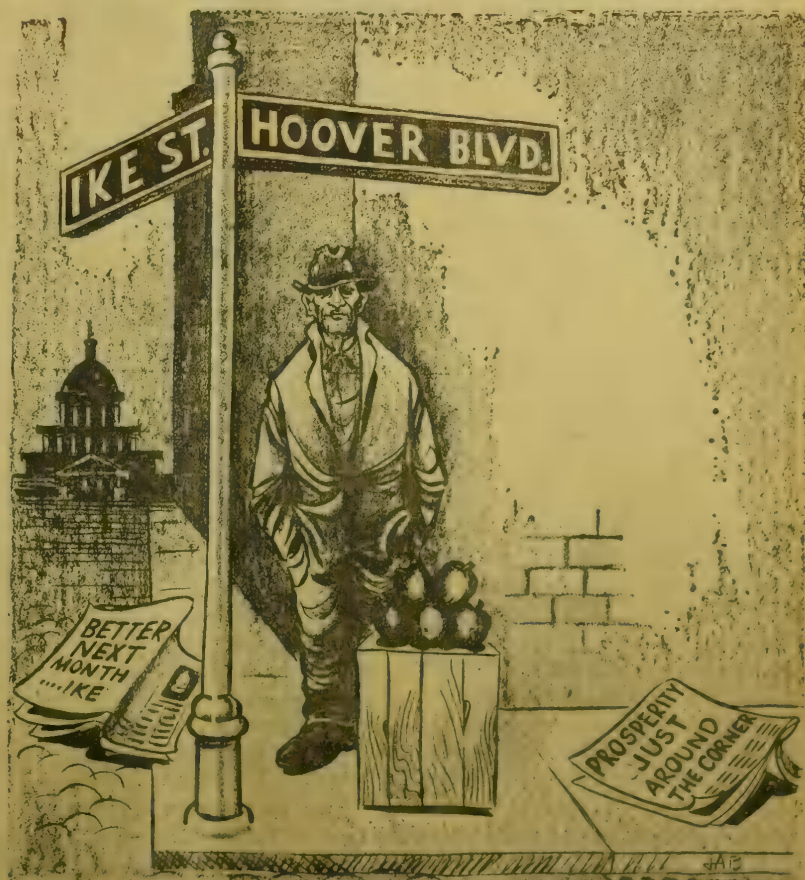
#### *Postwar Period: Too Much Money*

AT THE END of World War II, two major factors combined to create a demand in excess of capacity: (1) the pent-up demand which could not be satisfied during the war, and (2) the huge wartime increase in the money supply. The pent-up demand for goods was well understood, but the significance of the increase in money supply was not. Some observers recognized that the pent-up demand was backed by large holdings of cash and so could be made effective, but somehow assumed that once the extra cash was spent that would be the end of it. As we have seen, this is not the case; the extra cash is still there to affect behavior. Other observers,

and particularly the "Keynesians," thought the increase in money supply would have little effect and predicted great postwar unemployment. Actually, the stock of money created by war financing was far in excess of the amount the community would choose to hold for long at the then prevailing levels of real income, prices and interest rates, an excess which was presumably increased by the large stock of other liquid assets. The principle of forced adjustment therefore came into play.

Under the pressure of pent-up demand and excess money, the economy worked at forced draft. Employment was over-full, if anything, unemployment remaining below two million through most of 1946, '47 and '48. Prices rose and short-term interest rates were at minimum levels. As long as the money supply was not reduced, the money excess had to work itself out according to the principle of forced adjustment.

Under these conditions government policy was in part constructive



Courtesy NMU Pilot



and in part failed to meet the issue of inflation. Government expenditures were curtailed sharply while tax rates were maintained and a surplus created, thus shrinking aggregate demand to some degree. But instead of using the surplus to reduce the money supply, it was used to retire debt in the hands of the public while the money supply was maintained constant. Thus the supply of money continued to be in excess. Whether political considerations would have allowed a drastic cut in the money supply is open to question. But because of the failure to shrink the money supply, the prin-



ciple of forced adjustment was given full sway and the economy had to adjust to the money supply rather than the other way around.

The adjustment actually occurred over a three-year period. It was slowed up by the presence of the large body of administered price and wage rates. When price controls were removed in 1946, market prices rose rapidly, reflecting the high demand, and reached a peak in mid-1948. Administered prices, in contrast, rose slowly, as did administered wage rates. Neither administered prices nor wage rates were pushed to the full extent the traffic would bear. For example, auto prices were not raised to the extent necessary to equate supply and demand, and long waiting lists developed. Similarly, in the light of the demand for goods, the wage demands of labor were quite moderate. As a result of this restraint, or the inflexibility of administered prices and wage rates, it took three years of price-wage-wage-price spiraling to lift prices and wage rates into balance with the money supply.

The final phase of the price rise had a very special character. The

average of wholesale prices came into balance with the money supply. But market prices as a group had moved up almost half again as much as administered prices, so that when the money-price balance was reached in early 1948, market prices had overshot the mark while administered prices continued to move up. Thus during most of 1948, though the wholesale price index was fairly stable, market prices were declining and administered prices continued to rise until both groups were in approximate balance with the money supply.

By the middle of 1948, the forced adjustment to the money supply appears to have been in large measure complete. The wholesale price index had risen nearly 50 per cent and the consumer price index had risen almost as much. Employment was still full, but no longer over-full, and short-term interest rates, though still low, had risen slightly. The price level at full employment was at last in approximate balance with the money supply and demand was in balance with capacity.

#### 1949 Recession—and Korea

THEN CAME THE 1949 recession. It was almost entirely an inventory readjustment. During the forced draft of inflation, the expectation of higher prices was a constant inducement to hold over-large inventories. When this inducement disappeared, inventories were found to be too large in relation to the volume of business at full employment. The total reversal of inventories was from an accumulation at the annual rate of over \$7 billion in the last quarter of 1948 to contraction at the annual rate of over \$4 billion in the second quarter of 1949. At the same time there was relatively little change in the other elements of aggregate demand. Real consumer expenditures continued to rise, while a rise in government expenditures more than offset a billion-dollar decline in exports and a somewhat larger decline in business investments other than inventories. In the first six months of the 1949 recession, real national production fell below the normal growth trend by only a little more than the amount of the inventory reduction.

Also, almost as soon as inventories were brought down to more normal relation to sales, production and employment began to recover so that, by June, 1950, industrial production was already appreciably above its postwar peak and employment was back to the pre-recession level, though unemployment had increased by the amount of the normal increase in the labor force.

Then the Korean War created a great surge of speculative buying which, combined with the projected heavy increase in military spending and some further monetary expansion, again created a demand seriously in excess of capacity. Prices again rose, reaching a wholesale peak within eight months of the start of the war, but with only a fifth as large a rise as in the earlier inflation. This time, as before, the market prices as a group rose much more rapidly than the administered prices as a group, so that when the wholesale price peak was reached, though balance was achieved with the money supply, market prices as a group were above the balanced level and administered prices as a group were below. During the rest of 1951, market prices fell and administered prices rose so that both were well toward balance with the money supply at the end of the year, though market prices were on the high side and still falling, while administered prices were on the low side and still rising somewhat.

Once this new monetary balance and relative price stability had been achieved, there appeared to be nothing in the economic situation as it existed which would lead to either inflation or recession. The war inflations were over and no factor was visible which could be expected either to force an expansion in the money supply greater than the long-run growth trend, or to force a contraction. The peak of the government deficit from financing the Korean War was past and some curtailment of defense expenditures could be expected, though total government expenditures would remain high and the cut would presumably be offset in part by tax reduction. The cessation of the Korean inflation had passed without an inventory recession,



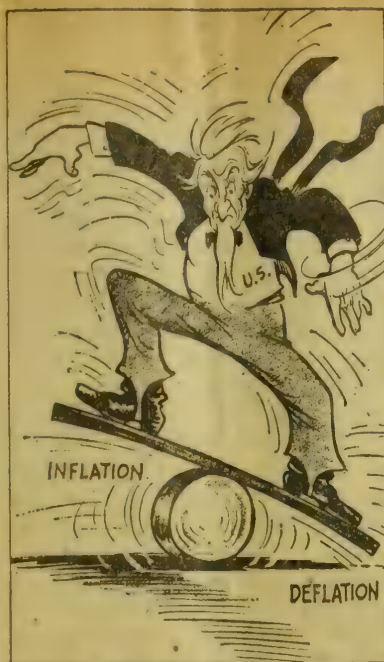
presumably because of its smaller magnitude. The problem of readjustment which arose as the Korean War was brought to a close was taken in stride, so that things were still on an even keel in the summer of 1953. There were fewer than two million unemployed.

#### *The Inflation That Wasn't There*

THEN DURING the last four months of 1953, industrial production dropped sharply and unemployment, after seasonal adjustment, increased rapidly to over 3.5 million by mid-March, 1954.

The explanation most frequently suggested as the main cause for this recession is the \$10 billion cut in defense expenditures. This certainly contributed, but most of the cut came after 1953; total government expenditures, including state and local, were maintained right through that year. True, the *expectation* of defense cuts could have a foreshadowing effect, but so could—as partial offset — the expectation of tax cuts. Net foreign investment was rising and there was no decline in exports. The main contraction came first in consumer expenditures for both non-durable and durable goods, followed by a contraction of inventories. The growth in real consumer expenditures slackened off in the summer of 1953, turning into a significant decline in the fall. By the end of the first six months of the recession the annual rate of consumer expenditure on goods had declined from trend by six or eight billion dollars and consumers were spending a smaller proportion of their incomes. Why this contraction?

To answer this, I believe we must go back to the proclaimed policies of the new Administration which took office at the beginning of 1953. Stopping inflation was one of the major planks on which election had been sought. This plank had great political appeal because of the post-war and Korean inflations. Little attention was given to the fact that inflation had ceased, that at the time of the election the wholesale price index had been falling for five months and was down more than 5 per cent from its peak, while the consumer index had ceased to



Justis in the Minneapolis Star  
"Rock 'n Roll"

rise. The campaign promise was to stop inflation and, once in office, the Administration took steps to *stop the inflation that wasn't there.*

Now the traditional inflation is a price rise due to too much money chasing too few goods, and the traditional procedure for control is to reduce demand by a tight-money policy. This was the policy the Administration adopted. The Secretary of the Treasury spoke for higher interest rates, the Federal Reserve discount rates were raised, net new borrowing from commercial banks was brought to a halt and the trend of expansion in the money supply, which is normally necessary for economic growth, came to an end. It was a program well designed to halt an inflation due to excess demand; but since there was no current inflation, and demand was not currently in excess of capacity, the net effect was to create a deficiency of demand and unemployment. When one examines charts of long- and short-term interest rates, the artificiality of this tight-money policy is obvious in retrospect, and it was so regarded at the time by many economists, including the present writer.

Actually it took nearly six months of tight money to start demand

downward. The delay is easily understood when it is recognized that (1) the decline from trend in the money supply was gradual, taking six months to reach a deficit from trend of 2.5 per cent, and (2) the demand for cash balances was presumably reduced somewhat by higher short-term interest rates. When, at the end of six months, the tight-money policy was reversed and interest rates fell, the deficiency in the money supply remained. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that a decline in demand occurred. Nor is it surprising that the first signs of this decline appeared in consumer non-durable expenditures, then spread to consumers' durable goods, business inventories and, finally, to business investment. Other factors, such as reduced government spending, contributed to this decline, but there is no reason to believe that the tight-money program, which aimed to contract demand, was unsuccessful.

#### *1955-56: Capital Boom*

THE RECOVERY program of 1954 was slow to take effect, but by fall recovery was well under way under the lead of residential housing and the stimulation of reduced taxes, lower interest rates and an expanding money supply. Then, in mid-1955, there began a surge of business investment coinciding with an unusual demand for autos. This brought almost complete recovery (unemployment was still fluctuating around 2.5 million) and while there was no *general* excess of demand, the special focus on construction, durable equipment and automobiles did create an excessive demand in the heavy industries and a heavy demand for the use of savings. The savings were used particularly to finance expanded business plant and equipment, residential housing and auto purchases.

As a result of this demand, there began a rise in the administered prices for metal products and the market prices for such metals as copper and steel scrap. In these circumstances, a tighter money policy was called for, not to curtail *aggregate* demand, but to allow interest rates to rise so as to dampen the



demand for investment funds and to stimulate savings. At the same time, the resulting increase in interest rates would reduce the demand for money balances and so would require a limit on monetary expansion. Here the Administration acted in an appropriate way to tighten credit with successive increases in discount rates and an almost complete cessation of monetary expansion.

By the fall of 1956, this special pressure had largely subsided. Under the impact of tight money, new contracts for residential housing had declined substantially; contracts for other new construction were down *in real terms*, though the dollar value was stable. New orders for equipment in *real terms* were down substantially. Auto sales were much lower. Also, business was in a position to finance a much larger part of its new investment out of retained earnings. There was no evidence of general over-employment or excess of demand. At this point, so far as *demand* was concerned, a relaxation of tight-money policy was called for, so that the general trend of growth in the money supply could be resumed. But prices were still rising in the heavy-goods industries and the rise was spreading to the products of other administered-price industries. How could there be rising prices and yet not an excess of demand?

#### *Administrative Inflation*

LET US LOOK at what was happening to prices in the latter part of 1956 and early 1957. Market prices as a whole were declining. Farm products, after a temporary dip and recovery in the fall and winter of 1955-56, were lower than they had been in the spring of 1955, and appreciably lower than in previous years. Other market prices, such as rubber, copper, lumber and print cloth, were down substantially. On the other hand, administered prices as a group were still rising. Because of the large role played by administered prices in the general price indexes, both the wholesale and consumer indexes continued to rise. But for the most part, it should be emphasized, this rise was among administered prices and was not due

to an excess in demand. Elsewhere I have referred to this as an administrative inflation.

The cause of the phenomenon is complex. Businessmen tend to lay the blame on labor for excessive wage demands. Labor blames business for seeking too large profit margins. In any concrete situation it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to say whether a particular price increase is necessary to widen profit margins that have been too much narrowed by previous wage increases, or whether a wage increase is necessary to narrow profit margins that have been too much widened by a previous price increase. Or perhaps both price and wage increases are an adjustment to price or wage changes elsewhere in the economy. Certainly there is a lot of hen and egg in an administrative inflation, and fortunately we do not need to settle the issue here. What is important is (1) that the inflation of late 1956, which continued through the whole of last year, has been primarily administrative and not the traditional kind due to an excess of demand, and (2) an administrative inflation, not being due to excess demand, cannot be halted by contracting demand except by creating heavy unemployment.

#### *The Current Recession*

THE ADMINISTRATION, seeing this continued rise in the price indexes and mindful of its campaign promises, continued the tight-money policy after the special excess in the demand for investment funds had ceased. The effect was to prevent



any significant growth in the money supply (in effect, a "real" contraction because of the increase in prices). By the spring of 1957, real economic growth appears to have ceased, but administrative inflation continued. Since prices continued to rise, the money policy was more forcefully tightened. The discount rate was again raised in August, 1957, and an actual contraction in the money supply was forced. By early fall a recession was well under way. Again, a policy aimed at curtailing demand had been eminently successful. That there was no initial excess of demand makes the policy a mistake, not a failure. And its mistaken character points the direction toward recovery.

Up to last fall or early winter, I believe it would have been a relatively simple matter to reverse the downward trend in demand by (1) reversing the tight-money policy and (2) taking active steps to expand the money supply. But with each month of delay the recession has gathered momentum. The tight-money policy was not reversed until November, 1957; moreover, the reverse was half-hearted and has had little effect on the money supply. The Administration has resisted serious attempts to expand government spending; it has merely filled the press with figures on big spending which, on analysis, have little substance as recovery influences. Instead of taking vigorous action, it seeks recovery around each statistical corner. While unemployment other than agricultural has increased month by month, the Administration hails the seasonal increase in farm workers and in construction as signs that the recession is coming to an end.

The figures for April, which usually show a substantial reduction, this year show only a small decline. This represents, in effect, a substantial increase in unemployment, a continuance of the upward trend. In this kind of atmosphere, all too reminiscent of the Hoover days, vigorous action will be required to overcome the momentum of recession. The loss in national production has already reached the cumulated magnitude of \$12 billion, and we are



now running some 8 or 10 per cent below capacity.

Actually, there seems to be little in the current situation which will automatically produce a recovery. In 1949, the inventory recession was largely self-correcting. In 1954, tax inducements to business, booming automobile sales and a \$6 billion monetary expansion produced recovery, but with excessive emphasis on capital and durable goods. However, the present recession is not an inventory readjustment and no measures have been taken of significant magnitude to add to demand directly, or to add to it indirectly by increasing the money supply.

### *The Way to Recovery*

THE FIRST thing to recognize, in seeking recovery, is that the money supply today is in the magnitude of perhaps \$6 or \$8 billion under the amount which the people and enterprises of the country in the aggregate would choose to hold as cash balances at the present level of prices and interest rates if there were full employment.

But to correct this deficiency is not a simple matter. The *process* of expanding the money supply has effects on behavior as well as the *amount outstanding*. The combination of low interest rates and reduced reserve requirements alone is likely to be a painfully slow method of getting the necessary monetary expansion. These make it *easier* for the commercial banks to expand their loans and investments, but they don't necessarily lead them to do so, or to do so at the requisite rate. It has often been pointed out, in this connection, that "you can't push a string." The recent easing of money rates and reserves is constructive, but is not likely to produce a rapid expansion in the money supply. Meanwhile the lower short-term interest rates have a somewhat offsetting effect by increasing the total demand for cash balances.

A government program of public works would provide additional jobs and could be used to increase the money supply, but such a program would also be slow in having its effect. Despite this, any public works which are justified quite apart from

the depression should be instituted or speeded up. But public works used as recovery measures may produce the bulk of their effect after recovery has been achieved. The same would apply to defense expenditure.

A government deficit as such can contribute to recovery, but it is also likely to be slow in its effect, particularly if it is financed by borrowing from the public. In fact, insofar as the deficit is a product of reduced revenues *and is not financed by monetary expansion*, its effect is likely to be little more than a damper on recession rather than a positive influence for recovery. If the deficit is financed by monetary expansion, then it can have a positive recovery effect, but only a slow one, paced by the gradual building up of the monetary supply.

What is needed, then, is a quick, large government deficit financed by monetary expansion. The most effective measure would be a very temporary tax cut in a form that would be quickly spent, financed by the sale of government debt to the banking system.

I believe the most effective temporary tax cut would be a three-month forgiveness of the first bracket of the personal-income tax. This would mean that the 20 per cent on the first \$4,000 of taxable income of a married couple (\$2,000 for a single person) which is now withheld, or paid, would be skipped for three months. For most people, this would mean an immediate increase in take-home pay. For a family of four with a \$7,000 income, it would mean something like \$200—about \$15 a week—more to spend in the three months. For the country as a whole, it would mean an increase in spendable income of \$5 billion, or an annual rate of \$20 billion.

The monetary financing of this \$5 billion deficit could be negotiated directly with the banking system, or securities could be sold into the market, in which case the appropriate open-market operation of the Federal Reserve Banks and purchases by commercial banks would suffice. The direct negotiation might be preferable, because it would em-

phasize the dual character of the move—*temporary tax reduction as a means to effect a quick monetary expansion*.

It is important to note that the monetary expansion is an essential part of this prescription. A three-month reduction in taxes without monetary expansion would give only a temporary fillip to demand, much like the effect of the Soldiers' Bonus in the mid-thirties. Only if it is accompanied by an increase in the money supply will it have a continuing effect.

A recovery program combining a temporary tax reduction with monetary expansion would probably produce recovery with a much smaller total deficit than public works or other slower measures not accompanied by monetary expansion. The effect on employment, profits and taxable incomes should be rapid, and after the three months were up, there would be every reason to expect a net increase in government revenue. The total federal deficit for fiscal 1959 might be appreciably lower than if no action, or only slowly operating action, were taken.

It has been suggested that taxes on corporate profits should be temporarily reduced as a part of the temporary tax-reduction program. While such a reduction might have some constructive effect, it seems likely to be much less effective than the same dollar reduction in personal-income taxes. A *permanent* reduction in corporate taxes could have a considerable effect by increasing profit expectations over the life of additional investments. But a temporary three-month reduction would not alter long-run investment expectations. While it would add cash to the fund available to business, it might lead primarily to the holding of larger cash balances, and not to increased business investment except as consumer demand increased. Furthermore, as consumer purchases increased under the stimulus of a personal-income tax reduction, and business investment was thereby made more profitable, business borrowing from the banking system could be expected to increase, thus helping to expand the money supply further. To the extent that business



expands the money supply through extra bank borrowing, the amount of expansion required by deficit financing would be less.

Once the initial turn-around and sizable expansion have been instituted by a three-month injection of effective buying power, I believe monetary action alone could be sufficient to bring about and sustain stable full employment—provided no further efforts are made to halt non-existent or non-monetary inflation by a tight-money policy.

#### *What About Inflation?*

THERE STILL remains, however, the problem of inflation. In fact, there are two problems: (1) a rise in market prices as recovery and full

employment are achieved and (2) the possibility of an administrative inflation after full recovery.

The rise of market prices in recovery is implicit in the recession. With increased demand, the prices for such market-priced commodities as scrap iron, copper, rubber and steel scrap, as well as the flexible farm prices, are likely to rise. True, some farm prices have risen recently because of frosts and other temporary restrictions on supply, and these prices are likely to fall (or fail to rise with recovery) as supplies become more normal. But on the whole, market prices are likely to be somewhat higher, thus raising the indexes above their present levels. Because this market-price rise is

implicit in recovery, it should be accepted as working toward a better balance in the price structure, and no action against it should be taken. It is neither inflation from an excess of demand, nor is it administrative inflation.

Administrative inflation is a different problem. Whether, after recovery, a price-wage — wage-price spiral develops remains to be seen. It should now be clear that such an administrative inflation cannot be controlled through contracting demand, except at the cost of heavy unemployment. The controlling of administrative inflation should be the next order of business, once capacity operation has been re-established.

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## **PERSPECTIVE ON THE PRESS**

# **Scoops by TIME and NEWSWEEK . . by Fred J. Cook**

ONE CAN HARDLY grow to maturity without becoming aware that things are not always what they seem, but one can be quite mature and still not realize how often things can be made to seem what they are not. It takes the so-called weekly news magazines, in a week of high endeavor, to call attention to this phenomenon by making the news stand on its head.

The first week of May was such a week. It was a week when the recession obstinately refused to go away and get lost as any amenable recession should do in the springtime when employment just naturally mounts; it was a week filled with more angry trumpeting in foreign affairs and the increasing likelihood that the much-discussed summit meeting may not even get to a foothill stage; it was a week filled with dire forebodings about the President's Pentagon reorganization bill, which some

critics saw as opening the door to the Man on Horseback. Yet for the readers of *Newsweek* and *Time*, it was a jolly week filled with the glow of traditional virtues — good old-fashioned Americanism, a fighting Ike and the appealing image of waiting Dick Nixon.

Perhaps the simplest entrance into this never-never land of the news magazines is *Newsweek's* lead item, which carried the headline, "Why Ike's Temper Showed." Readers of the daily press, of whom there are probably some still around, may recall that at the President's press conference of April 23, things had not gone smoothly. In fact Ike, who had led a charmed news life throughout his first term, was badgered by some unseemly questions. Reporters wanted to know about his Pentagon reorganization plan, and one even asked what he was buying in fulfillment of his earlier advice to all good Americans to buy now until it hurts. Ike didn't take kindly to the tenor of the questions. In a word, he blew.

Casual readers of the press may have gotten the idea that he was angry because things weren't going smoothly at home or abroad; some

uncharitable souls may even have formed the impression that Ike couldn't take the needling with the charm and grace he had exhibited in the easy atmosphere of the past. If so, if there are truly any such, it is good that *Newsweek* is here to set them straight.

*Newsweek's* inside poop may be summed up in one line: Ike's temper goes to show that *things couldn't be better*.

*Newsweek* lays the foundation by pointing out that, in World War II, when Ike was the Great General, he was noted for an ability to "blow off like a Regular Army Sergeant dressing down a raw recruit." *Newsweek* then explains that the Presidential press conferences for some time now have been graced by a busybody of a newspaper woman from Texas named Sarah McClendon. Miss McClendon, says *Newsweek*, "is forever asking questions," and what's more, says *Newsweek*, she is "forever looking for a 'Texas angle' to whatever subject is under discussion. . . ." Not knowing Miss McClendon, we were tempted to believe that she belongs to a noble and vanishing breed—reporters who

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FRED J. COOK, on the staff of a New York metropolitan newspaper, is a frequent contributor to these columns and the author of the just-published *The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss*.



ask questions about matters of concern to their readers—but *Newsweek* promptly set us straight about press conference decorum. Ike, it says, had been a bit “baffled” by her questions at first, but then they usually “amused him.”

Amusement ended abruptly when Miss McClendon mentioned that Pentagon reorganization bill. To this, even *Newsweek* agrees, Ike snapped at the lady and asked if she had read the bill. When she said she had, Ike snapped again and took leave to doubt it. Then, says *Newsweek*, agreeing with the general press version, the President gave the unfortunate Miss McClendon “a parade-ground dressing-down.” After it was all over, reporters wondered among themselves what had caused the pop-off. Well, only *Newsweek* knows.

“Intimates of the President laughed,” said *Newsweek*. “Far from being a sign that his job was getting him down, they said, the press-conference blowoff was an indication that Mr. Eisenhower felt genuinely confident about the Administration’s ability to handle problems facing the nation. Mr. Eisenhower, they said, hasn’t felt better since before his first illness. He’s always more inclined to snap back at someone he thinks is silly when he feels well than when he’s down at the mouth, they said. . . .”

THIS twister quite takes the pep-pill-of-the-week guerdon away from *Time*, no mean accomplishment. But *Time* got in a few of its own licks at the news. For *Time*, the top news of the week wasn’t to be found in anything you may have thought of as the top news of the week. No, indeed. For *Time*, the big news was U.S. Law Day, designed to take the steam out of the Communists’ traditional May Day observance.

The lead item of *Time* and four inside pages were devoted to what you and I, in our ignorance, may not have considered exactly a world-shaking event. “Between May Day, U.S.S.R., and May Day, U.S.A., lies the difference between those who use laws as instruments for force and those who believe in the force of law to bring order and decency to human endeavor; the difference is

one of the outlaw and the lawful,” *Time* proclaimed in an outburst of reporting.

It went on to devote a full page to a profile of Charles Rhyne, youngest president in the history of the American Bar Association. When Rhyne talks about Law Day, says *Time*, “he loses the leisurely North Carolina cadence of his speech; his brown eyes glint behind plastic-rimmed glasses; he clenches his fist, and his knuckles turn white.” This is very serious business to Mr. Rhyne and *Time*.

HAVING filled its readers’ minds with the image of a man standing four-square on the battlements, *Time* throws into the profile one of those charming irrelevancies, without which one might have trouble separating the heroes from the villains. *Time* notes that Rhyne worked his way through college and then, in parentheses, as only *Time* can, it adds “(one classmate: a young Californian named Richard Nixon).”

This young Californian, one gathers, is quite a favorite at *Time*. Second only to U.S. Law Day in *Time*’s chronicle of the momentous events of the First of May was the fact that this young Californian “made the most sense about the U.S. economy last week” and “gave the body-economic a couple of solid thumps.” You may not have felt the solid thumps, especially if you used to be an auto worker in Detroit, but take it from *Time*, Dick Nixon was thumping away like Sir Galahad.

The occasion, one finds reading further in *Time*, was the convention of the American Newspaper Publishers Association in New York, and the thumping, actually, all took place in words, in a speech. But Dick Nixon had the prescription. It consists, according to *Time*, of “some belt-tightening around the soft underbelly of business and labor, a generous dosage of self-reliance, and a faith that the U.S. Government has no intention of letting a full-scale depression develop.”

Get those phrases, you auto workers—“belt-tightening . . . self-reliance . . . faith.” That’s the ticket, and Dick Nixon and *Time* have it.

Of course, if one happens to blun-

der upon a piece that one of the nation’s best labor reporters, A. H. Raskin, wrote for *The New York Times* Sunday magazine section during the same week, one may wonder. Raskin’s recession isn’t quite as simple as *Time*’s. He gives a picture of acres of factories standing idle in Detroit; of jobless workers whose kids don’t want to go out and play because their blue jeans are six inches too short and full of patches; of men who walk and walk the streets looking for work and who baby-sit when they can get it, at 50 cents an hour. And Raskin adds: “An observer comes away from a week of trudging through somber streets full of somber homes and somber people wondering whether we know as much about keeping our economy from causing wholesale human suffering as we think we do.”

It doesn’t seem like quite the same world. But then one world is the world of a good reporter; the other, the never-never land of the so-called news magazines.

## LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

today demanded of state and federal agriculture officials . . . that fire-ant treatments be stopped until methods can be devised to safeguard wildlife, song birds, fish and human populations. . . . In support of its action, the Department cited field observations by conservation personnel showing that up to three-fourths of the wildlife and song birds may be killed on Alabama areas treated with heptachlor. . . .”

ROSCOE G. MANNIS

Birmingham, Ala.

### On Edwin Godkin

Dear Sirs: Letters, papers and any other information concerning Mr. Edwin Lawrence Godkin are of vital importance to research now being done by a graduate student at The Johns Hopkins University.

It would be of inestimable aid and greatly appreciated if anyone who is in possession of, or knows the whereabouts of, any such material would contact:

MR. JOHN J. CLANCY, JR.  
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## Irreverence in Poetry

M. L. Rosenthal

THE POETRY of wit, the poetry of satire, the poetry of passion—indeed, almost all poetry and other literature of high achievement—are allied with one another in at least one important respect. They show an independence of conventional moral premises which both gives a curious ambiguity to moral questions as they arise in literature and suggests that the art itself implicitly resists all attempts to subordinate it to the deities of the tribe. The relation between the ambiguity, so profoundly and uneasily a part of all human experience, and that irreverence which derives from our awareness of it is one of the great wellsprings of creative imagination. The satanic cry "*Non serviam!*" which the hero of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* takes up as his own comes to mind. So does William Carlos Williams' brave little poem "El Hombre":

It's a strange courage  
you give me ancient star:

Shine alone in the sunrise  
toward which you lend no part!

The reader who cannot take this implicit ambiguity and resistance into account is often shocked by the surface frivolity or immorality of a vast proportion of the world's supposedly greatest writings. Or he is shamefacedly delighted. In either event, he does not see how the work's larger bearings may include important "cynical" and elusive effects without being dominated by any one of them, how what holds a work like *Ulysses* or *Waiting for Godot* together and gives it its character is at once more impersonal and more deeply humane—though the product of what Dylan Thomas called a "sullen art"—than mere surface-testing can reveal. Even the reader who is not literal-minded will find it difficult to close in on the precise moral direction of such works, and the moral question remains at

once the most pressing, the most mysterious and the least relevant question concerning their value.

We should probably let sleeping mysteries lie, or else posit something called "the higher aesthetic amorality." The former alternative, however, is boring; the latter, if not too pretentiously pushed, is promising. For art to be in some fashion irreverent and ethically uncommitted is for the artist a great psychological advantage—of a quite practical sort, to begin with. The poet especially, because he has so little space usually to work in, depends on the shockable in himself and his readers for maximum results in the way of emotional turmoil, hilarity and general excitement. Put it another way: the poet doesn't ask you the answers; he tells you the questions. When he is wickedly ambiguous he is in close touch with humanity's moral perspectives as they are generally felt. Blake gives us a magnificent parable on the subject:

I asked a thief to steal me a peach:  
He turned up his eyes.  
I ask'd a lithe lady to lie her down:  
Holy and meek she cries.

As soon as I went an angel came:  
He wink'd at the thief  
And smil'd at the dame,  
And without one word spoke  
Had a peach from the tree.  
And 'twixt earnest and joke  
Enjoy'd the Lady.

A simpler instance of the principle, one that I came across only lately, is William Congreve's "The Peasant in Search of His Heifer," a charming "tale after M. de La Fontaine," which epitomizes in another fashion the same irony of experience that Blake reveals. The poem, written in 1720, is virtually unknown. The peasant in search of his heifer may be taken, for our purposes, as the literal man in search of specific answers; the lovers, and their reaction to him, as the impingement of

a world of meanings and sensations not entirely encompassed by that innocent search. The poem as a whole (whose qualities, incidentally, suggest aspects of La Fontaine's work one would never sense in the translations of Marianne Moore) is full of the wicked ambiguity of poetically felt truth.

It so befell: a silly Swain  
Had sought his Heifer long in vain;  
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,  
And left the Lawn, to seek the  
Shade.

Around the Plain he rolls his Eyes,  
Then to the Wood, in Haste he  
hies;

Where, singling out the fairest Tree,  
He climbs, in Hopes to hear or see.

Anon, there chanc'd that Way  
to pass

A jolly Lad and buxom Lass:  
The Place was apt, the Pastime  
pleasant;

Occasion with her forelock present:  
The Girl agog, the Gallant ready;  
So lightly down he lays my Lady.  
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,  
That she some certain Charms  
display'd,

Which with such Wonder struck his  
Sight,

(With Wonder, much; more, with  
Delight)

That loud he cry'd in Rapture,  
What!

What see I, Gods! What see I not!  
But nothing nam'd; from whence  
'tis guess'd,

'Twas more than well could be  
express'd.

The Clown aloft, who lent an  
Ear,

Strait stopped him short in mid  
Career:

And louder cry'd, Ho! honest Friend,  
That of thy seeing seest no End;

Dost see the Heifer that I seek?  
If do'st, pray be so kind to speak.

So the peasant lad, if he at all took second thought at the ambiguities here involved, must have discovered very soon that there was much more to life than the heifer he'd started out to find. Speculating further, let's assume he too found a buxom lass after a bit and, in his own turn, became a rapturous gallant. Still, he would soon become



aware, however dimly, that such felicity is but an approximation to an ideal, itself instinctively felt to be only arbitrary. Like righteousness, it must lose its first clear bright outlines and grow into something less naively *easy*; more than a touch of darkness and the negative must enter the vision if it is not to grow meaningless entirely. Like the lady in Wallace Stevens' "Sunday Morning," he must complain that

... In contentment I still feel  
the need of some imperishable bliss.

And in that murky *discontentment* he, and we, must feel a divine, an imperishable irreverence. It is the same astonished irreverence, because nothing is what it seems, that Stevens gives savage expression to in "The Emperor of Ice Cream." He is more mellowly—but as truly—sardonic in another poem, "Peter Quince at the Clavier," when he represents himself as a romantic lover whose desire for his beloved is a "music" of the spirit, but then mocks himself by comparing his idealized passion with the most grotesque and outrageous kind of lust:

... It is like the strain  
Waked in the elders by Susanna:

Of a green evening, clear and warm,  
She bathed in her still garden, while  
The red-eyed elders, watching, felt

The basses of their being throb  
In witching chords, and their thin  
blood

Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

The feeling here is precisely the opposite of that reverence which Ambrose Bierce once defined as "the spiritual attitude of a man to a god and a dog to a man." Dogs bite men more frequently than the papers dare admit, and there is no child so dull he has not reveled in some hackneyed bit of unorthodox foolery with a revered text: the Lord's prayer, the oath of allegiance, the national anthem. The satirist, in fact, is so much in demand he is forgiven stylistic crudeness that would surely wreck the hopes of a writer in another mode. Who so dead of soul he could refuse to take joy in Bierce's parody of "America"—

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of felony,

Of thee I sing—  
Land where my fathers fried  
Young witches and applied  
Whips to the Quaker's hide  
And made him spring. . . .

The intolerable burden of the awesome and the solemn is what the soul, aided by our common-sense knowledge of things as they are, resents. It wants to deal out kicks, good hard kicks with a hobnailed boot—either against the ponderous inanity of the Ineluctable, or against its intolerable harshness. How wonderful it is, how it brings the oxygen into the lungs, to give one of these kicks or see one given! It is worth the risk of getting booted hard oneself.

Kenneth Fearing writing of the "voice of the bought magistrate quivering in horror through the courtroom above prostitute and pimp," Ezra Pound laying it into the presumptions of the Left ("the fabians crying for the petrification of putrefaction, for a new dung-flow cut in lozenges") and of the Right at the same time ("the conservatives chatting, distinguished by gaiters of slum-flesh"), John Dryden three centuries ago slapping poor Thomas Shadwell around as "the last great prophet of tautology"—in all these writers and others like them the spleen we are all born with comes into its own. What they have to say is important in its particulars, no doubt, but one can't help seeing that the satiric spleen is essentially disinterested. It cares little where it strikes, and less for ultimate justice (that most ironic concept of all). *MacFlecknoe* existed potentially long before Dryden ever dreamed of bruising Shadwell's broad beam. And if the impulse were not disinterested, why should we take pleasure today in the trouncing of a man about whom most of us know and care nothing?

SO MUCH is the poetic art imbued with this impersonal spirit of irony and negation that we can hardly tell where the satirical leaves off and the purely lyrical begins. There is a kind of sacred blaspheming in which humor and wit are but the signs of an ultimate rage at the intransigence of things. Thus, the laughter in

Yeats's "John Kinsella's Lament for Mrs. Mary Moore" expresses the same pain, but more bitterly, as Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" does:

The priests have got a book that says  
But for Adam's sin  
Eden's garden would be there  
And I there within.  
No expectation fails there,  
No pleasing habit ends,  
No man grows old, no girl grows cold,  
But friends walk by friends.  
Who quarrels over halfpennies  
That plucks the trees for bread?  
What shall I do for pretty girls  
Now my old bawd is dead?

The sacred blaspheming carries over into much of our most serious love-poetry. Obviously latent in the symbolic language of eroticism religious mystics employ, it comes fully into its own when poets write directly of romantic and physical love. Long ago John Donne, later to become Dean of St. Paul's, ran the two motifs together in poem after poem; it has even been argued that in "To His Mistress Going to Bed" Donne deliberately used the motions of the sign of the Cross to symbolize the beatitudes of sexual discovery:

License my roaving hands, and let  
them go,  
Before, behind, between, above,  
below.  
O my America! my new-found-land,  
My kingdome, safest when with  
one man man'd,  
My Myne of precious stones, my  
Emperie,  
How blest am I in this discovering  
thee!  
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;  
Then where my hand is set, my seal  
shall be. . . .

Such linking of the profane and sensual with the sacred may appear to some the blackest mockery, whether of divinity or of man's pretensions to faith. But one has only to turn to a poem like Howard Nemerov's "The Goose Fish" to see how much more deliberately modern poets have gone into the ironies and ambiguities of these themes. Donne's poem may veer carelessly toward the abyss; Nemerov's stares down over the edge. In "The Goose Fish" we find two



lovers embracing on a beach in the moonlight:

The ordinary night was graced  
For them by the swift tide of blood  
That silently they took at flood,  
And for a little time they prized  
Themselves emparadised. . . .

Suddenly they see,

. . . . there underfoot,  
As though the world had found them  
out,  
The goose fish turning up, though  
dead,  
His hugely grinning head. . . .

It was a wide and moony grin  
Together peaceful and obscene;  
They knew not what he would  
express. . . .

Nemerov's lovers take over the role of Congreve's peasant; that cold lunar grin cracks open their illusion with a pagan or sub-pagan ferocity. The horror of nothingness yawns there beneath them. One then thinks of the sweaty self-revulsion of Hopkins' "terrible sonnets," and by contrast the exuberantly sacrilegious imagery of Donne becomes the most drunkenly joyous kind of affirmation—absolutely devout after all.

IT IS NOT generally seen that the younger moderns have begun to dig below the surface of this kind of realization. Robert Lowell's "Words for Hart Crane," recently published in this magazine, has Crane telling America straight out:

. . . . I,  
*Catullus Redivivus*, once the rage  
of the Village and Paris, used to play  
my role  
of homosexual wolfing the stray  
lambs. . . .  
Who asks for me, the Shelley of my  
age,  
must lay his heart out for my bed  
and board.

If we want our own poets to come into their own, we must take them as they are and stop looking for something else. Crane, notoriously and openly homosexual, desperately aware of the hostility of our culture to everything he was and stood for, and nevertheless anxious to find symbols of affirmation within the real and the necessary, had the negative strength that only adversity can create. A quarter-century after his death, his work still has the vital

presence of his reckless confusions, of his pathetic need to gain some illusion of wholeness, and of the stench of his perversion and fear of failure. We may discount the homosexuality, in the sense that he would not have been the poet he was without finding *some* means of self-destruction and of shocking the temple guardians of Pulitzerdom. (See the second section of Kenneth Rexroth's "Thou Shalt Not Kill" for examples of what I mean here. And consider the case of Maxwell Bodenheim, whose heterosexuality saved neither his poetic character and skill nor his life.) That consideration

aside, I should like to think that poets like Lowell and Nemerov, as well as a number of others now little known but soon to be recognized, are renewing our understanding of "the higher aesthetic amorality" as Crane did in his short lifetime. It is an "amorality" that brings us into the heart of the moral, an irreverence that is ultimately a piety. I have heard an old friend of Crane's say he was a great Rabelaisian personality in spirit and imagination, though few are now aware of that fact. Prepare for more surprises still, all ye heifer-seekers in the woods of poetry!

## The Loss of Debate

*THE ORDEAL OF WOODROW WILSON.* By Herbert Hoover. McGraw-Hill. 303 pp. \$6.

William Appleman Williams

WITH the exception of *American Individualism*, his essay on the political economy of mature capitalism, this policy memoir is more important than any of Herbert Hoover's other writings. It is misleadingly titled, laboriously written and poorly organized; yet it tells us more about the convergence of American conservatism and liberalism in the years of World War I and the Bolshevik Revolution than almost all the formal histories of that era. Anyone who is curious about the reason for the dearth of fundamental debate about American foreign policy can find a good part of the answer in this volume.

Ostensibly the story of the tragedy of Woodrow Wilson, the book is in truth an intimate and revealing account of the character and development of a broad consensus on foreign policy among American leaders of both parties. If it explains any tragedy, it is the one which threatens to overtake American policy. Hoover provides no new insights into the reasons why Wilson ultimately isolated himself from the coalition he led. As before, the reader can construct his own explanation by choosing from among Wilson's illness, his high church Presbyterianism, his psychological make-up, or his conception of the necessity and justice of

American predominance throughout the world. Perhaps Wilson himself provided the most perceptive interpretation when he said that he "would never cry 'peace' so long as there is sin in the world."

The importance of Hoover's book lies in one key sentence: "In my work, even when Mr. Wilson did not entirely agree with me, he listened with patience and we were always able to find a path ahead upon which to travel successfully together." Hoover then illustrates that basic consensus by reference to ideas, men and actions. The idea which united Hoover and Wilson was very simple and also very big: America's material and spiritual power could and should be employed in an independent manner to end the war, establish the foundations of stability and peace, and maintain order in the future. They defined five major problems connected with that enterprise. It was necessary to oppose Communist Russia, restrain England, France and Japan, apply the principles of America's Open Door Policy to colonial and other underdeveloped areas, restore order and stability in Central Europe, and establish the League of Nations.

"Communist Russia," Hoover makes it clear, "was a specter which wandered into the Peace Conference almost daily." In another passage he describes the enterprise of peace-making as "a daily race against the spread of Communism." Hoover and Wilson agreed that the revolutionary upsurge was "based on a foundation of real social grievance," and hence understood the dangers of a wholly negative approach. Armed strength was necessary as a force in being to demonstrate American

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opposition (and to check the Japanese), but military intervention in Russia was too costly from many points of view. Even if it should succeed, it would involve America "in years of police duty" and limit its freedom of action *vis-à-vis* Britain, France and Japan.

Hoover and Wilson therefore turned to the manipulation of food and other relief supplies as the best means of terminating the radical movement. Appealing to the Bolshevik's humanitarianism, they offered aid in return for an agreement to recognize the status quo in Russia, and on condition that the Bolsheviks pay cash for the assistance. Interpreting the offer as a maneuver to give the anti-Bolsheviks an opportunity to consolidate their position in various parts of Russia, the Bolsheviks refused.

ELSEWHERE the Hoover-Wilson approach worked more successfully. In Hungary, for example, the United States established a "tight blockade" and effectively controlled food supplies to overthrow Bela Kun's government. With that example on the record, Hoover's threat of similar action proved sufficient to stabilize affairs in Austria. "With the President's approval I authorized the Austrians to placard Vienna with a statement from me to the effect that any such [radical] action would jeopardize the city's already sparse food supply." In Germany, however, such a "rigid blockade [was] utter folly because it created unemployment, prevented economic recovery and fertilized Communism." The Hoover-Wilson policy was not altogether politically and ideologically motivated, however, for Hoover saw that "there must be instant expansion of marketing of American surpluses or there will be a great financial reaction in the United States."

In those and similar ventures, Hoover and Wilson were backed and assisted by a bipartisan staff of tremendous ability and energy. Bernard M. Baruch, Charles Schwab, Edward M. Hurley, Vance McCormick, John Foster Dulles, Robert S. Lovett, Robert S. Brookings and Norman Davis emerge as particularly important figures. Those men stressed three lines of action: (1) support the new Germany, (2) keep American power and programs unencumbered by restrictive alliances with Britain and France, but (3) join with those nations "to secure stability of government" throughout the world. For many months, therefore, Hoover went along with Wilson's emphasis on Article I of the League Treaty, which guaranteed the boundaries of the signatory nations. So did such others as Elihu Root, Charles

Evans Hughes and Henry L. Stimson.

\* From the beginning Hoover had reservations. But the vital point, which Hoover clarifies once and for all, is that the reservations concerned not the objectives but the means. He shared Wilson's moral fervor and agreed that "a steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations." "Having gone in with our eyes open," Hoover explained at the time, "and with a determination to free ourselves and the rest of the world from the dangers that surround us, we cannot now pull back from the job." To that extensive degree, Hoover shared Wilson's propensity for solving one problem by resolving it into a larger one.

Hoover's doubts concerned "whether an organization so revolutionary and

so young could successfully carry the burdens imposed by Article X." Instead, the Hoover group thought "that the Covenant provided a powerful organization; that its provisions for determining aggressors, and its authority to use economic and military sanctions, were ample weapons against aggression."

Wilson's refusal to accept that more subtle and flexible approach led to the defeat of the League Treaty. But Hoover's book makes it apparent that it did not end the bipartisan consensus in favor of America's active and continued assertion of its leading role in world affairs. Neither did it alter the objective: to stabilize the status quo. The Great Debates have never been over the what or the whether, but only over the how. Small wonder the crisis has persisted into our own time.

## Torches in the Street

*THE SICILIAN VESPERS.* By Steven Runciman. Cambridge University Press. 356 pp. \$5.50.

**Kenneth Rexroth**

A COUPLE of years back I had occasion to review Steven Runciman's *History of the Crusades*, and before that his *Medieval Manichee*, a study of the Christian Dualist heresy. From the very beginning of his career it has been apparent that Runciman is a historian of no mean order. He has done the thing all modern historians hope to do, and almost none manages: he has combined the writing of history as literature ("historiography" in academic argot) and the study of history as a scholarly discipline, if not an exact science.

Henry Adams, Francis Parkman, Prescott, Gibbon, Froissart, Tacitus, Thucydides, Ssu-ma Ch'ien—for many centuries the Muse of History was one of the chief of the minor goddess and history was a major art. Alas for our day, she has fallen on evil times and become a maundering academic drudge. A writer like Arnold Toynbee owes his reputation as a stylist essentially to the outrageous barbarity of his style, its endless verbosity and eloquent muddle, like a country vicar on one of the duller Sundays After Trinity. His reputation as a philosopher of history is due to the procrustean rashness of his scantily substantiated hypotheses. In her old age

the Muse has fallen into the hands of the Goths who know her not.

Steven Runciman is a horse of another color. He is an indisputably good writer, clear, perspicuous, able to marshal immense detail and vast casts of characters; able, again, to communicate that feeling of the very time and place which is perhaps the first virtue of good historical writing. His subject this time is the thirteenth-century struggle for supremacy among the states and cities of the Mediterranean; a struggle which centered in Sicily, but spread as far as Germany and the Holy Land, and which was watched with more than neutral interest by the powers of England and France. It may be an illusion, but we live again in the quarries of Sicily with the dying Athenians, and on the bloody causeway with Cortez and Malinche. So we are there, our iron shoes clanging on the arid stone floors of that immense architectural hallucination, Krak of the Knights; in the desert of the Holy Land, we watch the leper King of Jerusalem wither and die like the Fisher King of the Grail Romances—it is an infectious verisimilitude. You can see, smell and hear Manfred's and Conradin's armies, trapped in melees at narrow bridges, horses splashing through fords and swirling in high waters, the terrible sun on afternoon battlefields full of men in stinking armor, the Sicilian burghers running through the streets with torches and long knives. This participation extends even to certain engaging prejudices. Runciman is now not quite as down on Frederick II as he was when he



wrote the Crusade book, but he doesn't like him nor his bastard, Manfred, either. You feel that this is for no *bona fide* historical, social or political reason, but for a residual British prudery. Both of them just might have made it at lurid Balliol, but never at Cambridge. They were frank atheists and practically wallowed in what Dr. Kinsey used to call extra-marital sexual outlets. That Frederick II was the only civilized ruler in the West between classical and modern times is beside the point for Steven Runciman. He is awed by his magnificent appetites and the splendor of his mind, but he isn't going to be pleased if he can help it.

*The Sicilian Vespers* is much more than a study of that legendary revolt itself. It is the story of the final breakdown of the possibility of the Empire, as distinguished from the Imperial dream; of the moral compromise of the Papacy that was to lead eventually to Papal Courts worthy of Suetonius, and the disgust of the Reformation; of the beginning of the invidious and destructive role of France in the peninsula, that was to endure at least until Napoleon III; and, wistful enough in its special way, the last assertion of the spirit of the Greek *polis*, the last bright flicker of the precious city-state *ethos* in a Greek Italy then two thousand years old. Through it all glitter the

brocades and marbles of the oriental, pagan, birth of the Renaissance, the songs of the troubadours and Arabic minstrels, the speculations of Hebrew Cabbalists and Greek-Italian Aristotelians, the mysteries of alchemists and magicians—the last two Hohenstauffen courts, where what the French call *l'esprit laïque*, the character of renaissance and modern man, was invented.

Plenty has been written about Frederick II and Manfred, some of it bombastically romantic, but this whole world, what was really the southeast borderland of Western civilization, has seldom been seen steadily and whole. It is the march, the pressure area, between Gothic, Byzantine and Arabic civilizations, all three in their decline or rather decadence. It is hard to think of a more splendidly caparisoned historical stage, or one more crowded with spectacular characters, or one more haunted by fascinating mysteries and immoralities. It provided Gibbon with some of his most encrusted and brilliant pages. It requires a tremendous amount of hard work to coordinate its documents and sources and to disentangle its dilemmas and disputes. It is certainly not overcrowded with historians. Steven Runciman seems to have staked a claim on it as very specially his own. Long may he flourish, for he certainly makes it fascinating reading.

and corner of the Union, on the charge of high treason.

On December 5, 1956, Attorney General "Blackie" Swart's bully-boys of the secret police carried out simultaneous dawn raids on the homes of the men and women marked for arrest. The drama has been ponderously unfolding ever since; *The South African Treason Trial* gives us the first one-piece account of these events.

THIS book is not an "objective" chronicle. In a concluding note Mr. Sachs, makes "no apologies for writing with passion" and expresses the hope that readers "will forgive us for any shortcomings." And there are shortcomings: some result from obvious haste in writing and publication, others are the inevitable result of mixing reporting with political exhortation. For those who may wish the full, straight facts—which are, heaven knows, awful enough — this book will not suffice. The government's case, whatever its merits, is part of the story, yet the book tells us only its most ludicrous elements; Mr. Forman's picture of spontaneous, total, unclouded solidarity within and among the militant political groups opposing the government is over-enthusiastic; and Mr. Sachs could have mentioned the increasingly effective work of enlightened Afrikaner Nationalists, many within the Dutch Reformed Church, who are horrified at the mad course their government is pursuing.

No matter. The Nationalist Government will not forgive the authors for this work, but just about everyone else in the world will. Lionel Forman, himself one of the defendants, is a young Cape Town attorney with a talent for political action. Solly Sachs is an almost legendary figure, a prodigious labor organizer who proved that even in South Africa, white and black can work side by side in harmony and mutual respect. He was too successful. The Nationalists trained their fire on him and made it fruitless for him to try to continue. He now lives in England.

In a technical sense the trial has not yet started. The "preliminary examination," corresponding to our grand jury indictment procedure, occupied more than a year and ended only on January 30 of this year. It resulted in high-treason indictments against ninety-five of the original 156; the trial itself will presumably begin this spring. The team of Sachs and Forman promises another installment on this phase of the business; let's hope they are joined by colleagues whose accounts will help to fill Mr. Louw's capacious pockets.

## The African Clown

*THE SOUTH AFRICAN TREASON TRIAL.* By Lionel Forman and E. S. (Solly) Sachs. Monthly Review Press. 216 pp. \$5.

**Philip Woodyatt**

MR. ERIC LOUW is Minister of External Affairs for the Union of South Africa and is the man who, so to speak, officially voices his government's writhing self-consciousness. That he takes this job very seriously indeed—obsessively, you might say—is illustrated by the fact that the State Information Office, which is under his hand, has standing orders to keep him supplied with news stories, articles and commentary from the outside world which are critical of the gov-

ernment and the ruling Nationalist Party. Mr. Louw reportedly keeps a clutch of these in his pockets at all times. It is his regular practice to read them into the record of Parliament with what appears to be masochistic relish.

There is no shortage of material to gratify the Minister's hobby; for no government—certainly none in modern times—has ever matched this one for clownish cruelty, a kind of earnest, stumble-footed, ridiculous nastiness.

In the decade since they came to power, the leaders of the Nationalist Party have succeeded in making South Africa the unchallenged world symbol of blind, fanatical racial bigotry. By a series of strokes initiated at the outset they quickly stepped out ahead of our own South and other contenders on the African continent. But their crowning achievement in solidifying this image of themselves is the sordid undertaking which inspired the present book—the arrest of, and proceedings against, 156 South Africans from every race, stratum

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## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

AT the moment of this writing, the New York City Opera Company's first season of American works is drawing to a close with a final added week of Kurt Weill's *Lost in the Stars*. The project has been a rousing success. It has given a fascinating insight into contemporary American opera; the audiences have been large and enthusiastic; and countless composers, including those who were permitted to roam about during rehearsals, have been stung by the opera bug. In the long run, that may prove to be the season's most important result.

But there have been others. It has been made apparent, for example, that American opera, as a genre, is still in an uncrystallized stage. Each composer seems to concoct his own mixture of dramatic and musical elements, working in the midst of myriad older traditions and a few young ones. Through all the works produced ran an obvious desire to create a lyric theatre which would appeal not only to the traditional grand-opera audience, but to younger, less conventional people as well. Early in the season, I thought I heard a Broadway influence in some of the scores. I have since concluded that this influence, in most cases, was far more a matter of staging than of music. And this was to be expected, since Julius Rudel, the company's General Director, has stated a firm belief that Broadway techniques should be employed at the City Center whenever they can make opera productions more attractive. He imported for the special season directors Carmen Calbo, Jose Quintero, Frank Corsaro and Herman Schumlin, whose careers have all been associated with the legitimate theatre. Their work was immensely stimulating, and I do not doubt that it will exert a considerable effect upon the future of American opera.

As for the music itself, however, I do not think that Broadway exerted an influence about which we really need to worry. What bothered me more was the deep conservatism revealed in almost every score. To be sure, this conservatism appeared in different guises. In Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* and Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah* it seemed a kind of neutral blandness; *The Taming of the Shrew* by Giannini was frankly slick and technicolored; Menotti's *The Medium* and *The Old Maid and the Thief* were, as are all his operas, eclectic and designed to *épater*

nobody. These descriptions are all to my mind synonyms for conservatism, and in no work did I discern a thrust toward a deeply felt or adventuresome idiom. Always and everywhere was the desire to please a theoretically frightened audience by giving them something very like what they had heard before.

THIS, to my way of thinking, is an unfortunate business, but I am grateful to the City Center's American season for documenting a theory I have long held—that the American operatic stage is almost entirely occupied by conservatives and eclectics. I am also grateful to the season for having given so many works of this character that the second and third turn of the wheel will be the more likely to bring forth composers with an impulse toward strong, original expression. Let it be understood that I am not asking for masterpieces. It is courageous impulses we need.

It was profoundly disappointing to me that the only work I heard in this series which seemed to try for strong contemporary statement in terms of music and of drama should have disintegrated like a puff-ball on second hearing. This was the late Robert Kurka's opera, *The Good Soldier Schweik*. I was entranced by it on opening night. Its orchestral color, achieved by the use of an orchestra restricted to winds, brasses and percussion, seemed remarkable, apposite to the story and poignant. The percussion writing in itself was expressive and certainly of virtuoso caliber. Kurka was obviously latching himself on to the Stravinsky and Prokofieff traditions—in other words, the serious tradition—as well as the huckster style of Kurt Weill. Indeed, it was all so wonderful that I went back again, just to check my reactions.

And I found "just one of those things." When I sat in a different seat, farther from the heart of the dynamic percussion section, the music came to me with a different mien. Those portions which had impressed by sheer percussive or motoric energy, grew fainter and less impressive by virtue of distance. The music betrayed its thinness, and I became aware that I had, on first hearing, absorbed the whole show, and there was nothing left to discover. Clever elements of construction which had seemed to place the work so far in advance of anything else I had heard during the season, turned out to be superficial. The text, by Lewis Allen, was as linguistically vulgar and badly rhymed as the daily critics had maintained. And, in sum, I was sorely tempted to have a cigarette shortly after the second act began.

## THEATRE

### Robert Hatch

LEAVING the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre (formerly the Globe) after the third evening performance of *The Visit*, I heard someone at the rear of the orchestra crying "boo" with self-righteous vigor, and I was glad to hear it. I don't agree that the play or performance deserved this comment, but it shows much more clearly than the applause—a standardized rite in our theatre—that the play arouses ponderable reactions. The Lunts have often been reprimanded for putting their talents to frivolous ends, and it is a pleasure to report that, for better or worse, they are currently engaged in a work that has more character than their own charm.

*The Visit*, by a Swiss dramatist named Friedrich Dürrenmatt, could be rather easily clawed by any bright student of theatre form. The central conflict has been staged and decided by the end of the first act. Moreover—and stemming really from this circumstance—a good deal of the later detail seems motivated as much by the needs of the playwright as by the imperatives of his characters, and an inconvenient proportion of the impact has no deeper source than carefully-staged visual effects. It may be that Peter Brooks, the director, has over-embellished the play—it being a vehicle for this almost legendary couple—but he did have the problem of keeping the audience occupied for a long time after the trap was sprung.

Despite such reservations, the play is arresting and memorably odd. The plot is as simple as an aphorism. The richest widow in the world returns after many years to the place of her birth, a town in an unspecified but Germanic section of Europe. The town is almost dead, and it develops that she has impoverished it by secretly buying and suspending all the small industry on which it had depended. But the natives do not know this and anticipate great assistance from a lady whose philan-

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thropy is world acclaimed. She does make a stunning offer—she will give the town a billion marks (wild rejoicing), but on the one condition that the town will kill the well-loved Anton Schill, local grocer (the two protagonists are of course played by Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt). It is recalled that, when a youth, this man denied being the father of her child, produced witnesses (now shown to be perjured) to name her a trollop and caused her to seek her fortune as a whore. She subsequently married Levantine oil. The shocked town cheers Herr Schill to the echo, but Madame Zachanassian remarks that she is quite prepared to wait, and that concludes the first act.

The rest of the play works at details: how the townspeople begin to buy on credit in a mood of optimism whose source they will not acknowledge, how their would-be benefactor gets married but sends her husband back to South America so that she can resolve in death her love-hate for Schill, how the town rationalizes what it will do as the operation of high, though delayed, justice. The nice irony, what holds you, is that Schill really does deserve punishment and that his neighbors are his proper judges. The billion marks corrupts them even as it wakes them to their duty.

The tone of all this is curious, but nevertheless insinuating. If one were being rigorous, it might not hold together, partly because of the author's eclectic restlessness, partly because of the surface gaiety the Lunts like to stamp on everything they do. Madame Zachanassian travels with an entourage consisting of the judge who presided at her trial, now called Bobby and acting as an entranced major domo; the two false witnesses, blinded and presumably emasculated and now serving as attendant musicians; a pair of American thugs who double as torturers and bearers of their lady's sedan chair, and a black panther (her nickname for Schill had been "black panther"). It is a little difficult to maintain serious attention in the presence of so much *outré* luggage from

Beckett, Sartre, Kafka and the side show. American audiences can scarcely fail to drop occasionally into the mood of comic-strip frightfulness.

Then too the behavior described is concentration-camp desperation, but the town of Gullen does not appear to have been pushed to the simplicity of the concentration camp. The citizens talk desperation, but no one looks desperate—only rather down at heels. I suspect that the Lunts do not like real pain to appear on their stage—a genteel shabbiness is as far as they are prepared to go. Therefore, if you wish really to be attacked by *The Visit*, you must make yourself unusually vulnerable. Otherwise, it is very obviously a play.

As for the production, Miss Fontanne and her husband provide two bright pools of competence around which some excellent acting is done. With the Lunts, of course, competence has become an art in itself—only I felt that they were acting according to their unsurpassed stage knowledge, not according to what these parts impelled from them. The work is perhaps too easy for them—what they do works so well that they are rarely forced to be. The supporting cast is large and I cannot itemize it. There are no false or ill-proportioned performances—Mr. Brooks's professional good taste has touched everyone—and I call particular attention to the conduct of Eric Porter as the burgo-master and to Peter Woodthorpe as the school master. Each, when the occasion comes, steps forward as a firm center of human personality. As much as anything, their work is what makes this production disturbing and more than a somewhat novel shadow box for the high pantomime of the Lunts.

BECAUSE it is written in blank verse and deals for the most part with "great matters," Christopher Fry's language evokes in all of us an echo of the Elizabethans. It is, however, a disheartening echo. The Elizabethans beat out a new language, a bright weapon, whose richness and drive supported the energy of their passions. Fry is a devotee of words; language is for him a romp—all the bright adjectives, the agile verbs, the charming plays of juxtaposition and surprise. As the tension of his plays rise, so does Mr. Fry's loquacity. He drowns passion in speech, makes actors of his characters and has never considered the heart too full for words. He is not interested in the battles of the drawing room, and lacks the assassination of wit needed for such encounters, but he makes an ingenious plaything out of a heroic style.

In *The Firstborn* (Coronet), the manner is peculiarly depressing. The book of Exodus will not lend itself to brocade; it is a terrible story, a parable of stone, and it cannot by verbal embellishment be made palatable to humanists. Mr. Fry has supposed that the tyrants of Egypt and the children of Israel were people not unlike ourselves, except that they conversed rather more eloquently. His Moses is an idealist, a social reformer; his Pharaoh, a manager of Empire who comes from his siestas in a mood that could be induced by reading in Voltaire. Faced with the punishments of an implacable Jahveh—the plagues of locusts, of frogs; the Nile water turned to blood—he says in effect that people are forever blaming the weather on the administration. And Pharaoh's sister, she who found Moses and gave him his life, appears in her years of late maturity as a maiden lady whose cultivated intelligence and strong feelings have been turned toward wry melancholy by lack of commitment. Her contemporaries live in Jane Austen.

The theory that human nature is pretty much the same anywhere and any time is one of the superficialities of world-mindedness and liberal brotherhood. It makes our dealings with the Chinese, the Arabs, the Russians even more difficult than they need to be; in the cause of psychological identification, it extracts the armatures from the great legends of our heritage. If you think of Moses and Pharaoh as two pig-headed men, one of whom possessed the secret weapon of God's wrath; if you must sympathize with Moses because, although his team wins, victory costs him the life of his old playmate, Ramses, you have lost a great deal and gained, I think, very little. Exodus is not social history, however much it may be based on events; it is a concept of man's relationship to God through which the human race has passed. Traces of that concept color our spirits, but that is not to say that God spoke from a storm cloud to men and women aware of themselves as post-Renaissance individuals. This is anachronism, not imagination.

In this production, *The Firstborn* plays better than it is. Katharine Cornell, Anthony Quayle and Torin Thatcher give it considerable visual and oratorical dignity. They move well and they speak impressively; being actors of some virtuosity, they obviously enjoy the exercise of Fry's ornate language, though inevitably it makes mouthpieces of them. The result, nevertheless, is turgid and non-communicative; the action stalls and the cataclysms turn perversely funny in this rational atmosphere.

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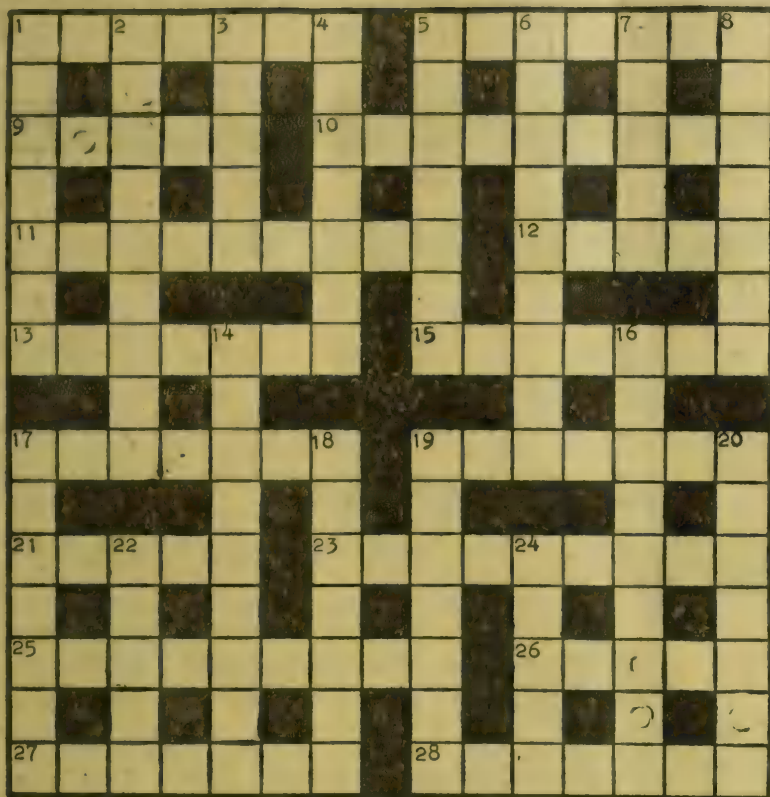
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 772

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 10 Modestly impressive, but certainly not like 9. (3, 2, 2, 7, 2)
- 5 A mouthful for Demosthenes? (7)
- 9 Feeling bad? You're probably not up to this! (5)
- 10 See 1 across
- 11 Do they pile up wood again, or just tape. (9)
- 12 Wants to 8 down as a matter of urgency. (5)
- 13 Didn't act like Washington to possess a pet command. (3, 4)
- 15 In the manner of a mist. (7)
- 17 Could be found in 9's, but they're not very bright. (7)
- 19 Could hardly be expected to make for easy inspiration when a humorist has no psychological tendencies. (7)
- 21 A Greek star, perhaps. (5)
- 23 Tropical island grain? (9)
- 25 Diner-out, I fancy, but displaying what can't hurt you here. (9)
- 26 Practice material. (5)
- 27 Tuck might have been fooled by it. (5, 2)
- 28 Now I get away from a naval command at home, perhaps. (7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Might be tickled by 9. (7)
- 2 Stick on the beat? (9)
- 3 Present. (5)

- 4 The sort of 17 down which is more than behind. (7)
- 5 and 19. down By comparison, Judy's boy friend is happy (7, 2, 5)
- 6 The 4 Roman Empire was. (9)
- 7 Stay representative, when it comes to U.N. (5)
- 8 Content sort of fits, as you tell about it. (7)
- 14 It might involve changing an element to a higher positive valence. (9)
- 16 History might come natural to him, but he's more specialized than that! (9)
- 17 The closest sort of oriental? (7)
- 18 Notices part of it, at least! (7)
- 19 See 5 down
- 20 Leaves hanging out of a number of corners? (7)
- 22 What the courageous have to pull. (5)
- 24 One's obviously out of part of the Malay Archipelago—and much further west! (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 771

ACROSS: 1 BOLD-FACED TYPE: 10 ARTISAN; 11 EXPLAIN; 12 CONFORM; 13 AVOCADO; 14 INSULIN; 15 LENTEN; 16 OFFICES; 20 SUBJOIN; 23 IBERIAN; 24 LAMBENT; 25 UNITING; 26 INK-WELL; 27 SHIFTLINESS. DOWN: 2 OUTINGS; 3 DESPOIL; 4 AGNOMEN; 5 EYEBALL; 6 TRIPHOON; 7 PLACATE; 8 SANCTIMONIOUS; 9 UNFORTUNATELY; 17 FLEMISH; 18 CAITIFF; 19 SENE-GAL; 20 SULLIES; 21 BUMPKIN; 22 ONENESS.

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# LETTERS

## Panda-monium

Dear Sirs: Whatever else one might say about the State Department, this is clear: with regard to the Chinese panda that tried to set paw on our free soil, the department's bold and decisive action is characteristic of genuine statesmanship. No muddleheadedness here, no wavering, no confusion, but a firm and resounding NO!

No doubt, some fellow travelers and misguided dupes will raise a hue and cry about this. Let them! In the struggle between East and West our first duty, in this particular instance, is to the security of our zoos. To date there has not been a single case of subversion in any of them, and not a single zoo-dweller has been placed on the Attorney General's list.

Until we are able to obtain a reliable panda from Formosa we should stand pat on our present policy. In the meantime, hats off to the State Department.

YURI SUHL

New York City

## Teachers' Speed-Up

Dear Sirs: As a working teacher, I must protest against Mr. Eurich's endorsement of the speed-up in my trade. The data of his Doctors of Education announce what stingy school boards and penny-pinching politicians knew already: that the only limit to the number of students they can load on a teacher is the distance his voice will carry. The speed-up not only harasses the worker but also cheapens the product in education no less than in industry.

Students do not learn by passive listening, not even when "our very best teachers" talk to them. They learn by doing, by trying and erring and being corrected. The more students per teacher, the fewer assignments and individual correction, the poorer the education. Ultimately the student gapes at the "brilliant" lecturer, searches the single textbook for the likeliest items to expect on the machine-scored, multiple-guess, true-false exam, and gets his grade and his degree. He can't speak or write decent English (not to mention a foreign language); he doesn't know how to hunt up books on a given question and discriminate among them; a laboratory where new questions and new methods are devised is an alchemist's chamber of wonders to him. But of course he gets

his degree, his ticket to the first rung of the success ladder.

Perhaps I am hopelessly quixotic, but I will not believe that Americans expect nothing more of their educational system than the cheap manufacture of such tickets.

DAVID JORAVSKY

Storrs, Connecticut

## Money Is the Root

Dear Sirs: The title of Alvin Eurich's article — "Schools Need More Than Money"—in your May 10 issue is indicative of a dangerous trend affecting the educational as well as the academic and applied social-science disciplines. After paying varying degrees of lip service to the need for money, Mr. Eurich probed intensely other technical and theoretical problems. The "money question" is merely adumbrated. But is it not evident that without increased facilities and decent pay there will continue to be a shortage of teachers and that the best minds will continue to shy away from the field? Those who do eventually teach cannot make changes either in technique or theory because funds are lacking. . . .

SHELDON ZULKOWITZ

Brooklyn, New York

*Mr. Zulkowicz's quarrel with Mr. Eurich would seem to lie in the question of emphasis. Mr. Eurich did not deny that more money is needed for our educational system. But he stressed the point—we quote from his article—that "we are confronted with problems in education that money alone cannot solve."—EDITORS.*

## Strip Teas?

Dear Sirs: Apropos of Mr. Hughes's beard (see letter to *The Nation*, May 3 issue): Wasn't it Shelley who barged into a tea party in the nude? Suggest that Mr. Hughes assert his right similarly on his next job. This is a free country.

MILDRED H. CLARK

New Haven, Conn.

## The Blind Spot

Dear Sirs: The May 3 article by Dr. D. F. Fleming, "A Diplomacy for Free Men," is the most complete, incisive and logical summary of the dangers inherent in American foreign policy since the war that I have seen. Some writers see one aspect, others another, but Dr. Fleming faces them all with unflinching logic. Even that reality for which

most of our present day "liberals" have a blind spot, Dr. Fleming faces quite simply and fearlessly—our childish and tragic idea that the progress of a great and intelligent people of 600,000,000 can be checked because the United States has other ideas.

Many liberals and their periodicals have failed us in the period since the war. But not *The Nation*.

CLARA WATSON

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

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## EDITORIALS

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### Hail the Hero

Few Americans will begrudge the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon whatever consolation they may have derived from the welcome home accorded them by official Washington. Having sent the couple on a disastrous mission, in the course of which they were subjected to gross insult and physical danger, the least official Washington could do was to rally around the victims, as an adoring student body rallies around a defeated football team. But the cumulative defeats in the capitals of Latin America will long outlast the enthusiasm of the folks at home, and official Washington will have a host of questions to answer without, it would seem, any very good answers to give.

Where were the experts of the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, the ambassadors and their staffs and the other intelligence and advisory services responsible for reporting conditions abroad? Who conceived the idea that the Vice President's salesman charm could avail against real grievances? Wherever he went, the hands of the rulers were outstretched: more money, please. That situation Mr. Nixon could handle, but what could he do with a population underfed, fed up and not schooled in the polite ways of the Western democracies? Didn't anyone tell him, and the President and the Secretary of State? In heaven's name, what else are the experts and specialists there for? Did Christian Herter approve the project? Incidentally, whatever happened to Christian Herter?

Wreath-laying and speeches simply do not hold up against a certain pressure of popular resentment. The United States provides help for Latin American governments. These governments are almost uniformly tyrannical and exploitative. The mobs Mr. Nixon met equated the United States with their oppressors. The mobs did not represent all the people, but they represented a larger proportion: that, rather than Communist instigation, accounts for the boldness of the demonstrators and the irresolution of the police and soldiers.

Isn't it about time for official Washington to learn the facts of life and, if it can't bring itself to change the policies responsible for these recurring humiliations, at least resolve to keep its high emissaries—and their wives—out of situations which may, the next time, end even less happily?

### The Butler-Jenner Bill

Maxwell Brandwen's article on the current and earlier attacks on the Supreme Court (p. 461) will, we hope, place the agitation for the Butler-Jenner Bill in proper perspective. There is more to this agitation than meets the eye. Failure to enact the bill will not mean that the campaign to "curb the Court" has been defeated. A stated purpose of the current campaign is to "scare" the Court (see editorial comments, *The Nation*, May 10), and since the Supreme Court does not "scare" easily, the campaign will continue. Moreover, the latest crop of critics has hit upon the simplest, most effective means of curbing the Court, namely, to deny it appellate jurisdiction in certain types of cases. Let no one think, therefore, that Mr. Brandwen is tilting at windmills; the present campaign is to be taken seriously.

### Admiral Strauss Should Retire

The term of Admiral Lewis L. Strauss as chairman of the AEC expires on June 30. He can have another appointment if he wants one and that he wants one is evident; only the fear that he might fail to win confirmation has kept the Admiral noncommittal to date. Even so, the White House has been sounding out congressional leaders on his chances. The roster of reasons for the Admiral's retirement is long, the case impressive on nearly every count. But apart from his record in office, there is a basic reason why the President should not send his name to the Senate. Admiral Strauss has lost the confidence of a very large section of the public,



the press, the scientific community and\* of Congress. And this lack of confidence stems from the Admiral's lack of candor. For example, what information the public now has about the feasibility of bomb detection has been pried from the AEC bit by bit, with Admiral Strauss fighting like a tiger to keep the public uninformed. Worse, when finally forced to confirm or deny specific matters, he has been less than frank, even with congressional leaders. It is intolerable that a man who has so little confidence in the public or in the Congress should serve not merely as chairman of the AEC but as adviser to the National Security Council and to the President on all matters related to atomic power. Even if confirmation could be obtained—the Senate has yet to reject an Eisenhower nominee—it would be won over the bitter objection of committee members and a sizable section of the Senate. Such a struggle would further undermine confidence in Admiral Strauss. If the chairman of the AEC decides to retire, major credit must go to Senator Clinton J. Anderson and Representative Chet Holifield, both of the Joint Committee on Atomic Power, who have fought a long, hard fight to keep the public informed about the public's major enterprise.

## Whither the Pentagon?

"Pentagon Is Split On War Strategy," runs the headline. The Pentagon is also split on unification, but that proposed reorganization is a comparatively simple matter of normal conflict, to be followed by normal compromise. Once unification is achieved, however, what sort of war is to be fought by the newly streamlined outfit? The purpose, after all, is to fight, not merely to spend money.

A basic aspect of the doctrinal dispute is unrestricted versus limited war. One side, regarding unlimited war as inevitable, considers failure to prepare for it with the biggest and dirtiest bombs as little short of treasonable. The other, preparing to fight a comfortable, safe, limited war, denounces the doctrine that little wars are bound to expand into big ones. That, they say, is Soviet propaganda, intended to paralyze us while the Communists nibble away our power here, there and everywhere.

Perhaps the chemists will resolve the dispute. Major General W. M. Creasy, chief of the Army's chemical service, has suggested, through a cloud of top secrecy, that we must immobilize our enemies by temporary blindness, or make them listless by a debilitating drug, or cause them to behave irrationally by a suitable "psycho-chemical." The enemy might, for instance, try to fly across a room.

It is a humane and generous thought. General Creasy says that if he had more money he would work on it. But, like most inventions, it may not be entirely new.

The irrationality phase, in particular, may already be operational. It sometimes seems as if both friend and foe were playing it for all it's worth.

## The Map of China

Belgrade officials may not be right in attributing to Chinese pressure the emergence of the new Soviet "hard line" on a summit conference. But it is perfectly clear that the Chinese cannot view with unqualified enthusiasm the idea of a summit conference at which decisions of vital concern to them might be reached without their direct representation or concurrence. As we pointed out last month (see editorial "Back Door to the Summit," April 19), the road to a successful summit conference leads through the "back door" of China, that is, of China's recognition by this country and its admission to the U.N. For purely practical reasons as well as larger diplomatic considerations, Washington cannot much longer delay the inevitable. Only last week Dr. Hans Bethe, in testimony before the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee, pointed out that a viable inspection system on nuclear tests should include testing stations in China as well as in the Soviet Union. For a bit longer we can if we wish keep up the silly pretense that Chiang Kai-shek speaks for 600,000,000 Chinese but the large area that China occupies on the map is a fact which even Walter Robertson cannot gainsay.

## Medical Numbers Game

The proportion of physicians to population in the United States is steadily shrinking. In 1900, when the population was 100,000,000, there were 150,000 physicians. In those days the quality of medical training was very uneven, scientific medicine was in its infancy, hospitals were few, paramedical personnel fewer and laboratory facilities non-existent. A rehabilitation of medical education since that time has reduced the number of medical schools from 175 to 90, and reduced the number of annual graduates as well. Today there are more hospital beds, more paramedical people and an abundance of laboratory facilities—but fewer doctors *relatively*. True, almost 200,000 physicians are licensed today, but about 50,000 of these are in the armed forces, in hospital training, in medical education, in salaried jobs in industry, or in retirement. Thus, with the population risen to 170,000,000, there are about the same number of physicians in public practice today as there were in 1900. And, of course, the physicians we have are badly distributed as between urban and rural areas.

Moreover, the situation is getting worse. By 1975, the country's population will be 220,000,000. Even at the present inadequate physician-population proportion of 1 to 1,100, this means we will need 45,000 additional doctors in only seventeen years, not counting the



increment that will be needed for education and replacement.

The American Medical Association—the physicians' trade association—naturally takes the position that (1) there is no shortage; (2) even if there were, the increasing number of medical school graduates would take care of it; (3) the whole discussion is outside the framework of lay concern. But a trade journal, *Medical Economics*, modestly disagrees with the A.M.A.: there is a shortage, it says, and laments the fact "because to whatever extent the country's medical needs are underestimated," the physician now in practice "is bound to be overworked." What concerns *Medical Economics* is the welfare of the physician, not of the public. It ignores the social responsibility of the profession: to seek federal funds for increasing facilities *immediately*; to organize doctors *immediately* in such a way as to assure more efficient methods of practice and more equable distribution of medical services.

It begins to look as though medical-care organization is too important to be left to the medical profession.

## Trade Boycotts and Soviet Power

Mr. Khrushchev has announced that the Soviet Union would like to spend \$100,000,000 in the United States, West Germany and Great Britain for equipment needed to expand its chemical industry. This time, Mr. K. is neither bluffing nor boasting. He has the funds and the authorization to spend them. Nor is he talking about mere items of equipment; as part of a huge effort to increase by eight-fold the production of clothing, footwear, fabrics and household goods, the Soviets want entire chemical plants. This ambitious program clearly presupposes the import, on a large scale, of cotton, wool and other raw materials. The Soviets point out that the desired equipment will not be used to produce military items even if, as seems likely, the plants might be converted to this purpose.

Along with this latest offer to trade come reports from Dr. Dennis J. Carney, one of this country's leading steel experts, on the phenomenal expansion of the Soviet steel industry, and from Mr. Allen Dulles, director of CIA, on the Soviets' rising industrial power. All such intelligence points to a conclusion that needs emphasis: our trade boycott has failed to prevent Soviet industrial expansion and may possibly have furthered it by forcing the Soviets to undertake projects which might otherwise have been delayed or not undertaken. Precisely because a summit conference or general political settlement seem unlikely at the moment, opportunities for trade and cultural exchange should be fully utilized. Despite many difficulties and disappointments, cultural exchange programs are making headway. In 1957, more Soviet citizens came to this country on scientific and cultural missions than in any previous year: 132 as

against 122 Americans who were given permission for similar missions to the USSR.

Last year, too, the Soviets admitted between 2,000 and 3,000 American tourists and inquiries have been made about the possibility of Russian tourists being allowed to visit here. (At least 10,000 selected Russian tourists visited Western Europe and an even larger number of Western tourists visited the Soviet Union.) This is a development that needs to be encouraged. But it is inconsistent to push scientific and cultural exchange missions, while maintaining what is in effect a general trade boycott which probably irritates such allies as West Germany and Britain more than it irritates the Russians. And we could use the business.

## The "Use" of Culture

In his usual column in this issue, Maurice Grosser comments sharply on the State Department's new policy of decorating its embassies and legations with reproductions of American paintings. As a painter and critic, Mr. Grosser is offended by the deep indifference toward artists which is reflected in this facsimile publicity—the State Department wants to "use" culture, but it has not enough real admiration for it to show the real thing.

This "using" of American culture is one of the new vulgarities of the cold war. A weapon has been discovered and it is being exploited without taste or judgment. Thus pianist Van Cliburn, who won a genuine triumph in Moscow, is being handled as though he were the answer to sputnik. *Time* gave him the cover of its May 19 issue, with the absurd banner head, "The Texan Who Conquered Russia," and New York organized a ticker-tape parade for him on his return here May 20. The inappropriateness of this hysterical reaction to the overseas success of a very promising young American musician apparently occurs to no one, and no one cares that the screams of joy and the bewildering flood of commercial offers may ruin the career of a 23-year-old performer. He "showed" the Russians, and now we're going to beat them over the head with our young genius.

But if the ballyhoo for Cliburn is tasteless and bespeaks a lack of sophistication that must make Europeans smile, the ballyhoo for the movie version of *The Brothers Karamazov* at Cannes was plain ignorant. Any competent movie critic (including the critic for *The Nation*) could have told the State Department to keep this travesty of Dostoevski's great work as far from the Cannes Festival as possible. But our public relations officers not only presented the picture but dragged its stars, Claire Bloom and Yul Brynner (the latter by military air transport) to the shambles. Miss Bloom and Brynner were applauded before the performance; after it they were snubbed, the victims of



the American idea that enough gall will carry the day.

The sad thing about all this is that we really know better. For some time now American artists and organizations of genuine ability have been appearing in foreign lands, also under State Department auspices and sponsored by ANTA, and have been winning solid respect and affection. The New York City Ballet, just one of these, has appeared in most of the principal cities of Europe, more recently in Japan and is currently in Australia. The New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, is touring South America and has enjoyed receptions in Quito and Lima that may do something to counteract the repercussions of the Nixon tour.

It is not wrong—it is eminently right—to present our most distinguished artists abroad and to take pride in them. What is wrong, as always, is to use them as gimmicks and to assume that peoples abroad will be taken in by the noise we make beating our own drums.

## Putsch in Algeria

Paris, May 15.

What happened Tuesday night in Algiers was the inevitable result of more than two years of French governmental policy—a policy suggesting that Paris was chronically under orders of the Army and the European extremists in Algiers. The rot began on February 6, 1956, when Socialist Premier Mollet surrendered to pressure from the Algiers mob and abandoned a Republican Front program for peace in Algeria.

Major General Jacques Massu's *putsch* followed logically upon previous experiments by which it had been found that Paris invariably accepted decisions made by the Algiers extremists—the February, 1956, rejection of a peace policy; the October, 1956, sabotage of Tunisian-Moroccan mediation through kidnaping of the Algerian negotiators, the more recent Sakhiat *fait accompli*. All moves toward a more moderate policy have invariably been wrecked in Paris by the right wing of the government majority.

The last such wrecking was the overthrow of Galiard, who committed the crime of accepting U.S. Undersecretary Robert Murphy's proposals for concessions to Tunisia. Pflimlin's variant of entering into negotiations with the rebels from a position of strength and possibly resorting to the good offices of Tunis and Morocco was equally unacceptable to the extremists, who expected that a *putsch* in Algiers at the moment when Pflimlin was presenting his government to a half-hearted Parliament would inevitably lead to Pflimlin's rejection, even though the country had been without a government for almost a month. The heartening fact, however, is that the effect has been exactly the opposite. General Massu, who leads the paratroopers in Algiers, and who is notorious for restoring order by the most doubtful means, often by brutal torture of which the Alleg case is the most striking example, had

miscalculated the mood of the French Parliament and public. He clearly expected that the Algiers *putsch*, besides assuring the rejection of Pflimlin, would lead to the formation of a French Committee of Public Safety under Soustelle, Duchet, Bidault and perhaps De Gaulle. The Algerian "Himmler" went so far as to cable President Coty an ultimatum demanding the formation of such a government. The emergence of the Algiers committee and the ultimatum to Coty had in Paris the instant effect of reviving a dormant republican defense mechanism that would tolerate no surrender to the Algerian *putschists*.

Pflimlin, proclaiming his determination to defend the Republic, was approved 274 votes to 129, the Communists significantly abstaining in the name of anti-fascism. Pflimlin, a tough Alsatian, gives an impression of single-mindedness and unwillingness to stand for any nonsense. It is noteworthy that the Algerian die-hard, Soustelle, was placed under virtual house arrest in Paris after Massu had appealed to him to head the Algiers committee.

As an indication of the present temper of Paris, the militant right-wing organizations proved to be numerically weak and could muster only 6,000 for a march on the Assembly Tuesday night. These were dispersed after hard blows and numerous arrests by the police.

The great unresolved question is whether the *putsch* in Algiers was also planned for Paris and exactly what Bidault, Soustelle, Morice and the other Algerian intransigents who had demanded a Public Safety Government were planning. De Gaulle was in Paris on Wednesday, but he hesitated, and his subsequent declaration of a readiness to assume the powers of the Republic may have come too late. In any case, an extremist government in Algiers would make sense only if it were accompanied by a similar government in Paris. Otherwise a separatist Algiers might be abandoned by France and deprived of French aid.

Coty's peremptory order of Wednesday, demanding that Algiers subordinate itself to Paris, caused the greatest confusion in Algiers. Lieutenant General Salan, the commander-in-chief whose role has been dubious from the start of the crisis, appeared to submit, but Massu went through incredible contortions trying to "explain" that he had been carried away by the mob and had merely tried to avoid bloodshed. Although in 1955 France witnessed a rebellion of French generals in Morocco, this is a more serious case of attempted usurpation. However, the Paris reaction so far has been salutary. It now remains to be seen whether Pflimlin will choose to press a wholehearted republican defense or will attempt a half-hearted compromise with the army insurgents. A top inquiry is essential into the strange activities of Bidault and Soustelle; also of Lacoste who, while prophesying "a diplomatic Dien-bienphu" and thus encouraging the Algiers *putsch*,



only slightly more hopeful now, and many questions are yet to be resolved. But whatever the form, whoever the participants, there are certain qualities which the United States can demonstrate if it wishes to help create an atmosphere in which negotiations can be conducted.

One of these qualities is flexibility. When one policy has been given a reasonable trial without success, then we should search for an alternative. To maintain that a policy which was valid five or six years ago must necessarily still be valid today, is pure nonsense. Our mentalities have got to be flexible enough to adjust to evolving reality.

The adoption of a much more positive attitude by us could also improve the atmosphere. No government, least of all the government of the United States, should be negative about the possibility of limiting the arms race. Proposals of the Soviet Union should not be lightly or impatiently brushed aside, even when they are exasperatingly rigid or unreasonable. The densest armor has chinks and it is the task of statesmanship to find them.

One of the few diplomatic victories which the United States has scored in recent months came as a result of demonstrating some flexibility and positive thinking. I refer to our timely proposal for mutual aerial inspection of the Arctic, in response to Soviet complaints of the flights of the Strategic Air Command in the area. The Soviet veto of this proposal indicated to the people of the world that the Soviet Union is just as capable of responding negatively to disarmament proposals as is the United States.

The lack of respect for its bonded word which Moscow has shown time and again necessitates another quality on our part, prudent caution. I do not think we should become so skeptical of the Soviet record that we refuse to deal with her. Even Russia keeps some of its agreements—for instance, the Peace Treaty of 1947 with Finland and the Austrian Peace Treaty. The key to making effective agreements with the Kremlin is to confine them to those situations where it is to the interest of the Soviet Union, as well as to the

United States and other countries, to keep the agreement. If we exercise prudent caution we will not endanger ourselves.

In regard to disarmament, prudent caution requires that we should not jeopardize our security by putting our signatures to any agreement that depends on good faith alone for its fulfillment. Adequate inspection must be provided for wherever appropriate to make discovery of violations so certain that they would not be attempted.

THIS does not mean that an inspection system must be absolutely perfect. I do not believe we can hope to establish a 100 per cent foolproof inspection system. Among human beings, very little can be that certain. However, I believe that with respect to many arms-control measures we can establish an inspection system which would make the probability of detecting violation so great that the Soviet Union would abide by the agreement rather than risk the ignominy of being caught cheating. Moreover, we should always remember that any inspection system established in the Soviet Union would be a tremendous step toward raising the Iron Curtain. It could pave the way, not only to additional inspected disarmament measures, but also to a general "opening up" of the Soviet Union and to greater mutual understanding. Despite Russian assertions that inspection is really intelligence and thus proposed for purposes of spying, could there be any better political break-through than to conclude a first-step disarmament agreement with inspection safeguards?

Right now we should concentrate our efforts on making that first step. If we really want to base our security system on armaments control rather than on armaments alone, we must recognize that a task of such complexity cannot be achieved overnight or all at once. The most we can hope for at this time is to make a beginning. In fact, unless we concentrate on reaching agreement on a small first step, we shall make no progress at all.

For some time this country has talked of offering so-called "first

step" proposals. In practice, however, we have not been able to abandon our "get rich quick" dream. Instead of proposing first steps which would be feasible, we have put forward measures which, when coupled with the elaborate inspection systems necessary to assure their observance, were so far-reaching as to be virtually unattainable.

For example, the Western proposal for a first-step disarmament agreement offered at the London Disarmament negotiations included various nuclear-control measures, an inspection system to provide against surprise attack, a reduction of armed forces and the transfer of some armaments to international depots, and the establishment of a committee to study ways to insure that objects sent into outer space would be used exclusively for peaceful purposes. All the measures were tied together in such a way that each proposal was contingent on acceptance of all the other proposals.

To expect the Soviet Union to accept a package such as that as a "first step" would be like expecting a baby to take its "first step" two days after birth. Since it would be excessively optimistic to press for agreement on our total disarmament hopes all at once, I have suggested that the package be broken up into small parcels and presented bit by bit. The support I have received for this approach from the American people is overwhelming.

One of the most meaningful measures, and one which would prove



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"Where Is Everybody?"



our earnest desire for disarmament, is the suspension of nuclear-weapons tests, with inspection on both sides. Public opinion throughout the world favors stopping the tests in order to check the rising level of radioactive fallout in the atmosphere. Suspension of tests would also be an effective measure of arms control. It would freeze or retard nuclear weapons development in those countries which have produced live weapons—the United States, the Soviet Union, and the United Kingdom. Since we have been assured that we are not behind in nuclear weapons technology, a test ban should not be to our disadvantage. It would retard, and I hope prevent, the spread of nuclear weapons production to other countries. Otherwise, the day is certain to come when these lethal devices will fall into many hands which by accident, irresponsibility, or malevolent intent might trigger off an Armageddon.

Adequate assurance that the Soviet Union was observing a test-suspension agreement would require monitoring stations within the Soviet Union equipped with seismographs, microbarographs, and radiation-measuring and other equipment, but it would not require much intermingling of inspectors with the Soviet people, a prospect which the Soviet government greatly fears. The closer together such stations were placed, the more certainly we could detect violations. But even with relatively few stations, I believe we could make the chances of detecting clandestine tests good enough to discourage Soviet cheating.

In view of the energy with which the Soviet Union has been calling for a separate ban on nuclear tests, we should at least call their bluff to see if they are willing to do what is necessary or if they are just spreading a propaganda hoax. The move is just as necessary now that the Soviets have announced that they are temporarily stopping weapons tests unilaterally. If the Soviets really want to bring an end to testing, they will agree to an inspection system. An opportunity to move forward may have been provided by Mr. Khrushchev's note of May 9, in which he expressed an apparent will-

ingness to set up the joint study of inspection for a test suspension which had been proposed earlier by us.

Control of outer space is another avenue along which we can pursue disarmament. Now is the time to make sure that our new technical ability to send vehicles into outer space is dedicated to peaceful purposes alone. If we fail to bring under control weapons designed to travel through outer space, the new discoveries, instead of opening up new horizons to us on earth, may bring an end to our existence.

TO keep man's differences on earth from contaminating outer space the United States, as a separate and independent project, should take the lead in marshaling the talents and resources of the world for space research and exploration under the auspices of the United Nations. The cooperative endeavor of the International Geophysical Year has laid a foundation of experience. This "Year" should be extended until a more advanced structure can be erected, an agency similar to the International Atomic Energy Agency which promotes world cooperation on developing peaceful uses of the atom.

All nations should be invited to participate in what may be man's greatest enterprise. Our experience in setting up the International Atomic Energy Agency has demonstrated that such joint undertakings for world peace and welfare exert a magnetic force that compels even the reluctant to join. An international space research and exploration agency would absorb energies and divert resources that might otherwise be expended in military rivalry.

My second proposal in the field of outer space is that the nations of the world should unite in a priority program for an earth reconnaissance satellite. Under the supervision, guidance and control of an international organization, such a satellite could cross national borders and climb over Iron Curtains and expose to the wholesome gaze of the world military preparations of all nations. This watcher in space would make preparations for surprise attack, especially by conventional forces requiring mobilization, much more dif-

ficult. In this way developments in space could help control armaments on earth.

My third proposal is that all flights of long-range missiles and outer-space vehicles should be placed under international surveillance to insure that no clandestine tests of rockets or outer-space devices are conducted for military ends. The United Nations would be the proper body to assume responsibility for this task. Until long-range missiles have reached a state of perfection, test firings are necessary. Since the missiles rise to great heights and travel great distances, long-range radar now under development could in all probability fulfill much or all of the surveillance necessary to insure only authorized flights.

Difficulties would be compounded, however, if inauguration of an inspection system were delayed until the long-range missiles were perfected, for then multiplication of their numbers could proceed without field tests. Location and inspection of factories would then be necessary to discover illegal production, and it is uncertain whether any inspection system could detect hidden stockpiles of completed missiles.

Time is already growing short and I consider it necessary to get a program under way as soon as possible to work out the details of a control and inspection apparatus to prevent stockpiles of long-range ballistic missiles from adding to the threat that nuclear stockpiles already hold for the world. The United States should continue to pursue its proposal, thus far ignored by the Soviet Union, to create a joint study commission with the USSR to devise machinery that can insure that no further tests of long-range missiles are conducted for weapons purposes.

It should be pointed out that any of these proposals entails risks. I feel strongly, however, that in these days the greatest risk, an immeasurable risk, lies in doing nothing—in letting the armaments race continue with no control whatever. The first step, perhaps, is the hardest, but until we take it we shall never progress toward a security system based on the control of armaments rather than the fear of armaments.



# WHO'VE the DEMOCRATS GOT? .. by Harry Barnard

*Chicago*  
WHICH DEMOCRAT looks good as a Democrat should for President in 1960? In the Middle West, as in other parts of the country, this question is being asked more and more. How the Middle West answers is important, for since the time of Lincoln, this section usually has been the crucial election battleground. So here are some reflections of a Midwesterner.

At the outset, to establish my bias, let me state that my own Number 1 choice — which does not, however, rule out acceptance of Number 2 or Number 3 — is one who, I am told, cannot possibly be considered available. I mean William O. Douglas. If ever there was an American who, by background, mental and spiritual bent, preparation, personality, geography and by his utterances seemingly was destined for President, he is Justice Douglas.

Most thinking people agree, I think, that in this crucial time certain things must be recognized: Russia and communism are facts; some means of peaceful coexistence must be found; the spread of communism must be stemmed; a democratic Near East is safer than a totalitarian Near East; war, in the atomic age, is unthinkable. No man, anywhere, has put into honest, authentic American terms the way by which all these ends can be reached honorably more directly and more eloquently than Justice Douglas.

However, "they" say that he will never leave the Court. He himself has said that he believes it his duty, as well as his fate, to remain on the Court. Some say it is improper even to mention Justice Douglas as a possible candidate for President — that this is a disservice to the supposed

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traditions behind Supreme Court Justices. I do not agree. However, let us skip William O. Douglas here. Only a miracle would give him to us, which might very well be precisely what the world at this juncture ought to be praying for.

No appraisal of more realistic possibilities could, of course, omit Governor Stevenson. For the past eight years — and this is a kind of miracle in itself, considering his defeats — the Illinoisan still overshadows all other Democrats. Quite possibly, he is still our best man, politically as well as for reasons of principle — and I will return to him in this article. But a better approach to the problem, I think, is to rule out some who are being widely mentioned but who do not have a chance to be nominated, as I see matters.

Governor Harriman is at the head of this list. He is a good man, right on many issues, though at times capable of monumental bloopers. But two overriding objections to him are his personality, which simply fails to ignite people out here, and his patronymic. Family names probably should not be important. But when they have indelible historic associations, they become important. The Harriman name just can't be sold west of the Hudson.

SENATOR Gore of Tennessee is also a good man. But he is not known and there is not enough time to give him the build-up a candidate needs. This brings us to other Senators, including Symington of Missouri. He, I think, will be eliminated by the defect of his major virtue, as even his admirers view him. He has made a career of studying military matters, in particular those relating to a big air force. Whether it is deserved or not, this seems to place a military stigma on Senator Symington. In 1960, both parties will understand, I feel and hope, that their candidate must be a symbol of the yearnings of all people, all over the world, for peace. Senator Symington, it seems, must be ruled out as a casualty of the cold war,

which needs someone more like Justice Douglas to liquidate.

It is not in Symington's favor that Harry Truman apparently has given him the nod. Basically, for all his personal virtues and his value as a tub-thumper, Truman represents a backward look. Many of our most serious ills stem from his policies. Liberal Democrats cannot possibly accept a Truman candidate.

There is Lyndon Johnson. On balance, he has done a remarkably fine job as Senate leader. As a Texan, he deserves great credit for restraining the Dixiecrats in the Democratic Party, though his apparent tolerance of the unspeakable Eastland and his failure to speak out against the equally unspeakable Faubus must be held against him. He has a good New Deal background, having obtained his political start through Aubrey Williams, when that Rooseveltian Democrat was running the WPA in the South for Harry Hopkins. I think Johnson has not forgotten this. But his chances for the Presidency have been ruined by the corrupt and stupid intransigence of the South with regard to desegregation. If Senator Johnson's friends in the South really wanted him to be President, they would have moved heaven and earth to prevent the new secession movement by the Dixiecrats and their White Citizens Council allies. But they did not do this. They will suffer the political consequences in 1960, and maybe for many Presidential elections to come.

Lots of people, especially those who are over-impressed by *Time* and *Life* magazine covers, would place Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts at the top of any list of Democrats most likely to win the nomination. I do not do this. For all the steam behind the overt campaign to get the nomination for him, I think he will not get it. As in Lyndon Johnson's case, I think this is Kennedy's own fault. His rise to national prominence dates from his book, *Profiles in Courage*. But unfortunately, there is too much truth, as of now, in the observation that on the great political issues, Kennedy himself as

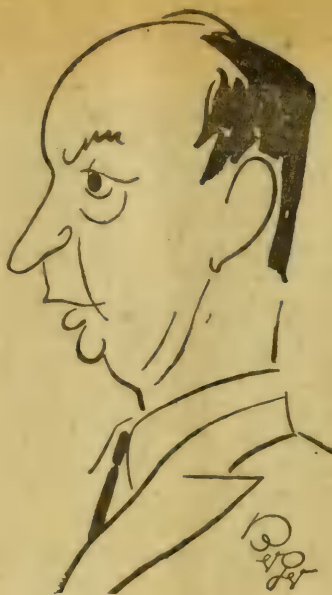


■ Senator has displayed more profile than courage (as I. F. Stone remarked). This is all the more remarkable in that the youthful Senator, a winner of the Navy Cross, proved his physical courage time and again during his World War II service.

Mrs. Roosevelt finished off Kennedy, it looks to me, when, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, she revealed that he refused to take a stand on McCarthyism, *even to her*, as late as the 1956 Democratic convention, when even notoriously timid politicians already were willing to concede that McCarthy was something less than an Eisenhower liberal Republican.

THIS IS sad. Kennedy ought some day to be a serious contender. It would be a healthy thing for democracy in America for a Roman Catholic to be elected President. Those Democrats, including myself, who bled and almost died for Al Smith in 1928, hope for the day when the religious issue in Presidential politics can be met head-on again, and resolved in accord with the principle that neither race, religion nor color bars a man from any office. But it is a disservice to this cause to ask those of us with this conviction to vote for a man ONLY because he happens to be Protestant, Jewish or Catholic. The most honored figure in the Roman Catholic hierarchy of America, Cardinal Stritch, recently made precisely this point.

However, this matter aside (important mainly because supporters of Kennedy have made it so), my main objection to Kennedy is that, for all the commotion over his possible candidacy, there is really not much in his record that justifies serious consideration of him today as Presidential timber on principle. He is a very attractive person. Youth is a fine quality, and there is no doubt but that the nation now is suffering from too many old codgers in places of power, especially places that determine if young men go to war. But to get relative youthfulness, we should not have to take immaturity. I think Kennedy needs at least one more full term's service as Senator, possibly also a term as



Adlai Stevenson

Governor of Massachusetts, before he should seek the Presidency.

Now, as to those whose chances look good:

Adlai Stevenson cheerfully applauds statements, as he himself did recently at a Chicago dinner introducing Justice Douglas, that he is now an Elder Statesman *sans* Presidential ambitions. But this is not to be taken seriously. If he is nominated, he will accept. If a strong boom for him develops before the convention, he will yield to it, as he should. For historic precedent, there was not only Bryan. There was also Governor Tilden of New York (whom Stevenson so strongly recalls in style and personality), and Tilden was still ready to run again twelve years after his defeat in 1876 (if defeat it was).

Will Stevenson be drafted? A lot depends, I think, on whether he will be able to learn to be himself — as he was in 1952, and as he most emphatically was not in 1956. He must resign himself to the fact that he is not a man whom everybody can like. No great President ever was. Mr. Stevenson will do better concentrating his great talents on the rout of his enemies; his friends will flock to him then in abundant numbers.

All the Governor has to do is to speak out with greater forthrightness on the major questions, especial-

ly on the questions of peace and of racial justice. Let him drop such poses as that which betrayed him into referring to Faubus as "my friend." Let him disengage himself *publicly*, with no bones about it, from Dean Acheson's morally atavistic foreign-policy views. Obviously, Stevenson does not share Acheson's idea that it is useless to strive for a peaceful settlement with the Russians and that there should be no summit meeting. Obviously, too, Stevenson does not go along with Acheson's disregard of anything except the use of threat of force. But he needs to say so, and thus establish his leadership in the party. Let Stevenson establish "Stevensonian" as an adjective as forceful, as meaningful, as "Rooseveltian" or "Wilsonian," and he may yet find that his "time of greatness" will come.

IF NOT STEVENSON, who? Humphrey of Minnesota, Kefauver of Tennessee head my list at present — the order, however, being purely alphabetical.

Unlike some who have been Vice Presidential candidates, Estes Kefauver keeps growing in public esteem and also in his grasp of the fundamental issues. A measure of his statesmanship and his courage is the fact that he has not needed to be prodded to disavow Acheson. He did so recently in a talk at Yale, forthrightly taking issue with Acheson's attempt to block efforts to end the Cold War. A Southerner, he defends the Supreme Court, doing so from the first of the decisions against segregation. People cotton to Kefauver. The party could do much worse than promote him to the No. 1 spot in 1960.

Humphrey also has been growing. His address on foreign policy in the Senate on February 4 might turn out to have been historic for shaping a sane Democratic policy on the Cold War. If he follows through, continuing to raise his powerful voice for honest action on the part of *both* the United States and the USSR to prevent nuclear destruction of the world, he may well come off with the prize at the convention, and deservedly so. For, no matter the economic state of the country in 1960



(this depression will be over by then, I am sure), the overriding issue will still be that of war or peace. Humphrey has shown that he, almost uniquely—though with Kefauver not far behind him—understands this.

Another Senator not to be overlooked is Wayne Morse. Generally, he carries on in the indigenous American Progressive tradition reminiscent of LaFollette, Couzens, Norris and Tom Walsh. Westerners take to that kind of leader, not caring much what party label he wears. The fact that Morse has worn the label of both leading parties is in his favor, with the people. If only he had Humphrey's oratorical ability and Kefauver's warmth, he conceivably could set the prairies and mountains afire. There will be no outcry for Morse. The party regulars naturally distrust him. But if there is a deadlock, and if Adlai Stevenson does not then make an entrance from the wings, Morse may be the man to appear. I would not be sorry.

A speech Morse gave in Chicago recently on foreign policy was a masterpiece, showing that he understands the need for peace and for an end to the nuclear peril. Moreover, he had the courage to tell his audience of liberals, members of the Independent Voters of Illinois (originally established to back Senator Douglas) that liberals share blame

for the present sterility of U.S. foreign policy because they, the liberals, "have clung to policies of five or ten years ago simply because they were formulated by a liberal administration." This is all too true.

Then there are the two Governors, both young, both handsome, both quite unambivalent about wanting to be President: Meyner of New Jersey and G. Mennen Williams of Michigan. Between these two, I much prefer Williams. He has matured as a statesman so rapidly that it is no longer valid to dismiss him as "that boy." Having been elected Governor five times, he is his own man, regardless of the claim that Walter Reuther "owns him," even if that claim is damaging, which I doubt.

ON DOMESTIC issues, he has been right 100 per cent from the liberal, democratic view. He still has to make known his views on foreign policy. There I think his closeness to Reuther may be a handicap. Reuther, so articulate on everything else, somehow never seems to emerge as a man who stands for peace, even though it is working-class sons who do most of the dying—also working-class families who are hit when bombs fall on cities.

I'd hate to think that either Williams or Reuther keeps silent, or nearly so, on the paramount issue of our time because defense contracts are so profitable for Michigan indus-

try. If this judgment is inaccurate, they can easily correct the impression it is based on.

Meyner? Out here in the Middle West, the picture we get of him is a fuzzy one. He's nice to look at, almost Rooseveltian in handsomeness. He has a curvaceous wife. These, I guess, are political pluses. But Meyner gives the impression that Republicans' votes are a lot more attractive to him than Democrats'. Somebody ought to tell him that Democrats are really in the majority in America, if not in New Jersey, despite Eisenhower's victories.

Besides, when Meyner, on TV, recently was asked what United States foreign policy needed most, he answered: "More bipartisanship"—exactly what our foreign policy does not need more of. He can't be a stupid man, so I judge that in this field, too, he is merely fishing for Republican votes.

I don't rule out the desirability of a Democratic candidate who can appeal to some Republicans, or even many Republicans. But if I want a President to carry out Republican policies, I can think of a number of Republicans for my vote on that score. In fact, out here, the Democrats would like to see the Democratic candidate, no matter what his name, be a real Democrat, that is, a leader who will offer some true alternatives to Eisenhower and Nixon—especially on foreign policy.

## Patience Is Not Enough . . by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely

*\*Tuskegee, Alabama*  
"IF WE CAN'T find a way to keep Macon County white like it always has been, then by God we'll abolish it!" one of the natives of this south central wedge of Alabama tells you.

Actually, of course, Macon Coun-

*WILMA DYKEMAN and JAMES STOKELY, a husband-and-wife writing team, have contributed many articles on the Southern scene to these columns. Their recent book, Neither Black nor White, has just won a Sidney Hillman award.*

ty never has been white. First it was red man's land, then when it was ceded by the Muscogee Indians in 1832 it quickly became the heart of the famous Black Belt girdling the South, where many Negroes worked the dark rich land a few white people owned, and wealth was kept as separate as it was unequal.

When Booker T. Washington arrived at the little town of Tuskegee in 1881, the future interdependence of white and Negro in this county was forever sealed. Today Macon has the largest percentage of Negro

population of any county in the United States—84 per cent.

Driving along the highways that bisect the six hundred square miles of this county, through the rolling upland, past farms in many stages of prosperity and decay, past numerous shacks and houses and barns naked of paint, and crossroads stores plastered over with snuff and soft-drink advertisements, you realize this is the epitome of the still rural South. And perhaps more than in any other comparable area, here are the extremes of Negro life in the



South and nation today. In this county, black hands daily perform the most intricate and delicate surgical operations known to medicine in the large Veterans' Hospital—while other black hands till the earth under conditions characterized by the most primitive superstition and backwardness. Here, a symphony performed by some of the foremost orchestras of our time was composed by a Negro, while Negroes nearby hummed folk songs whose origins are lost in time and memory. Here are political scientists who have written skillful and sophisticated dissertations, and here also are the illiterate and deprived who have never known what it is to mark their "x" on an American election ballot.

These contrasts exist because Tuskegee Institute, dedicated from its inception to the reality of progress and improvement of the Negro race, was set in a community dedicated from its antebellum tradition to the illusion of preserving the status quo. The inevitable collision between these two opposing philosophies — one of growth and expansion, the other of inertia and inhibition — came last summer.

THAT WAS when white planter, state senator, Citizens' Council leader Sam Englehardt, Jr., fearful of national civil-rights legislation, proposed and steered through the Alabama legislature a local bill which gerrymandered new city boundaries for Tuskegee and eliminated all but some ten or twelve of the city's 400 Negro voters. C. G. Gomillion, sociology professor, Tuskegee Civic Association president and new-style Southern Negro leader, protested. He was merely the voice for hundreds of others—in the town, out on the farms—who were inarticulate, and they protested by the most obvious, readily available means they knew: they stopped trading with the white businessmen in the town who had seen fit to exclude them. So the issue was openly joined. [See "City Planning, Dixie Style," *The Nation*, Oct. 12, 1957; also editorials in the issues of January 4 and February 15, 1958.]

Negro trade was the lifeblood of most white Tuskegee businesses, and

if they had been indifferent to this knowledge before, the abrupt decline in Negro customers during the last half of 1957 made them anxiously aware of it. As they watched Negroes from the surrounding countryside and those from the neat residential areas of town unite behind the Tuskegee Civic Association and gather for weekly mass meetings at various churches, and as they saw some of their marginal businesses fail while the curve of their own profits plunged sharply, white citizens began to blame the T.C.A. for their hardships.

"They put the cart before the horse," one Negro leader says. "When those men say the T.C.A. is out stirring up the country Negroes to boycott their stores, they don't understand that it's the folks from out in the country who are coming in and pushing us to do more. Only last week an old woman from way back in the county came to me and said, 'I can't read or write but I know what's going on—and there's others like me. Don't you fail on us—we're behind you every step of the way.' Does that sound like an intimidated person?"

But the white community persisted in asserting that it was the Tuskegee Civic Association that brought about a boycott and kept it alive by threats and intimidation of Negroes who wished to trade in the town. A temporary injunction against the T.C.A. was secured, and in January the state attorney general sought to make it permanent. Several merchants testified that their business had fallen off as much as 70 per cent during their first loss of Negro customers, and that it was presently running 40 to 50 per cent below normal. But the attorney general ran into difficulty trying to prove that those lost customers would come flocking back to the counters once the T.C.A. removed its pressure on them.

"It puzzles me, how businessmen think they're going to force customers into buying from them," one woman says.

T.C.A. president Gomillion sums up the situation: "Members of my race refuse to trade with white merchants because we were hurt when

the Alabama legislature gerrymandered Negroes from the city of Tuskegee."

Not content with this situation, however, and posing the threat of Negro political domination of the county, state senator Englehardt proposed an amendment to the state constitution which would simply abolish Macon County by dividing it up among its neighbors.

Even many white citizens were disturbed by this drastic proposal. The Macon County Bar Association, although not definitely opposing the amendment, gave the unanimous opinion that "other methods are available to resolve such problems." The legislature itself passed only a compromise proposal setting up a study committee.

When the issue was put to the public, however, the Alabama electorate, by a three-to-two margin, gave the legislature authority to abolish or reduce the county if this was found advisable after the committee's advice was received. Englehardt became chairman.

THE seventeen members of the Macon County Abolition Commission heard testimony in preparation for their final recommendations. Appearing before them on February 14, T.C.A. president Gomillion answered the accusations that had brought the commission into being:

Today, my Negro fellow-citizens in Macon County want me to inform you that in spite of the fact that they have been accused of trying to take over the government, and of destroying the economy, the record will show that there is no evidence to substantiate such charges. Today, there is not a single Negro holding an elective governmental office in Macon County, and there are more than one hundred such offices in the county. Only once in thirty years has a Negro run for public office. Does this suggest that Negroes are trying to take over the government?

Further, Negro citizens in Macon County have contributed greatly to the economic prosperity of white citizens, and to the economic wealth of the county. Taxes paid by them have been used to keep up municipal and county property, and to pay the salaries of government employees. These Negroes have been happy that they could make such contributions



to the economy of the county. Until recently they have been proud of what they thought were their city and county. Now they are confused. When the legislature gerrymandered Tuskegee, and when a committee of the legislature is considering the abolition of Macon County, Negro citizens are wondering whether or not Macon County belongs to the citizens who live there, or to the legislature. When they realize that in spite of their contributions to the economy of the county they hold no public office, and that they were given no direct opportunity to decide whether or not they should be put out of the city, they remembered the utterance of one of the founding fathers of this nation that taxation without representation is tyranny.

When asked why he opposed the abolition of his county, Gomillion replied: "We feel very strongly that we in Macon County and elsewhere in the state ought to be concerned about building and developing rather than reducing or destroying."

The sharpest irony in the whole situation is suggested by that statement. It is an irony which turns a searchlight on the sincerity of all those who tell us they will be willing for Negroes to become first-class voting citizens *when* they have become educated and responsible citizens. Today in Tuskegee, Negro Ph.D.s have been maneuvered out of their vote as callously as have the illiterate field-hands.

"For generations now," one liberal Southern leader says, "we white Southerners have quoted and praised Booker T. Washington. We've used his admonitions to Negroes to become worthy people, but we forgot that in Washington's program there was an implicit bargain: if the Negro minority proved itself, the white majority would grant it just rewards. Well, the minority in Tuskegee has proved itself—and now the majority has got to keep its part of the bargain, or be proved welchers before the eyes of the world."

A young political science professor at Tuskegee, Lewis W. Jones, recently pointed out that in 1898 Dr. Washington had said, "I want to suggest that no state in the South can make a law that will provide an opportunity or temptation for an ignorant white man to vote, and withhold the same opportunity from an ignorant colored man, without injuring both men." Professor Jones continued:

The reply to Booker T. Washington in Tuskegee is: destruction and chaos. Corrupt men have fulfilled Dr. Washington's prophecy: they have destroyed their own town, and they were no Sampsons.

It is with no small pride that I can report how fully Negroes in Tuskegee have kept faith with Booker T. Washington. He set aspirations for Negroes. He told them to become educated, to become skilled in some

occupation, to acquire property, to be law-abiding, to contribute to the community well-being to the extent that they become indispensable, and—in politics—to vote alongside their white neighbors. How did Negroes regard these commandments? Those who heard them treasured them in their hearts and taught them to the children at their knees.

With great good will and a spirit of live and let live, the Negro population of Tuskegee accepted a racial division of economic function. Whites administered government and controlled trade and commerce. Negroes were the professional, service and laboring classes. Negroes have proudly and productively kept faith with Booker T. Washington. They have not sold their souls or demeaned their spirits with hatred or turned their hands to the petty and spiteful...

Stating the dilemma between real and synthetic democracy which today faces Alabama's abolitionists, Gomillion has summed up simply and nobly the hopes of his people:

We have no goals, no aims, no intentions that would do injury to a single individual in Macon County. We do not propose to limit the education of any child. We want every individual, white and black, to enjoy the majestic dignity of full American citizenship and to enjoy the opportunity to express that dignity economically, politically, spiritually and in every other form. Our Crusade for Freedom is to have all share these hallowed rights.

## SAD FOR U.S., SAD FOR ALGERIA... by Paul Bowles

*Tangier*  
ONE DAY EARLY this year as I was taking the mail out of my box in the post office here in Tangier, I heard my name called softly from the door which opens into the rear part of the building where the mail is sorted. I turned and recognized the young man who works at the registry window.

PAUL BOWLES, a frequent contributor, spent many years in North Africa. His most recent book is *Yallah, record of an African trip*.

May 24, 1958

"I don't want to bother you," he began, "but are you interested in Algeria?"

"Isn't everyone?" I said.

He smiled. "I should like to bring some friends one day to see you. We would stay only a few minutes."

"Of course. Whenever you like. My telephone is 14353. Call me any morning at eleven, and we can arrange the time."

"Entendu." He shut the door and a moment later smiled at me from the registry window as I went out.

A week or so later he and two

other Moslems appeared at my door. I took their raincoats and they went into the *sala*, where they remained standing until I came back into the room. The postal employee introduced himself as Monsieur Gourit; he then presented me to the other two, the Messieurs Benouar and Youcef. The two Algerians were correctly dressed in dark suits and looked like civil servants, which is what they turned out to be—employees of the Moroccan government. My immediate feeling was that they had come to form a personal impression



of me, and this did not change. We sat down. With certain deletions the conversation, in French, ran thus:

BENOUAR: I see you like Moroccan décor.

BOWLES: I like everything about Morocco. I first came to live here twenty-seven years ago, you know.

GOURIT: Before I was born.

BENOUAR: You have been here for twenty-seven years?

BOWLES: No, no. But I've been here more than half that time.

BENOUAR: You don't get tired of it?

BOWLES: No, not at all. On the contrary, I like it more all the time. I travel a good deal, and I love coming back to it.

YOUCEF: And Algeria? You have been to Algeria?

BOWLES: Yes, I've spent four winters there. Principally in the South. But I've traveled all over it, by plane, train, bus and camel. And trucks, too. I like camels the best. You don't have to ride them. You can get down and walk along beside them.

BENOUAR: I must confess I've never been on a camel.

YOUCEF: You are American, monsieur. It is for this reason that we came to see you. We have great admiration for the Americans. We thought perhaps you might be able to help us.

BOWLES: Help you? I'd like very much to help you in any way possible—except financially, which I couldn't manage—but I don't quite see what there is that I can do. I have no importance, you know, no influence, no official connections, no powerful friends, nothing.

YOUCEF: Yes, but you know America.

BOWLES: Not even that any more, I'm afraid.

YOUCEF (impatiently): Tell me, monsieur. Why does America not want to see Algeria independent? Why is she against us?

BOWLES: In the first place, I don't agree that the United States is against you.

YOUCEF: Come, monsieur. She finances the war being waged against us, and she has never once expressed herself in our favor. You must admit that.

BOWLES: She finances it indirectly, yes. And unfortunately France is in Europe and is still an ally of hers. I don't think she'll go on financing it much longer, though. I know she just handed France another enormous sum, but that won't last long. I think eventually she'll have had enough of France's nonsense.

YOUCEF: You're very optimistic. I wish I could be as much so.

BOWLES: On the contrary, I'm very pessimistic. I'm afraid by the time America loses her patience it will be too late.

BENOUAR: Too late? In what sense? You think the French are going to win? I can assure you that will never happen.

BOWLES: No, I don't mean that. Of course they can never win. I mean to say, by the time America decides the war has gone on long enough, the Algerians may have committed themselves to the East. Then not only wouldn't America be able to insist on negotiation, she would even feel obliged to help France continue the war, and this time in an active fashion.

YOUCEF: It's unthinkable.

BENOUAR (simultaneously with YOUCEF): Never.

GOURIT: I see you are really pessimistic, monsieur.

YOUCEF: What you are saying there is completely hypothetical, in any case. It is a personal opinion and has no basis in fact. You have been to Algeria. You have seen the poverty and you know the causes for it.

BOWLES: Yes, of course.

YOUCEF: You know that the principal purpose of the present slaughter is to perpetuate the system which creates that poverty. And you know that is why we are fighting.

BOWLES: Yes, yes. Of course.

YOUCEF: What we want to know is, how can we bring our case to the attention of the American public? How can we convince them that they are being immoral and short-sighted in supporting France? How can we gain their sympathy?

BOWLES: I'm sure you already have the sympathy of most of the Americans who are conscious of the fact that there is a war going on in Algeria.

YOUCEF: Who are conscious of it?



Al Shaab, Cairo

"A microscope has been invented which magnifies 5000 times."

What do you mean? How could anyone not be conscious of it?

BOWLES: Easily. Americans are indifferent, you know, to events that don't touch them directly. But as I say, practically everyone who knows anything at all about the war sympathizes with you, not with the French. You can be sure of that.

GOURIT: But then — the American government does not represent the American people.

BOWLES (laughing): Are you serious? (Pause.) I mean, the government functions like all democratic governments, more or less in accordance with the desires of the majority, yes. But I'm afraid most Americans have no interest in Algeria one way or the other. It's sad, but that's the way it is. That's America.

BENOUAR: *C'est triste, en effet.* Sad for us, and sad for the Americans.

YOUCEF: Yes. You were saying, monsieur, that you feared an alignment on our part with what you call "the East." You know, I suppose, that we have consistently rejected all overtures made to us by the Communist Party of Algeria?

BOWLES: And yet members of the French Communist Party have been repeatedly identified among the bodies of dead *fellagha*.

YOUCEF: That means nothing. After all, we have soldiers from many nations fighting in our ranks. The French are careful not to mention that. But they never miss an opportunity to make propaganda if they find a Communist somewhere around. You realize that all the news you read here or in America is from official French sources. You are not so naive as to believe it implicitly.



BOWLES: Naturally, I only wish it were possible to get news occasionally from other sources.

GOURIT: I'll see that our organ, *El Moudjahid*, is put into your mailbox every week. You'll find different news in it.

BOWLES: That's very kind. Are you sure it won't be a bother?

GOURIT: You can pay me each week at the registry window.

(GOURIT and BENOUAR briefly discuss, in Arabic, the question of whether it would not be better for me to buy *El Moudjahid* at one of several newsstands which carry it, but decide in favor of GOURIT's suggestion.)

YOUCEF: You say you spent four winters in Algeria. You must have formed some friendships while you were there. With Algerians, I mean.

BOWLES: Yes, I had casual acquaintances in various places. But most of them disappeared suddenly. For instance, I was in Adrar in January, 1948. I don't know whether you consider that Algeria or not—

YOUCEF: Of course it's Algeria.

BENOUAR: Not Algeria proper. It's the Sahara.

YOUCEF: Algeria is bounded on the South by French West Africa, my friend. That's what the French have always said, so it must be true, no?

BOWLES: Well, I had friends there. (Turning to GOURIT) In fact, one of them worked in the post office. He sent me a box of dates later, to New York. But he also wrote me a letter begging me not to write to thank him. The next year when I went back he was gone. The French had arrested him and ten or twelve others and sent them to prison in France. No one seemed to know precisely why. (Seeing that YOUCEF is about to speak) I know, they were Nationalists, but then, so was everyone else. The same thing happened to other friends in Béni Abbès. In this case, I was told their offense. They had whistled a Nationalist song one night under the *commandant's* window.

BENOUAR: You mean Sidi-bel-Abbès?

BOWLES: No, Béni Abbès. South of Colomb-Béchar. It was the first time I had realized the trouble really existed. Of course. I'd read of the bombardments by the French in 1945, but that was disconnected from—

YOUCEF: Really? Where did you read about them?

BOWLES: In *Les Temps Modernes*. Incidentally, in that article the number of Moslems killed during those three days was put at forty-six thousand. Do you think that was an exaggeration?

YOUCEF: No. I should think the true figure was probably higher. It's very difficult to arrive at an exact number in such circumstances.

BOWLES: Anyway, since the night of October thirty-first, 1954, I've followed events with the greatest interest. For a long time I've been waiting for the pleasure of seeing France commit suicide, and it's possible that this is one occasion when America won't be able to stop her from doing it.

YOUCEF: Yes. To get back to what I was saying a while ago. I should be interested to know whether in your opinion there is in your country a general conviction or, let us say, a tendency to believe, that we are sympathetic to what you call "the East."

BOWLES: But I never meant to imply that you were! I only said I was afraid that by the time the United States came to the realization that she had enough of France's misbehavior in Algeria, it would be too late to build a new country upon any semblance of friendship with the West.

YOUCEF: Because we should be committed to the other side, no?

BOWLES: I'm not saying I'd attach any blame to you for that. After all, what reasons would you have for maintaining loyalty to those who had refused to help you?

YOUCEF: You will pardon me, monsieur, if I say that you do not seem to have understood the situation very clearly. For us it is not a question of loyalty or disloyalty. It is a question rather of being practical. First, we want independence. Most of the arms we have been using to fight for it, we captured with our own hands from the French in Algeria. We also have arms and ammunition from Egypt and Syria, yes, and if that is due indirectly to the Soviet Union's assistance to these two countries, that is all the same to us. The Soviet Union already up-

holds our cause in the United Nations. As long as these conditions continue, we have no need to mortgage our future independence by asking for help from that direction. What would we have to gain by exposing ourselves to Communist domination? Surely that should be clear to you. The F.L.N. has no intention of allying itself with Communists, now or later.

BOWLES: I'm very glad to hear you say all this. I've read two or three of your brochures: one on the members of the Foreign Legion in the Army of Liberation, one on the history of Algeria, one on how the F.L.N. works. It seems to me it would be very useful if you were to publish one in which you make clear your position regarding communism. I think it would help a great deal, in the United States, at least. It's about the only concrete suggestion I can think of at the moment. Can't I give you some whiskey? (*They all declined, and I served them three glasses of water. Before leaving Youcef asked for copies of my novels in French translation, which I gave him. I have not seen either Youcef or Benouar since.*)

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Note. Somewhat later there appeared in the newspaper *Die Welt* the account of an interview, by a journalist named Wirsing, with Ferhat Abbas at his Geneva residence, during the course of which the Algerian leader was quoted as saying that a three-man commission representing the F.L.N. had visited Moscow and Prague in quest of heavy arms. According to the article, the members of the commission were told that such aid could be granted only if the F.L.N. broadened its political base to include the interests of "all sectors of the Algerian people." It was suggested to the commission that its request would receive serious attention if a certain Ali bou Hali, an old-time member of the Algerian Communist Party, now resident in the Albanian capital of Tirana, were to be included on the executive committee of the F.L.N.

The F.L.N. quickly denied that such an interview had taken place, and denounced the article in *Die Welt* as a journalistic invention.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Virus of Our Time

**MASTERS OF DECEIT.** By J. Edgar Hoover. Henry Holt & Co. 374 pp. \$5.

**Fred J. Cook**

FBI DIRECTOR J. Edgar Hoover has produced in the almost universally-praised *Masters of Deceit* ■ book that, it would seem, can succeed only in fanning the embers of McCarthyism and acting as ■ formidable deterrent to intellectual dissent on basic issues of our time.

That may not have been Mr. Hoover's intention. Ostensibly, his book is a primer on communism—the nature of the beast, the deviousness of its methods, the menace that it poses. But, because Mr. Hoover is who he is and because, at times, he almost subconsciously reveals himself, his book becomes a mirror reflecting in many ways the basic attitudes and climate of our times—and hence raises issues that involve far more than communism.

Take, for example, this revealing paragraph near the end:

Time after time in this book I have mentioned that honest dissent should not be confused with disloyalty. A man has a right to think as he wishes; that's the strength of our form of government. Without free thought our society would decay. Just because a man's opinion is unpopular and represents a minority viewpoint or is different he is not *necessarily* disloyal. (Italics added.)

However you read that paragraph, it parses out as considerably less than a ringing affirmation of traditional American principles. By the use of one word, Mr. Hoover has loaded it with the virus of our time—suspicion. “Not *necessarily* disloyal.” The inevitable corollary is “but very possibly.”

*FRED J. COOK is on the staff of a New York daily. His The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss, recently published, appeared originally in these pages.*

One paragraph is not a book, but again and again, in *Masters of Deceit*, one comes across passages which conjure up the horrifying possibility that, if one has any thoughts at all on the major issues of our time, one must be extremely careful that these thoughts are not tainted with the tincture of communism. Here is Mr. Hoover on thought control:

Party influence is exerted through the Communist device of thought control (controlling, in various degrees, the thinking of many Americans). The Communists quickly accuse anybody who disagrees with them of being guilty of thought control; it is ■ favorite Communist expression. Yet this same technique, applied in varying degrees to different groups in our population is the key Communist strength in America today.

The party's objective is to drive ■ wedge, however slight, into as many minds as possible. That is why, in every conceivable way, Communists try to poison our thinking about the issues of the day: social reforms, peace, politics, veterans', women's and youth problems. The more people they can influence, the stronger they will be.

Obviously, it is hardly safe to think about any of the issues in these all-embracing categories. For Communists may be thinking about them, too, and how is one to know whether one's thoughts are actually one's own, or the reflection of some subtle Communist thought-inoculation? Such suggestion, advanced by the man who holds the awesome power that is concentrated in the hands of the director of the FBI, must have the effect of discouraging that inquisitiveness of mind that is the trademark of a dynamic society. It can serve only to encourage the humbling of the spirit to a sheepish conformity.

Once again, it must be stressed that this is no isolated example of Mr. Hoover's thought. For a man

who reveals in almost every chapter his strong religious bent, he exhibits repeatedly a curious animus against those who work for peace. He brands the 1957 petitions to ban further nuclear tests as the product of Communist conspiracy, and he calls the great majority of the signers “loyal, but deceived, citizens.” In the same vein, speaking of Communist fronts, he writes: “Or suppose some giant rally for ‘peace’ is to be held. The platform will glitter with non-Communists. But a Communist member on hand will control the agenda.” Inevitably. It is a flat, bald statement that permits of no exceptions. Even the quotation marks around peace enforce the conviction that any and all agitations for peace are the products of Communist connivers in the wings.

SUCH excerpts point up the disturbing paradox that runs through Mr. Hoover's book, as indeed it does through our times. Lip service is rendered to the tradition of democracy, the vital right to think and to speak as one chooses; but even while obeisance is made to the theory, the practice is discouraged. By specific example, the head of the FBI makes it clear that, whatever the theory, in practice the speaker of dissident thoughts is very likely to be in cahoots with the powers of evil. The best that can be said for him is that he is a deceived jackass. And since not many persons wish to vie for so unenviable a title, there is left only one safe rule: see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

Since this is not quite the society envisioned by Thomas Jefferson—or by John Adams or Alexander Hamilton, for that matter—it becomes pertinent to ask a few questions. Is all this fearful, over-the-shoulder looking necessary? Is communism in America, as distinguished from the international menace of Russia, a real threat today? Hasn't American communism nearly expired as a result of the betrayals that capped all earlier betrayals, the un-



called-for and bloody aggression in Korea and the unmitigated savagery in Hungary? It would certainly seem so, for the party has dwindled to an anemic 8,000 members.

AGAINST this background of defeat, what becomes of the menace? According to Mr. Hoover, it's still with us, as real and menacing as ever. Perhaps more so.

One might wish that Mr. Hoover had been a little more candid about the present strength of communism. He notes merely that from a peak of 80,000 members in 1944 the party rolls had dwindled to 22,600 in 1955 and that "by the summer of 1957 membership had further declined." One presumes that Mr. Hoover must have had access to the specific 8,000 figure that has been reported in the press, but let's not quibble. Figures really do not matter. Mr. Hoover's real thesis about the menace of communism boils down very simply to this: weakness is strength.

He develops this theme early by quoting, at face value, some remarks by William Z. Foster, the old-line Communist leader. He writes: "In 1922, when Communist Party membership reached 12,400, William Z. Foster said: '... we no longer measure the importance of revolutionary organizations by size. In some places where there are only one or two men, more results are obtained than where they have larger organizations. ...'"

One might be justified in thinking of William Z. Foster as a crackpot talking off the top of his head; as a futile agitator trying to rationalize his lack of popularity by assuring his followers that, after all, mere numbers do not matter. The verdict of the intervening years in America might even seem to justify such a view. But not to Mr. Hoover. He takes Foster seriously. And because he does, we still have a menace — and Mr. Hoover's book. One could hardly exist without the other.

Here, in essence, is Mr. Hoover's message: One must not be complacent just because American communism now appears moribund. Communism is a virulent and volatile disease; overnight, it can zoom from ground zero into the political strato-

sphere. Hence, we must eternally beware.

This theme is meat-and-gravy to the self-annointed vigilantes of American culture. The reception that has been accorded Mr. Hoover's book is proof of that. Shakespeare in centuries has hardly received more fulsome praise than the American press, in chorus, has heaped upon Mr. Hoover. As James Wechsler pointed out in a *New York Post* editorial:

Heroes rise and fall in our land. Republican gazettes which once treated Ike as if he were above criticism now talk as if he were Harry Truman. There are also moments when Mickey Mantle is booed. But while most mortal men find their hides vulnerable, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover remains the sacred cow of press and politics.

Wechsler added that there had been "a chorus of wide-eyed acclamation reminiscent of the Russian press in the days when Joseph Stalin was a compulsory bestseller. All this would not matter too much except for a parallel effort to defame any commentator who fails to give the appropriate salute to this tedious exercise."

That is precisely the point. In theory, free speech and a free press are good, but let's not practice them. One reviewer who, in mildest terms, intimated that to him Mr. Hoover seemed to be dealing with some pretty old stuff, drew down a barrage

of vituperation which seems proof that McCarthyism is as virulent a poison as communism.

But the man who really stirred up the lions was John B. Oakes in *The New York Times* Book Review. Mr. Oakes several times practically salaamed in Mr. Hoover's direction, but he did venture to point out that the Communist Party seemed to be coming apart at the seams and he did comment that, in view of this, "you may well wonder just how justified his [Hoover's] alarm really is." And he did mention that there seemed to be "at times a naive and at times a slightly dated quality to the contents of Mr. Hoover's book. . . ."

This gentlest of criticism provoked an outburst. George Sokolsky, Hearst political columnist, was so outraged by Mr. Oakes's *lèse majesté* that he trained a full barrage upon the unfortunate critic. William F. Buckley, Jr., in the *National Review*, began with the theme that anyone who attacks Mr. Hoover winds up looking terribly silly. As he went along Mr. Buckley built up a full head of steam about the critics who had tried and failed, ending with: "Alan Barth of the *Washington Post* had a go at it, and the effect was that of a teenager trying to impress his elders with a dirty joke."

THE effect of all this on the popular mind is perhaps best illustrated by an anecdote related to me by a newspaperman, a friend of mine. His wife had taken their son for a periodic checkup by the family doctor. Before the doctor could get down to business, he asked the mother whether her husband knew Mr. Oakes. She said she didn't think so and then sat, dumbfounded, while the doctor launched into a minutes-long tirade against Mr. Oakes and *The New York Times*. Not for him Mr. Hoover's fine distinction about the "not necessarily disloyal." For him, there were no questions, no doubts, about the motives of Mr. Oakes or the motives of *The New York Times* in permitting Mr. Oakes to express himself.

"My wife came out of there absolutely shocked," my friend con-

## I Attend a Reception for a Visiting Celebrity

Everyone clamouring  
with tongue so clever  
my own tongue  
is struck to the root.  
I shrink my telescopes  
into my shell  
delicately retract my slimy tail  
and parody a pebble.  
The lion roars.  
The sheep pull their own wool  
over their own eyes  
and the wolves fawn.  
And in my shell cell  
by my sole self  
modest  
unassuming  
and seething with pride  
I turn on my tape recorder.

DILYS LAING



cluded. It is a shock that unfortunately, seems destined to be repeated again and again before America re-learns the art of looking ideas in the face and considering them on their merits without fear of the bugaboo. If Mr. Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* does nothing else, it has served as a convincing demonstration that this time is not yet.

## The Fool-Rogue

*THE GINGER MAN.* By J. P. Donleavy. McDowell, Obolensky. 327 pp. \$3.95.

*Vivian Mercier*

PORTIONS of this book are obscene and/or blasphemous; other portions may give offense to those who are Irish by birth or sentiment. In these respects, it does not differ greatly from a number of satirical or humorous works by native Irishmen—Swift, Brian Merriman, Joyce—some of which date from the twelfth century or even earlier. Mr. Donleavy, a New York Irishman now living in London, reads at first sight like Henry Miller turned loose in James Joyce's Dublin. Soon, however, we realize that he possesses what Miller lost long ago—a sense of humor. He knows, in the words of Arland Ussher's characteristically brilliant introduction, "that the physical is comic," a knowledge impressed on every Irishman soon after birth and perhaps in part responsible for the low Irish marriage rate.

Sebastian Balfe Dangerfield, "the wild Ginger Man," is a U.S. Navy veteran allegedly studying law at Trinity College, Dublin, under the G.I. Bill. His two years in Dublin have made him part-Irish and part-Catholic in idiom and outlook, though he seems to have little Irish blood and is married to the daughter of a British admiral. Dangerfield is at war with the world, not as a matter of conscious principle but because he naively feels the world has declared war on him: "I don't know why I'm so terrified by this capital punishment because I feel I'm a gentleman and live by all the rules and regulations..." It rarely occurs to him that cheating on exams, pawning everything that isn't nailed down, adultery,

*VIVIAN MERCIER is writing a book on the Irish comic tradition. A chapter on Joyce and Irish parody appeared in English Institute Essays 1955 (Columbia University Press, 1956).*

non-payment of bills, drunken brawling, and beating up women are breaches of the gentleman's code. Often in his self-pitying reveries he sees himself as a Christ-like scapegoat. Far from rebelling against the social order, he constantly looks forward to the day when, as a successful barrister or the heir of his rich but detested father, he will wallow in the fleshpots of capitalism. He is always more than ready to bilk and intimidate those whom he considers his social inferiors.

For his war on society—"It's hard but it's fair"—Dangerfield relies on a slender armory of weapons: a British accent, unlimited nerve, the inexplicable sex appeal common to all his type, and the admiring loyalty of a few male incorrigibles like himself. Deserted by his disgusted wife, hounded by duns and comic landlords, shattered by the terms of his father's capricious will, he yet finds himself at the end of the book temporarily on top of the world and well supplied with money by a ne'er-do-well friend who has grown suddenly and mysteriously rich. Three women, in turn or simultaneously, comfort him in his marital turmoils: a free-loving English girl named Chris, an inhibited yet responsive Irishwoman named Lilly Frost, and a demanding young Irish girl named Mary, whose sex initiation leaves Sebastian stunned and possibly trapped, though one feels that an essentially self-destructive personality like his will sooner or later break loose from this anchorage and drift out to sea.

DANGERFIELD, whose startlingly immediate stream of consciousness fills the entire book, is reluctant to admit the objective existence of other human beings. Consequently, the only other fully drawn characters—to my mind—are Mary and the permanently frustrated Irish-American G.I., Kenneth O'Keefe, whose fruitless attempts to lose his virginity counterpoint Dangerfield's almost accidental conquests.

Mr. Donleavy has been classed with England's "Angry Young Men," and his hero's revolt-against-society-without-social-revolution attitude certainly resembles that of Lucky Jim and his successors. But right there all resemblance stops. Mr. Donleavy's Irish eloquence and American drive make him a Don Juan among the eunuchs. Furthermore, he is in his small way a technical innovator: Sebastian's reverie flows in the first person, but he records his actions in the third; the latter often gain intense immediacy from a skillful use of the present participle:

Sebastian approaching in the hard,

kitchen light. He put the brandy on the table and reached out for her wrist. Tightening his fingers around the bone and she let go of the frying pan and it fell to the floor. Miss Frost in her gray sweater and her mouth a little uncontrolled. This evil man from Mars, hand on the flat of her back. Pressing with dignity. And whatever else happened, if we have that we're all right. Whispering in Miss Frost's ear.

"Miss Frost, you have a lovely nape of neck. Chew your ears. Ever chew ears?..."

"O, Mr. Dangerfield, you'll bite them off."

It's amazing how the absence of "I" improves the narrative and gives it an objectivity that is sharply comic. Perhaps these technical innovations are what help Donleavy's hero to escape the nauseating I-may-seem-a-frightful-cad-but-I'm-a-jolly-decent-chap-actually smugness which hovers over even *Lucky Jim* and descends like a fog upon Amis' second novel, as upon Thomas Hinde's new book, *Happy As Larry*. Sebastian Dangerfield may not fully realize what a prize s.o.b. he is, but his creator does—and yet Donleavy finally makes us feel affection for him, such as we often feel for what Ussher calls "Fool-Rogues" in real life. Moreover, our affection is completely untainted by pity or understanding; Donleavy has given Freud and all other psychoanalysts the boot; he never offers us the slightest trustworthy hint about how Sebastian came to be what he is. One thing we are sure of: HE IS. This is an existentialist novel if ever there was one.

One wonders how Donleavy will fare without the Irish background and the strongly ambivalent feelings it arouses in him; I was disappointed by the single excerpt I have seen from his second book, *A Fairy Tale of New York*. At any rate he has gotten under the skins of the Irish in more senses than one. One quote must suffice:

They looked a curious pair and a group of small boys called after them, Jews, Jews, and O'Keefe spun back with an accusing finger, Irish, Irish, and they stood barefooted in silence.

"That's what I like about Ireland, so open about hatreds."

To balance such affectionate satire I could quote passages about my *alma mater*, Trinity, which leave me misty-eyed with nostalgia. But enough! Donleavy has written an Irish comic masterpiece in the tradition of the twelfth-century *Vision of MacConglinne*, of *Ulysses*, of Flann O'Brien's *At Swim-Two-Birds*, and of Beckett's *Murphy*.



# Letter from Minneapolis-St. Paul

Lloyd Zimpel

SEPARATED only by city-limit signs and a few forced attitudes ("You may be bigger, but we're more *historical*"), Minneapolis and St. Paul harbor between them about a million inhabitants, some so highly literate that *Life* ten years ago undertook an investigation of what made these provincials tick with such creativity. The magazine discovered a literary "boom" forming around the then-young authors Max Shulman, Thomas Heggen, Feike Feikema, Mabel Seeley and William Bushman. Of the lot, only Feikema (now Fredrick Manfred) proved to have an enduring, multi-book talent. Sadly, Heggen isn't writing, Shulman is, Seeley may be (mysteries), Bushman apparently never did. It simply proves what everyone here always quietly suspected — that even with *Life* promoting, two novels, a mystery and a funny-book do not a renaissance make.

Now—as they did a decade ago—the Twins take their culture the way they hold their suspicions—quietly. When Antal Dorati, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony, angrily cried "Who threw that?" to his youthful audience during a recent broadcast, it was because of an accident, not because a tomato had been lobbed out of the balcony: no audience here has ever revealed such passion.

Yet, casual and limited as it may be, an audience for the arts does exist. In trying to explain it the Minneapolis Sunday *Tribune* (February 9) sounded a *Life*-like revivalist note, fantasizing over ■

steadily mounting enthusiasm for various kinds of culture. . . . Businessmen plunge into literature and philosophy. Union members go to art classes . . . [They] wouldn't go in for culture at this rate if they didn't enjoy it. And apparently the more they get, the more they want—as is apparent in Minneapolis in rising concert and theatre attendance and the exuberant response to the varied programs of the art museums.

A cultural boom! But it takes the keen editorial eye to find it. True, visiting guest artists, performing with the Minneapolis Symphony, do draw sizable crowds — but the guest is necessary.

LLOYD ZIMPEL is a Minneapolis editor and copywriter. His short stories have appeared in *Chicago Review*, *Perspective*, *Coastlines* and elsewhere.

Without a soloist, Mr. Dorati brings forth programs (one "modern" work laid carefully into each) that are rarely distinguished by great sensitivity; the response is less than exuberant. Where Dimitri Mitropoulos, Mr. Dorati's predecessor, stirred the blood, Mr. Dorati somehow stirs home-town loyalties. The flour and lumber money, and ladies' auxiliaries, and such university people as can afford it support "their" symphony with a fair degree of effectiveness and possibly, in the privacy of their homes, with steadily mounting enthusiasm. As for the rest of the audience, let us accept the Tribunal judgment: they're going in for culture, and by God, they enjoy it.

A GOOD measure of the "steadily mounting enthusiasm" around here is contained in the same newspapers that make the claim. The Sunday edition of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* carries a few ten-to-twenty-word book notices in left-over spaces between TV listings—as if afraid to give 'em more in case they really will want more. The Minneapolis Sunday *Tribune* does somewhat better with its two pages of book-music-art, all superintended by John K. Sherman who gently echoes the jacket blurbs in his book and record reviews. On TV, jazz, movies and various underground activities, the *Tribune* unleashes gimlet-eyed Will Jones (also a *Downbeat* regular), whose daily column spices the classified section.

Local radio, with the exception of the university's KUOM, and three FM outlets, furnishes fare too depressing to discuss. The recently inaugurated educational TV station, KTCA, has been warmly welcomed, but not everyone appreciates its sometimes deadly educational approach. However, a number of current programs — Gene Bluestein on American Folk Song, Professor Robert Moore on Shakespeare — do reveal some imaginative programming.

KTCA's most finished programs, on both technical and subject-matter levels, come not so surprisingly from the University of Minnesota (one of the country's three or four largest). While the university has always been the center of its own kind of intellectual life and Minneapolitans only borrowed from it as they could, educational TV seems to have eased the borrowing process. Along with TV, the current interest in science education has flushed a number of

university people into the community eye.

The Minnesota campus itself presents a serene appearance that successfully masks whatever internequine exchanges certainly take place upon it. This calm is difficult to shatter, although it has been done. Shortly after World War II a young home-grown fascist managed it by striding around campus with a trench-coat buckled over sword and scabbard: under cover of night he tacked race-hate signs to the mall's stately elms. He was put away.

More recently, during Negro History Week of 1956, Herbert Aptheker was invited to speak by the Student Union Board of Governors. Despite protests against university sanctions of "that avowed Communist," Mr. Aptheker appeared and spoke to an alert and questioning audience. In the face of widespread disapproval, it took commendable courage to endorse his presence, if not his politics.

Young writers with assistantships in English, American Studies and Humanities regularly stop by at Minnesota to feel the smile of poet-critic Allen Tate, top man since the bygone days of Isaac Rosenfeld, Joseph Warren Beach, Robert Penn Warren and Saul Bellow. Mark Harris (*Something About a Soldier*) spent a few years here; and among current teacher-writers are poets James Wright and John Berryman (*Homage*

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May 24, 1958



to *Mistress Bradstreet*): but the entire list is too transient to pin down for more than one term at a time.

The presence of these men does not have much off-campus significance. To the majority of them, the university life is its own splendid reward. Men like political science Professor Mulford Sibley, who figured in the formation of the American Forum for Socialist Education, and who has been active on other non-U issues, are very fast becoming campus anomalies.

MAGAZINES, outside of a few religious and business publications, hoe tough rows hereabouts. Nobody advertises, nobody buys. *Midwest Panorama*, an upper-Mississippi *New Yorker*, skipped feebly off the ground about the time *Life* cried boom, and quickly collapsed, one issue to its editors' debt. The university-financed *Minnesota Quarterly*, a 1950s version of an earlier tradition, was flogged to life by a couple of youngsters, and lasted in revival for a half-dozen issues. During that time they printed Jesse Stuart (Kentucky), Winston Weathers (Oklahoma), Langston Hughes (New York), and some of the intriguing early poems of Mason Jordon Mason (reportedly Louisiana and New Mexico). Nobody claimed the magazine had to fulfill the regional promise of its title—except the university which finally withdrew funds.

More recently the university has spawned other publications, though not always officially: *Critique*, with essay contributions from English departments here and there; and a periodical called the *Graduate Student*, edited by English graduate students and sternly dedicated to the problems they face—where to publish, how to approach freshmen.

St. Paul boasts of having the nation's largest calendar printer, but this does not mean that it is concerned with time—except as it likes to recall its Pig's Eye past as an important river town. Mark Twain made it this far up the Mississippi a few times. Currently, residents are being encouraged to bone up on such historical tidbits—1958 is the state's centennial year.

Besides boasting the "World's Largest Indian" (nothing around here is really small)—a fifty-five ton, forty-four foot high Mexican onyx figure by Carl Milles, St. Paul also claims the nation's biggest law book publisher. It may be that such devotion to observing—even printing—the very letter of the law leaves a certain latitude in interpreting its spirit: *God's Little Acre*, long banned by an overzealous police chief, still can't be bought in St. Paul, although most

Minneapolis drugstores carry it. And not long ago, the Saintry City fathers became alarmed by the dirty plays hitting the City Auditorium boards. They advanced a plan for screening each play beforehand in some safely distant city. All told, things look bad for stage fans. In January, the Lyceum, last of the Minneapolis legitimate theatres, was sold to an evangelical group. Not much is left but the St. Paul Auditorium, which plays host to such dissimilar attractions as the annual circus and the Shubert Club's distinctive programs (recently Gary Graffman and Myra Hess have appeared under its sponsorship).

Evangelical influence, badly misguided, appears to extend beyond the theatre. Late last year sculptor Alonzo Hauser's commission to provide a piece for the ambitious and long-abuilding Capitol Approach area in St. Paul was dropped when he offered a nude water sprite. The commissioners had heard that that sort of thing wasn't too well received by some groups in other parts of the country. Why take chances? They suggested a soldier bearing arms.

Despite the annoying overcast, serious work does get done. Hauser, disappointed as he was, didn't stop working. Manfred toils over his novels, mostly concerned with his "Siouxland" region. Poet Ray Smith continues to write. And, at work with tape recorder and notebook among the older settlers of this area and the Indian tribes to the north, Meridel LeSueur is gradually compiling an "oral history" of the region. In written form it may prove as absorbing as her *North Star Country*.

Mac LeSueur, her painter brother, commands the respect of artist and public alike, and appears headed toward a major expression. He teaches at both the St. Paul Gallery and the Minneapolis Institute, which two, along with the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, provide broad and balanced free-admission displays. With varying degrees of enthusiasm all three acknowledge the work of younger artists, including such local ones as the talented Eugene Larkin.

In drama (aside from the tightly-organized University Theatre with its fairly predictable offerings, and a handful of Man-Who-Came-To-Dinner little theatres), Stephano's Minneapolis pizzeria—no larger than a hatbox—holds occasional avant-garde readings and performances. But if the waitresses aren't sent out during the performance there's no room for an audience—although those who attend don't seem to mind.

It's this not minding, this casualness that marks the scene. A few who never heard *Life's* boom and don't go in for

the *Tribune's* various kinds of culture, do take fire at the possibility of a major league baseball club moving to the Twins. Although eager for this event, the two cities proved wholly incapable of the cooperation necessary to erect a single major-league-sized stadium. Instead, each city built its own. Now, logically, two major league clubs are needed. Until they move in (the sports pages carry almost daily hope), there's slam-bang Big Ten football which most everybody follows if only to second-guess the Minnesota coach when the season is poor.

But football only dents the year's end. For all the other months, easygoing is the word, notwithstanding isolated cries of Boom! Revival! Renaissance! San Francisco is the real place for all that.

## ART

### Maurice Grosser

THE Brooklyn Museum is holding until July 27 an anniversary exhibition in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of the Brooklyn Bridge. There are paintings, photographs, newspaper engravings, engineering drawings and even a massive two-foot section of the suspension cable—quite enough to tempt one to cross the bridge to see.

The best-known of the paintings are those by Joseph Stella, of which the earliest, painted in 1918 on a bed sheet, is the finest. Of the two Albert Gleizes, the one painted in 1917 is the handsomest bright-colored Synthetic Cubist explosion I have almost ever seen. There is a charming primitive by Israel Litwak in varnished colored crayon with things glued on, a false primitive by Guglielmi of a South Street wedding, an Afro, an O'Keeffe, a Hassam, a Marin, a Saul Steinberg and a Hedda Sterne. There is lacking only Eugene Berman's drawing of some years back—probably inappropriate for an anniversary celebration—of the bridge in ruins.

The bridge itself took sixteen years to build. It cost the life of its designer, John Augustus Roebling, and rendered his son an invalid. It was completed in 1883. Its massive design, so characteristic of the architecture of that decade, is evident even in the engineering plans displayed. These nostalgic proportions, as well as the bridge's reassuring durability, have made it an object of affection for us all. It is our Eiffel Tower.

THE Whitney Museum will show until June 15 an exhibition of 180 pictures and pieces of sculpture loaned by mem-



bers of the Friends of the Whitney Museum of American Art—a representative selection of the American work of the last fifty years, both abstract and representational, from Henri and Sloan to Rivers and Hofmann. Although the pictures come from private collections, their execution is in general more brilliant and their subjects more striking than one would think a domestic interior could comfortably accept. Such bright restlessness is one of the common characteristics of present-day American painting, but it is certainly not found in Jack Levine's wonderful *King*, crowned and reading a torah, in Mark Tobey's *Travellers III*, with its sprinkling of pale, square dots, in any of the Marins, in Glackin's *March Day in Washington Square*, with its lovely spring color, in the unexpectedly beautiful Eilshemius *Boat and Inlet*, in Isabel Bishop's man *Mending*, or in the *May V* of John Levee with its handsome, thick, dry, paint surface. Among the more public and aggressive works, Ivan Albright's *The Hole in the Wall Gang*, a still life of a suit of cowboy clothes, is particularly fine, as is Reginald Marsh's *Steeplechase Park*, crowded with laughing girls being tossed about in fun machines, the painter's wife standing amused and happy in their midst.

The Friends of the Whitney Museum, is organized to further the welfare of contemporary American painting. It is going about it by the only effective method yet devised—by buying works of art. Its purpose is incomparably more respectable than that of the preceding Whitney exhibition—Twentieth Century American Painting in Reproduction. This was a showing of forty color reproductions assembled by the United States Information Agency, three hundred identical sets of which, mounted and labeled, are to be distributed among the U. S. embassies and agencies abroad.

However good its intentions, the U.S.I.A., in distributing reproductions of paintings, is not supporting art, it is encouraging lip service; it is not patronizing artists, but underwriting publishers. Popularizing color prints does not sell paintings. Even the small royalties accruing from the sale of the reproductions go to the collectors and museums that own the pictures, not to the men who made them. Other governments interested, as all governments are, in the advancement of national culture, provide their embassies with real works of art. We do not furnish our foreign offices with imitation ice boxes and fake Cadillacs. Why should we provide them with fake pictures?

May 24, 1958

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

FOR THE past several days, I have been listening to the Beethoven String Quartets as they were recorded for Westminster by the Barylli Quartet, and I have been astonished — both by the quality of this music, which will never be surpassed and has always amazed me; and by the fallibility of performance which makes the evocation of all music a matter of gamblers' odds and intuition. The Quartets to which I listened were the middle and late ones: skipping the group of early, Opus 18 works, which the Barylli had put into the catalog a long time ago, and beginning with the Opus 59 "Rasoumovsky" Quartets, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. These were all new recordings, as were those of the Opus 74 Quartet (*The Harp*); Opus 127; and Opus 132. The others, Opus 93 (*Serious*); Opus 130 (*Heiliger Dankgesang*); Opus 131; Opus 135 (*Es muss sein*); and the *Grosse Fuge*, Opus 133, were reissues. With this massive release, the Barylli Quartet joined the ranks of the major ensembles which have recorded the entire series of sixteen Beethoven Quartets.

I wish I could report that they had made a significant contribution to recorded literature. But that is where my feelings about fallibility come in. At the very beginning, I was impressed by their playing. But this sensation faded, and perhaps I can indicate the wavery trend of my enthusiasm by transcribing my notes on the first two quartets I heard. For example, on Opus 59, No. 1:

"First two movements splendid. Third a shade too fast—not sufficiently serious. Fourth movement less convincing than first two. Quartet gets weaker as it goes." Or about Opus 59, No. 2: "First movement tempo a bit slack, slow and limp. Second slow, heavy; rather pedantic. Third terribly slow; waltz pedantic. Fourth good; more incisive (a fast movement)."

As you can see, there was little real pattern. Some movements sounded fine; others tended toward sluggishness, mediocrity, or, occasionally, pedantry. My parenthetical remark, "a fast movement," marked a suspicion that the Barylli group was more at home in allegro music than in slow movements. But this idea turned out to be unfounded, and I have not, to this minute, accounted for the erratic quality of the quartet's playing. Occasionally, the Barylli is equal to the best ensembles

in professional practice. At other times, they give an impression of vagueness and slight confusion, as if they just didn't know what they were supposed to do with a specific contrapuntal passage, or why the composer had fitted *tenuto* signs or unusual rests into the texture of his music. Their solution for some of these difficulties is to ignore them, which is inexcusable. It contributes to a general feeling of intellectual fuzziness and a blurring of effect. At one point, a person who was listening to the records with me commented that the Barylli played "like good civil servants." I sadly agreed.

It seemed to me that a slight difference in reproduction quality was noticeable between the quartets which were reissues and those which had been newly recorded. If this was true, however, the difference was inconsiderable and unimportant. The finest playing in the series came in Beethoven's last quartet, Opus 135, and the tonal quality of this reissue was certainly equal to that of the best of the new cuttings. From a musical point of view, the performers caught the drama (or melodrama, as some Beethoven detractors insist) inherent in Opus 135, its fluidity and lyricism and the beauty of its "orchestration." Their intonation in octaves was of the precise sort which can make the string quartet, as an ensemble, unbelievably projective; their performer unity, particularly in the first movement, was complete. This disc (*XWN 18642*), I can recommend. In addition to a splendid reading of Opus 135, it carries a fine performance of the *Grosse Fuge*.

Another good reading was that of Opus 74 (*XWN 18637*). This was everywhere admirable, and in the third

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movement, which is generally played with misplaced accents, the group not only put them into proper perspective, but sprinkled around a good handful of spice. The Opus 59 No. 1 Quartet (XWN 18634), despite its ups and downs, also merits consideration.

The other performances, though always professional, would, I think, be of interest only to discophiles.

Record numbers not already given are: Op. 59, No. 2: XWN 18635; Op. 59 No. 3, plus Op. 95: XWN 18636; Op. 127: XWN 18638; Op. 130: XWN 18639; Op. 131: XWN 18640; Op. 132: XWN 18641.

THE Vanguard Recording Society has come out with a marvelous representation of old music on two *Bach Guild* recordings. One of them carries Bach's Magnificat in D, with soloists and the choir and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera directed by Felix Prohaska (BG-555). The other has six delightful works by Georg Philipp Telemann, as played by *I Solisti di Zagreb*, a thirteen-man string ensemble conducted by Antonio Janigro. The music-making in both cases is a model of intelligence and exuberance. On the *Solisti* disc (BG-575) are gathered a Concerto in E Minor for Oboe and Strings (André Lardrot, soloist); a Viola Concerto in G Major (with violist Stefano Passaggio); a Violin Concerto in A Minor (violinist Jelka Krek); an A Major Sonata a quattro; and an Oboe Concerto in D

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Minor. They are all charming works; even those which show faint signs of compositional routine offer one or two movements that are entrancing for their directness and musicality.

Prohaska's direction of the *Magnificat* is admirable. Much of the music in this choral-orchestral work is so personal and sensuous that the religious texts seem almost anachronistic; the most beautiful sections melt with Italianate amorousness. The soloists in this performance are attractively fluent. Anton Dermota, the tenor, finds the lowest tones of his solo aria out of range; he is also a bit unsteady in rhythm. But when he is not having such troubles, he sings as brightly as the others, including Mimi Coertse and Margaret Sjöstedt, sopranos; Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto; and Frederick Guthrie, bass.

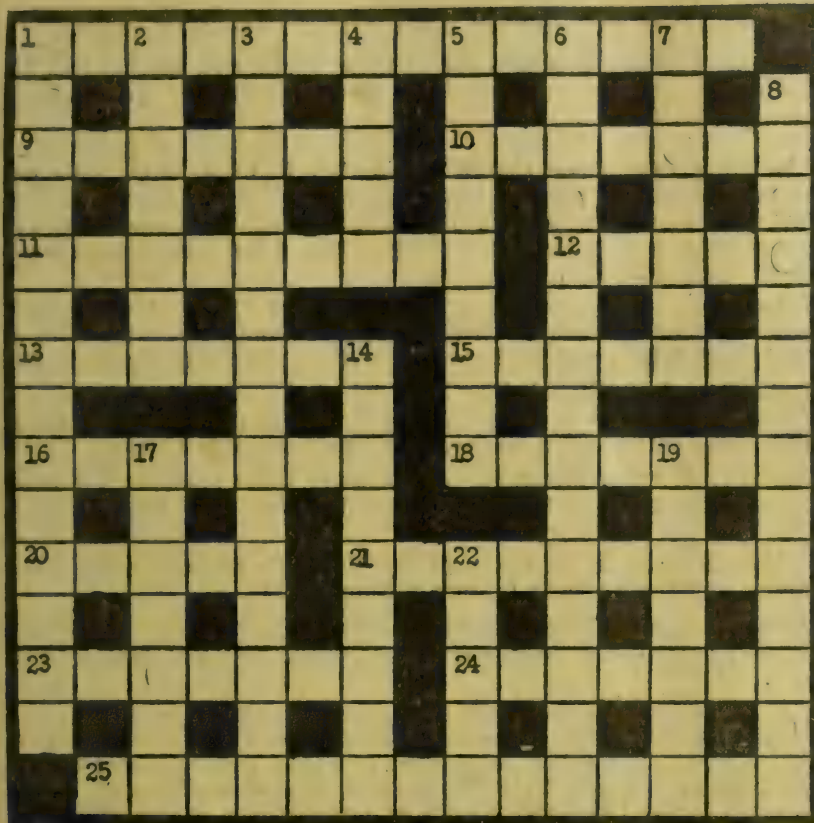
A new Composers Recordings, Inc. disc (CRI-122) has Thor Johnson as the conductor of four contemporary American works which were recorded at the Peninsula Music Festival in Fish Creek, Wisconsin. These make an attractive group, consisting of Irwin Fischer's *Hungarian Set* for strings and celeste; Robert Nagel's Concerto for Trumpet and Strings, Op. 8; the young Chinese-American composer, Chou Wen-chung's *Landscapes*; and John Lessard's Concerto for Flute, Clarinet, Bassoon, String Quartet and String Orchestra. The Fischer work is amiable, resonantly scored, and tinged with a pleasant Hungarian folk-song quality; the Chou *Landscapes* are pointillist and as delicately colored as the Chinese poems which inspired them; Lessard's Concerto is vigorous, interesting and clean-cut. The Nagel work is a bit studentish and seems limited by its solo instrument. But, on balance, this is one of CRI's most cheerful issues.

A pair of Overtone discs present the young Brazilian cellist, Aldo Parisot, with pianist Leopold Mittman, in works by Debussy, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Chopin. Parisot draws an elegant, light tone from his Montagnana instrument; his musicianship is cultivated, youthfully lyric, and faintly Latinate. I do not think I have ever heard a more apt performance of the Debussy Sonata No. 1 in D Minor, and the cellist's readings of the Schumann *Fantasiestücke*, Op. 73, and the Mendelssohn Sonata No. 2 in D Major, Op. 58 (grouped with the Debussy on *Overtone 16*) are refined and stylistically convincing. On *Overtone 17* are the Mendelssohn *Variations Concertantes*, Op. 17; Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata; and the unfamiliar Chopin Sonata, Op. 65, in G Minor.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 773

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 and 22 down The way you take someone when he says he does? (3, 6, 2, 3, 5)
- 9 People set wrong on the evil sort. (7)
- 10 How to put the head on a drum? (Trap, that is!) (7)
- 11 Pull a maid out of her element? (Troy depended on it!) (9)
- 12 Musically, a little bit of salt and sweetness. (5)
- 13 You can only score the last if you don't get the first, as a leader does. (7)
- 15 A wrinkled suit in a different place. (7)
- 16 Commercial impediment? (7)
- 18 He probably cares for things like something low on a high spot. (7)
- 20 Turns to ice? No wonder one doesn't feel much inside! (5)
- 21 The "Salt Lake City" as an example of them? (In New England, they don't have hips.) (9)
- 23 Lovers perhaps have a point to decide. (7)
- 24 Comparatively wet point in the West. (7)
- 25 A hat couldn't be the worst half of Napoleon. (7, 7)

## DOWN:

- 1 Do they still hold their chairs after heavy eating. (4, 10)
- 2 It might run true to form with 1, 5 and 50. (7)
- 3 Not part of the main course. (15)
- 4 His goodbye was not temporary. (5)
- 5 Shouldn't an invalid change a tire much? (9)
- 6 Sable trim, no doubt! (7, 8)
- 7 Kiangs, or just wild oranges? (7)
- 8 A complement to rebel exuberance? (This should be well noted!) (7, 7)
- 14 The quality of some malt liquors—at least the full-bodied sort! (9)
- 17 The time of Shubert's life? (7)
- 19 Such fees might be paid out in it. (7)
- 22 See 1 across

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 772

Across: 1 and 10 NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT; 5 PEBBLES; 9 SNUFF; 11 RECORDERS; 12 NEEDS; 13 LIE DOWN; 15 DRIZZLY; 17 NINNIES; 19 ADENOID; 21 ALPINE; 23 CAPRICORN; 25 ERUDITION; 26 DRILL; 27 TAKEN IN; 28 HEARTHS. Down: 1 NOSTRIL; 2 TRUNCHEON; 3 OFFER; 4 EASTERN; 5 and 19 down PLEASED AS PUNCH; 6 BYZANTINE; 7 LODGE; 8 SATISFY; 14 OXIDATION; 16 ZOOLOGIST; 17 NEAREST; 18 SECTION; 20 DANGLES; 22 PLUCK; 24 INDIA.

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# THE NATION

MAY 31, 1958 . . 25c

## ANTI-AMERICANISM:

### Will South Vietnam Be Next?

*Articles by Carey McWilliams and Bernard B. Fall*

## RICH MEN IN POLITICS

*by E. Digby Baltzell*

## WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

*Essays by M. L. Rosenthal and Louis Zukofsky*

*Four Passages from PATERSON V*



# LETTERS

## Wonderful Week's Bouquet

*Dear Sirs:* Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed the May 17 issue. "The Class of '58 Speaks Up," Gardiner Means on the recession and M. L. Rosenthal's piece on "Irreverence in Poetry" make it a wonderful week's bouquet. I am ordering some extra copies as graduation gifts for my favorite seniors and I only regret that no women were included in the undergraduate survey.

JOHN V. MURRA

Dept. of Economics, Sociology and Anthropology, Vassar College

*Poughkeepsie, N.Y.*

[Extra copies of the May 17 issue are available. See order coupon on the last page of this issue.—Editors]

## The '58 Spokesmen

*Dear Sirs:* Communication is breaking down in an area where it should be uplifted. "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" in your May 17 issue proves it; in fact, the Dartmouth senior in his last paragraph admits that his ideas are second hand.

Where are their ideas coming from? Thornton Wilder (Class of the Lost G.) coined the tag "Silent" generation; Kenneth Rexroth (Class of the Great Depression) coined the "Beat." The "Bop" and the "Cool" are derived from the language of the jazz musician, a language filled with terms and patterns of speech which, like the music, says nothing by saying too much. As for these seniors in your symposium, they are merely parroting ideas; they have become puppets for the alter egos of the older generation of writers, critics, teachers.

CHARLES WARD

*Wheaton, Illinois*

*Dear Sirs:* It is obvious from your symposium that original thinking has no place in a college curriculum. . . . There are many of us who do not fit into the categories invented for our habitation—beat, silent or otherwise—and we now demand to be heard. To the 1958 graduates we say, "Grow up and face reality. You will live through this phase and realize what dupes you were in voicing the platitudinous ideas of your elders who have failed in so many things that now they have you believing all is lost. Are the bomb, the United Nations, General Motors, too much to comprehend?"

Is it asking too much to hear from

the representatives of another side of this more than two-sided issue? You stacked the deck when you printed only the ideas of the conformists.

DAVID W. MENDENHALL

*Chicago, Illinois*

*Dear Sirs:* "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" is most enlightening, and you are certainly to be congratulated on it. Your magazine continues to provide the vitamins of intellectual nourishment which are lacking from the fare provided by 99.44 per cent of our national publications.

MARTHA N. SMITH

*Los Angeles, California*

## Educating the Public

*Dear Sirs:* Your articles on the problems besetting U.S. education [May 10 issue] were highly interesting and informative. "The Great Debate," as you call it, will be in process for a considerable time. I hope that your publication will continue to publish articles on the topic. At this stage, a well-informed public is our most urgent need in education.

JOSEPH M. BURNS

University of Wisconsin

*Madison, Wisconsin*

## Patience and Fortitude

*Dear Sirs:* Instead of damning Secretary Dulles in practically every issue of *The Nation*, you should be praising him for his infinite patience and human understanding in the face of constant Russian dishonesty, duplicity and double-crossing. Secretary Dulles is doing his fellow Americans a distinct favor by staying on in what is essentially a thankless job. Another man of less fortitude, patience and persistence would have quit long ago in despair of the Russians. Mistakes he may have made, but they are not mistakes arising out of bad faith. He is, in my book, a truly great man.

MICHAEL A. VISAGGIO

*St. Albans, N.Y.*

## Taft-Hartley Issue

*Dear Sirs:* I would like to invite the attention of your readers to a case which is slowly winning the national attention it deserves, the Cleveland Taft-Hartley Conspiracy Case. In addition to significant labor protest, friends of civil liberties have begun to notice the bearing which the Cleveland case has on such hotly disputed, Johnny-come-lately is-

suas as loyalty oaths and guilt by association.

Summed up, conviction in the Cleveland case was obtained not on proof of commission of an unlawful act, but for conspiring to commit an unlawful act. Defendants deny committing any unlawful act and deny conspiring to do so. Testimony of one witness, flatly contradicted by defendants, was the crux of the government's case.

Should one be convicted of conspiring to falsify a sworn statement on uncorroborated testimony? Why did the government not charge perjury, unless prosecutors knew they could hope for conviction only under the much looser procedures followed in conspiracy cases?

HUGH DE LACY

*Los Angeles, California*

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## EDITORIALS

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### The Problem Is Policy

Vice President Nixon's report on his recent South American trip contains two divergent lines of thought. What we need, he said, is a new grass-roots diplomacy with less emphasis on "cocktails and white-tie dinners" and less hospitality for recently deposed dictators. Later in the speech he observed that the success of his mission would be found in the policies that the United States will practice in the future. But this point got much less public attention than the first. Fairly typical of the general press reaction was an editorial in the New York *Herald Tribune* captioned, "End Cocktail Diplomacy!" The editorial praised the Vice President for having "put his finger squarely on what's wrong with our diplomacy in Latin America" which is "simply this: our representatives see far too much of each other, or a limited circle of the rich, and far too little of the people." Squarely? Simply? This is tantamount to saying that the problem is one of selling policies and programs which are being resisted for reasons unrelated to their merits. It is to suggest that Dale Carnegie should advise Mr. Dulles on how to win friends and influence people.

In the same issue of the *Herald Tribune*, Walter Lippmann called attention to the fact that, at a press conference which was being held even as the Vice President spoke, Mr. Dulles gave the appearance of being "unperturbed and impervious, denying that anything very significant had happened." This impression of righteous self-confidence, combined with Mr. Nixon's emphasis on salesmanship and appearances, suggests that there is nothing much wrong with American policy. Or, as Mr. Lippmann put it, that there is no reason for the American people "to allow themselves to be stirred up into thinking about the state of their affairs." How, then, are the people to learn the hard truths except through headlines telling of riots and explosions? (See pp. 488-493.)

The Vice President's references to "cocktail diplomacy" merely echo a much earlier charge about "striped pants" diplomats. And there is nothing novel in his suggestion that we should not be too friendly with dictators, rampant or recumbent, in power or in exile,

Perez Jimenez or Trujillo. This issue was hotly debated in the early 1940s by Sumner Welles and Spruille Braden. No one can quarrel with what Mr. Nixon had to say on both counts, but what he had to say was trite. The other day (May 20), an unnamed "American official long-based in Syria" was quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as saying: "We are on the wrong side of a social revolution . . . and its uphill work." This suggests the real nature of our problem which, as Mr. Nixon implied, relates to policy.

### Defectors or Missionaries?

You won't believe it, but it's true: the Senate Internal Security subcommittee wants to admit more Communists to the United States and is pleading for relaxation of the Walter-McCarran Act. Further inspection of the proposal will dampen the enthusiasm of those who think that this might be a good thing. What the subcommittee really yearns for is more *defectors* "to come forward and reveal the inner workings of the Communist conspiracy." The subcommittee is at the old stand, in other words, but running out of raw material to convert into headlines.

But what are the uses of defectors? With almost four million unemployed, it doesn't seem that we need them for manpower and, since the Russians perversely treat their scientists and engineers better than we treat ours, few defectors will have special skills which might be of value. What we *could* use are not defectors, but a flood of missionaries in reverse, i.e., Russians who would come to the United States and look us over.

The Moiseyev dance company, for instance, is described as wildly excited over their tour of the Ford Motor plant. Russians who come here and go back will be able to testify that whatever our difficulties in distribution, we do pretty well in production. The dancers will also be able to testify that we have a lot of people who like good dancing.

If the purpose of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee is to run a perpetual publicity racket, it is on the right track and the Congress, if it approves the racket, should supply it with more defectors. If the purpose is to defend capitalist democracy, the



subcommittee is on the wrong track and the Congress should amend the Walter-McCarran Act in ways which will sadden the subcommittee and its fellow-travelers, but cheer everybody else.

## Heading For Trouble

The late Senator McCarran, in the course of a long harassment of the Institute of Pacific Relations, was careful never to call before his committee the president of the Institute, Gerard Swope, who had been president of the General Electric Company and was still highly regarded in the councils of big business. Representative Francis Walter seems to be less prudent. He has announced his intention to subpoena Cyrus S. Eaton, the Cleveland industrialist who sponsors the Pugwash conferences, advocates peace with the USSR, and recently had the temerity to criticize the FBI.

Ordinarily we would not wish an appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee on anyone. This move on the part of Mr. Walter, however, seems to us a very good thing for all concerned—except perhaps Mr. Walter and his committee. Most of the witnesses before our sacred inquisitorial bodies have been eggheads, union officials or members, professional people and others of little prominence and few worldly possessions. The Davids of the earth seldom defeat the Goliaths, especially when the contests are rigged in advance. In the present case, Mr. Walter is taking on someone his own size, or bigger. Mr. Eaton is a capitalist who habitually goes around loaded for bear, whether in the pursuit of profit or what he considers to be his patriotic duty. The colloquy promises to be an interesting one. If, however, Mr. Walter should think better of the idea and follows the example of his illustrious predecessor, we shall understand.

## "Soft on Capitalism"

The principle of William Occam that, other things being equal, the simplest explanation for a phenomenon is to be preferred, should hold in politics as well as in the natural sciences. Khrushchev's near about-face on Tito indicates that he is being forced to give ground to his neo-Stalinists, as liberals in the United States (no invidious comparison is intended but the record cannot be treated as a scrap of paper) have often given ground to reactionaries. Why should being soft on capitalism be a less heinous crime in the Soviet Union than being soft on communism in the United States? Khrushchev is a tough bargainer and his propaganda techniques, *vis-à-vis* the neutrals and the folks at home, are as crude as our own TV commercials, but fundamentally he is a conciliator. He wants to make the best deal possible, but by all indications he does want to make a deal and he is relatively unhampered by Marxist orthodoxy. Some of his policies—for ex-

ample, in the case of Hungary—have backfired, and he has made powerful enemies in the Army and the bureaucracy. He has not yet gained compensating advantages abroad; Dulles, after a single conciliatory gesture in the Security Council, has reverted to his old ways. This implacable hostility, veiled in unctuous righteousness, is as foolish as it is tiresome. American diplomacy would do well to recognize that Khrushchev represents the forces of moderation in the Soviet setup, and not to ignore the fact that these forces may prove vulnerable to a combination of internal and external pressures. If they do, the future might prove even more unpleasant than the present.

## The Power of a Book

*The Nation's* special issue last year on the Hiss case attracted more mail than any feature in years, but as we pointed out at the time, the silence that greeted it in the press was startling. Now Fred Cook has enlarged his study for *The Nation* and it has appeared as a book (*The Unfinished Case of Alger Hiss*, Morrow, \$3.50). Such is the power of hard covers, we are pleased to note, that this enlarged version of our feature is now receiving the attention in the press it originally merited. Reviews appeared in both the daily and weekly book sections of the New York *Herald Tribune*; both reviews were fair. *The New York Times* assigned the book to Sidney Hook, whose appraisal was as predictable as Moshe Decter's which appeared in the New York *Post*; both reviewers did mention the book's title, however. But eminently fair and in some instances eloquent and lengthy reviews have appeared in the *Washington Post*, *Washington Star*, *Chicago Tribune*, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *St. Paul Dispatch*, *Milwaukee Journal*, *Cleveland Press*, *Salt Lake Tribune*, *Baltimore Sun* and other papers, including a first-rate review by William Rogers for the AP. Our esteemed contemporary, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, this week features a debate on the book; it is not uncommon for journals to commission two reviews of a controversial work—a practice not followed by *The Nation*—but *The Saturday Review*, in a dazzling journalistic performance, manages to come up with *three*. We congratulate Mr. Cook and his publishers on cracking the sound barrier at long last.

## Newsmen With a Conscience

The deaths, within a few days of each other, of Elmer Davis and Thomas Stokes cannot fail to sadden a generation which had learned to count on the intelligence and warm concern of these two great reporters. Beyond that, we live in such times that the death of any man whose integrity and courage were never questioned makes us feel that our flank has been exposed.

But that feeling Davis and Stokes would have been



the first to ridicule. They were not irreplaceable men—the exact key to their careers is that they were in no way extraordinary. They wrote well, but not superbly; they saw clearly, but not with clairvoyance; they were resolute, but it would be exaggeration to call them heroic. They succeeded by simplicity: they said — always — exactly what they believed and, being intelligent men who worked hard to discover the facts, what they believed was usually true.

The lives of Davis and Stokes can be an inspiration in a way that the lives of more unusual men cannot. No one can determine to emulate Bernard Shaw or Oliver Wendell Holmes, but scores of young men and women can resolve to emulate Davis and Stokes. Indeed, for the well-being of the future it is imperative that they should do so.

## The Republic Wins a Round

Paris, May 24.

In Parliament last Tuesday, Jules Moch, Minister of the Interior, indignantly remarked: "Thirty-five American tourists took an hour to be persuaded to emerge from a plane at Orly airfield, so scared were they to get involved in bloodshed in Paris." It is quite true that there is no bloodshed here; everything looks normal and the stock market is rising, apparently because the business world anticipates a de Gaulle government sooner or later. But below the surface, the situation remains tense.

The Pflimlin Government, despite the vast Parliamentary majority afforded it, is in a false position, owing to its camouflaged but genuine incapacity to control the Algiers junta. It is true that the junta represents various contradictory tendencies; General Massu and the civilian extremists have been pushed into the background and Salan, paradoxically representing the Government yet declaring his allegiance to de Gaulle, claims to control the situation. Salan has even expelled from Algeria a number of agitators like the Poujadist Deputy Lepen, who had rushed there to jump on the Fascist bandwagon, while strong-man Soustelle, who had hoped to head the Algiers Public Safety Committee at the invitation of General Massu, author of the May 13 coup, has been pushed aside for the present.

France continues to be haunted by the question: "Will the Republic subdue the *putschists* who are enjoying de Gaulle's open support, or will de Gaulle's rise to power become inevitable perhaps a few weeks hence?" De Gaulle himself, while lending the fullest support to the Algerian *putsch*, now thinks he can acquire supreme power not by provoking large-scale rioting here (for who will do the rioting?), or by Algerian paratroops' seizure of Paris—a most doubtful venture, though one of which the Government was scared for a couple of days—but by the growth of public and Parliamentary conviction that he alone is

capable of normalizing the situation. With his usual mixture of arrogance and paternalism, de Gaulle at his press conference on May 19 offered, like Petain did in 1940, to make France a gift of his person. Most significant were his attempts to show that his domestic policies, when he was in power in '46, prove him worthy of Socialist support.

The Pflimlin Government seems divided into "hard" and "soft" men; but the Premier is unwilling to attempt a showdown with Algiers (for example, through the threat of a blockade), preferring instead to exploit the idea—true or not—that Salan is paying lip service to de Gaulle only because in no other way can he maintain his authority among the *colons* and the Algerian Army. Salan is a soldier-politician, and which way he will finally jump nobody knows.

What is the state of French public opinion? Much of it is apolitical, slightly anti-Parliamentary, vaguely Gaullist. But there is a genuine and widespread dread of civil war, and de Gaulle will be acceptable to the people only if he can get in "quietly"—which is precisely what the General would prefer. Nevertheless, the French by tradition prefer a bad republic to a good tyranny; and the public generally is not enthusiastic over Algiers generals who take the law into their own hands. Coupled with this is a certain dread that the respectable father-figure of de Gaulle might well surround himself, like Petain in Vichy days, with thugs and gangster elements who would do all the dirty work. Hence, no doubt, de Gaulle's reassuring refrain, "I do not intend to be a dictator." The working class is mainly anti-Gaullist, or rather anti-Fascist. Hence, again, de Gaulle's attempt to differentiate between Gaullism and fascism, and even to claim that he seeks no more power than that wielded by the President of the United States. This throwing of Gaullist dust in the eyes is practiced today on a vast scale by the greater part of the French press, which is trying to prepare people psychologically for de Gaulle's advent. Nevertheless, many people around the General doubt whether he can accede to power without the danger of civil war.

The greatest myth built up during the past week is that the Algiers *putsch* has produced a great movement among Moslems to hail de Gaulle as "a liberator" and war terminator. It is true that crowds of Algerian Moslems, terrorized for a whole year by Massu's paratroopers, obeyed the order to shout Gaullist slogans, while some who are war-weary by now fell for the propaganda that de Gaulle would bring them peace and a fair deal. Their demonstrations cannot be considered significant.

What is the opinion of the Army rank-and-file? French conscripts in Algeria, as distinct from professionals, are extremely unenthusiastic about the whole Algerian venture, while the conscripts in France are



mainly non-Gaullist. The officers, however, are extremely divided, so despite the apparent democracy of War Minister Chevigne, the Army remains a slightly dubious factor. The police, on the other hand, appear to be well under the control of Jules Moch, Minister of the Interior.

The strangest phenomenon is that the Algiers-Paris conflict is going on in a complete vacuum wherein the following "details" are ignored: (1) The strength of the Algerian armed forces, according to air-ace Pierre Clostermann in an Assembly speech (which was played down almost everywhere) continues to grow and is rendering French military victory exceedingly unlikely without a vast increase of professional troops; (2) The announcement that an independent Algerian Government will be formed, probably in Cairo in June, and the fact that it will be recognized by Nasser, probably by Khrushchev—and perhaps even by the United States. The anti-American element in recent

events, which started with the revolt against Murphy, is unquestionable. De Gaulle is aiming at the restoration of French "leadership" in Western Europe and greater independence *vis-à-vis* the United States, which might mean complete neutrality and the elimination of American bases, or perhaps—as the newsletter *Perspectives*, which is close to *Jun*, suggests—the preservation of U.S. bases against a billion-dollar annual rental.

To sum up: The Republic has won the first round, but only the utmost vigilance on the part of both the Government and the working class can finally win the battle. Meanwhile, de Gaulle's main objective is to get to power without arousing Socialist-Communist unity and a mass working-class revolt. Although the possibility of a Franco-Soviet rapprochement is not ruled out in the event of a de Gaulle regime, the Communists today are conducting a vigorous anti-Fascist line.

ALEXANDER WERTH

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## ANTI-AMERICANISM UPDATED . . by Carey McWilliams

THE anti-American riots of May 13 in Algiers, Caracas and Beirut could mark a turning point in United States policy. It is too early to assess their full impact on American public opinion, but the initial reactions reveal a new sophistication and maturity. Right, left and center, there is agreement that these latest manifestations of anti-American feeling cannot be solely or even primarily attributed to the Communists, even though everyone assumes that they were active in them. Whatever he is, Nasser is not a Communist; nor were the French rioters in Algiers Communists; nor does anyone, with the possible exception of J. Edgar Hoover, believe that the disturbances in Lima and Caracas can be written off as Communist-inspired.

At the same time, public opinion has not veered toward isolationism. Grass-roots reports indicate that the shadow of sputnik has convinced most people that "fortress America" is a mirage. Nor has the public jumped to the conclusion that the answer to anti-Americanism is to be found in more guns and better propaganda, a tough line and more dollars.

Nor is the public impressed by the suggestion, advanced by the Director of USIA and others, that since "we're the biggest and strongest," we must, like the British in the days of Palmerston, learn to accept abuse. The public may not know what is wrong with the analogy, but it is quite aware that nuclear weapons, by severely limiting the exercise of force, have created the need for a new diplomacy. Nor does the "biggest and strongest" theory square with our experience. Even when we were stronger, relatively speaking, than we are today, American dignitaries were not spat upon when they visited our "sister" republics to the South. The warmth of the receptions accorded Roosevelt and Wallace in these same republics has not been forgotten.

Even more significant than these reactions is the universal acknowledgment that "something must be wrong"—wrong, that is, with American policy. At long last the public has begun to connect "anti-Americanism" and politics. Last fall Geoffrey Barraclough pointed out in these pages (October 12, 1957), that to treat "anti-Americanism as a sociological and psychological

problem may produce some interesting scientific (or pseudo-scientific) studies. But in the end it serves only to gloss over the fact that the fundamental issues . . . are political."

And so they are. It's not more studies and investigations that we need, but a strong public demand, operating on Congress and the Administration, for the implementation of programs that have been gathering dust since the halcyon days of the great boom. "Massive examination and investigation of the Latin-American policy of the United States," comments Harvard's Dr. Thomas F. McGann, "will turn up little that is not well known, including the fact that we have been remarkably ignorant, apathetic and complacent with regard to those whom we like to call and who like to consider themselves good neighbors." Programs? Consult Dr. Milton Eisenhower's report and recommendations of 1953, or look up such neglected U.N. studies as *Commodity Trade and Economic Development* (1953), *International Cooperation in a Latin-American Development Policy* (1954), and many others.

And must Canadians riot in the streets of Ottawa, Ontario and



Montreal before we will take their grievances seriously? Surely we don't need any further study or investigation to learn what is currently wrong with Canadian-American relations. As recently as May 5, Congressmen Brooks Hays and Frank M. Coffin, who made up the Special Study Mission to Canada, spelled it out for their colleagues and for the rest of us. We have a \$12 billion investment in Canada (39 per cent of our total foreign investment), and we never cease saying that Canada is vital to our defense, yet we act as though we wanted to make Canadians feel like rebellious colonials. The Canadian oil industry is largely American-owned, yet on December 24, 1957, the Administration lowered the boom on Canadian oil shipments to the West Coast. Only the other day Lester Pearson, in a bitter mood that is new with him, said that Canada may have ceased to be a colony of the United Kingdom "only to become an economic colony of the U.S.A."

Yes, those Canadian riots may be nearer than we think. On April 4, 1957, the Canadian diplomat, E. Herbert Norman, committed suicide, largely as a result, so the Canadians thought, of a smear by the Senate Internal Security Committee ("Death of a Diplomat" by Harold Greer, *The Nation*, April 20, 1957). A wave of protest swept through

Canada, and Washington gave formal assurances that this sort of thing would not happen again. One year later, almost to the day, Senator Eastland applied the same needle, this time to Robert Bryce, a secretary to the Canadian Cabinet. On May 14, Canadian Foreign Secretary Sidney Smith angrily accused the Eisenhower Administration of breaking its earlier promise about the release of security information concerning Canadian citizens. It was as though the Norman case had never happened. To be ignored so casually, in such an absent-minded way, must be the ultimate affront.

THE RIOTS OF MAY 13 were not, of course, the first strong manifestation of anti-American feeling. Over fifty USIA centers in twenty-one foreign countries have been bombed, set afire or wrecked in the last decade, most of them in the last few years. Almost a year ago to the day, a mob wrecked the American Embassy and USIA headquarters in Taipei, to the "amazement" of the American press and public (*The Nation*, June 8, 1957). Has our China policy changed in the meantime? The storm signals have been flying in Latin America for years. We were forewarned about the current upheaval in Indonesia, which has taken on strong anti-American overtones, but about all

that we did was to recall the Ambassador who had given the warning. A time bomb is ticking at the moment in South Vietnam (see Bernard Fall's article, page 489); must we wait until it explodes?

Perhaps we need some USIA offices in the principal American cities. "Almost every Canadian," report Messrs. Hays and Coffin, "is fully aware of current problems in the United States. On the other hand, when the Canadian visits the United States there is usually a total ignorance of any Canadian matters. This is obviously irritating. . . ." Very. But the fault does not lie entirely with the people. *The New York Times* is the only American newspaper maintaining an office and staff in Ottawa. The A.P. and U.P. get their Canadian news from the Canadian Press or from the British United Press, whose coverage, primarily directed toward the Canadian public, often fails to interest Americans. The Canadians are not rioting—yet—but they recently levied a 20 per cent tax on all advertisements appearing in Canadian editions of American magazines, even those published in Canada.

Events are always more persuasive than exhortations, as the reaction to the May 13 riots indicates. But must people spit in our faces before we tumble to the fact that "something is wrong" with our policies?

## Will South Vietnam Be Next? . . . by Bernard B. Fall

ON JULY 11, 1957, a group of armed men machine-gunned to death seventeen occupants of a bar in Chau-Doc, South Vietnam. On September 14, the district chief of My-Tho and his whole family were stopped in broad daylight on a main highway and killed in cold blood. On October 10, a bomb thrown into a cafe in Saigon's Chinatown Cho-

lon wounded thirteen persons, including two plainclothes Security Police members. On October 22, thirteen American servicemen were injured in three bombings directed against American installations in Saigon. On February 12, 1958, a Vietnamese Army truck was ambushed on a main highway near Saigon and its occupants killed. And on March 6, 1958, the Saigon newspaper *Dan Chung* [The Population] announced that "our people are fleeing the villages and returning to the cities for fear of Communist guerrillas and feudalistic officials."

These are items culled from hundreds of similar incidents reported over the past six months in the South Vietnamese press. They clearly express a trend which has been developing over the past year and one which is hidden from the casual foreign observer behind a screen of immaculate refugee camps, model nurseries and schools, and store displays in Saigon overflowing with Western consumer goods, from nylon shirts to tape-recorders, hi-fi sets and shiny automobiles.

In spite of a most generous measure of American financial (more

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May 31, 1958



than a billion dollars in the past four years) and political support, the South Vietnamese Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem is faced today with growing insecurity in the countryside and an economic crisis which threatens to wipe out most of the benefits this Missouri-sized country, with a population of about 12,000,000, derives from the aid program of the International Cooperation Administration (ICA). Without this aid, South Vietnam would, beyond a doubt, have collapsed long ago. This is not the place to discuss how and why South Vietnam became an exclusive American responsibility after having been French-controlled for one hundred years. Suffice it to say that the Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem, which took over from the French at the time of the 1954 ceasefire and partition, had the wholehearted support of the United States. As a British journalist termed it recently, American aid to the small country became one of "the biggest Santa Claus" operations of all times.

TO understand the effect of this aid, its mechanism must be briefly explained. About 80 per cent consists of merchandise exported directly to South Vietnam. This merchandise, sold through normal commercial channels, "generates local currency"—Washington "officialese" for the fact that the local population buys such merchandise with its own currency. This currency, minus normal commercial profits, is deposited in a "Counterpart Fund," out of which the receiver government covers the expenses for various projects approved jointly by the local United States Operations Mission (USOM) and the government. (More than \$200 million out of an approximate total of \$250 million a year of U. S. aid goes into the support and maintenance of the ten-division Vietnamese Army and other security forces.) The remaining 20 per cent of the total aid is given Vietnam in "hard currency" (i.e., dollars) granted for outright purchases in the United States and other countries, or may consist in part of currencies of third countries



Ngo Dinh Diem

which owe money to the United States and from which Vietnam desires to make certain purchases.

During the past fiscal year, American aid to Vietnam supported the whole cost of the Vietnamese armed forces, nearly 80 per cent of all other government expenditures, and almost 90 per cent of all imports. And this is not all. In terms of personnel, American commitments are equally far-reaching. USOM provides for American technical help in every field of activity. Michigan State University, under a million-dollar-a-year contract to ICA, runs the administration school and trains the police; U.S. educators write the country's textbooks; American medical personnel trains nurses; a "private" American-Vietnamese association runs English-language courses for Vietnamese officers. And a vast U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) — its exact size classified but including well over a thousand officers and men — trains the Vietnamese Army, Navy and Air Force.

In addition, there are the regular, fairly large, staffs of the U. S. Embassy, the Information Service (USIS), and of several private American charitable agencies which have provided the Vietnamese with more than \$30 million worth of clothing, drugs and food over the past four years. There are dozens of private engineering and other firms on subcontract to USOM, each with its vehicles conspicuously

marked with the firm name and a U. S. insignia. There is the Alhambra, an air-conditioned movie theatre exclusively reserved for U.S. personnel and *verboden* to Vietnamese; there is the *Times of Vietnam*, a weekly produced by a former American information officer operating under a Vietnamese name; and, above all, there is the PX, providing the American colony with all the amenities of American life. The Navy supply ship which brings in those goodies does not, like all other commercial ships, berth in the port of Saigon, but is unloaded right at the end of Saigon's busiest thoroughfare under the eyes of hundreds of Vietnamese bystanders.

AND HERE, precisely, lies the nub of the situation. "Don't the Americans ever buy anything from us?" is the standard complaint of Vietnamese merchants. "We can't live on selling soda and ice to the Americans," say the cafe owners, sadly contemplating their American customers with their hip flasks of American whiskey. "They don't like our food," says the restaurant owner, "they say it's unsanitary." These are the more obvious signs of a real breakdown of the country's tenuous economic fabric, due to a total misreading of the role which the Americans and Vietnamese expected each other to play in the rebuilding of the country's economy. The Americans saw their role limited to giving the country an economic start and to keeping its armed forces strong enough to deter Communist aggression from North Vietnam. The Vietnamese, on the whole, wanted to get rid of the French but *without* losing the benefits of having 270,000 customers—the French Expeditionary Corps—spread throughout the countryside, buying soap and cigarettes from the local merchants, eating Chinese soup at the village shop, paying for local services such as laundry-washing, dating the local girls. The country-wide spread of purchasing power now has disappeared and has not been replaced, with serious consequences for the whole economy, but particularly for the back country, which in no way shares the artificial prosperity of



Saigon. The disappointment is real and growing, and neither American nor Vietnamese officials have thus far had the courage to attempt to explain the state of affairs to the Vietnamese or, for that matter, to Washington. Or, when the truth is brought home, as it was last year in an excellent report by Clement Johnston, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, or as it is at present by Leland Barrows, the Director of USOM Vietnam who was recently called to Washington to testify on Vietnam's economy, it is buried in government channels. In his unclassified report, Mr. Johnston stated:

The number of American jeeps, American uniforms, American faces, which one encounters on the principal streets of the principal cities [of Asia] seems disproportionately large to a native population that has an innate distrust or resentment of anything alien or non-national. . . .

. . . If the American presence is over-obvious we will inevitably be made the scapegoat for failure or shortcomings in which we had little or no part.

This is exactly what has happened in South Vietnam. Incidents between Vietnamese and Americans, most of them carefully hushed up in the press, occur frequently enough, even if one disregards the repeated bombing of American installations — the U.S. library in 1955, the Ambassador's residence in 1956, a hotel and the library again in 1957 — which may be the work of professional terrorists. The bulk of them involve MAAG personnel who, like their colleagues in Taiwan, are in no way subject to local jurisdiction.

"What do you expect us to do?" said one MAAG officer to this writer last summer in Vietnam, "we aren't an occupation force, you know. Our guys are spread in small packets throughout the countryside, wearing civvies, living in the local hotels. It's a miracle that they don't get into any real trouble. And if they *do* get into trouble, they're shipped out to the Philippines for court-martial. If convicted, they'll serve their time in the brig there or, if the offense is serious, in the United States. In any case, the Vietnamese don't know what happens to them.

They probably think we just white-wash all the cases, as the Commie propaganda tells them."

A high Vietnamese police commander admitted to me that his men were reluctant to take any action in cases involving Americans, which does not exactly enhance their standing in the eyes of their countrymen. So the Vietnamese, particularly the taxi and pedicab drivers, often resort to a type of rough-and-ready justice in which they will gang up on an American involved in a dispute with one of them and leave him in the gutter — minus his wallet, watch and other valuables, which may include his trousers.

The Vietnamese also resent the instances of "Americans Only" with which they are faced at times and which they attribute to racial prejudice. The movie theatre has been mentioned. The American dependents' school does not accept Vietnamese children, although it has accepted the two American-educated children of a French diplomat. Why not admit the three or four children of Vietnamese diplomats formerly stationed in the United States and do away with oblique references to "Little Rock"? The school discrimination is particularly glaring in view of the fact that the French never had special schools for their children and now operate a whole school system for more than 25,000 native children in Vietnam. It is surprising how much good will can be lost through a single unthinking gesture.

BUT the foregoing factors would constitute only minor frictions if America's \$250-million-a-year gamble had proved successful otherwise. The hard fact is, however, that Vietnam's economy today is steadily deteriorating. With the lone exception of rubber, it is below even the pre-war level. Rice exports slumped from 1.3 million tons pre-World War II to about 350,000 tons during the years of the war with the Communist Vietminh. Even in 1954, when the Communists occupied much of the countryside and levied heavy "taxes" on the peasants, exports of rice totaled 778 million piasters. In 1955, the first year of peace, and without

the drain of exporting rice to the usually deficient (now Communist) North, exports slumped to 313 million piasters. In 1956, exports dwindled to *nothing*, and in 1957, despite formal government assurances of a surplus of 300,000 tons, only about 195,000 tons were exported. The 1958 crop is already faced with a disastrous drought and all rice exports were stopped by government order this month.

Land reform, widely hailed as giving the small farmer a share in his country's economy, has bogged down in red tape and inefficiency, and is not even keeping pace with the natural growth of the farming population. In the field of business, particularly, the whole program has failed to come up to expectations. The process of "generating local currency" as a source of funds for various projects puts both the Vietnamese and American governments at the mercy of what the public is willing to spend its money on — and the Vietnamese public seems to prefer hi-fi sets, cameras, wrist watches and American cigarettes to tractors and lathes. During 1956-57, Vietnam, a traditional food exporter, purchased agricultural products totaling about \$33 million, including \$7 million for rice products, \$11.2 million for milk and \$300,000 for fresh fruits. Compared to \$800,000 allocated for tractors and industrial vehicles, \$7 million were spent on private cars and \$5.5 million on tires and tubes for them. This agricultural country imported \$2 million worth of fertilizer, but imported \$6.5 million worth of cigarettes and tobacco. One-fifth of total aid funds — about \$45 million — was spent on textiles. Lastly, \$141,000 were spent on importing — firecrackers!

THE market is saturated with consumer goods of all kinds which the Vietnamese are no longer able to buy. Merchandise is left to rot on the docks by importers who haven't the money to pay for it.

Last summer, ICA imported U.S. agricultural surpluses of milk, wheat, flour and corn. Like all Asians, the Vietnamese are not fond of milk, prefer rice to wheat and detest corn. Yet, at the same time, American





charitable agencies imported vast quantities of these same surpluses for free distribution to the refugees, who immediately resold them for whatever the market would bear. The bottom fell out of the cereals market, importers went bankrupt, and observers witnessed the odd spectacle of private American charity apparently "torpedoing" an American government aid program. Similar occurrences are increasing in number. On January 30, 1958, Vietnam had a stock of typewriters sufficient to cover its needs for five years and a stock of calculating machines (including 450 electric calculators) sufficient to cover its needs for eight years. Neither of these items can be successfully stocked in the tropics for so long a time.

IN THE field of textiles, where the imports compete with a small, struggling, native industry, the result has been a disastrous price slump, with goods selling below cost. Stocks on hand are sufficient to give about two suits of clothes to every Vietnamese man, woman and child, not counting an additional 23,000,000 yards of cloth which were due to arrive by the end of March, 1958.

Obviously, the "commercial import program," designed to generate local currencies in order to finance a large standing army and long-range economic development, is definitely *not* a solution for an underdeveloped area such as Vietnam. On the contrary, it channels whatever little capital is available into goods that at best are useless, and are sometimes actually injurious, to a weak economy. Shiny, big cars, for instance, create a long-term depend-

ency upon dollar-paid spare parts, tires, batteries and gasoline which the local economy can ill afford. In Vietnam, this dependency has gone from bad to worse. The amount of imports covered by exports *decreased* from 27 per cent in 1956 to 21 per cent last year, while the amount of imports in the same period *increased* from 7.5 billion piasters to more than 10 billion. In other words, after four years of peace and American aid the Vietnamese economy, far from "paying its way," is going downhill at an increasingly rapid rate.

THE SAME may be said of the state of security throughout the countryside. Even President Ngo Dinh Diem, after two years of official silence on the matter in Saigon (and loud optimism on the subject abroad), acknowledged in a press conference during his state visit to Manila last March 22 that "there had been a renewal of Communist subversive activities in South Vietnam." Within a few months, given the rapid spreading of ambushes and killings of minor government officials, and the increasing economic difficulties, this may be an understatement.

To be sure, the regime is reasonably secure, and the Communists in the North have their own problems, such as the peasant rebellion which coincided with the Hungarian revolt. As to politics, warning is due against any starry-eyed illusion about "democracy" in South Vietnam. President Ngo Dinh Diem was elected by a 98.2 per cent vote and opposition journalists in Saigon, as reported recently in *The New York Times*, tend to "vanish" and their newspapers to be wrecked by well-coached mobs. Thus, since democracy cannot be the criterion, the government must be judged on its efficiency in "keeping the trains running on time," (i.e., giving the country a fair amount of good administration and economic development).

Empty slogans such as "economic independence" — a myth not even the advanced countries can well afford — are bandied about in Vietnam and used to wreck what is left of French and Chinese economic footholds in the country, while at the

same time shining offers are made for new (i.e., American) capital to enter the picture.

Economic planning is haphazard, unencumbered by the specialized knowledge required for sound planning. South Vietnam has none of the basic requisites of an industrial nation: coal, iron, power, skilled labor and markets. Yet the industries launched were exactly those it needed least: a watch-assembly plant which, after one year of operation, recently closed its doors; a scooter-assembly plant, a sewing-machine assembly shop, etc. On the other hand, a French-built rubber-products plant capable of producing a full line of goods from locally-made rubber was allowed to close down for lack of a modest modernization loan. Year-long dickering went on between Vietnam and the Renault, British Ford and Volkswagen firms for the establishing of an auto-assembly plant in Saigon; the three firms finally gave up in the face of Vietnamese demands while little Cambodia, next door, with far fewer resources, now has an assembly shop for the French 2-horsepower Citroen trucks. Vietnam now seeks to build a sugar-refining industry to cover all its potential sugar needs (about 60,000 tons a year). But, according to American experts, it would take it at least ten years to establish the sugar-cane resources to feed such an industry — and meanwhile in the neighboring Philippines, half of a very efficient American-built sugar industry lies idle.

THESE are the hard facts, and they are not very pretty. But they must be revealed now, while it is not yet too late to change course. The change cannot be undertaken in Saigon, but must be carried out in Washington in the face of probable opposition by the well-established "Vietnamese lobby." The United States cannot afford yet another defeat in Asia without losing whatever remains of Asian confidence in the West's ability to understand and cope with Oriental political, economic and social problems.

Perhaps the time has come to reappraise the impact of the vast commercial import programs upon the



economies of underdeveloped areas—in Latin America and the Middle East, as well as in Asia. It may be that despite their temporary usefulness as pump-primers, these programs, which have become the favored American form of foreign aid, in the long run create more problems than they solve. What if the local populations exhaust their needs for “hard” consumer goods, or just

find them too expensive? This phenomenon, we are told, is at the root of the present American recession. How much more vulnerable to the same phenomenon is an underdeveloped economy!

With a rival Communist regime in the North watching South Vietnam for every sign of internal weakness, neither the United States nor, for that matter, France, the Colom-

bo Plan countries and the U.N. (all of which operate smaller aid programs in behalf of Saigon), can afford to take a “devil take the hindmost” attitude in this corner of Southeast Asia. For in this case the hindmost are the landless farmer and the jobless worker. And they made up the Communist shock troops who defeated the French at Dien Bien Phu.

## RICH MEN IN POLITICS . . by E. Digby Baltzell

THERE IS A very good chance that W. Averell Harriman, heir to one of America's greatest railroad fortunes, will be opposed in his fight for re-election to the governorship of New York by his friend, Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, grandson of the founder of the nation's first oil dynasty.

The election has national implications, for the winner will control the country's largest delegation to one or the other of the 1960 national conventions.

Both Harriman and Rockefeller have proved themselves in a wide variety of appointive positions in the federal government under Presidents Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower. Harriman, in addition, has won his spurs as a shrewd professional politician with considerable voter-appeal and campaigning stamina. Until now, Rockefeller has been content to carry out the policies of his political superiors in appointive positions. His intimates are sure, however, that this handsome, restless and responsible man-of-means wants the final prize of political professionalism—approval of the voters, elective office, and a chance to initiate policy.

The election now shaping up in New York State raises an interest-

ing question: what kind of role have the rich and well-born played in American political life? This country is supposedly devoted to the cult of the self-made man, and a variety of traditional American ideologies could have been expected to work against the aristocrat in politics. But myth does not always correspond to reality, and our political history reveals that wealthy and well-born statesmen have consistently managed to cultivate the confidence of the voters. Both George Washington, who drove to open Congress in his coach and six, with outriders and footmen in livery, and the ostentatiously plain master of Monticello, who rode up alone and hitched his horse to the nearest post, were popular patrician heroes. And Franklin D. Roosevelt, squire of Dutchess County, carried on this tradition by becoming the egalitarian twentieth century's greatest national hero and voice of the common man.

Patrician leadership was taken for granted and openly admired during the colonial period and at the nation's founding. John Hancock, the “patriot in purple” inheritor of the largest fortune in New England, and Charles Carroll of “Carrollton,” the richest man in the colonies, were signers of the liberal and revolutionary Declaration of Independence. The more conservative Constitution, as the historian Charles A. Beard emphasized, was drawn up and supported by the wealthiest men in the new nation.

Egalitarian democracy in America

was a product of the frontier and factory. In the early nineteenth century, as the pioneers pushed out over the fall line of the Alleghenies and the industrial revolution began to take hold in the Eastern cities, manners and morals began to change. The folk hero of the common man first came out of the West, when Andrew Jackson challenged the money-power of the Eastern creditors, symbolized by Nicholas Biddle, old Philadelphia's most polished and arrogant aristocrat. It is usually assumed that Jackson marked the break from the older aristocratic appeal in politics to the newer cult of the self-made man. But this folk hero who led the plain people out of the banker's bondage was a typical frontier aristocrat, and not such a radical departure from the Virginia dynasty as is so often supposed. Certainly an aristocrat in bearing and conviction, even his “humble” birth has been exaggerated in the textbooks. Although the son of Scotch-Irish immigrants, his family's connections on the Carolina frontier were excellent: his uncles were large landowners as well as civic and military leaders in the Revolutionary period, and young Andrew, upon his father's death, became a landed proprietor (200 acres) at the age of three. In an environment where some of the men and nearly all of the women signed their names with an “X,” the precocious boy was sent to a classical school and, at the age of eleven, was reading such news as the Declaration of July 4, 1776, to a group of thirty or forty adult

*E. DIGBY BALTZELL, member of the Sociology Department and Director of Foreign Students at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of Philadelphia Gentlemen: The Making of a National Upper Class.*



citizens of his local town. In many ways the master of the "Hermitage," who had been retired as a country gentleman for ten years before being called to the Presidency, was very much in the patrician tradition of Thomas Jefferson and the older Virginia frontier. The myth may very well have changed, but the type of leadership had not.

That one must be of the people in order to be for them became an ideological staple after the age of Jackson. The log-cabin-to-President myth, as a matter of fact, was born in the cynical campaign of 1840, when the power-starved Whigs, led by Daniel Webster and the money-men of the East, succeeded in ousting the Democrats after three terms in office. Picturing Martin Van Buren as a fastidious aristocrat with cologne-scented whiskers, forever drinking champagne out of crystal goblets, the cynical Whigs ran the old hero of Tippecanoe, General William Henry Harrison, who preferred plain hard cider and whose simple tastes fitted the Midwestern, log-cabin stereotype.

THE truth may make us free, but it is often hard to come by, especially during political campaigns. In spite of log-cabin songs, log-cabin clubs, log-cabin badges and a campaign oratory akin to modern Madison Avenue methods (jingles, generals and all), the candidates themselves were actually quite different from the fictional roles into which they had been cast by the politicians. Van Buren, far from an irresponsible aristocrat, was a devoted Democrat and self-made, professional politician. And old Tippecanoe, educated by private tutors before studying medicine under the famous Benjamin Rush in Philadelphia, was the son of Benjamin Harrison, acme of Virginia's patrician-planter class, signer of the Declaration of Independence and governor of his state (the first Harrison was elected to the House of Burgesses in 1624, and the family, like the Adamases and Roosevelts, produced two Presidents of the United States).

The cynicism of the campaign of 1840 foreshadowed a general decline in the caliber of American political

leadership throughout the remainder of the century. Actually the leaders of wealth and position so characteristic of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century political life in America had been drawn primarily from the landed aristocracy. Especially after the Civil War, however, city fortunes bred a class of men who turned away from politics and public service into the counting house and factory. While old-stock Americans, of unquestionable ability, energy and lust for power were engaged in spanning a continent with rails, exploiting our natural resources and building business dynasties, political affairs, by and large, were left to the party boss and the city machine—the way to wealth and power for the ambitious immigrant. America's business gentlemen paid off the party hack and asked only to be left alone to gather gold.

By the turn of America's business century, however, a new brand of wealthy politicians was at the helm of the ship of state. As the trust gradually replaced competitive enterprise, business gentlemen discarded the less convenient aspects of *laissez-faire* ideology when they saw that monopoly profits depended on political power. In this new "billion-dollar country," the tariff became the mother of trusts, the Senate a millionaire's club, and the federal government a profit-sharing annex of Wall Street. When old Tippecanoe's grandson, Benjamin Harrison, was swept into the Presidency in 1889, wealth's domination of commonwealth was virtually complete. His famous Businessmen's Cabinet (Postmaster General John Wanamaker contributed \$50,000 to the party war-chest) proved a convenient ally of a Senate composed of no less than twenty-five millionaires, representing lumber, oil, copper, sugar, silver and steel rather than geographical constituencies. And the uncrowned king was Nelson Aldrich, who ruled the Senate for thirty years in an era when boss-run legislatures, rather than the voters, chose our senior legislators in Washington.

The twentieth century, except for the business binge-and-bust during the twenties, has probably witnessed

a real renaissance in American political leadership. The progressive movement ushered in the new century and produced two outstanding Presidents in Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Conservative and patrician in temperament and background, both men took a moralistic approach to political issues. Roosevelt, active in municipal reform and Civil Service Commissioner under Harrison before bursting on the national political scene as the hero of San Juan Hill, was of old Knickerbocker stock. Although possessed of considerable inherited means, he was hardly cut from the same cloth as the self-made millionaires of his day. Theodore Roosevelt, the patrician reformer who spoke out against the members of his class who usually "made the till their fatherland," anticipated the age of Franklin D. Roosevelt, when many men of inherited means went down to Washington to help bail out the American people from the Great Depression.

WHILE the rich and well-born, during Fitzgerald's flaming decade, played the market and polo, it is interesting that such patricians as Averell Harriman, Dean Acheson, Francis Biddle, Sumner Welles and Joseph C. Grew, all at Groton School before World War I, should have become prominent in public service under the Democrats, the party of the urban masses. But then Franklin D. Roosevelt surrounded himself with a generation of gifted and sensitive men, many of whom were undoubtedly guilt-driven to reform by the knowledge that their immediate ancestors had "made the till their fatherland." There is no doubt that this newly-awakened sense of *noblesse oblige* in America played an important role in Roosevelt's New Deal. But there were other reasons for the re-entry of the patrician into political life.

In the first place, since the depression and World War II, government has played a larger and larger role in the lives of all Americans. Perhaps the rich men in the Roosevelt Administration, often called traitors to their class, were just the first to realize that big government was here to stay. If the costs of gov-



ernment were to remain high, so they reasoned, they themselves had better get into the act and do their best to see that the gigantic machinery was administered as honestly and efficiently as possible. And since the war, more and more wealthy Republicans have begun to follow the example of their Democratic friends. Instead of sitting on the sidelines, carping at that man Roosevelt, the New Deal and government in general, they have gone into politics in increasing numbers. Perhaps Nelson Rockefeller will join such men as Herter, Lodge and Saltonstall of Massachusetts, or young Freylinghuysen of New Jersey, in the slowly emerging Republican revival of the gentleman-of-means in politics.

Along with the increasing size and importance of government in American life, there has also been an increase in the power and prestige attached to governmental service. Real money-making has been handicapped by the tax structure, while elaborate expense accounts and retirement plans would hardly appeal to the more creative minds, especially those possessed of inherited wealth. Moreover, power and command have definitely shifted from Wall Street to Washington in this post-war world. The days of the Rothschilds financing the wars of Europe, or J. P. Morgan bailing President Cleveland's government out of a depression, are gone with the wind. As Dean Acheson, a brilliant example of the patrician statesman, recently wrote: "Today, more

than ever before, the prize of the general is not a bigger tent, but command. The managers of industry and finance have the bigger tents; but command rests with government." Such men as G. Mennen Williams, Chester Bowles, William Benton, Adlai Stevenson, Jack Kennedy, Joseph S. Clark and William Fulbright—rich, talented, and often called "egg-heads"—have surely been drawn into the political arena at least partly by the fascination of command.

Political democracy, as practiced in America today, is in many ways a great luxury. What nation in Asia could afford the multi-million-dollar campaigns we have seen here since the war? And in these costly modern campaigns, the candidate of private means has a great advantage over a less affluent opponent. While campaign contributions from outside sources are severely limited by law, there is no limit placed upon a candidate's personal expenditures. This is even more true in America than in England, for instance, where "interests" may legally finance a candidate as long as their support is open to public scrutiny.

FINALLY, in trying to explain why there has been an increase in the number of men of inherited wealth in politics today, one is likely to overlook an important statistical fact: it is simply that, in spite of inheritance and income taxes there is probably more inherited wealth in the nation today than ever before. Such famous American family names

as Ford, Rockefeller, Mellon and DuPont, for instance, are all in the second or third generation today. In a systematic study of American millionaires, Pitirim Sorokin found this same trend toward more and more inherited fortunes. The composition of the student bodies of such exclusive educational institutions as Princeton and Groton is another index of the status of inherited position in America. At Princeton, the sons and grandsons of alumni increased from approximately 10 per cent of the entering class of 1922 to over 20 per cent of the class of 1940; at Groton, while the first son of an alumnus graduated in 1915, by 1940 approximately two-thirds of the boys were from old Groton families.

American civilization, led by businessmen of daring enterprise and ingenuity, has produced the highest standard of living the world has ever known. The continuing greatness of America will presumably depend on the nation's ability to shoulder the burden of world political leadership. The recent revival of patrician participation in public life is part of a more general response to this new challenge of world leadership. The prize of power is stimulating to the old rich, and the cult of the self-made man may very well be on the wane in our world of abundant consumption which seems to prefer *Vogue* and *Esquire* to such stuff as Horatio Alger. This may or may not be a healthy thing for our country but, after all, there are few authentic log cabins for future Presidents to be born in.

## Mixed Blessings of Longer Life . . by Dan Wakefield

The walls were made out of marble,  
The machines were made out of gold;  
And nobody ever got tired,  
And nobody ever got old . . .

—A song of the Textile Workers.

AS EVERY STUDENT of mythology knows, men are most plagued by their wishes that finally come true—the Gods are no easy givers. We are currently afflicted by the beginning realizations of some of

mankind's oldest and, as it sometimes turns out, silliest wishes. Highest in the headlines is the business of flying to the moon, and creeping up fast from the small print of the medical journals is the quieter but equally fantastic news that mortal men—if not yet living forever—are living nearly twice as long as they did in 1900. A doctor in Sweden recently stated that the

life expectancy of that country's citizens might be one hundred years by the end of the century. Last week, Doctor Howard M. Rusk of the Bellevue Medical Center and the New York University Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation told a convention of

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the National Geriatrics Society that the average age in America today is seventy years, and once we conquer arteriosclerosis "there's no telling what the ceiling will be."

There are 15,000,000 men and women over sixty-five in the United States today, as compared with 3,000,000 in 1900, and the rate is now increasing at an estimated half-million a year, which means that approximately 2,000 people a day are joining the ranks of Americans over sixty-five. The dramatic increase in the number of older citizens has suddenly made the aged population recognized as a major one in medicine, politics, business, families and communities. Organizations dealing with the problem have sprung up all over the country in the past ten years, and there are now almost as many studies being made and conferences being held on the problems of "senior citizens" as there are on juvenile delinquents.

ONLY this month the American Medical Association officially joined the battle with the formation of the Joint Council to Improve the Health Care of the Aged, sponsored by the A.M.A., the American Dental Association, the American Hospital Association and the American Nursing Home Association, and is planning a national conference in September. The concerns of this group are heavily weighted with matters of politics as well as medicine, for now it is not only the unions but the old people who are looming as a threat to medical free enterprise. In California, county medical societies are in revolt against a new federal-state medical-assistance plan which would provide \$29,000,000 for the care of the needy aged, blind and crippled. The doctors feel that the plan would be another step toward socialized medicine. With a 15,000,000-strong "old people's voting bloc," we can expect similar bills throughout the country, and the A.M.A.'s Joint Council conference in September will probably try to put a finger in the dike with its proposals, which include more voluntary health insurance and more voluntary health services for the aged. As a

recent release of the Joint Council put it, "The principal responsibility for the care of the aged rests on the family and community level."

Before the A.M.A. got into the act, many other groups had formed to look into the problems of care of the old, including the National Committee on the Aging, created in 1950 out of the need for information of many local groups. In 1956, it received a Ford Foundation grant to expand its studies and guidance facilities. Also, quite naturally, the institutions throughout the country, which in the dark days of our less scientific approach to the problem were known as "Old People's Homes," have organized themselves in the face of the rising tide of senior citizens. This group, composed now of 600 "public, voluntary and proprietary institutions consisting of hospitals, sanitariums, homes for the aged, nursing homes and similar institutions that have a geriatrics program in whole or in part" is known as the National Geriatrics Society, and it held its fifth annual convention this month in New York City. The N.G.S. statement of aims says that "One of the primary purposes of the Society is to educate and exchange ideas among its membership . . ." and the delegates to the recent convention were presented with a staggering array of the ideas, questions and problems of geriatrics that seem to be growing as fast as our life expectancy.

IN THE field of medicine, new attention to the treatment of aged patients has produced a great many new attitudes on the part of doctors. Dr. James F. Carlin, the clinical director of the New Jersey State Hospital at Ancora, compared the "traditional" concept of the geriatrics patient with the "traditional" concept of the schizophrenic, which until the many research discoveries of the past decade had become a "static concept of what the patient is supposed to be like." In both of these cases, Dr. Carlin said, "we had created the picture ourselves." He said that we now must ask the question: "Do old people behave as they do because we expect them

to?" New research is now going on concerning "perceptivity," Dr. Carlin reported, and one experiment which put young, healthy people in a rubber suit and placed them upside down in water with a steady temperature for hours at a time, thereby eliminating all sensory activity, produced the kind of confused and disorganized thinking which is often found in old people. Since aging causes a deterioration of the senses, especially in sight and hearing, it may be that mental confusion in old people is often due to "a decrease in sensory data" rather than "brain difficulties," Dr. Carlin said.

THERE has also been a change of thinking concerning treatment of actual mental illnesses in older patients. Dr. Walter Lorenz, the chief of medical geriatrics at the New Jersey State Hospital, said that when electric-shock treatment for mental patients was first introduced in this country in 1940, it was felt that it could not be used on patients of advanced age. But experiments in 1945, involving electric shock to a large number of patients over sixty years of age, showed no harmful effects and a definite improvement in 79.6 per cent of the cases. Since 1947, Dr. Lorenz said, electric shock has been used increasingly in treating older patients, especially with the discovery that tranquillizers can help prevent bone injuries. The aid of tranquillizers for aged patients in this and other types of treatment has been "phenomenal," Dr. Lorenz said.

The continued use of more traditional, non-medical "tranquillizers" was also much in evidence throughout the convention. Dr. Lorenz himself put a word in for the use of religion with older patients, and said that "An optimistic belief in an omnipotent supernatural being may help to ward off recessive tendencies. . . ." An exhibitor's display of "Aerolux Cheer Lights," which are small, glass-enclosed, glow-in-the-dark colored flowers, advertised these items as "Restful, Comforting, Cheering, Relaxing, and Reassuring" (Continued on page 503)



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Salvo for William Carlos Williams

M. L. Rosenthal

so much depends  
upon  
a red wheel  
barrow  
glazed with rain  
water  
beside the white  
chickens.

—"The Red Wheelbarrow"

THIS YEAR William Carlos Williams becomes seventy-five. The event will be heralded by the appearance of *Paterson V*, from which we are privileged to publish, on the following pages, a few sections in advance. We seize the occasion to make this issue a small Williams-fiesta. Nothing very formal, but we are happy to have a poet of his kind writing in the United States today.

Perhaps any sort of literary occasion plays this poet false. Writing about Williams, one always wants to do things *his* way, with that same deceptive ordinariness, those wildly unaffected exclamations—

The trees—being trees  
thrash and scream  
guffaw and curse—  
wholly abandoned  
damning the race of men—

Christ, the bastards  
haven't even sense enough  
to stay out of the rain—

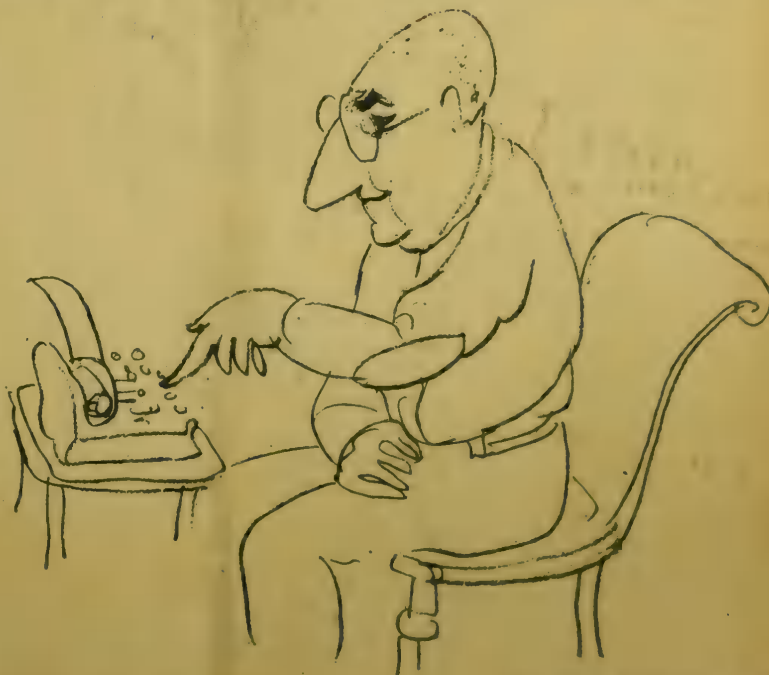
Wha ha ha ha  
Wheeeeee. . . .

Williams' own talk, like his writing, is natural and simple, almost diffident though always frank.\* But it gets where it wants to get; it moves without transition into profundities whenever he so intends. One suddenly grows aware of something

\*For many engaging examples of the poet's conversation, see his *I Want to Write a Poem*, reported and edited by Edith Heal (Beacon Press. \$3.95) — a scholarly bibliography combined with extended comments by the poet on each of his books.

precise emerging from the casual exchange, discovering itself, it may be, through a metaphor of green plants in running water or through some sharp, cold projection of thought thrusting above the kindly amenities. In his poetry there is a *mystique* of the physical, but here too one must qualify; austerity is behind it—the quiet irony and self-discipline of the sensitive medical man, reinforced by the artist-moralist's preoccupations. Even the Williams residence partakes of this austerity. The compact, old-fashioned doctor's-house is set right in the midst of Rutherford, with the "downtown" stores almost across the street and the traffic all around and the shabby crisscross of New Jersey's railroads and highways not far off. It has a right relation to everything that holds clear of pretentiousness, whether out of choice or out of necessity.

So it's not quite "good old Bill" or "good old Doc." Apart from his magnificent ear, there is essential to this poet's achievement not only his generosity of spirit but a faith so intense and stern it all but becomes despair. It is a faith in the meaning of experienced reality and in the power of art to reveal it and, as he says, "to right all wrongs." "The Red Wheelbarrow," quoted at the head of these remarks, expresses this faith, quietly but with absolute authority. In each little stanza the opening line, with its two stressed syllables, prepares for a flight of thought and imagination, while the second weighs the tiny unit down with a turn of idiom or the name of a familiar concrete object. The poem's design is a striving for value, for significant realization, against the resistant drag of the merely habitual. Everything "depends" on the way we see color, shape, relationships; the scope of our understanding of life depends on it, the freedom of our consciousness, the way we transcend limitations and



Courtesy, The Literary Review;  
Fairleigh Dickinson University.

William Carlos Williams (caricature by Edgar I. Williams)



## A Woman

There is a woman in our town  
walks rapidly, flat bellied  
in worn slacks upon the street  
where I saw her.

Neither short  
nor tall, nor old nor young  
her

face would attract no  
adolescent. Grey eyes looked  
straight before her.

Her  
hair  
was gathered simply behind the  
ears under a shapeless hat.

Her  
hips were narrow, her  
legs  
thin and straight. She stopped  
me in my tracks — until I saw  
her

disappear in the crowd.

An inconspicuous decoration  
made of sombre cloth, meant  
I think to be a flower, was  
pinned flat to her

right  
breast — any woman might have  
done the same to  
say she was a woman and warn  
us of her mood. Otherwise  
she was dressed in male attire,  
as much as to say to hell  
with you. Her

expression was  
serious, her  
feet were small.  
And she was gone!

. if ever I see you again  
as I have sought you  
daily without success

I'll speak to you, alas  
too late! ask,  
What are you doing on the

streets of Paterson? a  
thousand questions:  
Are you married? Have you any  
children? And, most important,  
your NAME! which  
of course she may not

give me — though  
I cannot conceive it  
in such a lonely and  
intelligent woman

. have you read anything that I have written?  
It is all for you

or the birds . . .

**From Paterson V**  
**William Carlos Williams**  
(To be published by *New Directions*)

## The Satyrs

. . . or the Satyrs, a

pre-tragic play,  
a satyric play!  
All plays  
were satyric when they were most devout.  
Ribald as a Satyr!  
Satyrs dance!  
all the deformities take wing  
Centaur  
leading to the rout of the vocables  
in the writings  
of Gertrude  
Stein — but  
you cannot be  
an artist  
by mere ineptitude  
The dream  
is in pursuit!  
The neat figures of  
Paul Klee  
fill the canvas  
but that  
is not the work  
of a child  
the cure began, perhaps,  
with the abstraction  
of Arabic art  
Dürer  
with his *Melancholy*  
was ware of it —  
the shattered masonry. Leonardo  
saw it,

the obsession,

and ridiculed it  
in *La Gioconda*.  
Bosch's  
congeries of tortured souls and devils  
who prey on them  
fish  
swallowing  
their own entrails  
Freud  
Picasso  
Juan Gris.  
a letter from a friend  
saying:  
For the last  
three nights  
I have slept like a baby  
without  
liquor or dope of any sort!  
we know  
that a stasis  
from a chrysalis  
has stretched its wings . . .  
like a bull  
or a Minotaur  
or Beethoven  
in the scherzo  
from the 5th Symphony  
stomped  
his heavy feet  
I saw love  
mounted naked on a horse



on a swan  
 the tail of a fish  
     the blood thirsty conger eel  
             and laughed  
 recalling the Jew  
     in the pit  
             among his fellows  
 when the indifferent chap  
     with the machine gun  
             was spraying the heap .

he had not yet been hit  
     but smiled  
 comforting his companions .  
     comforting  
             his companions  
 Dreams possess me  
     and the dance  
             of my thoughts  
 involving animals  
     the blameless beasts .

## A Brueghel Nativity

Peter Brueghel, the elder, painted  
 a Nativity, painted a Baby  
 new born!  
 among the words.

Armed men.  
 savagely armed men  
     armed with pikes,  
 halberds and swords  
 whispering men with averted faces,  
 get to the heart

of the matter  
 as they talked to the pot bellied  
 greybeard (center)  
 the butt of their comments,  
 looking askance, showing their  
 amazement at the scene,  
 features like the more stupid  
 German soldiers of the late  
 war

— but the Baby (as from an  
 illustrated catalogue  
 in colors) lies naked on his Mother's  
 knees

— it is a scene, authentic  
 enough, to be witnessed frequently  
 among the poor (I salute  
 the man Brueghel who painted  
 what he saw —

many times no doubt  
 among his own kids but not of course  
 in this setting

The crowned and mitred heads  
 of the three men, one of them black,  
 who had come, obviously from afar  
 (highwaymen?)  
 by the rich robes  
 they had on — offered  
 to propitiate their gods

Their hands were loaded with gifts  
 — they had eyes for visions  
 in those days — and saw,  
 saw with their proper eyes,  
 these things  
 to the envy of the vulgar soldiery

He painted  
 the bustle of the scene,

the unkempt straggling  
 hair of the old man in the  
 middle, his sagging lips  
 — incredulous  
 that there was so much fuss  
 about such a simple thing as a baby  
 born to an old man  
 out of a girl and a pretty girl  
 at that

But the gifts! (works of art,  
 where could they have picked  
 them up or more properly  
 have stolen them?)  
 — how else to honor  
 an old man or a woman?  
 — the soldiers' ragged clothes,  
 mouths open,  
 their knees and feet  
 broken from thirty years of  
 war, hard campaigns, their mouths  
 watering for the feast which  
 had been provided

Peter Brueghel the artist saw it  
 from the two sides: the  
 imagination must be served —  
 and he served  
     dispassionately.

## The Measure

— learning with age to sleep my life away:  
 saying .

The measure intervenes, to measure is all we know,  
     a choice among the measures . . .  
             the measured dance

“unless the scent of a rose  
     startle us anew”

Equally laughable  
 is to assume to know nothing, a  
     chess game  
 massively, “materially,” compounded!

Yo ho! ta ho!

We know nothing and can know nothing  
     but  
 the dance, to dance to a measure,  
 contrapuntally,  
 Satyrically, the tragic foot.



communicate with one another as human beings.

Williams' remarkable alertness to the subtler life of the senses—how it feels to be a growing thing of any kind, or to come into birth; how the freshness of the morning or the feel of a particular moment in a particular season impresses itself upon us; what impact the people glimpsed or encountered in a myriad transitory situations make upon us at the moment of the event—gives him a keener and more adventurous insight into the aesthetic potentialities of that life. The general population's insensitivity to those potentialities is one of his concerns. He links this problem to another: the absence of a "language" that will enable Americans to cultivate, direct and shape their crude and, at present, suicidal energies. "The pure products of America," he has written, "go crazy." They have lost contact with European tradition, and left to themselves they run to emptiness and depravity. His *In the American Grain* is an attempt to sum up the materials of an informing American myth; it is one of the truly germinative American prose-works of this century, a perfect complement to his fiction with its close-ups of the splintering violences and innumerable undeveloped sources of strength in American culture. The waste of possibility—it is in dealing with this crucial theme in poems like "To Elsie" and "The Raper from Passenack" that Williams comes closest to despair.

His greatest effort to deal with it is in the *Paterson* sequence. In this long poem he chose to base his structure on the movement of the river he has elsewhere called the "filthy Passaic." He sought an open structure like that of Pound's *Cantos*. "I decided there would be four books following the course of the river whose life seemed more and more to resemble my own . . . : above the Falls, the catastrophe of the Falls itself, . . . below the Falls and the entrance at the end to the great sea." At the beginning the city of Paterson (an epitome of the American scene, with the poet—sometimes called "Dr. Paterson"—its unrecognized prophet) is seen as a sleeping

stone-giant. The people, automatons whom he might give more vital existence to, walk "unroused" and "incommunicado." They do not know the organic relatedness that gives unconscious meaning to every moment in the lives of primitive peoples. Grossness, destructiveness, daredevilry and divorce—and the constant dullness and blocking-off of self-discovery and communication—are the outward signs of our condition. Everywhere the sexual life is thwarted and distorted; we are the victims of a sexual confusion inseparable from our cultural confusions—Williams shares this theme with Lawrence, but gives it a peculiarly American emphasis. The first four books of *Paterson*, completed in 1951, were intended to be the whole work. They constitute a devastating comment on every phase of our life, though a comment relieved by momentary oases of perceived or envisioned beauty, and they "end" modestly and familiarly, as they began, in the midst of things, in the midst of predicament.

NOW, in his fifth book of *Paterson*, Dr. Williams reopens the issues. Or rather, he refocuses them. The transforming and saving power of the aesthetic imagination is played like a brilliant light over old archetypal motifs and symbols—sexuality versus chaste love, reality versus the ideal, the Virgin and the Whore, the hunted-down Unicorn pictured, in a famous tapestry now at The

Cloisters in New York, amid a setting both natural and courtly. Such themes and images do the refocusing, placing the poet's perspectives in sharper relation to the bedeviled perspectives of the culture at large.

The four passages from *Paterson V* presented in this issue can each be viewed as a self-contained poem. I see no diminution of the characteristic skill and excitement of their author's work in them, but rather a mellowing without loss of energy—*Paterson's* "roar of the present" removed just enough to give the poem another, a much needed dimension. The section we have titled "A Woman" shows how wonderfully human and personal is Williams' conception of the sexual confusion and the need for communication, and what a mysterious gift he has for making poetry out of almost purely private feeling. "The Satyrs" is one of his most concentrated poetic statements of what has been the main subject of the present essay—his view of the artist's relation to a world of distorted possibility, suffering and brutality, but at the same time one of heroism and love! In "A Brueghel Nativity" he shows, as he has before, the kinship of spirit he feels with the elder Brueghel. And in "The Measure" (these titles are all ours) he presents one of his most moving assertions of the function of art, "the measured dance," in the ordering of the poet's own life now, at the age of seventy-four.

## 'The Best Human Value'

Louis Zukofsky

Dear Bill,

I have been asked to say what we have meant to each other, what we did, how we met, and so on—to sum up, in short, thirty years at a week's notice.

I could begin with old Hume who wrote "My Own Life" in just less than thirteen Roman numbered pages

---

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY, poet, critic and editor, is an old-time associate of William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound. He was one of the founders of the Objectivist movement in poetry.

(in my edition of *The History of England from the Invasion of Julius Caesar to the Abdication of James the Second*). It is the tersest autobiography I know—and the funniest. From what you keep on saying at seventy-five I know you will find his last page good enough for a laugh, despite our habitual inclination to want to cut a word here and there:

. . . were I to name a period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study, and



the same gayety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre . . . it is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

To conclude historically with my own character: I am, or rather was, (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which imboldens me the more to speak my sentiments;) I was, I say, a man of mild disposition, of command of temper, of an open, social and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took a particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men, anyway eminent, have found reason to complain of Calumny, I never was touched, or even attacked by her . . . and though I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed in my behalf of their wonted fury. My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct; not but the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could never find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained.

April 18, 1776

Let anyone who wishes guess at the relevance to my life and yours that prompted that quote. Lives declare their same differences some hundred or some hundreds of years later on the other side of that or this Pond.

As for the invariant Bill Williams:

*Blue at the prow of my desire.*

An early line—and for that reason I suppose uppermost in my mind, there is a difference of only twenty years between our ages—its character owns all

May 31, 1958

## To Bill Williams

I would make this all as single as a song,  
My own assumption in a flittering stance,  
Twenty years cast in an easy affirmation.

The truth is there is truth on every side,  
Each protagonist as relativist  
Invests the present with his intellectual twist.

You are no absolute, Bill! But genial soul  
And spanking eye, no hatred of your fellows,  
Concludes we love you the worldly American.

With gusto to toss the classics out, and with them  
The sonnet, you live yet in a classic Now,  
Pretend to advance order in your plain music,

And even preach that Form (you call it measure,  
Or idiom) is all, albeit your form would mate  
The sprawling forms, inchoate, of our civilization.

RICHARD EBERHART

the phases of your later work, the catastrophic and gentle in its characters, in their signing hieroglyphics.

The good memories are never recollected. It's as Hamlet says: *If it be now, 'tis not to come*. They are not here to be written about, and not in a hurry: but as the years have it, the earliest with the latest—if it be not to come, it will be now.

Ezra, early in March (your month you have said) 1928—"Re/private life: Do go down an' stir up Bill Willyums, still the best human value on my murkn visiting list."

Your Easter letter of that year asks me, "Was the Matthäus Passion well sung?" I had begun my book, "A." for which, thirty years later, having as you say an idea, you have just presented me with a foreword—when I thought you were working on *Paterson V*. There were different projects then about which you were "less volatile. . . I have gotten older . . . after seventy perhaps . . . perhaps it will crystallize soon." Not a bad prophecy. But my satisfaction is that I seem then to have been "ubiquitous" (you say—how could I have been?) and with a few friends we did get things done: *The Descent of Winter* issue (*Exile* 4); *A Novelette and Other Prose* ("To" Publishers); your first *Collected Poems* (The Objectivist Press).

The names of our presses were my ideas: *To*—as we might say, a health to—*To*. I have this that you said about it: "I never knew *To* was a noun gosh all hemlock. I'll have to look that up. Anyway it's not a bad name for publicity—nobody can understand it or keep from thinking about it once they see it." And as for the *Objectivists* (who I suspect any century now are to make

the exegetical anthologies) Charles Reznikoff ingeniously condensed my longish prospectus into "writers publishing their own work."

It involved an unremitting exchange of letters, your blanket orders to shorten, emend and correct anything in your manuscripts that would clean them up and save pennies—a conceptive impatience on your part some times that offered the editor the poor consolation of thinking. Not that your talk is not always rich with some concept—though you have often refused to believe it. But like Puck, whose pointed ears you've inherited, after yielding to the human and worse humane maze you must also fly from it, putting a girdle round about the earth, as he says, in forty minutes: to the attic under the gable, the car, the roses in your back yard, the oak dining room or the typewriter in your doctor's office.

The visits to your home entailed crossing the Hudson by either of two ways: taking the old bus in an alley behind the Hotel Astor, or the ferry to the Erie Railroad—somehow always with your "Wanderer" in mind. I preferred the Erie route: perhaps for the historical associations—and the change after the direct breeze of the ferry—the iron girders and vaulting of the station, the scene of C. F. Adams' chapter of *An Erie Raid*; perhaps for the fact that the same journey afforded a contrast of finance, as murky as when Aristotle first wrote about the unnatural evil, and the American robin's egg blue covers of your *Spring and All*. I had earned it as a bonus and sometimes carried it with me. The colored paper covers have crackled: it has been my favorite of all your books—dated April 11, 1928.

I suppose a citation ought to carry



gifts with it. They happen to be yours—three extracts I once jotted down from your letters:

Floss going back to plant 30 new plants and expecting miracles of bloom in the spring.

(That would be after the four of us had walked in the rose garden in Bronx Park during the worst of the war in 1941. The next is about my son, Paul, playing his quarter-size violin just about ten years ago.)

Dear Louis & Celia:

I told mother this afternoon of Paul's playing of the violin. She was highly amused and interested, could hardly believe it true. I had to show her the size of the fiddle and show her how he stood and bowed. She was very much taken by the story. Finally she said, My compliments to the father and mother. So that's what I'm sending you.

Best,

Bill

(The next is dated Oct. 22/35.)

I can't stand the full restraint that X

even in his wildest ravings is willing to acknowledge. Maybe that makes him a better man than I am. My only answer to that is there aint no such animal. No one is "better." Anyone is only relatively perfect. It is this tolerance which I apply to others as well as myself which alone keeps me going . . . to a man with some sort of pride of spirit—if you call it that—I remain only a half educated barbarian. That goes deep. Deep in me where hell will break loose. I deny . . . every tenet that can be called tenable, every scientific trend, every philosophic stab. . . . Every physical grasp of facts establishes [that] sort of tradition as false—empty. That's what I wish to avoid, to destroy. That's, for instance, the real underlying ground in my imagination of the character of Washington—or Shakespeare. There is something there, underneath the dynamo of intelligence—of life itself that is crude, rebellious—the lack of which, or the denial of which . . . makes an ass.

Yours,

Louis

## MUSIC

### Lester Trimble

SO FAR, the twentieth century has been a boom time for the musical experimenters, academics, rebels and charlatans. John Cage, who was born in 1912, has generally been considered a useful experimentalist, and I have accepted the consensus, despite some distressing encounters with his music, partly because an iconoclast, whatever he may accomplish in a directly creative way, is a useful weapon against smug conservatism, and partly because one cannot make easy judgments about experimental music. Such work may be cantilevering out into aesthetic space, and cannot be judged until it has spanned a considerable distance. After hearing a retrospective concert of Cage's music at Town Hall recently, I feel that the moment has arrived when valid observations can be made. It distresses me that, following this overview of his creative output, my hard-held faith in his aesthetic importance has faltered.

This troubles me particularly because I am convinced that Cage has always been an honest experimentalist, thoroughly wrapped up in the philosophy of his work, and anything but a charlatan. He seems a gentle sort of rebel; a person endowed with genuine creative

abilities; and one capable of exerting a beneficent influence upon other, younger composers, as unvicious iconoclasts can often do.

One problem in judging work which calls itself experimental is to decide just what the word means. A certain amount of experimentation goes on in the workshop of every composer. But that does not put all music—or even all radically new music—into the "experimental" category. The explorations of Stravinsky and Milhaud into polytonality and polyrhythms never caused the word "experimental" to be applied to their music. Nor, for that matter, were the 12-tone adventures of Schönberg and Webern or the material-technical advances of Bartok ever classified as experiments. These men's creations have always been called *music—moderne*, cacophonous, mad, incomprehensible, *avant-garde*—whatever you wish. But not experiments.

I suspect that "experimental" is a genre created as a haven for works which may not be able to stand as art creations, but which are thought to be of value, nevertheless, to the technology of music. Since the state of music in our epoch has necessitated exploration, and

since this has been a healthy response to the plight of the post-Wagner-Debussy composer, we should not complain if a few men concentrate almost their entire energies on experimental possibilities. At the very least, their probings may instruct and stimulate other composers.

I do feel, however, that the experimental composer might serve us better if he would exert the self-criticism necessary to differentiate between his creative works and his laboratory experiments. The public deserves at least fair warning when the sounds which it is about to hear do not constitute, in the creator's judgment, a fully-formed art object. Since Cage did not make any such distinctions in the programming of his retrospective concert; since, indeed, it was inferred that all the works were music, I am constrained to consider them from that point of view.

The first item on the overlong and arduous program was called *Six Short Inventions for Seven Instruments* (1934). According to Cage's notes: "This was the last of a series of chromatic pieces begun in 1933. Dealing with the problem of keeping repetitions of each of the 25 tones of 2 octaves as far apart as possible, though each of the 3 voices employs the same range, these pieces led Henry Cowell to suggest my studying with Arnold Schönberg and Adolph Weiss." The *Inventions* sounded Webernesque; cogent; not particularly inspired; but contrapuntally clear.

The second work was the most interesting I heard that evening. It was entitled *Construction in Metal* (1937) and was played by the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble, directed by Paul Price. This is a percussion orchestra piece of the sort that is now familiar in New York halls. In 1937, it must have seemed audacious; in 1958, it is still fascinating and impressive. Some of the more intriguing sounds were produced by a small gong, beaten upon with a soft mallet while it was being dunked into a washtub full of water; various metal foil strips which were vigorously shaken by the performers to make a rattling, somehow Oriental sound; a kind of xylophone made out of metal pipe segments; many cymbals; and a piano, the innards of which were worked upon by David Tudor to make an unidentifiable, thunder-like rumble. *Construction* is a long work. At first, it seemed dull, but as time and the composer's invention accumulated, it rose to a compelling pitch.

Next came *Imaginary Landscape No. 1* (1939), a bawdy, raucous-sounding



affair made from a "recording of constant and variable frequency records, cymbal, and piano." The sounds came through loud speakers, and were dominated by an inebriated glissando whistle, which rose and fell, with a sort of slapping sound to demarcate a point of constant return. The work seemed a bit raw and naive, but it was fun; not unlike a burlesque gag.

*The Wonderful Widow of Eighteen Springs* (1942), with a text adapted from Finnegans Wake, turned out to be a trifle. Arline Carmen, a tall, striking contralto, intoned upon about three notes from her bottom register, while the composer, avoiding the keyboard entirely, patted his hands about the wood of the piano, top and bottom, in various rhythms of his own contriving. The voice line was monotonous and conservatively modal; the patting looked and sounded ineffectual.

A *Quartet* for twelve tom-toms and a *Duo* for contralto and piano ("prepared" by mechanically changing the timbre of the strings) were called collectively *She is Asleep* (1943). The first part of this for tom-toms, was interesting because of the gorgeous sounds the instruments can make, but, unfortunately, the composer's inventiveness was not in full flower. The contralto section (*Duo*) would have made a nice, mild travelogue score for a South-Sea island or jungle movie. The contralto sang no words, but among her various non-verbal utterances, "aaah-wuh!" seemed important.

After the first intermission, Maro Ajemian played a number of *Sonatas and Interludes* which Cage had composed for her between 1946 and 1948. These works, which at first hearing some years ago struck me as remarkably subtle and "advanced," are actually rather mild. The "prepared piano" sounds lovely, but the melodic and harmonic material seems timid and essentially conventional. It was apparent, even without the program notes, that the composer had headed toward the territory of the eastern Indian performer-composers. But, having reduced his active resources to rhythm, he was unable to be as rhythmically dynamic as the Indians, and monotony set in.

After this came a first performance of *Music for Carillon* (1954), which David Tudor played upon the keyboard of an electronic carillon. I could find no excuse for this piece. It splashed around in a meaningless fashion, making a great deal of random noise. According to the program, the piece was "written as points on paper, found by placing

template stencils at structural points." Perhaps the manuscripts looked pretty, but the sounds were balderdash, and I sympathized with a distinguished older composer who made his disgruntled exit while the carillon was clanging.

The next work, *William Mix* (1952), was the one which crushed my own powers of endurance. This piece was composed upon magnetic tapes, set up stereophonically to sound through eight loudspeakers. I hold no brief against tape music. Indeed, I admire much of it. But this concoction was naive, dull and, as tape music goes, antediluvian. The program's ultimate item was called *Concert for Piano and Orchestra* (1957-58). It was one of those adventures into aural anarchy and total chance of which the world, in my opinion, cannot have too few. The "piece" has no score; the conductor, like the players, goes through his own, independent part, and the chaos may continue as long as it likes, improvised from materials the "composer" has provided. In this instance, I am informed by a friend, the work went on for twenty-five minutes, which would have carried the program to midnight.

## Mixed Blessing of Longer Life

(Continued from page 496)

ing. . . ." What seemed to be the highest development along these lines was proclaimed by the New Castle Sanitarium of New Castle, Kentucky, which announced itself in the official N.G.S. journal as the place "Where Happiness Is Skillfully Administered."

The dimensions of such a feat became increasingly evident as the convention speakers brought up the new sorts of "social" problems created by the growth of our older population. Dr. Carlin said that many of the geriatrics patients brought to the New Jersey State Hospital are able to "readjust from their problems" after a few weeks. The problem in many of these cases is not the medical treatment, but what to do with the people once they've been treated. "Their beds in the nursing homes, and even the family homes where they were, have often been taken by the time they get out of hospital," Dr. Carlin said.

It often happens that families are relieved to send away an older member to a hospital where he is

cared for away from home. Dr. Howard M. Rusk of Bellevue said that a recent survey of patients in New York City hospitals revealed that 2,800 out of 10,000 beds were occupied by people who did not have to remain in a hospital for medical reasons. A new type of institution to solve the growing problems of old people who have no place to go and do not require hospital services was put into operation this March in conjunction with one hospital in New York State, Dr. Rusk reported. It is specifically designed for the care of these "custodial-type patients" and, in our tranquillizing terminology, is called a "Homestead." Dr. Rusk said that development of more of these "Homesteads" next to a "Mother Hospital" might provide one answer and also save hospital expenses and facilities.

The problems of old people—just like the problems of juvenile delinquents—are in many ways born of our changing society. Dr. Carlin pointed out that the old "big family" group in one big family home was becoming a thing of the past, as high-speed transport-

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tation puts different members of a family all over the country, more small homes are built and more families are dependent on women finding jobs who once might have cared for the old folks.

These theories were brought into personal focus at one of the panel discussions by Dr. D. H. Robinson, medical director of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. Dr. Robinson said that "Twenty years ago it was mainly economic reasons that brought our people to us. Now it's more due to family problems—a fellow who went to live with a daughter or son and they moved to a smaller house where there wasn't any room for him except maybe in the attic; or maybe he just can't stand the kids or they can't stand him, and finally he comes to us."

**THE PROBLEMS** of the new aged population seem to be mainly the problems of where to go and what to do, and the compulsory retirement age of sixty-five, which puts many active, capable people into this dilemma, came under heavy attack by many of the convention speakers. "Age is physiological — not chronological," said Dr. Howard Rusk. "What would have happened if Churchill retired at sixty-five? That was the year of the Battle of Britain."

Dr. Rusk told how some people who have been retired are finding answers to what to do and where to go in the many "Over 65 Clubs" springing up over the country. One of them, which grew out of a group of old people who repeatedly came to register complaints at a welfare office in the Bronx, now has 700 members, whose average age is seventy-six. The group has a clubhouse, a spate of committees, work and entertainment programs, and since its formation the visits of the members to hospitals and clinics have dropped by 50 per cent.

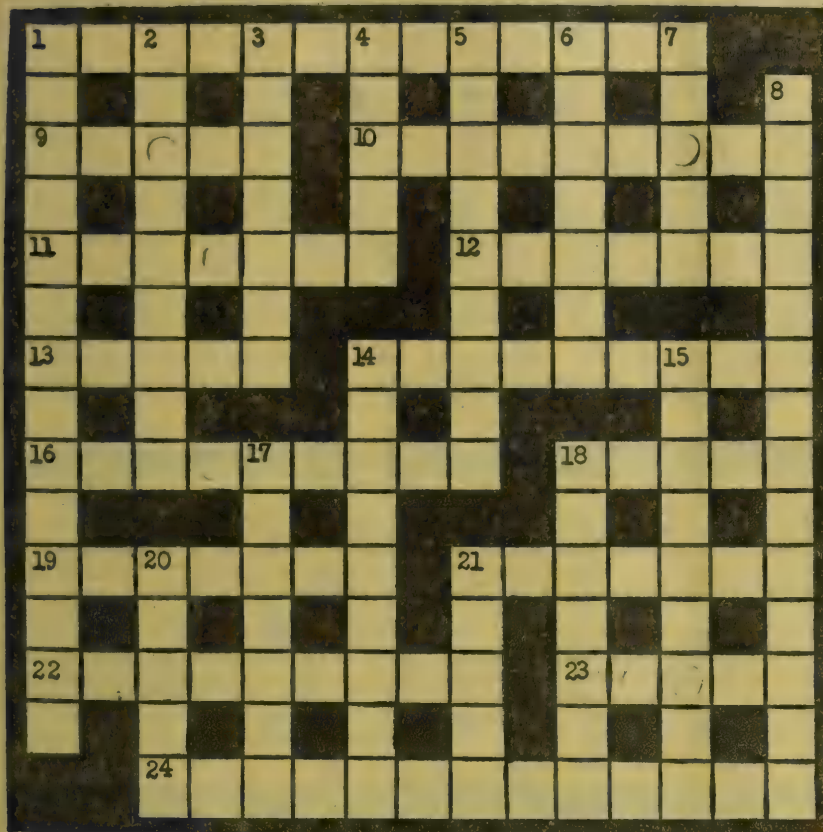
"This," said Dr. Rusk, "is the preventive medicine of the future."

All we wanted was a chance to live longer and retire; now it is upon us and it seems our only hope is to hire a clubhouse and get back to work.



# Crossword Puzzle No. 774

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 A dime's worth of copper bosses? No, a boss is more stubby! (3-5, 5)
- 9 Split a quartet which is losing money? (5)
- 10 Lamb, for example, is dead. What can the law-maker do? (9)
- 11 Call to account for a downfall, by the sound of it. (7)
- 12 Mountain split asunder by the flood? (7)
- 13 A binder when drawn. (5)
- 14 Prokofieff's First Symphony—or just any old symphony? (9)
- 16 In deference to Bacon, I see! (9)
- 18 An Irishman represents the head of 1 across in court. (5)
- 19 One might buy such stock, if graft is your purpose. (7)
- 21 It should be able to take off affections on the joint. (7)
- 22 It isn't diner food that takes care of the ride (5, 4)
- 23 Blather. (5)
- 24 Let me name part of this, and I'll call it somewhat unevenly disposed. (13)

## DOWN:

- 1 Training to race out of the unknown? (5, 9)

- 2 Ornithic quotation. (9)
- 3 Foolish starters are not likely to! (7)
- 4 Material manufactured by our largest city and part of England's. (5)
- 5 Treat with this? Get attention without T.N.T. (9)
- 6 Underwrites. (7)
- 7 Extra lean, perhaps. (5)
- 8 A non-medium 24 case might be put here. (6, 8)
- 14 The support of sugar might be attached to a tree, in season. (5, 4)
- 15 Reservoir. (9)
- 17 Every body has such a connection in Munster. (7)
- 18 The nominal value can make the comparative story. (7)
- 20 Lamb and pig might have such an association. (5)
- 21 An era of the theater, perhaps. (5)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 773

Across: 1 and 22 down FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE; 9 LEVITES; 10 ENSNARE; 11 PALLADIUM; 12 IRENE; 13 OUTFRONS; 15 TUNISIA; 16 EMBARGO; 18 CRATOR; 20 STOIC; 21 TOWNSHIPS; 23 RESOLVE; 24 RAINIER; 25 EMPRESS EUGENIE.  
Down: 1 FULL PROFESSORS; 2 RIVULET; 3 EXTRACRICULAR; 4 TORTI; 5 RHEUMATIC; 6 RUSSIAN DRESSING; 7 ONAGERS; 8 FEDERAL RESERVE; 14 STOUTNESS; 17 BLOSSOM; 19 TUTION.

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in the May 17 NATION

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# TEST CASE FOR THE HISTORY BOOKS

## THE FACTS

Three months ago, seven people in Cleveland, Ohio, were sentenced to 18 months imprisonment and \$2500 fines for "conspiring" to file false affidavits with the National Labor Relations Board under the Taft-Hartley Law. The case is now on appeal.

Tried together were trade union leaders who are not Communists along with present and former Communist Party officials.

Only two defendants had themselves signed non-Communist Taft-Hartley affidavits. Fred and Marie Haug, parents of an eight-year-old girl, are a husband

and wife team long active in Ohio labor. Fred Haug was a leader in UE, later a Mine Mill member. Marie Reed Haug, a Vassar Phi Beta Kappa, was one of the few women in labor leadership, and a National Committee member of the Progressive Party.

The other defendants include: Eric Reinthaler, machinist apprentice and rank-and-file union leader; Hyman Lumer, former college professor, now a national officer of the Communist Party; and former Ohio Communist officials Sam Reed and James West.

In many ways the prosecution case was typical of previous mass thought-control trials, with book quotations and

professional informers. Appeals to prejudice and hysterical covered up for the lack of corroborated evidence, and for the fact the chief informer was directly contradicted by Marie Haug during her three days on the witness stand.

*But the new techniques used at the trial held more significance. Normal trade union activities were made conspiratorial. Participation in the Progressive Party and in Negro rights groups was adduced as evidence of Communist membership. The prosecution claimed a person, to prove himself not a Communist, must "come over to the side of law and order" and become an informer.*

## THE SIGNIFICANCE

The Cleveland Taft-Hartley Conspiracy Case is a new device.

For the first time in history, the age-old tyrannical doctrine of conspiracy, based on guilt by association, hearsay evidence, and denial of normal constitutional protections, has been applied to the anti-labor Taft-Hartley Law.

The non-Communist oath provisions of Taft-Hartley have been scored by labor and liberal groups as contrary to the free speech guarantees of the First Amendment.

Now the new Conspiracy-Taft-Hartley combination can be used to destroy independent-minded labor leaders, and at the same time substitute for the Smith Act, badly blunted by recent Supreme Court decisions. *THE PROSECUTION HAS ANNOUNCED THAT CLEVELAND IS A TEST CASE, WITH INDICTMENTS PREPARED IN SIX MORE CITIES.*

Small wonder, then, that a prominent Ohio labor leader calls this case "the most serious erosion of basic union rights since 1840"—and one of California's leading civil liberties attorneys calls it "the most important case before the nation today."

## THE ISSUES

HISTORY BOOKS OF THE FUTURE WILL RECORD THIS CASE AS AN IMPORTANT LANDMARK IN THE STATUS OF LABOR RIGHTS, POLITICAL RIGHTS, AND LOYALTY OATHS IN AMERICA. APPEAL ISSUES INCLUDE:

★ The entire concept of conspiracy, based as it is on gossip and hearsay, will be under review. Broadened in a manner never before attempted to include labor, Progressive Party and Negro rights activities, these extensions of this dangerous device will become legal precedents, with limitless destructive possibilities, unless the Appeals Court reversed the lower court decisions.

★ The requirement of more than one witness to prove perjury was by-passed and uncorroborated testimony of informers was permitted. Hundreds of thousands of labor leaders, school teachers, small business men, government employees, unemployed workers, must file sworn statements with government agencies. Unless the appeal is won, all these are open to persecution for their ideas, by one person's testimony.

★ Civil libertarians were heartened last year by the Supreme Court's Jencks decision, requiring that relevant FBI reports be made available to defendants. In Cleveland the lower court refused to follow the Supreme Court ruling, and even interpreted very narrowly the later law on this subject. The appeal will determine whether the constitutional landmark of the Jencks decision is to stand.

WE, the undersigned, who participated in the national leadership of the Progressive Party, are greatly concerned. Funds for the appeal are needed at once. Printing of the court records, and the cost of an effective legal fight will run to many thousands of dollars.

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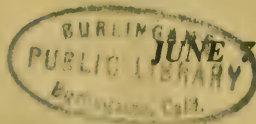
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# THE NATION



JUNE 7, 1958 . . 25c

*A Scientist's View:*

## ON KEEPING UP WITH the RUSSIANS

*by Donald J. Hughes*

*Drift to Fantasy:*

## DISNEYLAND And LAS VEGAS

*by Julian Halevy*

## THE CHINA BOYCOTT HOAX

*by Malcolm W. Boyd*



# LETTERS

## Warning to Massu

*Dear Sirs:* The seditious generals have seized power in Algeria. They have done it with disdain for all constitutional rights and all human dignity. For this coup, they made use of paratroops that Brigadier General Massu commands. Since the Indo-Chinese War, these troops have acquired the worst possible reputation, matched only by the reputation of certain bitterly remembered Nazi troops.

The dissident generals use the paratroops like a Praetorian guard. General Massu's battalions are in charge of arrests and the administration of the third degree—a torture process the like of which is unheard of in civilized nations. They are also in charge of the prisons.

*And this is the main point that deserves immediate attention.*

The general's seizure of power has destroyed all the tottering judicial apparatus which was the last doubtful hope of the scores of men and women now in Algerian jails. We know that the generals ordered their troops, and permitted mobs, to sack the palace of the General Government; we have every reason to fear that this sacking has led to the disappearance of the files of all people held in prison.

We have the right to ask ourselves whether or not this was all part of a premeditated plan: first, to destroy all traces of the prisoners, and then to liquidate them when the chance arises.

The tragic cases of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, Professor Mandouze, Doctor Cheriff Zahar, Henri Alleg and many others serve as warnings which world opinion cannot ignore. Shall we abandon defenseless men and women to these soldiers of fortune? There is no point in discussing now whether these people are rightfully or wrongfully detained. There is only the extreme urgency of preventing these people from being delivered to the sanguinary madness of the extremist civilian and military authorities in Algeria.

If certain sections of world public opinion have been puzzled by the spectacle of Moslems in Algiers shouting "*Vive de Gaulle*" and singing the "*Marseillaise*," an analogy comes readily to mind: the Ku Klux Klan taking over in the South and the Negro population acclaiming the Klansmen as liberators. Such a demonstration could only be construed as an act of self-defense, prompted by the fear of those in power.

Because of these facts, we must con-

sider Massu responsible for the lives of the Moslems and Europeans who are today in Algeria. Honest men of good will must warn him that he will pay for all atrocities.

JACQUES R. SAVIGNY

New York City

## A Class of Apologists

*Dear Sirs:* "The Class of '58 Speaks Up" in your issue of May 17 develops into nothing more than four students apologizing for their silence, their mental conformity and their state of tranquillity. Why do they apologize? What function do these apologetics play? Had these seniors attempted to get an education during the past four years they would not be writing such confused and defensive gibberish! Instead of apologizing for their college years, why didn't they do something about the firing of that pacifist professor who had been outspoken in urging the cessation of nuclear testing by all nations? Why didn't they make an effort to oust from the American campus the military oriented ROTC, NROTC or AFROTC programs? Instead of apologizing, why didn't they incite some opposition to the hundred and one varieties of loyalty oaths they will be signing when they go to work after graduation?

Two of the seniors contend that they have not been silent. But the point is that they have not been silent somewhat like the Sophists of first-century Rome were not silent. They talked and orated quite enough, but only on fictional topics, always very careful to avoid real issues such as government restrictions and policies.

Stop apologizing, Senior '58, and start asserting yourself: you have nothing to lose but your sports car and your draft deferment.

HAIG BOSMAJIAN

Menlo Park, Calif.

## "Put Money in My Purse"

*Dear Sirs:* We are now engaged in a campaign to determine whether a public theatre dedicated to the principle of free admissions can long endure. For the past three years, the New York Shakespeare Festival has presented the plays of Shakespeare without charge. The critical and public response has been magnificent.

Though most of the financing has come through grants and audience donations, a public theatre of necessity must be based on support from the city. We have advanced to Mayor Wagner the

principle of matching funds where the city and the community share equally. The public library functions in a similar way.

This summer we are scheduled to open in Central Park on July 2 with a production of *Othello*. At this writing we have raised \$15,000—enough to operate for about two weeks. Since the city administration has not yet come around to thinking that it should share in the responsibility of operating costs, we find it necessary to turn to the public for help. I appeal to the readers of *The Nation* and their friends to contribute to the New York Shakespeare Festival. All donations are tax deductible.

JOSEPH PAPP

Producer, N.Y. Shakespeare Festival  
1230 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 29, N.Y.

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## EDITORIALS

### Beat the Drums Slowly

Believers in democracy, in any of its variant forms, must view the events in France with the most profound misgivings. For all the weaknesses of the Fourth Republic, never more clearly revealed than in the confusion of the past two weeks, its demise could be a defeat which bears more resemblances than differences to the disintegration of the Weimar Republic a quarter of a century ago. The consequences may not be as catastrophic, but the thought cannot be dismissed: if democracy cannot survive in France, is it safe anywhere?

De Gaulle is no Hitler. He is no Boulanger. But he is no Clemenceau, either—the young Clemenceau who was a Dreyfusard, an anti-militarist and a fighting republican. The fact is that a republican government of a sort has been set aside by the army, that a revolution, however camouflaged, seemed at this writing on the verge of triumph—and it is a revolution from the Right. The reality behind the façade is military dictatorship. And if need be it will be a bloody dictatorship.

De Gaulle is said to intend to assume power for only a limited period. If so, who will come after him? The strong-man medicine tends to become habit-forming, with larger and larger doses required at each stage.

Nor would the accession of the military mystic, whose past success in the art of government has been less than impressive, go to the heart of the matter. The immediate factor that brought on the present crisis is, of course, the Algerian War. It could bring down de Gaulle in his turn. He has disclosed no solution and in all probability has none to disclose. Jacques Soustelle says, "Let each of us be French like all the rest, with the same rights and duties." But it would be a miracle, at this late date, if the Algerian leaders should accept "integration" in lieu of independence, although it has always been possible that France might maintain close ties with a North African federation which would include Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. When the devil is sick, the devil a saint would be; in a moment of crisis the Army and the *colons* embrace the startled Moslems, but will their emotion survive the dancing in the

streets? And how long can the Moslems—"docile but hardly enthusiastic"—put up with this dubious ardor?

It may turn out to be one of the major ironies of the postwar period that the patriot who did so much to defeat the gravediggers of French democracy in World War II should open the door to their successors.

### Eighteen Million Unemployed

When is a man employed? By any sane economic and ethical standard, when he is performing services or producing goods which benefit society. By that criterion we shall have eighteen million unemployed by June.

According to the latest figures, 5.1 million were officially unemployed in April. According to the Secretary of Labor, a 20 per cent rise in unemployment is normal between April and June. If this pattern is followed, we shall have six million acknowledged unemployed by the middle of the year.

But three million men are in uniform. However exemplary their services, from an economic standpoint they are producing nothing unless it be insecurity, for in the present state of technology the best that any military force can claim is that it is keeping a balance of terror. The same holds for the nine million or more civilians now engaged in production for the military.

$6+3+9=18$ . Of course, one can argue that since twelve million of these receive wages, they are gainfully employed and things are not as bad as here set forth. One can also argue that stones are bread. The fact that men and communities beg for military business to alleviate the only form of unemployment they recognize only shows how our values have been distorted and how supinely we accept the distortion.

### Murphy's Law

On May 22, a Nike Ajax missile accidentally exploded, detonating seven others and killing ten persons. The Army hastened to reassure residents of nearby Middletown, N.J., that the blast had not been a nuclear one; fortunately the 526th A.A.A. Missile Battalion, on whose grounds the explosion occurred, had not yet been "accommodated" with the more advanced Hercules



missile with its atomic warhead. On March 11, an aircraft accidentally dropped an atom bomb on a farm near Florence, S.C. At that time, too, the Air Force was quick to announce, "It wasn't loaded." The civilian masses must begin to wonder how close the military game of "mass destruction" parallels the play of small boys with firearms whose fatal accidents always occur from guns that "weren't loaded."

The Strategic Air Command proudly boasts that one-third of its planes are "runway alert" at all times and another portion is constantly aloft to insure that we won't be caught, as at Pearl Harbor, "with our planes down." And General Thomas S. Power assures us: "They are not carrying swords or bows and arrows." Each day the sword of Damocles hangs lower as we continue building launching sites and missile ships geared to "instant retaliation."

We must awaken to the immediate peril of accidental destruction at the hands of our own defenses. There is an old military maxim known as Murphy's Law which asserts that wherever there is a bolt to be turned, someday there will be someone to turn it the wrong way. As men will err, and as we cannot expect each soldier, sailor and airman to be superhuman, we must take the machine from their hands. Or one day Murphy's Law will be applied and the nightmare of Vincent Meyers will become reality. Mr. Meyers, who lives on Sleepy Hollow Road in Middletown near the Nike base, said, "I thought the whole world was going up."

## The Rewards of Neutrality

The second thoughts of Mr. Dulles are frequently better than his first, which, to be sure, is faint praise. In the case of the Indonesian rebellion, however, the Secretary seems to have steered a prudent course. Possibly, in the later stages, he was influenced by the anti-American feeling which burst about the head of Vice President and Mrs. Nixon in South America. Whoever and whatever we owe it to, in the Indonesian situation our diplomatic performance has been above our recent average.

At first, Mr. Dulles made no secret of his sympathy with the rebels who, being anti-Communist, appealed to his lifelong predilections. Even so, he was temperate in his remarks. He did not crack down on Syngman Rhee and the Chinese Nationalists when they announced their intention to intervene on the side of the rebels, but there is nothing to indicate that the American pilots who flew missions against the Jakarta Government did so with State Department sanction. (They probably knew the State Department would have no violent objection.)

When an American pilot flying a B-26 was shot down while attacking an Indonesian Government flotilla on May 18, Mr. Dulles' prudence was rewarded. A few

days later, without embarrassment, he was able to announce some small concessions to the Jakarta regime, including approval of the sale of about \$15,000 worth of small arms and almost \$1 million of automotive and civil-aircraft spare parts. For his part, President Sukarno appears to have cooled in his affection for the Indonesian Communists. The general tendency in this area appears to be away from heavy-handed diplomacy—perhaps a good pattern to follow elsewhere.

## Alaska and the West

As we go to press, it would seem that statehood for Alaska has a better than even chance of winning approval in the Senate after approval by the House. State-side, the public in general has long favored statehood, but the sentiment has been too diffuse to be effective. However, recent political developments seem to have provided the dynamic that has been lacking. Both parties, of course, are on record in favor; nevertheless, the parties' Congressional leaders have been reluctant to disturb the balance of Congressional "blocs" which are the source of their power. In particular, the Southern bloc is in opposition, since it fears that the admission of Alaska, and later Hawaii, would dilute its strength. But the South has lost much of its power of maneuver; since it cannot support the Republicans, it cannot threaten the Democrats. This development, of course, has enhanced the importance of the West in the eyes of both parties. And in the West, statehood for Alaska is a popular issue, for it would add to its own Congressional strength while diluting that of the South. It is not surprising, therefore, that Secretary of the Interior Fred S. Seaton, who has the support of the President and Mr. Nixon if not that of Messrs. Martin, Halleck and Arends, is pushing hard for statehood, or that Senator Frank Church, who is leading the fight for the Democrats, should speak with a new confidence on the issue when addressing the Dixiecrats. For the first time in years, a combination is shaping up which can win for Alaska its long-sought statehood.

## The Diplomacy of Friendship

It is only within the last few months, certainly within the last year, that we have realized what a hole has been breached in the Iron Curtain. The broad-faced, beaming countenances of Russian visitors greet us almost daily from our morning papers and it has been some time now since recently returned explorers of Moscow or the Black Sea resorts have been a great novelty with us. The exchange has not yet risen to a flood, but it is much too great to be called a trickle, and it is very likely to grow.

The United States has recently taken a sensible step toward increasing this intercourse. At present, a third of the USSR is closed to foreign eyes, and in America



is some evidence of a change in Soviet thinking in this connection. The leaders appear to realize that their own system does not advance basic research, and they seem to be making efforts to correct the system. My own opinion is that the difficulties go so deeply into the fundamental structure of Soviet society that it would be impossible for Soviet science to gain the freedom of research so necessary to progress without a change in government more deep-seated than we can anticipate for decades.

When we understand the way in which the Soviet system can put enormous resources into a single definite objective, the futility of trying to out-do the Soviets on their chosen grounds quickly becomes apparent. We do not need to "keep up with the Russians" in this sense; it is a matter of maintaining the lead we now hold in the overall scientific effort. The great advantage of our system is that because of the free interplay of competitive minds, many fields are covered, and covered well. We thus have available the basic information, and the people who understand it, so that we can push ahead on the development level in whatever field may turn out to be important in the future.

The conclusion that we should follow our own indigenous program and not attempt to out-do the Russians at every point seems logical enough. Nevertheless, the tendency to imitate the Russians remains powerful. A recent example concerns the Soviet All-Union Institute of Scientific Information. When I was in Moscow last July, I was told in detail by Director Shikanov about the 20,000 scientists throughout the Soviet Union who participated in the activities of the institute by preparing abstracts from articles in technical journals printed all over the world. About 2,300 employees at the institute itself kept track of these abstracts and made them available to scientists. At a moment's notice, Mr. Shikanov claimed, a scientist could ask for an article appearing in *Laboratory of the world's technical journal* and in a few days a photostatic copy would be sent to him. In order as an in

to show how efficient the service was, Shikanov offered to get me copies of any articles that I desired, but unfortunately I was about to leave the country and had to decline the invitation.

BUT NOW comes the important point: the United States has no such magnificent, centralized, technical information service. The immediate reaction in some quarters here is that we should have an institute of the same type as the Soviet Institute, but even larger. But the more general opinion, though perhaps more subdued, is that what is appropriate for the Soviet Union is not necessarily appropriate for the United States. In this country, many of the professional societies already do abstracting and translation of technical articles, not by full-time employees but by experts in the field *who are interested in the subject itself*. It follows that the American Chemical Society is better able to do abstracting of chemical articles than a centralized service in Washington manned by people who are not experts in any particular field.

Last January, at hearings of the House Subcommittee on Flow of Information, with John Moss of California as chairman, the whole question of the advisability of a centralized information and translation institute for the United States was examined. The active scientists who testified recommended that existing organizations be supported to handle the mounting load of technical material, and that the govern-

ment supply not a national institute, but various centralized services, such as printing and distribution. It was pointed out that there were more important things than imitating the Soviet Union that could be done now in the United States—things specific to our needs that would help the flow of scientific information and thus advance science in the manner in which it operates best in a democracy.

For instance, there was the problem of over-compartmentalization and secrecy and their stifling effects. Examples were given of the way in which various branches of government translate unclassified Russian technical journals from Russian into English, but then withhold the translations as secret. In one case, a monograph by Soviet scientists on acoustics had been translated at least seven times in as many government offices, each unknown to the other; several of the translations had been locked up as secret reports.

THE SEPARATE classification systems maintained by different branches of government were also criticized severely. Material which is considered unclassified by some agencies is classified by others. For example, at times the results of measurements that I make at my laboratory are unclassified according to the Atomic Energy Commission, but are considered secret by the particular branch of the Defense Department using the data. As I told the subcommittee, this confusion results in long delays in discussion of the work and in utilization of the results. There are many cases in which time is lost simply because scientists in different government agencies, each agency with its own type of security classification, are not allowed to discuss the results of their work freely. A single system of classification is obviously needed; it would speed research and reduce expensive duplication.

Although the flow of information is just one aspect of the problem of advancing science in the United States, it is of ever-increasing importance. And the problem illustrates the principle of non-imitation; the solution lies not in imitating a





dictatorially-organized system, but in finding the right way in which to do things in a democracy. Essentially, the present East-West competition is not merely of missiles or atomic power or fusion; it is a competition between dictatorship and democracy. It is a competition not only in science or weapons, but in every aspect of life. We will best show the superiority we believe is inherent in democracy by pursuing a democratic, balanced program, rather than by blindly imitating Soviet accomplishments in specific fields.

And if the accomplishments of democracy are shown to be superior in this way, a reverse phenomenon

may occur; the Soviets, by imitating us, may in the process become more democratic. Any activities that widen the cracks in the iron curtain will foster this process and should be encouraged with maximum effort. The Geneva Atoms for Peace meeting of 1955, for example, created an opening; the contacts thus established have continued to grow (my own visit to the Soviet Union resulted directly from the Geneva meeting). At the present time, plans are going ahead rapidly for Geneva II, to be held in September of this year. This conference promises to be about twice as large as Geneva I, and again it will supply an opportunity for contacts between

scientists of the East and West, in which democracy again will have a chance to display its values.

Other similar activities, already in progress or possible in the near future, can help to lift the curtain. One is the International Geophysical Year; another would be an internationally-policed ban on H-bomb testing and, possibly, on production as well. If we devote ourselves to these accomplishments, rather than waiting in jittery anxiety for the Soviet's next move in order, slavishly, to imitate it, we will no longer need to fear the future. We will know that progress is being made toward world peace rather than world destruction.

## DISNEYLAND and LAS VEGAS . . by Julian Halevy

THIS IS WRITTEN in Mexico, my home in recent years. I've just returned from a visit to the United States, and am now once more enjoying the taste of unfrozen orange juice and fresh fish, conversations lasting four or five hours in which all sorts of cabbages and kings are discussed, meetings with friends where no one asks if I watched TV last night to see Mickey Rooney do Oedipus Rex on the Benign Cancer-Producing Cigarette *Walpurgisnacht* Spectacular. Now I feel myself once again reassured of my personal identity and critical faculties to the point where this article, which I have been trying vainly to write from within the revolving U.S. Barrel of Fun, comes to my typewriter as easily as a remembered dream being noted down for the psychiatrist.

Perhaps, as I'd been advised to do, I should have taken a child along when I visited Disneyland, but I'm glad I didn't. For one thing, most of the visitors were grownups, in the sense that President Truman and the Prince of Saudi Arabia are grown-up, and I was able to pass more easily, although I never did get over

the feeling that I was being watched. Too, I didn't have to temper my revulsion to the place with middle-of-the-road thoughts that anything giving pleasure to a child can't be altogether bad. My companion on the expedition was a woman with vitality and good taste, capable of feeling, a good friend of the kind you want beside you when you're in a tight spot. I must report that she was somewhat disturbed by the experience: she didn't have a plane reservation in her pocket, as I did. She was going to have to stay in Los Angeles, which is a suburb of Disneyland, and the prospect was frightening.

THE AMUSEMENT park advertised throughout the world as Disneyland is a collection of Midway rides, concessions, hot-dog stands and soft drink counters, peep-shows and advertising stunts for big corporations, neatly laid out on several hundred flat acres twenty minutes' drive on a super-highway from downtown Los Angeles or a few minutes flight by direct, scheduled helicopter service from the Los Angeles International Airport.

For the convenience of pilgrims who have traveled considerable distances and who don't want to be

distracted from the main purpose of their visit, there is a large hotel on the grounds; and, if one can believe the billboards, it's possible to relax there in a luxurious hotel atmosphere, where formal attire is unnecessary, while enjoying an extended visit. There is a limit to how much punishment even the most devout Disneyite can absorb in one day.

The huge park is laid out in several sections radiating from a center, a city plan also used to good effect in Washington, D.C., and Paris. Each section has a national character or *leitmotif* and an appropriate title: Frontierland, Tomorrowland, Adventureland, Wonderland and so on.

Frontierland features the Old West: mine train, a ride on a Mississippi-type riverboat around Tom Sawyer's Island, an authentic movie saloon where a moustachioed bartender informed me that "no alcoholic beverages are served in Disneyland," a diorama of the Grand Canyon, shooting galleries, horse cars, cowboys, Indians and stuffed, motorized animals.

Tomorrowland offers rocket-ship rides to the moon, a plastic House of the Future advertising Monsanto, a 360-degree motion-picture exhibit belonging to General Motors, and a wide variety of jet-plane and space-

JULIAN HALEVY is a screen writer and novelist. His latest book is *The Young Lovers*.



ship rides. The Wonderland pitch uses gimmicks from Disney movies: Snow White's Castle, Mr. Toad's Scooter Ride, The Seven Dwarfs' Souvenir Shop; Gepetto's Toys.

We got off a model train at Adventureland, passed through an Oriental Bazaar, and boarded a river launch that, for fifty cents, took us up country into darkest Disneyland on a seven-minute voyage. The pilot of our crowded little craft pointed out dangers and assuaged our fears over a public-address system which he handled very competently with one hand while brandishing a pistol with the other. He steered, incidentally, with his elbows, which was less foolhardy than it might seem, because the launch was towed on an endless underwater belt. We passed a temple full of sacred jewels, guarded by stuffed crocodiles which attacked us on whirring wheels, a tribe of headhunters brandishing assegais and shrunken heads, and a whole slew of stuffed, mechanized gorillas, cannibals and elephants, all intent on doing us bodily harm. We had some pretty close calls, but the pilot was a crack shot from Central Casting, and he placed noisy bullets between the eyes of anything or anybody that threatened us. Given to sage observations, he remarked over the P. A. system, after coolly despatching a monster crocodile that had poked its rubber snout against the side of the boat, "You can't trust those fellows!"

As in the Disney movies, the whole world, the universe, and all man's striving for dominion over self and nature, have been reduced to a sickening blend of cheap formulas packaged to sell. Romance, Adventure, Fantasy, Science are ballyhooed and marketed: life is bright-colored, clean, cute, titivating, safe, mediocre, inoffensive to the lowest common denominator, and somehow poignantly inhuman. The mythology glorified in TV and Hollywood's B films has been given too solid flesh. By some Gresham's law of bad art driving out good, the whole of Southern California and the nation indivisible is affected. The invitation and challenge of real living is abandoned. It doesn't sell tickets. It's dangerous and offensive. Give 'em

mumbo-jumbo. One feels our whole mass culture heading up the dark river to the source—that heart of darkness where Mr. Disney traffics in pastel-trinketed evil for gold and ivory.

But the overwhelming feeling that one carries away is sadness for the empty lives which accept such tawdry substitutes. On the river boat, I heard a woman exclaim glowingly to her husband, "What imagination they have!" He nodded, and the pathetic gladness that illuminated his face as a papier-maché crocodile sank beneath the muddy surface of the ditch was a grim indictment of the way of life for which this feeble sham represented escape and adventure.

LAS VEGAS IS a very different kind of place from Disneyland, although both seem to me to illustrate a growing need in the United States to escape from reality. Disneyland is total make-believe; I suspect that a lot of the customers leave it with a sense of having been oversold and underestimated, and it would surprise me if many of them keep coming back for another fling at big-game hunting, Disney style. On the other hand, Las Vegas is a habit: every Saturday night, once a month, an annual vacation—it depends on how much money the sucker has to spend and how far away he lives. The satisfactions sold in Las Vegas are subtler and more profound: they touch on the real lives, the real anxieties of the people who trek there from all over the United States and places even more distant. Las Vegas deals in the essence of the American way, narcotizes the number-one preoccupation of daily reality and nightly dream: the Almighty Buck.

A Las Vegas promotion man, in a moment of inspiration, conceived a billboard advertisement which got a big play: "Come to Las Vegas! Bring Money!" The ad implied that money, after all, is only a commodity like potatoes; it ridiculed the over-importance of money in our lives, and mischievously, entertainingly, invited us to act out the burlesque.

Las Vegas itself carries out the gospel proclaimed by the billboard.

For the duration of your visit, you wear your brain tilted. You live in a luxury world where the fact of money seems beneath notice; a world of Olympic swimming pools, hanging gardens, waitresses beautiful as movie stars, marble baths and bars a block long, air conditioning, deep carpets, royal buffets and obsequious waiters offering free drinks. The illusion is created that we are all rich, that money means nothing. It is changed into chips, which are buttons, sort of; losing them on the gaming tables can seem trivial, until the sucker gets back home and converts his losses into real things like groceries and rent.

Every hotel is designed so that all roads lead through its gambling casino, the heart of the institution. To get to the dining room, the pool, or merely from one's room to the street, one must pass by the brightly-spinning roulette wheels, the glowing green pastures of the crap tables, the corridors of slot machines pleading to be stripped of their jackpots. Shills keep the show looking busy. It seems that everyone is playing the game: to toss a handful of colored buttons on the table is easy; one does it casually, airily; for a moment one has the illusion of omnipotence. Lose, shrug, and pass on: what a wonderful relief from checking prices at the supermarket and trying to balance the check book.

IT CERTAINLY appeals to a lot of people. I saw all sorts, in Magnin originals and cotton housedresses, blue jeans and evening clothes. There was a corporation executive and his wife who had brought along their cook and houseman to share the holiday, and all four were gambling. The sight of thousands of people shedding their financial inhibitions and traditional respect for money is somewhat startling, but the most provocative, puzzling aspect of the whole spectacle was that many of the gamblers, certainly a majority of the big plungers, weren't gambling to win. To put it simply, they were throwing their money away.

This requires some explanation. Games of skill, like poker, or real games of chance, like traditional craps, are not available in the plush



casinos of the great hotels along the Strip. There is an illusion of gambling fostered and tales are told of the Man Who Broke the Bank, but it is impossible for anyone to continue playing for a considerable length of time and win. The odds are fixed for this purpose. The house takes a sizeable percentage on every turn of the card in blackjack, every spin of the roulette wheel, every throw of the dice. Incidentally, the traditional odds of craps, which favor the house only very slightly, have been altered in Las Vegas so as to increase the house percentage, and house rules prevent gamblers from playing the house side and enjoying their favored position. The slot machines, of course, are commonly and properly known as one-arm bandits. Yet the wheels keep turning, the cards continue to be flipped, the crap tables are booming, and the same suckers keep getting fleeced.

A LOT of them don't know any better, I suppose. They think they can win, despite the laws of mathematics. But there are businessmen in the crowds; sharp, hard-headed operators who figure their profits in fractions of a cent on the dollar, who buy and sell on tiny variations in the market and maintain systems of accounting far more complex than the simple arithmetic involved in figuring the house percentage in a crap game where "come" bets lose on box cars but players fading the shooter do not win.

I had a conversation with one of these businessmen that tells some-

thing, if only a small part, of the emotional factors motivating this unbusinesslike behavior. It was in the bright, blue desert morning beside the swimming pool, and during an ordinary conversation in which we chatted about our home states and occupations, my acquaintance mentioned that he had dropped about \$2,000 on this weekend trip, which brought his losses for the year to about forty grand.

"You can't win," he said, at one point, "but I like to play. I'm the kind of sucker these operators dream about. Why, at home, on a Saturday night I'll drive two hours to get to a game I know is crooked."

On another occasion, this man, who in all other respects impressed me as sane, energetic and far from self-destructive, told me, smiling ruefully, that since the end of World War II he had lost, gambling, \$300,000—profits from wartime black market deals that had been salted away in safe-deposit boxes. "It was dirty money, anyway," he said.

What he meant, I think, was not that he had strong conscience pangs about how he had earned the money, but rather that there wasn't any way he could spend it that would give him greater satisfaction than that provided by this form of throwing it away.

AS I WRITE, I am reminded of a religious practice in certain remote Mexican villages. When the parishioners are fed up with the way things have been going, they take the holy images from their place beside the altar and throw them in the lake to indicate their dissatisfaction with the ruling powers. It strikes me that there is some parallel between this primitive getting even and the behavior of the U.S. businessmen; as one of them said in my hearing about his gambling losses, "I guess I like to throw it away."

And while I'm playing with analogies among primitives, I wonder if there isn't some common human denominator linking these pilgrims to Las Vegas with those Indians who, in their potlatch ritual, insist that those individuals who have amassed a certain surplus get rid of it, either by destroying or

giving away the excess money and goods.

There is another kind of gambling at Las Vegas which contrasts markedly with the phenomenon just described. One has to hunt for it, though. In a few saloons, downtown, there are old-fashioned, frontier-style poker games, the kind of game that went on in Virginia City when Mark Twain and Bret Harte were working on the newspaper there. In these places, the house doesn't participate, merely providing the table and facilities, including a dealer who cuts the pot for a half-dollar now and again. The players are a different breed from the guilt-happy, self-destructive penitents at the Strip hotels. Men, mostly, in contrast to the hotel casinos where there seemed to be as many women players as men, these gamblers were for the most part older, more taciturn, more serious. They dressed—differently from the hotel crowd, who favored fashionable sportswear—in worn, drab suits of a cut popular ten years ago; a very few among them wore unassuming polo shirts and slacks. Calculating odds, sizing up their opponents thoughtfully, drinking coffee (if anything), they made their bets or dropped out with an individually inexpressive style that did not vary with the size of the pots which, in the games I watched, were as low as \$5 or as high as \$3,000. There was a tension in their cryptic speech and deliberate movements, drama that made the alcoholic feverishness of play in the hotels seem, in comparison, pathetic.

THERE was one odd character who intrigued me. I watched him for hours, along with several other remarkable gamblers, in a no-limit five-card stud game. He was a short, plumpish, sharp-featured man about fifty, with a loud, arrogant voice and cheap, flamboyant clothes, including a green felt Tyrolean hat with a peacock feather. A cold cigar was gripped between his teeth, and he kept relighting it with a *Flammenwerfer* lighter at tense moments in the betting. During intervals when he was sitting out a hand, a messenger brought him cards from a nearby bingo game and he marked them,





watching anxiously as the numbers were posted. His behavior irritated the other players. I'm sure he was deliberately provoking them. When they were angry, their judgment was affected, which gave him an advantage. How effective his strategy was, I do not know; but I was impressed by his style.

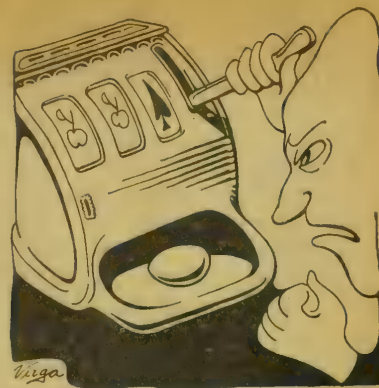
The most consistent winner, though, was a thin, leathery old man who kept a blanket wrapped around his legs. In a coldly dispassionate atmosphere, he was icily detached. I saw him call a \$500 bet with a pair of tens and win.

Whatever else you can say about that old man's line of work, it takes moxie. On the New York block where I grew up, the word meant a kind of spirited courage that we all admired. If life put a chip on its shoulder and flung a challenge, the kid who knocked it off and then danced around with his fists up in a fancy boxing stance had moxie. It's a word I haven't used much

lately. In the months since I visited Las Vegas, I've found myself, now and then, remembering that no-limit poker game and the players; if not for them, the town would have been an altogether terrible place.

I don't really believe that poker-playing is an adequate substitute for the excitement that's missing from the contemporary package of adjusted organization life. It's rather a sign that the longing for it hasn't yet been entirely channeled into fantasy outlets; and perhaps some of the other socially censured activities that are permitted to flourish in the nooks and crannies of the American Way are also symptomatic of the still-glowing spark. There must be some good reason why social delinquency is concentrated in the liveliest segment of our population, the youth.

But I'm writing about Disneyland and Las Vegas to make another point: that both these institutions exist for the relief of tension and



boredom, as tranquilizers for social anxiety, and that they both provide fantasy experiences in which not-so-secret longings are pseudo-satisfied. Their huge profits and mushrooming growth suggest that as conformity and adjustment become more rigidly imposed on the American scene, the drift to fantasy release will become a flight. So make your reservations early.

## CRAFT THREAT to the U.A.W. . . by B. J. Widick

*Detroit*  
THE NATIONAL Labor Relations Board held an extraordinary session here on May 21. For the first time since 1954, the full five-man body headed by Chairman Boyd Leedom, left Washington to conduct an on-the-spot hearing. The consequences will affect not only the current auto-labor crisis, but craft and industrial union relations throughout the country. Unprecedented also was the fact that General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and the United Auto Workers union postponed contract negotiations at a critical stage to appear side by side to make a joint plea before the board. What united these bargaining opponents in common cause at this stage of their acrimonious negotiations were the ninety-

three petitions of five craft unions before the NLRB demanding elections to determine collective bargaining rights for over 12,000 skilled workers currently covered by U.A.W. representation and contracts. A week earlier, Regional NLRB Director Thomas Roumell had dismissed thirty-four petitions covering 5,000 skilled workers at Ford and Chrysler. The board had to review this action and also consider fifty-nine additional petitions covering 7,000 General Motors workers.

Until a determination has been made by the NLRB as to who represents the rebelling skilled workers, the Big Three car manufacturers and the U.A.W. cannot conclude new contracts to replace those which expired last weekend.

The five craft unions arrayed against the temporary united front of the auto industry and the U.A.W. are the Society of Skilled Trades, the American Federation of Skilled Crafts, the Operating Engineers

(AFL-CIO), the Pattern Makers League and the Society of Tool and Die Craftsmen. The lead-off witness at the jam-packed May 21 hearing was Walter Reuther, who argued that it was in the best interests of the nation, the auto industry and the skilled workers themselves to be represented by one union. He pointed out that a single bargaining unit such as the U.A.W. provides mobility in using skilled manpower which would be impossible if employees were divided into air-tight craft compartments; he argued further that the creation of separate craft unions would force the industry to spend six months on production and six months on model change-overs. He reminded the NLRB that during World War II it was the ability of the U.A.W. to upgrade production workers to semi-skilled and skilled classifications that enabled Detroit to become the arsenal of democracy. Reuther also outlined the U.A.W. machinery un-

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der which skilled workers are allowed to decide their own supplementary contract, and pointed out that they have their own bargaining procedure and are represented in all top-level negotiations with the corporations.

Attorneys for G.M., Ford and Chrysler, arguing along similar lines, warned the board that the introduction of craft unionism into the auto industry would spread confusion inside their plants and create the frightening prospect of jurisdictional warfare.

Attorney Louis S. Belkin, counsel for the International Union of Operating Engineers, presented the typical case for the craft unions:

The important thing before this board is self-determination of the skilled workers, which is being frustrated by the combined efforts of the U.A.W. and the auto industry. . . . If you reduce craftsmen to the least common denominator in every plant you will stifle and destroy their imagination and initiative. You will accomplish the very things the Russians are trying to do. It looks to me like the U.A.W. is running scared. There is a spreading revolt in their ranks and they are trying to stop the small craft unions from holding free elections to determine their desired bargaining representatives.

Philip R. Rodgers, one of the NLRB board members, astonished the U.A.W. and the auto industry by challenging the U.A.W.'s theory of single representation:

Development of the C.I.O. could have been blocked if this doctrine of not permitting new unions in an integrated industry had been in effect at that time. Not all workers have to join the C.I.O. to get union representation. They have the right to achieve it by other means. . . . [The U.A.W.] arguments were heard at the time of the Taft-Hartley law's passage and Congress rejected them, saying workers have the right to determine their representation. This board must look at the law.

His argument was loudly applauded by most of the 200 spectators, obviously members of the interested craft unions.

In terms of basic policy, the NLRB must determine whether the so-called National Tube doctrine applies to the auto industry. In

1948, the NLRB ruled that the National Tube Corporation (producing steel products) has single representation because of the integrated character of its production. This ruling has been extended, during the ensuing six years, to the aluminum, logging and wet-milling industries. Basic is the question of whether the auto industry is an integrated unit; the craft unions insist that the 120 auto and parts plants do not fit in that category.

The NLRB indicated it would render its decision before June 1, so that the industry, the U.A.W. and the craft unions would know how to proceed on their contract negotiations. Expectations were that the National Tube doctrine would apply and that the craft unions would be ruled out. In that event the decision is expected to be appealed as far as the Supreme Court.

WHATEVER the NLRB's decision, it will by no means fully solve the problem of the revolt of the skilled trades. If the decision favors the U.A.W., the effect will be simply to channel the craft workers' unrest and dissatisfaction within the framework of the U.A.W. Both the big union and the auto industry are confronted with an emergency which till very recently was largely underestimated. The problem is better understood by recalling briefly what provoked the skilled-trades revolt in the first place. Historically, there can be no question that skilled workers played an important role in the building of the U.A.W. In 1939, for example, in the famous strategy strike among the G.M. tool and die workers, Walter Reuther was able to defeat the attempts of the corporation to recognize the splinter Homer Martin A.F. of L. union. During and after the post-war years, skilled workers shared in all the U.A.W. struggles, including the establishment of pensions, insurance and hospitalization benefits, as well as wage increases.

Many skilled workers were so accustomed to overtime work and a higher standard of living than production workers that a return to a forty-hour week (less in some plants) became a source of dissatisfaction.

When the 1955 contracts — which included the modified guaranteed annual wage plan known as supplemental unemployment benefits — were negotiated, the skilled workers, who never expected that they might be laid off, felt that they had been neglected. The 5 cents per hour per employee going into the SUB fund appeared to them a subsidization of the production workers by the skilled workers. There were wildcat strikes at Ford, G.M. and Chrysler plants in protest over the contract. At that time, the top U.A.W. leadership did not fully grasp the extent of the discontent among the skilled workers.

A source of further irritation to the skilled men was the fact that U.A.W. at the time lacked satisfactory provision for skilled-trades representation in bargaining. As a matter of fact, the U.A.W. international executive board bluntly rejected the demands of the tool and die councils, which are part of the U.A.W. structure, for a revision of their bargaining representation, and even suppressed the Wayne County Tool and Die Council newspaper which was spearheading the campaign.

The formation of a new group called the Society of Skilled Trades among U.A.W. skilled workers was considered a temporary aberration. However, this development added pressure to the campaign within the union, and the April, 1957, convention of the U.A.W., after considerable debate, made constitutional changes guaranteeing skilled workers ample bargaining protection and procedures. The guerrilla warfare that the Society of Skilled Trades and other craft unions had begun to use against the U.A.W. was then felt to be under control. But the craft unions' appeals and promises ultimately led 12,000 workers in auto plants to sign petitions to be represented by the five groups who are now arguing their case before the NLRB.

THE STRATEGIC role played by the skilled workers, and their own understanding of it, can hardly be overemphasized. Nor can their determination not to be identified with the lowly production worker be ignored. In an integrated industry



like autos, where tool and die men, machine repairmen, cutter grinders and others are vital to a continuous operation of the assembly lines, these few workers have the ability to shut down a plant at almost a moment's notice. The model change-over period of the auto industry can be held up completely by simply shutting down key tool and die shops where the jigs, dies and fixtures for the forthcoming model are being prepared in advance.

In the past two years there has been some evidence that the auto companies at first tolerated, if they did not actually encourage, the tendency of the skilled workers to maintain themselves apart from U.A.W. production workers. This attitude was motivated by management's desire to reduce the effective power of Walter Reuther and the U.A.W. The current stand of the auto companies suggests that they have learned their lesson quickly, and that they are now in fear of the prospect of negotiating with a host of different unions.

Added to the difficulties inherent in this situation was the kind of newspaper and radio coverage given the one-day NLRB hearing. Headlines like "U.A.W. and Big Three Gang Up on Skilled Workers" have accentuated suspicions and feelings of persecution among skilled workers. Even if the U.A.W. retains its bargaining rights, it will have the problem of securing a wage package ac-

ceptable to these dissidents. Skilled workers under the U.A.W. bargaining procedure have the right to reject their own contract, and this action could lead to a strike action by them, desired by neither the U.A.W. nor the industry in the current situation. As a result, the price of peace or of a temporary truce with the skilled workers has risen for the auto companies.

The feeling of many skilled workers that they will have been forced to remain in the U.A.W. by NLRB fiat is one that will not easily disappear, and they will likely remain a permanent source of dissidence, a new feature in the internal life of the U.A.W.

Relations between the craft unions and the former C.I.O. unions generally within the AFL-CIO are bound to deteriorate as a result of



a decision of the NLRB favoring the U.A.W. It is probable that the U.A.W. leadership has learned the need for being more sensitive to the needs and feelings of the workers it represents; the gains that it may win for the skilled trades this year should begin to mitigate the antagonisms that now exist.

HOWEVER, a new dilemma presents itself. It remains to be seen whether the production workers will be satisfied with the minimum gains that are indicated for them in current negotiations with the Big Three, especially in view of the fact that the skilled workers will be given a proportionately greater share of money gains. The very democratic structure and operation of the U.A.W. gives this question an urgency not found in other unions, where the rank and file does not actively intervene in union affairs and negotiations. Turmoil within the U.A.W. is not likely to subside easily even when it has signed new contracts with the Big Three.

In the final analysis, what the labor movement is witnessing is a new stress on the concept of industrial unionism and its ability to represent all workers within a given plant, and it is fortunate that a re-examination of this basic theory takes place in the U.A.W., whose tradition of rank-and-file democracy makes it the best social laboratory in which to test this new challenge.

## THE CHINA BOYCOTT HOAX... by Malcolm W. Boyd

*San Francisco*  
THE AMERICAN people and their government have been so busy trying to out-sputnik Russia during the past year that they have tended to overlook some of the vital areas here on earth where the future of their country, and perhaps of mankind,

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will be decided for the next century or so. Probably the most important of these is the China Mainland, formerly known as just plain China.

The United States, as everybody knows, ignores the existence of this large, strategic plot of ground, its government and the 600,000,000 people who live thereon. What everybody does not know, however, is that our allies throughout the world not only do not agree with our sulk policies regarding China, but that they have reduced our embargo poli-

cies aimed at China to a shambles.

There is no reason why the United States Government could not and should not keep its citizens informed about our allies' trade with our avowed enemy, Red China. Obviously, this trade is no secret to the Chinese. Washington withholds the facts simply because it wants to conceal from the American people the total bankruptcy of our entire Asian policy, of which our Red China policy is the cornerstone.

President Eisenhower himself has

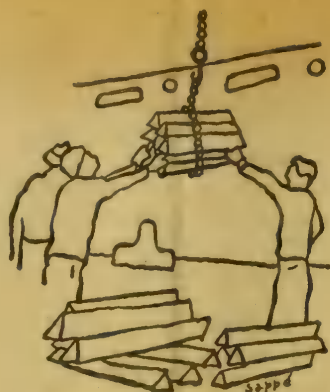


said that he does not believe our boycott of China is a tenable long-range stratagem. Unfortunately, he has abdicated the conduct of American diplomacy to the Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles. The Secretary, a very moral man, has declared that the United States will neither recognize Red China, nor trade with her. But the British, Japanese, West Germans, Scandinavians, Dutch, French, Turks, Canadians, Australians and just about all our other friends in the world feel differently. They are intent on trading with Red China whether we like it or not; and unable to stop the tide, we have "graciously" given their trade our blessing.

Somehow this passes for statecraft in Washington. But on the West Coast, where people know that China does indeed exist over the Western horizon and is not a figment of Marco Polo's imagination, the Dulles China policy seems arrant nonsense. Every week, for instance, residents of Seattle are treated to the spectacle of ships sailing through Puget Sound (just north of the U.S. border, of course) en route to China with grain from British Columbia. Washington State has elevators bursting with grain from the fertile Palouse country, but in the name of all that is right and holy, Mr. Dulles sees to it that this American grain does not go to Red China. Instead, he lets the Canadians get the business.

IF OUR China embargo is so toothless that even the Canadians largely disregard it, one can imagine how puny it must seem in Europe. Last year *Pacific Shipper*, a weekly ocean-traffic magazine which circulates throughout the steamship and foreign-trade industries of the Western United States and Canada, made some inquiries into the extent of European and Japanese trade with Red China. The United States Government never did reveal actual trade figures, but the San Francisco-based magazine managed to secure some U.S. Naval Intelligence figures on ships calling at Red Chinese ports during the month of March, 1956.

The figures showed that during that month alone some 183 vessels, totaling 1,130,560 gross registered



tons, and all registered to nations of the so-called "Free World," were engaged in trade with Communist China. About half the ships were of British registry, 15 per cent Japanese, and the rest about evenly divided among Norway, Holland, Denmark, West Germany, France, Sweden, Finland, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Pakistan and Italy. (Yugoslavia, like Spain, is regarded in Washington as part of the "Free World.")

The ships were not owned by mysterious Balkans either, but were flying the house flags of some of the world's largest and most reputable steamship companies: East Asiatic Company, Hamburg-America Line, British India Steam Navigation Co., Ltd., Bank Line, Blue Funnel Line, N.Y.K. Line, Yamashita Line, Butterfield & Swire, Dodwell & Co., Ltd., P & O Line, Swedish East Asia Co., Ltd., and the great French firm, Messageries Maritimes, to name a few which maintain regular services to Red China.

Though our Government refuses to divulge what the volume of European-Chinese trade is, it seems safe to assume that these ships and these big steamship companies do not go all the way to China for fun. There must be business, and quite a bit of business at that.

American shippers wouldn't know about this, of course, because they haven't got a prayer of trading with Red China, and they are kept as ignorant as possible by our Government about what is actually going on there. Still, it is impossible to keep them completely in the dark. As a group, shippers travel a lot and entertain foreign visitors to this

country. One way or another, they have gotten the notion that European government-sponsored trade missions have invaded China in force and have been negotiating successfully for large contracts with the Peking regime.

American businessmen on the West Coast, with traditionally strong trade ties with the Far East in general and China in particular, are fearful that our boycott policy may be losing us China trade for years and years to come. In fact, the damage may have been done already. Russia and her satellites had a built-in advantage in China when Mao Tse-tung and his comrades wrested the reins of government from the Nationalists and kicked Chiang Kai-shek and his boodlers out of the country. Now the Europeans seem to be invading China in force on the commercial front.

WHEN AND if America wakes up to the importance of China, both from a trade and diplomatic standpoint, what will be left but scraps? The validity of this fear will not be disputed by those who saw Germany sew up markets in underdeveloped parts of the world before World Wars I and II. In fact it has only been since 1939 that the Teutonic stranglehold on certain areas of Latin-American commerce has been broken.

The thing that the American Government has never understood, but which all imperial European countries have instinctively known, is that trade is a weapon which, if properly used, can be as potent as any devised by man. Great Britain's imperial foundations lay embedded in her traditional understanding of this fact of international geopolitics, and not in her armed forces. The Royal Navy was only an instrument of British mercantile interests, and Britain's true sea power was her merchant marine and not her Navy.

The Neanderthal wing of the Republican Party, which dictates our foreign policy in Asia, cried piteously when the Great General was hamstrung by orders not to cross the Yalu during the Korean War. But they themselves are crippling their

(Continued on page 524)



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Baudelaire Reconsidered

Alain Bosquet

BAUDELAIRE, because of the notorious trial in 1857 following the publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, became a famous poet, but famous for the wrong reasons. In a France that was settling into a bourgeois way of life and addicted to parliamentarism, it was up to the official critics to make Baudelaire pass for a monster. They succeeded so well that even as late as 1914 a number of sixteen-year-old students were expelled from school for the sole crime of reading *Les Fleurs du Mal*. The French Republic, like the early Second Empire, was prudish to a degree that would have frightened Voltaire and even Louis XV. The conviction of Baudelaire on moral grounds established the principle that all poetry *must* be moral. The formalities were, of course, observed and circumstances extenuating to Baudelaire were found: he was a sick man, prematurely old, not well-balanced; he lived with a Negress, he detested his stepfather, and lacked all sense of dignity. Still more serious, however, is the fact that the legend emphasized these accusations, and it is paradoxical that it should have been Paul Verlaine, a highly talented poet, who made acceptable the ridiculous and pejorative notion of "*le poète maudit*." Poets were thus by definition damned; and therefore the official critics, whenever they found themselves confronted with a work they could not understand, placed the blame on the physical and mental defects of the poet, just as the well-meaning Zola explained his time in terms of alcoholism.

ALAIN BOSQUET, French poet and novelist, is chief literary columnist for *Combat* and writes regularly for other leading French critical journals. He has recently published a bilingual *Anthology of American Poetry* and has completed a book of essays on *Walt Whitman*.

The twentieth century — doubtless because it is itself a little mad, a little hysterical — diverges more and more from the concept of the *maudit* that is so easily confused with the concept of profound poetry. The twentieth century also put aside any idea of the monstrous or the freakish as applied to poetry after Rimbaud (who remains beyond question for Americans the most undeniable poetic genius in the last hundred years, and who for the French is one of the two most revered saints in their history, the other being Jeanne d'Arc). We now prefer to regard the poet not as a lunatic, not as a sick man, not as a "seer" who has something of the prophet and something of the astrologer, but rather as a man of extraordinary mental balance (exceptions like Antonin Artaud merely prove the rule), a man who knows how to exploit with perfect lucidity whatever it is that chance (i.e., inspiration) may bring him. In short, for us a poet is a man who should be able to provide his readers with a certain amount of instinctive knowledge, rather than a magician who rules by terror, seductive as that terror may be.

IF WE ARE willing to reread Baudelaire in the light of these few simple principles, we see that he is in no way the unbalanced creature he has been made out to be. Even if his body was subject to atrocious suffering, even if his flesh was most spectacularly accursed, his mind remained to the end remarkably rigorous and lucid. He was the embodiment of intelligence, one of those tempered, farseeing intellects that resemble a Montaigne or a Bossuet. All things considered, his intelligence is his major virtue, for in spite of what has been claimed, he is not a great creator. He lacks *élan*, and indeed he is singularly lacking in madness. He never lets himself go

to the point of euphoria, and he believes more in the need for self-analysis than in the endless need to translate feelings into works of art. It is enough to read his letters to see that his most insistent purpose is to *understand*, that emotion occupies only a secondary place.

This implacable analyst decided, therefore (his was a calculated decision, no mere surrender to some obscure, post-romantic urge), that *understanding* was not enough for an intelligent man, that self-analysis and the analysis of others are not enough to fill a man's life. Deliberately, calmly, with great effort, he made himself a creator. Natural aptitudes he certainly had, but fewer gifts, perhaps, and certainly less spontaneity than a Hugo, a Browning, a Vigny. He forced his intelligence to grow as he played this magnificent game; nevertheless it always remained a game — the incarnation of himself in a splendid work of art. For it was difficult for him truly to create; he wrote little, and he was comfortable only in those pages where his analytic faculty retained its control over the rest. This is true of *Le Spleen de Paris*; it is especially true of his writings on art. For let us make no mistake, Baudelaire's most enduring claim to fame is in never having been wrong about his contemporaries, whether poets or painters, novelists or sculptors. He is fundamentally the only Sainte-Beuve France has had, without Sainte-Beuve's monumental errors, without his shabby injustices.

What is important to us in 1958 is not that Baudelaire wrote some very beautiful poems (on the whole, Villon, Nerval, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Corbière, Apollinaire and Saint-John Perse are either more perfect or closer to what we call inspiration); it is that Baudelaire determined in a sure and definitive way the role of the poet and of poetry, both in society and in the entire realm of human activity, intellectual and emotional. No one has said *truer* things about poetry and the poet than he



or, if one prefers, no one has explained more clearly or in simpler terms what had been basically obscure, equivocal and approximate in the state of poetry. He took the naïveté out of poetry; he even took out the poetics so as to give it a meaning in which instinct and knowledge, the unexpected and the known, balance each other at all times, although, by definition, this balance must always remain hazardous. He has said, "The poet rejoices in that incomparable privilege of being himself or another person as he pleases. Like those wandering souls in search of a body, he enters, when he likes, into everyone's personality. For him alone everything is open; and if certain places seem closed to him it is because in his eyes they are not worth the trouble of exploring." Elsewhere he also says: "I find it futile and dull to picture what exists because nothing in existence satisfies me. Nature is ugly, and I prefer the monster of my imagination to the triviality of the actual. . . . Imagination is the queen of truth, and the

possible is one of the provinces of truth. Imagination is related to the infinite in a positive way."

Passages like these still serve us as a breviary, for it is only thanks to his having written them that we have renounced the real crime of Greco-Latin civilization: the determination to reduce art, and particularly poetry, to a single, rational explanation. Since Baudelaire, we have known that poetry cannot be explained or, rather, that it can always be explained in six, ten or thirty different ways, and that all these ways are contradictory. Indeed, in this same period, and using the same word *possible*, didn't Emily Dickinson say, "I dwell in Possibility, / A fairer house than prose"?

Thanks to the luminous intelligence and the exceptional intellectual mastery of Baudelaire we know the extent to which poetry must be a mystery—something to be approached, encircled, besieged, but

remaining forever a mystery. Thanks to him, too, poetry seems to us rich only according to the number of disagreements it engenders, whereas formerly we believed in it only if a definite agreement about its meaning had been reached. Since Baudelaire, only one other poet has helped persuade us that poetry is "irreducible"—a poet who, like Baudelaire, was an *amateur* of thought and philosophy: Paul Valéry.

We must see in Baudelaire a man who freed poetry from the lies and the fogs that true poets like Rimbaud made all the denser. This means that in his soul Baudelaire was not a true poet; like Valéry he was a complete man who trained his sensibility by means of poetry. He succeeded as a poet only insofar as he tricked his own lucidity; he succeeded as a poet only by exaggerating his morbid side and by carrying a purely verbal cruelty to the point of utter darkness.

## The Image for Our Age

### Fortune's Mist

The mists of fortune  
Blow with wayward cadence  
Within imagination  
Making chaos into sense.

Man dreams his tribulations  
Strict and articulate,  
As Lincoln by a fire  
Wrote history on a slate.

If not by absolutes,  
At least by artifice  
We cast our devils out  
To seek an angel's face.

Strength in the hand and mind  
Holds to the central doom,  
Working reality  
In coping with a tomb.

But for imagination's power  
Shaping the unseen  
Fortune annihilates us  
As if we had never been.

A heavy head of snow  
Tumbling from a hedge  
Is March's triumph; its revision  
Is the poet's pledge.

Art gains in time  
For it was deep in mind,  
That rounded the waters,  
And shaped the wind.

RICHARD EBERHART

BAUDELAIRE. By Enid Starkie. New Directions. 622 pp. \$10.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF BAUDELAIRE'S LES FLEURS DU MAL. By W. T. Bandy, Paul Engle, Ralph Freedman, Donald Justice, Henri Peyre, Marcel A. Ruff, Roger Shattuck. University of Texas Press. 59 pp. \$2.

Margaret Gilman

RARELY has a centenary been celebrated with as great fervor, both in France and abroad, as that of the publication of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. The shocked and uncomprehending criticism that greeted its first appearance has given way to a concert of admiration in which these two books join.

Dr. Starkie's *Baudelaire* is a revised and enlarged edition of a book first published in 1933. She has incorporated the sizable amount of biographical information that has come to light since

MARGARET GILMAN sent us this review a few days before her sudden death on May 27. Dr. Gilman was chairman of the French department at Bryn Mawr College. She was author of *Baudelaire the Critic and Othello* in French; her *Idea of Poetry* will be published by the Harvard University Press.

that time; she is thoroughly familiar with the atmosphere in which Baudelaire lived, the circles in which he moved; and she treats with impartiality and understanding the other characters in the tragedy of his life, to whom unmitigated villains' roles have often been assigned by previous biographers. Except for minor errors and a regrettable number of mistranscribed quotations and jumbled footnotes, the book is, on the factual side, the most thorough and generally reliable biography of Baudelaire yet written.

On the aspect of the book stressed by the author, the "biography of Baudelaire's inner personality," there can hardly fail to be differences of opinion. Dr. Starkie's position, unchanged since the first edition of her book, is that Baudelaire was a "rare and noble human being," who, after a rebellious youth, became more and more preoccupied with spiritual and moral values. In plotting this development she makes constant use of Baudelaire's poetry, as well as of his correspondence and other documents. His poems—we have his own word for it—are indeed forged out of his inmost experience. But in using them as sources for biography one encounters a major difficulty: a large number of them cannot be dated with any de-



gree of precision. Dr. Starkie tends all too easily to fit poems into her pre-established pattern, then to use them as evidence for it, thus involving herself in a circular argument. The pattern is, I believe, a more complex and chequered one. Baudelaire's preoccupation with spiritual values was certainly greater towards the end of his life than in his youth. But there was no continuous progress; he was perpetually torn between God and Satan, between Ideal and Spleen. His weaknesses and failures as a human being were many; his greatness lies in the inexorable lucidity with which he saw and judged himself, and in the magic by which he transformed the disorder and misery of his life into the order and beauty of his poetry.

EACH successive generation has created its own image of Baudelaire. The contemporary one is indeed Janus-faced. Some critics, such as Dr. Starkie and the French authority on Baudelaire whom she most admires, Marcel Ruff, see above all the face uplifted in aspiration to heaven; others are more conscious of the gaze fixed in horrorstruck fascination on the depths. But nearly all see in Baudelaire a mirror of modern man. This is the keynote of the addresses given at the centennial celebration of *Les Fleurs du Mal* at the State University of Iowa in 1957, now published with a foreword by Henri Peyre, who emphasizes this timeliness. Professor Peyre finds the first reason for it in the rich, psychological content of Baudelaire's poetry, his lucid vision of the tragic meaning of life; the second in his blend of romantic and classical virtues, conveyed through sensuous and musical suggestiveness.

As might be expected from a group of Baudelaire specialists, young critics and poets, the approaches in the different essays are varied. But, with the exception of W. T. Bandy's excellent article on the much debated question of Baudelaire's debt to Poe, all the writers are primarily concerned with his significance for our times. Three of them treat certain dominant themes in his work. Paul Engle, in "The Gulf is Always Thirsty," stresses Baudelaire's dedication to art: "He who could make no shape of his own career created one of the shapeliest works of art in modern times." It is unfortunate that Professor Engle, who sees so well the difference between the poet's life and his art, lapses at the end into an almost mawkish sentimentality over the pathetic last days and melancholy funeral of "this just, kind, generous poet," and concludes with words singularly inappropriate to

a sworn enemy of direct didacticism in art: "We will then have no choice but to do what all of Baudelaire's poetry urges us to do: to become better."

A similar tendency is found in Marcel Ruff's discussion of "The Evil in the Flowers," in which he absolves Baudelaire of all but minor personal peccadillos (some of which may well seem to the reader, as they did to Baudelaire himself, dangerously close to more than one of the Seven Deadly Sins), and concludes that "his guilt is not personal since in his eyes it is only the consequence of original sin." Granting that the tragedy of evil is for Baudelaire the tragedy of all humanity, one is still tempted to ask why, if he felt no personal responsibility, should remorse and despair have so often overwhelmed him? Roger Shattuck, with more wisdom, looks straight at "Baudelaire's Corpse," admitting his failure as a man, and treating his unflinching vision of the theme of death in his poetry.

The two poets who contribute to the volume are concerned with questions of poetic experience and creation. Donald Justice takes up a problem that has what seems to me a dubious fascination for many contemporary critics, that of sincerity in art. He wisely refuses to identify poetic sincerity with the idea of an equation between the life and the work. But he goes on to define sincerity in art as "saying what the form obliges you to say regardless of whether or not you believe it." Aside from questioning

the premise implicit here, that form is the point of departure for the poet, one cannot help wondering whether this means anything more than the truism that in great art there is a perfect coincidence of content and form. Thus a good poet is sincere, a bad one insincere?

The other poet, Ralph Freedman, treats a similar problem, with what I find a more satisfactory approach, in "Poet and Mask." He studies the drama in *Les Fleurs du Mal*, the conflict of self and world, raised to the level of the ideal, through which the poet finds the detachment he needs, and concludes: "it is this internal drama and this aesthetic distance which have made Baudelaire so very important to us today." Of all the essays, this one seems to me to shed most light on the tensions and polarities in his work.

Studies of his life and personality, of the major themes of his work, of his poetic creed, are indeed of interest. To suggest that the content of a work is unimportant would be to play Baudelaire false; he himself wrote that he could never consider the choice of subject a matter of indifference, that it is part of the artist's genius and part of the reader's pleasure. But only when content is crystallized by the poet's "*sorcellerie évocatoire*" into perfect form does it become "*cet ardent sanglot qui roule d'âge en âge*." To feel this enchantment fully the reader must turn back from the critics to *Les Fleurs du Mal* themselves.

## James Branch Cabell: 1879-1958

Edmund Wilson

I DO NOT know how many people will feel a special sense of loss at the death of James Branch Cabell. His old friends and admirers certainly will, but since the twenties he seems to have had few new readers. I myself rather scorned him in the twenties and came to be interested in him only much later. I published two years ago a long article about his work in the *New Yorker*, so I shall not here go over that ground again. But I may add that, since writing that article, the more I have thought about *Figures of Earth* — and its sequel *The Silver Stallion* — the more remarkable they have come to seem. Looking back, one

EDMUND WILSON's latest book is *The American Earthquake*.

can now understand the abrupt fluctuations of Cabell's fame. He began, in the early nineteen hundreds, as a writer of romantic short stories for the respectable magazines, but he put into them a tinge of irony which prevented them from being popular. He then gradually developed an ironic vein which gets its first clear and bold statement in *Jurgen*, published on the eve of the twenties, when its criticism of old-fashioned religion and nineteenth-century morality made it particularly welcome to the young. The book was gay as well as naughty, and the reader found it exhilarating to identify himself with the hero. But when *Jurgen* was followed by *Manuel*, this public was disappointed. It was not prepared



for anything at once so bitter and with so little apparent bearing on contemporary life. Published when Cabell was forty-two, the chronicle of Manuel the Redeemer was not a book for the young nor was it a book in the mood of the twenties. The story of the ambitious man of action who is cowardly, malignant and treacherous and who does not even like very much what his crimes and double-dealing have won him, but who is rapidly, after his death, transformed into a great leader, a public benefactor and a saint, has the fatal disadvantage for a novel that the reader finds no inducement to identify himself with the central figure. Yet I am now not sure that this merciless chronicle in which all the values are negative save the naked human will, is not one of the best things of its kind in literature—on a plane, perhaps, with Flaubert and Swift.

*Something about Eve* was almost equally bitter, and also not for the young. By the time of the admirable *Nightmare* trilogy (*Smirt-Smith-Smire*), a somewhat more genial work, we were plunged in the turbulent thirties and, preoccupied with rescuing society, unprepared to pursue a dream-fantasy which though quite close at moments to *Finnegans Wake* was not at all of the school of Joyce. I had not at the time I wrote my article read the novels that follow the *Nightmare*: *The King Was in His Counting House*, *Hamlet Had an Uncle*, *The First Gentleman of America*, *There Were Two Pirates* and *The Devil's Own Dear Son*, which really constitute a group in themselves. The two that take place in Florida have their amusing or magical moments; but in general these stories are marked by a development, which becomes disagreeable, of the misanthropic sadism which was already a feature of the earlier work. *Hamlet Had an Uncle* especially is not merely inferior Cabell, it is also deliberately atrocious, the ugliest of all Cabell's works, and the atrocity here seems rather pointless. Hamlet and his uncle and the rest do not have the larger human implications of Manuel the Redeemer.

What, one wonders, at the time he was writing these books, had

made Cabell's imagination so black? His non-fiction writings of his later years do not have this sinister quality, though one feels that he is bored by and chafes at the social and intellectual vacuum which Richmond seems to have become for him. He is also less in touch with the rest of the world, for the excitement of the twenties is long over, the literary friends of his own generation are either dead or inactive in retirement, while Cabell still survives and is active. One feels that a certain petulance is due partly to a lack of diversion, a cutting-off of communication. Aside from writing his memoirs—*These Restless Heads*, *Let Me Lie*, *As I Remember It*, the best of these later books—he seems to have little to occupy him but fretting about the neglect of his work and concocting too elaborate sarcasms about the people who pay him silly compliments or who write him stupid letters. Yet in this peevishness there is much of self-irony, and what is strong in him is a certain stoicism. In the letters I occasionally had from him, he always referred to the ailments which must have been making his life a misery—he had had a heart attack and was not allowed to climb the stairs to his study—in a characteristically detached and humorous way. "Meanwhile," he wrote me last December, "I disintegrate with a variety that I find interesting. My latest and my most damnable acquirement in the form of maladies is arthritis, which

since July has left me unable to get into a pair of shoes, and but hardly able to hobble about my own home with a cane's aid. So that leaves you at liberty to go ahead with a definite estimate of my career in letters since there now quite obviously is not going to be any more of it."

THE THEME in Cabell's writings which I have always found it most difficult to sympathize with is that of his persistent nostalgia for the ideal beautiful women of his adolescent imaginings. Yet this has its historical interest as a survival of the romantic and chivalrous dream that so dominated the Southern mind. The whole philosophy of Cabell, in fact, of the dream's being preferable to reality, is deeply involved with the history of the South. And his bitterness is the bitterness of the South at having had this dream proved a fiction, and then somehow having had still to live on it. The dignity of his life and work was also the dignity of the South in continuing to maintain its attitude. His career commands special respect by reason of the courage and consistency with which he pursued his work. In a period particularly unfavorable for any high standard of excellence, he developed a style that was sure to annoy, a point of view that was sure to outrage his own generation; then later when his vogue with the young had lapsed, he continued for decades producing books that not only made no bid to recapture his audience but, becoming, as it were, more and more solipsistic, were calculated to discourage his publishers. I imagine that his steadfastness and self-respect will be more conspicuous to the future—in the history of our literature, which exhibits so many examples of acquiescence in mediocrity, of disaster and diversion of purpose—than it has recently been to us. In the meantime, his preciosity, so much out of fashion now, ought not to prevent one from recognizing his accomplished skill as a writer; nor the occasional coyness of his ribaldry, the mordancy of his restless inquiry into the meaning of his own life, the life of his section and the processes of human history.

### College Walk, Postwar

We walk the hill.  
The café atmosphere  
Of important smoky talk  
Surrounds us still.  
Young April night  
Succulent and warm  
(suggestive of personal intent)  
Is all our light.

We talk of war—  
(which made me old  
and from my pretty girl  
took me too far).

Late winter rain,  
Though she can't feel it,  
Beats on me again, and now  
Is my love's bane.

DONALD FALL



## ART

### Maurice Grosser

Paris

IN PARIS, walking is still a delight. The large, easy perspectives of bridges, trees and fountains bathe in a palpable, submarine air, as visible as water in an aquarium. It is not surprising that a city so pleasant to the eye should be addicted to the visual arts. If in New York everyone talks music, in Paris everyone talks painting. And in the fresh spring weather, along with lilacs and chestnuts, bloom everywhere bright posters announcing new exhibitions.

The show of a hundred paintings by Modigliani at the Charpentier Gallery is the most popular. Only at our Modern Museum have I seen such crowds. The entry is 400 francs, almost a dollar, and one must wait in line. To my taste the pictures are not worth the scramble. One hundred is too many. They lack variety. Almost all are portraits, full face, with the same linear stylization, the necks and heads elongated, the eyeballs black as if the pupils were enormously enlarged, the mouths pursed. In spite of their great tenderness and their airy and nacreous color—derived, so intelligently, from the paint surface of Cézanne—the Modiglianis have something of the slick and uniform professionalism of the café painting of Montparnasse. One thinks of him as a more sensitive and warmer-hearted Kisling. Modigliani's great popularity is easy to understand: his subject matter is humanly touching; his pictures are impossible to mistake, and the romantic irregularity of his life would seem to confirm his genius. We may soon expect a movie.

UNIVERSALLY, and justly admired are the 143 paintings and objects loaned by the Japanese Government to the Musée Nationale de l'Art Moderne and illustrating the history of Japanese art from prehistoric times till now. Both in the quality of the works and in the manner of their display, this is the finest exhibition of exotic art it has ever been my pleasure to see.

If one is accustomed to think of Japanese art as the most stylized of the Oriental traditions, the show is a great surprise. The thirteenth-century pieces are particularly expressive and varied—two statues, for example, of celestial messengers, a young man and an old woman, whose attitudes announce without possibility of mistake their characters, their caste and the quality of news they bring; or the wonderful

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scrolls of animals playing at being people, of the many nerve-racking discomfords of Hell, of prophets, monks and poets undergoing their adventures in dramatic or civilized landscapes. But there is also the more spontaneous painting of the Zen monks and masters of the next two centuries; an extraordinary panel by the fifteenth-century Hasegawa Tohaku of pines progressively disappearing behind a curtain of rain; and a seventeenth-century screen describing the arrival of a Portuguese ship, the landing of its commander accompanied by his attendants, parasol and slave, and his reception by the resident Jesuits. The collection, probably the handsomest ever seen outside Japan, is subsequently to be shown in London, The Hague and Rome, but alas, not in America.

The Guggenheim collection of abstract art from New York shown, appropriately enough, at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs, is also being well and seriously received. Presenting the his-

tory of abstract art, it begins in 1895 with a charming Rousseau and a magnificent Cézanne portrait—neither of which could by any stretch of the imagination be called abstract—goes on through the Cubists, with fine examples of Kandinsky and Chagall, to end with a brilliant and well chosen display of present-day Action painters, both European and American. The framing of the show is effective and ingenious. A heavy bar of aluminum, an inch deep and a quarter of an inch thick, has been bent to enclose each canvas—an invention at the same time rich, unobtrusive and becoming to all the pictures.

THE great show of seventeenth-century French painting at the Petit Palais is little liked. It is claimed that the pictures, principally from provincial museums, were not well selected. At any rate the work displayed seems cold, official and suprisingly Italianate. The oasis in this desert is the group by Georges de la Tour, most of which have not been shown before in Paris—pictures of people by night, illuminated by a single torch or candle. Sometimes the flame is hidden by an arm or hand and one sees the light outlining the sleeve or shining red through the interstices of the fingers—a woman consoling a naked prisoner; St. John dozing, the announcing angel painted as a serious and well-dressed little girl; two women tending by candle light a swaddled newborn child; a woman in chemise, crushing between her nails a flea. The colors of all the pictures are the same—rich

harmonies of pale yellow, black, vermilion and brown, in complex chiaroscuro. The paint texture has the smooth irregularity of old pottery. The pictures are grave, restrained and moving, at the same time homely and elegant in a way that is particularly French.

Across the street in the dusty car-barn that is the Grand Palais, in its miles and miles of dingy halls, hang the miles and miles of pictures that make up the Salon des Peintres Independents. In this exposition without jury one expects to find only two sorts of painters—the amateur and unprofessional, and the young who hope here to be discovered. But there is everything else as well, from the best to the worst, from the most abstruse to the most trite—so much that the eye finds no place to rest and nothing it can remember. One notices only that there is less abstraction than would be found in a similar American exhibition. The show is impossible to review, impossible even to see. But its very mass demonstrates the devotion of the French to painting and the amazing fertility of the soil from which French painting springs.

In the ground-floor halls, the day I was there, were ranged the thousands of canvases turned down by the jury of the coming Salon du Printemps. And as I left I witnessed a touching scene, impossible outside of France—an elderly and beautiful painter, in black, supported by his cane and his tiny wife, and carrying with dignity under his arm a brown paper parcel containing his rejected picture.

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## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

London.

IN LESS than three weeks, I saw twelve productions here, only to rediscover the wonder of the Moscow Art Theatre. The famous company, now celebrating its diamond jubilee (it was founded in 1898) and making calls on the great capitals of Europe, opened its London season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on May 15. Its repertory for this tour consists of four plays—three of them by Chekhov—and one contemporary Soviet play. I saw *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Three Sisters*.

Many recent visitors to Moscow report a deterioration in the vitality of theatre production there. Although the caliber of the individual actors I saw in the two Chekhov plays was not up

to the measure of such members of the original company as Katchalov, Moskvina, Leonidoff and Stanislavsky, I could discern nothing in the present performance which gave evidence of any deterioration. There was, in fact, an awe-inspiring mastery.

Here was theatre wrought with such a degree of discipline and dedication that it made productions elsewhere seem crude by comparison. I am not particularly sentimental, but I frequently found myself on the verge of tears during the playing of *The Cherry Orchard*, not alone due to the effect of the play's tenderness but to the fineness of the production's atmosphere and tone.

An extraordinary unity is the first

*The NATION*



characteristic which strikes the spectator. Each actor seems organically related to the others—and all are of a piece, though each has his own timbre as do the instruments of an orchestra. They appear to be the very stuff of Chekhov's plays.

The actors speak very quietly throughout, though they are always audible. The tempo is leisurely and natural. There is never the strain of a forced projection, yet we never feel that the show is "slow." Only at the end of the evening did I observe that, whereas in ordinary performances it takes two and a half hours to play *The Cherry Orchard*, the Moscow Art Theatre production took nearly four.

The performance never lags because the actors' complete concentration and absorption in the events of the play create an unbroken tissue of life, a moment-by-moment truth and meaning. We are all present within an experience in which every second is enriching human. We are not in a hurry "to get on with it," any more than the actors, for we, too, are living in and appreciating Chekhov's loving world.

IT IS still commonplace for many of our critics to indulge in saying that Chekhov is the dramatist of "frustration"—a word beloved among our own frustrated folk. But if it were not already clear through the plays' texts that it is stupid to speak of "frustration" in regard to people instinct with community of feeling, kindness, love of nature, yearning for a better life and an abiding sense of the preciousness of every second of experience, the Moscow Art Theatre's production makes it abundantly evident.

Chekhov's people suffer because they are so wholly human, and this suffering is significant. Chekhov, moreover, is always saved from bathos by his capacity for humorous detachment. This is a realism with no trace of meanness or coldness of heart. If Chekhov's characters rarely attain their ideals, the fault, we are led to understand, is not altogether in the people. What is more important is that the ideals themselves are so deeply rooted in fundamental human need that they make the people positive, ultimately hopeful characters, even in defeat. In many of our "optimistic" or "affirmative" plays, the characters' aims and ideals are either shabby or ludicrously empty of any general interest.

What is unexpected about the new productions of the Moscow Art Theatre is that their realism is much more "subdued" than that of the original com-

pany. Stanislavsky, who acted in and supervised the first production, the "father" and symbol of modern theatre realism, was, it seems to me, far closer to the theatre theatrical, the theatre of an older tradition, than are his present heirs. And this holds true, I believe, not only of Stanislavsky himself but of the company he directed.

The older actors seemed to possess a more precise sense of individuality, a sharper talent for graphic characterization, a keener feeling for details of make-up, stage business, color and vocal grandeur, greater boldness in portraiture, a certain largeness of stroke with an affinity, paradoxically enough, to the theatre of great "stars." There was always the guiding principle of teamwork, of unity and ensemble, yet each actor somehow stood out, while at present, each actor seems to disappear in the whole. One feels, though this may not be literally true, that the present directors have molded each member of the company perfectly into the pattern of the production, but the actors have not been encouraged—and may not even desire—to invent or discover much on their own.

Let me cite a tiny example. In the scene of the fourth act of *The Cherry Orchard* when Gaev realizes that he and his sister are finally to take leave of their home and of each other forever, the present Gaev simply murmurs, "Sister, sister!" embraces her and turns sobbing against the wall. It is touching, no doubt, but without much nuance. When Stanislavsky played the scene, one observed that he was trying very hard to suppress his tears, his face turned crimson with the effort, he began to grope for a handkerchief which he never managed to find, and the sobs gushed forth, the sound of which he tried to bury by covering his mouth with his hand. The effect was not only memorably affecting but retained in its pathos the special ineptitude of Gaev's character.

I DO NOT point out this contrast in style to praise one or to depreciate the other but to note a distinct difference. How conscious this is, I cannot say. It may be a matter of different generations, an altered social and artistic outlook. Oddly enough, it strikes me that the older generation—Stanislavsky's and Chekhov's—besides being more "theatrical" was also more analytic and more critical. Its performance was at once fuller in emotion and observation and less idealized, less "ennobled," than the present generation's interpretation. In my view, the earlier production was

more arrestingly creative, the present one more polished.

In neither case are the results the accident of genius. Such consummate theatre as the productions of both generations represents can arise only from the special condition which the Moscow Art Theatre established. These are permanent companies, the actors do not play these plays eight times a week, none of the players appears at every single performance, rehearsal time may be as long as four months for a play, when a play or production fails, the company does not disband. The company has its own theatre; their jobs are never in jeopardy, except for incompetence or insubordination. The technical staff is permanent, etc.

We in America have actors, directors, designers, technicians of every sort who are as gifted, though not as mature or as well trained, as any seen in the productions I have described. But our theatre organization is anarchic when it is not nightmarish. The miracle is that we do as well as we do.

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(Continued from page 516)

country's natural powers even more severely with the current China boycott policy, for they are denying a great commercial economy its only effective commercial weapon.

The United States' policy in Asia is one of containment, but it won't "contain" communism any more than the Maginot Line "contained" Hitler. And for the same reason: a containment policy, military or economic, can and will be flanked. It gives to the opponent the choice of weapons, time and battleground. Such an advantage, which men have fought wars to gain, the United States is giving away just as casually as Mr. Dulles kisses off 600,000,000 Chinese for all time.

THERE is only one way to keep all Asia out of the Communist orbit. That way is to work the balance-of-power policy as England did for so many years. This would entail playing off China again the USSR, since they are the two largest powers in Asia today. We must break up their combinations, encourage friction between them, throw their timing off and, ultimately, break China loose from the economic shackles binding her to the Soviet Union.

In this kind of diplomacy, trade is a prime weapon. The fact that Washington is blind must not obscure the obvious facts to thinking men, and cardinal among these are two which we should regard as pole stars in guiding Asian policy: (1) Karl Marx is not an aggressor, but Muscovite imperialism has been for hundreds of years, and it remains the aggressor today; (2) China is an old, old country that was throwing its weight about in Asia for centuries before Moscow even existed, and the Chinese traditionally have looked down upon their northern neighbors.

There is a long and treacherous path ahead for the United States in world politics, and the sooner we settle down for the long pull in Asia, and stop acting as though the current ruling clique in China is going to dry up miraculously and blow away, the sooner we will start making headway against the riptides of Sino-Russian imperialism in the Orient.

## PUBLICATIONS

### RECEIVED FROM THE USSR

In English

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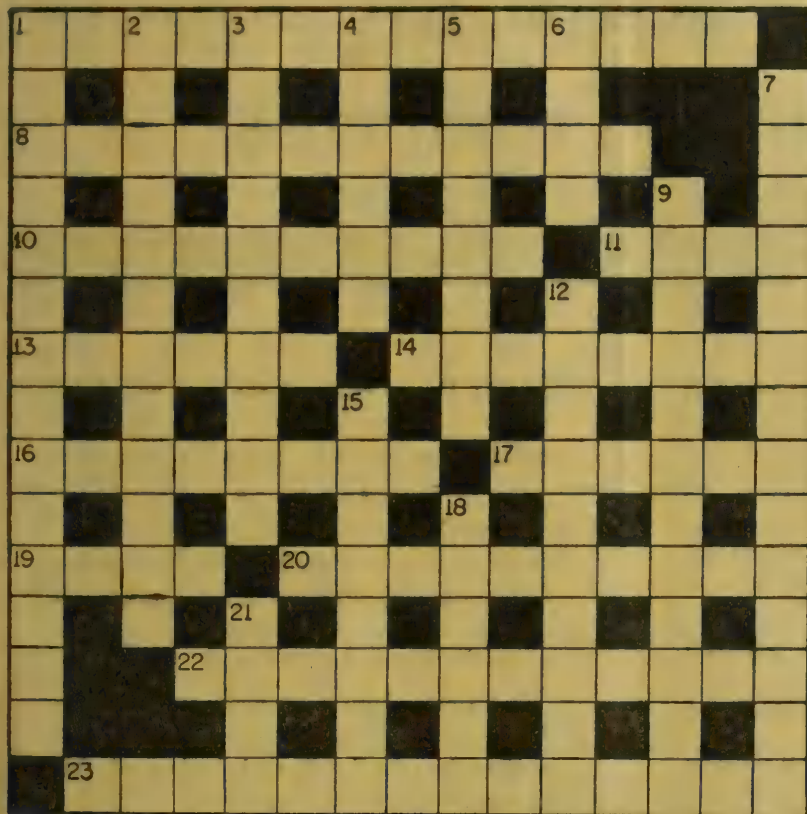
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**The NATION**



# Crossword Puzzle No. 775

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Big-shot directors? Their turn might come with a swing to the right. (8, 6)
- 8 A quick tour of the diocesan center? (3, 2, 1, 6)
- 10 Taking up a new residence is certainly a tiring game! (10)
- 11 It's painful in the first year. (4)
- 13 Dispute colloquially. (6)
- 14 In taking passage one might make them. (8)
- 16 The course of low temperature?
- 17 Ante up! It's one of the things the underpaid receive. (6)
- 19 Would you find tossed salad or broken rules as boring as these? (4)
- 20 On the whole, the leading voice seems to possess the girl! (10)
- 22 What one can't expect to find on a crowded highway! (7, 5)
- 23 They've married again, according to the reading of the studio gas meter. (14)

## DOWN:

- 1 In a taxonomic manner? (The orderly has a confrere, evidently.) (14)
- 2 Smoothing things out for the cam-

- panologist's "Angelus"? (7, 5)
- 3 Certainly not one way to bring back the meal! (6, 4)
- 4 Things that follow after 2? (6)
- 5 There seems to be some question about the following. (4, 4)
- 6 The Walrus was concerned about giving a hand to this. (4)
- 7 The extra actor comes down to fix a routine procedure like climbing, and gets more than all wet! (14)
- 9 Walk on air? (4, 2, 3, 3)
- 12 Wax war? A matter of muscular co-ordination. (10)
- 15 Makes a collection of something. (Pages, perhaps?) (5, 3)
- 18 Look at the flank, to describe Grey's herd. (6)
- 21 What a pony might do for a pony? (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 774

Across: 1 TEN-PENNY NAILS; 9 RIVED; 10 LEGISLATE; 11 ARRAIGN; 12 TORRENT; 13 NOOSE; 14 CLASSICAL; 16 OBEISANCE; 18 PATIO; 19 NURSERY; 21 AIRSHIP; 22 TRAIN FARE; 23 BLEAT; 24 TEMPERAMENTAL. Down: 1 TERRA INCOGNITA; 2 NEVERMORE; 3 ENDWISE; 4 NYLON; 5 NEGOTIATE; 6 INSURE; 7 SANDY CANE; 8 MENTAL HOSPITAL; 14 CANDY CANE; 15 CATCHMENT; 17 STERNUM; 18 PARABLE; 20 ROAST; 21 ARENA.

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# Who Writes for *THE NATION*?

—for one, ALEXANDER WERTH  
★ on the French crisis

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— *Le Monde* (Paris)

. . . A book of judgments, at once a chronicle and ■ critique, set down neither in sorrow nor in anger, but in ■ spirit of courageous honesty.

— *Herald Tribune* (New York)

Mr. Werth's editorial comments on the Paris-Algiers crisis in the two preceding issues

of *The Nation* reflected the vast knowledge and "courageous honesty" for which he is noted. Other pieces by him will appear soon.

\* \* \*

Alexander Werth has been *The Nation's* correspondent on French affairs for the last fifteen years. He is typical of the detached, inquiring, informed minds that appraise world events for our readers.

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**DE GAULLE**

**Symbol of Western Crisis**

*Alexander Werth and Geoffrey Barraclough*

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**FACT AND FABLE  
OF FALLOUT**

*Linus Pauling*

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# LETTERS

## Humphrey on Disarmament

Dear Sirs: May I compliment you on the excellent article by Senator Humphrey in *The Nation* of May 24? No issue is so vitally important just now as disarmament, and none is less intelligently dealt with by a majority of our people. Perhaps *The Nation* will feel it can support the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy in its pages.\*

ANN HUBBELL

Ypsilanti, Mich.

\*We do.—Ed.

## The Incompetent Teacher . . .

Dear Sirs: I wish to take sharp issue with Irving Adler's statement, "The moderately capable college graduate . . . can become a competent craftsman" ("Teacher Shortage: Cause and Cure" by Irving Adler, *The Nation*, May 10). But I must begin by agreeing, if Mr. Adler means a moderately competent student at Columbia, Amherst, Oberlin, Caltech, etc. There is a minority of colleges of which this would be true; of the majority, it is untrue. Furthermore, teachers—with many individual exceptions, of course—are recruited not from the mean, but from the lower levels, of college classes.

Relevant data will be found in a Viking (1957) book, *The Next Hundred Years*, by Caltech teachers Brown, Bonner and Weir: "In a recent study, the Educational Testing Service observed sixty mathematics teachers at the elementary- and secondary-school levels. It was found that only ten were competent to teach mathematics."

This is a thing I have long been interested in from close observation during my own teaching in grade and high school, in college and medical school. Mathematics, even eighth-grade arithmetic, requires more intelligence on the part of the teacher than that possessed by at least 20 per cent of medical-school graduates in the South. Examples are enlightening. A woman in medical school had taught physics in high school; she could not solve the simplest arithmetical problems. . . . A grade school teacher whom I knew well could not have solved the problems in seventh- and eighth-grade arithmetic (she taught these grades). . . . Sixty per cent of the students admitted to medical school from Southwestern Louisiana Institute failed during the several years when I was in contact; yet these students had

B averages or better at S.L.I.—and the moron with a memory got by.

Mr. Adler's error is in regarding Columbia students as average. I recall no precise figures, but the mean percentile ratings of Columbia students on old "medical aptitudes" tests was about 80; New York University, higher I think; Oberlin, 90; Princeton and Harvard, high; Fordham, low; Wake Forest, about 10; S.L.I. (one year), hardly 5; Southern state universities, in general 30 to 40. Factors: both inheritance (most important, I'm sure) and environmental. A rare S.L.I. student was quite good in medical school—again evidence for the usefulness of "I.Q." tests. Even S.L.I. couldn't keep all intelligence out.

RICHARD ASHMAN

New Orleans, La.

## . . . and Mr. Adler's Reply

Mr. Ashman cites various personal experiences to show that many college graduates emerge from school poorly prepared. His contention that these graduates are unteachable is merely an assumption, and does not refute my argument that a teacher can, with good supervision, become a competent craftsman, even though he may not be qualified to be classed as a scholar. Incidentally, my experience is not limited, as Mr. Ashman implies, to "superior" Columbia University students. I taught for twenty years in public schools. My pupils during most of this time were among those Mr. Ashman calls "dullards."

Mr. Ashman has unwittingly refuted one of the comments made by Mr. Howe in his review of my book, *What We Want of Our Schools*. Mr. Howe said that when I criticize the uncritical use of I. Q. scores as though they measure innate ability I am beating a dead horse. Mr. Ashman's letter shows that the horse is alive and kicking.

IRVING ADLER

New York City

## Avuncular Mr. Dulles

Dear Sirs: Your correspondent, Michael A. Visaggio, wishes us to recognize the service to our country performed by John Foster Dulles (letters column, issue of May 31). If Mr. Dulles' labors in behalf of the welfare of his fellow Americans are so difficult to recognize, it must be the result of his very modest accomplishments.

On the face of it, I have always considered Mr. Dulles to be the finest Secretary of State the German cartels

have ever had in America and that the project nearest his heart was the reassembling of an armed Germany, Fascist if possible, Nazi if necessary. Of course, Mr. Dulles also has an avuncular side interest in the lesser Fascists like Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek and a batch of Latin-American dictators.

S. A. RUSSELL

Reno, Nevada

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## EDITORIALS

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### The Resistance in Arkansas

Some months back *The Nation* expressed the view that the law-abiding element in Arkansas would, if given an opportunity, repudiate the actions of Governor Faubus. More recently, we reaffirmed this conviction ("Faubus Once Again," *The Nation*, March 29, 1953), albeit with some qualifications. Now, we are pleased to note, it is certain that Faubus will be vigorously opposed in his bid for a third term. The Democratic primary, tantamount to election in Arkansas, is scheduled for July 29. Governor Faubus has three opponents: Chancery Judge Lee Ward, from eastern Arkansas; Chris E. Finkbeiner, a well-to-do meat packer of Little Rock, and Robert J. Brown, a Little Rock lawyer whose candidacy is not taken seriously. Both Finkbeiner and Judge Ward are strong candidates. Three former governors, Sid McGrath, Ben Laney and Francis Cherry have come out against Faubus. On balance, Judge Ward, who appears to be the strongest of the contenders, has a good chance of forcing a run-off with Faubus and, with the field thus narrowed, of defeating him.

The stakes, for all of us, are high. Should Faubus win a smashing victory at the primary, the effect will be to strengthen the Dixiecrat element in the South and to complicate and delay the process of integration. If he is re-elected, the nation may anticipate another spectacle of the kind that occurred with the opening of Central High School last year. Judge Ward is not an integrationist, but he believes "first of all in law and order." In any event, the proper first steps have been taken and the voters will now be given a chance to repudiate the Governor who caused the words "Little Rock" to be shouted with derision around the world. The Arkansas primary of July 29 will command a top priority in the political expectations of all thoughtful citizens.

### The California Story

*Los Angeles*

The wild Western everyone watched last week was one in which the Democratic Party came up with a formidable gun and can look forward to real traveling. California's cross-filing primary, recently modified to allow party identification to be shown on the ballot but still allowing Republicans to run in Democratic primaries and vice versa, converted the June 3 primary into a popularity contest. Last week, in spite of a fantastic war chest and last-minute campaign assistance from Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Senator William F. Knowland faced the first real opposition of his political career—at least since he ran against Will Rogers, Jr., for the Senate—and discovered that he is nowhere near as popular as he thought he was. In the race for governor, Attorney General Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown took more Republican votes than Knowland got from the Democrats. (Brown received 85 per cent of the Democratic vote as well as 25 per cent of the Republican vote; Knowland got only 75 per cent of the Republican vote, plus 15 per cent of the Democratic.) But the tremendous plurality which has been built up by Brown is only a part of the California story. California registered more Democrats than Republicans for a generation, but Republicans, with rare exceptions,

### To Nation Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only. It will be published as follows: July 5, July 19, August 2, August 16 and August 30.

Thereafter the normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed.



have been continuously elected to major offices. Last week, for the first time, the four-to-three Democratic lead in registration held up in the votes all the way down through the minor offices. The only exception was in the Senate race, where Congressman Clair Engle, known by his own count to only 22 per cent of California's voters a month before the primary, got the Democratic nomination but not a majority of the state's votes. However, a very sizable proportion of the votes cast for Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco, who was contesting the Republican primary with Governor Goodwin Knight, will in all probability shift to the Democratic nominee in November.

Liberal Democrats have long dreamed of a "solid West" that would enable the party nationally to free itself from indenture to the segregationists of the South; but California was essential to such a plan. Now, with Pat Brown pledged to an uncompromising civil rights position at the 1960 convention and solidly in front with California voters, there seems to be genuine hope for this dream. The Republican powers who have ruled the state for years will not let go easily, and the fall campaign will probably see religious bigotry (Brown is a Catholic), personal slander and gross misrepresentation, but with Knowland's right-to-work campaign apparently proven irrelevant by the voters, it now appears that Knowland cannot win; for him to become governor, Brown would have to lose. In point of fact the right-to-work initiative has not yet been qualified for the November ballot and there appears to be considerable doubt that the requisite signatures can be obtained in order to place this measure, with which Knowland's campaign is closely identified, on the ballot.

An interesting sidelight was provided in the Republican primary for Attorney General. Congressman Pat Hillings, a Nixon protégé, was trailing State Assemblyman Caspar Weinberger, in spite of a ridiculous suggestion by Fulton Lewis, Jr., that the conservative Weinberger was a Communist-approved candidate—a suggestion later retracted under threat of libel action—and in spite of Hillings' attempt to capitalize politically on the deportation of William Heikkela, in the course of which Hillings told the press of "new evidence" and a "Communist conspiracy" so horrible "we can't tell you about it." Apparently the Nixon technique, if it is still effective at all, is too tricky to be handled by a second-string Nixon. But this is a close race and the count is not complete at this writing.

GENE MARINE

## New Tensions

At this writing the Security Council is preparing to debate Lebanon's complaint against Nasser's United Arab Republic. Next on the agenda, for June 18, is a discussion of the Tunisian-French dispute. Both disputes, it is worth noting, are internecine. In the first,

one member of the Arab League has filed a complaint against another member. In the second, a power friendly to the West has lodged a formal complaint against a member of the Western Alliance. The circumstance that neither complaint involves a direct East-West conflict gives point to Geoffrey Barraclough's article in this issue (p. 534) on the new frontiers of tension. It also lends emphasis to his observation that NATO actually inhibits the formulation of new policies needed to cope with these new and rapidly evolving conflicts.

For example, it can be plausibly argued that American aid has enabled the French to postpone the necessity of seeking a settlement in Algeria. And, in much the same sense, the Eisenhower Doctrine has aggravated Lebanon's political problems. A member of Mr. Chamoun's cabinet is quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as saying that the United States is "on the wrong side of a popular issue—nationalism. Your Eisenhower Doctrine and your Sixth Fleet are only hurting your friends." Even Lebanon's pro-Western Foreign Minister, Charles Malik, concedes that the Sixth Fleet's saber-rattling offers "embarrassment" as well as a sense of security. It is no secret that Chamoun might have avoided violent opposition in Lebanon if he had been less openly pro-Western. All of which would suggest that policies which were formulated in the early years of the cold war cannot be mechanically applied, with any hope of success, to these new frontiers of tension.

## The Ernst Report

*The Nation* is glad that General Trujillo invested \$100,000 in the Morris Ernst report on the Galindez case. For if we had any doubts that the death of Gerald Murphy and the flight of aircraft N-68100 were connected with the disappearance of Galindez, the report has removed them. Unintentionally, but in a most convincing fashion, Mr. Ernst has placed the noose around the neck of his client and drawn the knot much tighter than it had been drawn by the press. There were, of course, discrepancies and loopholes in the story of N-68100 as it was pieced together by the press. (See "Galindez: the Riddle of the Mystery," by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, August 3, 1957.) But Mr. Ernst has verified the facts and reconstructed the events in such a skillful manner that the discrepancies and loopholes have vanished. Indeed, Mr. Ernst must have been acutely aware of the fact that he had brilliantly succeeded in implicating his client to a degree that neither had intended, much less bargained for. For at the close of his remarkable demonstration, he attempts to divert the reader's attention by the sudden, daring and quite illogical suggestion that the plane's destination after it left Florida was not the Dominican Republic but Cuba. No proof whatever is offered to support this theory. All that the reader is told is that the Cuban Government has a file on N-68100 and that confidential



sources had informed it that the plane arrived in Cuba on March 13 and left the same day. Mr. Ernst does not state that he examined the file or that he interviewed the informants; he merely assures us that the existence of the file disproves the contention that the plane's destination was Trujillo's island paradise. This despite the fact that John Frank, also known as John Kane, recently convicted on a charge of having failed to register as an agent of the Dominican Republic, and Major General Arturo E. Espaillat, former Dominican Consul General in New York, were present with Murphy when the plane was chartered, according to one witness at the Frank trial. It is not often that a rascal, even one as rich and arrogant as Trujillo, finances a study which—its conclusions to the contrary—neatly substantiates the charges it was designed to refute.

### “Defense Is a Lie”

The title is borrowed from the Toronto *Daily Star*, the vigor of whose editorializing might well be the envy of many an American newspaper. The *Star* also asks, “Is Our Defense a Colossal Waste?” and concludes it is. The total Canadian military expenditure—\$1.7 billion annually—is unimpressive by our own Brobdingnagian standards. The Canadians are billion-pinchers, obviously, but not everybody can be as rich as Uncle Sam and it may be that the stability of Canada's economy does not require military waste on the grand scale of the American. At any rate, the Canadians are grumbling. One complaint is that the Government is spending \$40 on “defense” for every \$1 spent on aid to underdeveloped nations. Another is that the best the DEW-line can be expected to accomplish, if it is adapted for radar detection of missiles—of which the Canadians are clearly skeptical—is to give New York and Washington twelve- to twenty-minutes' notice of their impending destruction. On the proposal to construct counter-missile bases on Canadian soil, the Canadians pour vitriolic scorn, quite unlike the brethren in the Pentagon, who appear, with the farsighted vision of the technological press agent, to regard the most improbable projects as practically accomplished if only we believe in them. If nuclear war comes, the Canadian skeptics point out, some of the ICBMs will get through, and each may be loaded with an explosive power equal to the power of *all* the bombs dropped during World War II. Most technological soothsayers would agree that not *some*, but a *majority*, of the ICBMs will get through.

The disaffection among our Canadian cousins appears to be quite serious and the boldness of their utterances even more so. “There is no defense and no prospect of a genuine defense against all-out nuclear attack,” they say unequivocally. “. . . Peace will sooner or later have to rest on something more solid than fear.”

### Hoover's Law

According to a theorem implied in J. Edgar Hoover's best-selling book, the Communist menace is in inverse ratio to the number of Communists. This doctrine which, like many of the great intellectual discoveries, is self-evident once it is verbalized, will hereinafter be referred to as Hoover's Law.

*The Nation* is happy to be the first to apply Hoover's Law to an ominous situation which is developing in the fair state of California. It is reported that twenty-six C.P. members have formally left the party. The departed include Oleta O'Connor Yates, Louise Todd and Loretta Starvus Stack in San Francisco, and Celeste Strack and Harry Steinberg in Los Angeles. Steinberg and the Mesdames Yates and Strack are Smith Act defendants, while Miss Todd was state secretary of the party for many years.

Here, obviously, is a situation which cries for action. With the party decimated by resignations, the government of California may be overthrown any minute. Only Mr. Hoover can save it. Let him fly out his janizaries, his wire-tappers and his sleuths. Let him fly out himself. Eleven million Californians cannot sleep peacefully in their beds till Hoover reassures them that the California C.P. is at full strength.

### Nehru and Kashmir

Washington

AN AMERICAN diplomat said tartly the other day that Pandit Nehru is too great a man to be consistent. It was the Indian Prime Minister's attitude on Kashmir which provoked this acid remark.

For decades *The Nation* has sided with Jawaharlal Nehru: first, during India's hard struggle for independence; and in the last few years during the United States Government's blundering course in Asia. But like millions of Nehru's other friends, we ruefully parted company with him on the Kashmir issue.

That state in the foothills of the Himalayas and its four million inhabitants are again in the news. On June 4, Nehru, visiting New Delhi during a break in his vacation, announced himself as “frustrated at the growing rift” between his country and Pakistan and stressed his willingness to meet with representatives of the Karachi Government at any level—even the highest—in an attempt to settle differences.

Should this statement mark the beginning of an initiative toward reconciliation, no one would be more pleased than Mr. Nehru's well-wishers, including *The Nation*. The avenues leading to reconciliation have been marked out many times, but nowhere more clearly and more promisingly, in our judgment, than in a report to the United Nations which a distinguished American, Dr. Frank P. Graham, published at the end of March.

Serving as U.N. “good officer” in the Kashmir dispute,



Dr. Graham spent five weeks in India and Pakistan early this year. In his report, he proposes that:

1. The disputants should reaffirm their peaceful intentions concerning the area.

2. They should promise anew to respect the cease-fire line.

3. The feasibility should be explored of putting a U.N. force on the Pakistan side of the Pakistan-Kashmir border to insure the area's security after Pakistani troops have withdrawn.

4. The parties should seek an understanding on conditions for a Kashmir plebiscite.

5. The Prime Ministers of the two countries should hold a summit conference of their own early this spring under his—Graham's—auspices.

Pakistan accepted the program in principle, agreeing to withdraw its troops from Kashmir simultaneously with removal of the bulk of the Indian forces. Pakistan also assented to the subsequent stationing of U.N. soldiers on its territory along the Kashmir frontier.

India, however, rejected the Graham proposals. With unsolicited solicitude, the Government at New Delhi expressed resentment at the proposal to place foreign troops in the sovereign state of Pakistan, called this "a highly improper and indeed unfriendly act" against her neighbor. It even refused Graham's earnest suggestion that the Premiers meet, arguing that this would equate the aggressor and the aggrieved.

Having already proclaimed what amounts to India's annexation of Kashmir, Nehru in effect countenanced only one solution—Pakistan's complete renunciation of Kashmir in India's favor.

NEHRU IS ON record, time after time, as having acquiesced in a plebiscite to let the people of Kashmir determine their destiny. In 1947, telegraphing British Prime Minister Attlee, Nehru said:

I should like to make it clear that the question of aiding Kashmir in this emergency is not designed in any way to influence the State to accede to India. Our view, which we have repeatedly made public, is that the question of accession in any disputed territory or State must be decided in accordance with the wishes of the people, and we adhere to this view.

Eight days later, Nehru wired to the Premier of Pakistan:

I have stated our government's policy and made it clear that we have no desire to impose our will on Kashmir but to leave the final decision to the people of Kashmir. I further stated that we have agreed on an impartial international agency like the United Nations supervising any referendum.

Yet seven years later—in March, 1954—a presidential order extended India's jurisdiction to all Kashmir. How to explain such behavior by a man of Nehru's caliber?

We can think of very few mitigating factors and all of them must be put at John Foster Dulles' door. By drawing Pakistan into SEATO and the Baghdad Pact, Washington fed India's suspicion that she was being squeezed in a strategic pincer. Even more significant is the anxiety which American military aid to Pakistan—presumably aimed at strengthening her against Russia and China—has aroused among Indians. President Eisenhower assured Nehru in writing that this aid would not be directed against India. India, however, has been questioning the worth of that pledge, whose validity seems all the more dubious following ten days' secret U.S.-Pakistan discussions in Washington which ended on May 7. Three important Pakistani representatives attended these talks: Finance Minister Ali Amjad; Mohammed Ayub Kahn, Commander-in-Chief of the Army; and Vice-Marshal Mohammed Asghar, Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force. The trio left here with an assurance that a number of their countrymen may soon undergo training in the United States as jet pilots, navigators and gunners and that—probably next year—twenty to twenty-five American jet bombers will be delivered to Karachi. The Pakistani said frankly that they want American bombers to match some of those in India's Air Force. By meeting the request under such circumstances, the State Department imperils the recent improvement in U.S.-Indian relations and makes Mr. Eisenhower's assurances to Nehru appear meaningless.

SO MUCH, then, for the United States' share in exacerbating the Indo-Pakistani crisis. Still, there is nothing here to justify Nehru's attitude on Kashmir.

Only a few years ago, India's policy on Kashmir appeared accommodating. Graham's recent report recalls that as late as August, 1953, Nehru joined the Pakistan Prime Minister, after a meeting in New Delhi, in recognizing that a Kashmir plebiscite had been agreed upon. Today India opposes a plebiscite. Does Mr. Nehru's conciliatory statement last week indicate a change?

The feud between the two neighboring nations, which were one until eleven years ago, is unspeakably tragic. Each needs every precious rupee available to feed its people and bring order out of economic chaos; yet about 38 per cent of India's and almost 60 per cent of Pakistan's revenues are squandered on armaments. The conflict between them over Kashmir has inspired this comment:

In this age, any situation engaged by U.N.-sponsored resolutions cannot be isolated from the dynamic currents of the world's concern even by the highest mountains. . . . There rises above the authentic fears, despair and tumult of the times the unconquerable aspiration of the human spirit for the sublimation of thermonuclear power in the cause of peace.

The light of faith and the fires of the inner spirit which in dark times in ages past were lighted among Asian, African and Mediterranean people for people in all lands,



have shone most nobly in our times in the heroic struggles, liberation and universal aspirations of the people of the historic subcontinent for a freer and fairer life for all.

The peoples of the world might in high response begin again in these shadowed years to transform with faith and good will the potential forces of bitterness, hate and destruction, step by step through the United Nations, toward the way of creative cooperation, economic, social and cultural development, responsible disarmament, self-

determination, equal justice under law and peace for all peoples on the earth as the God-given home of the family of man.

These rich, deeply felt words might well have been uttered by that great leader, Nehru. However, they come from Frank Graham, the American good officer in the Kashmir dispute. And the man to whom, above all, they seem to be directed is the Indian Prime Minister.

## DE GAULLE: SYMBOL OF CRISIS

### 1. Can de Gaulle Command His Army?.. *Alexander Werth*

*Paris, June 6*

WHEN THE Socialist Guy Mollet visited Algiers as Premier of France, he was smothered with tomatoes. General de Gaulle was welcomed there with the deafening cries of a hundred thousand Europeans and was smothered with flowers. Herein lies the embodiment of Algiers' victory over France. Yet the enthusiasm for de Gaulle was perhaps more apparent than real. The Algiers radio, from which Paris radio-men were excluded, continued to stress that the enthusiasm for Soustelle was equal to, if not greater than, that for the General.

The question asked in Paris today is whether de Gaulle in Algeria feels himself to be on friendly or enemy territory. His apparent approval of the Algiers putsch was taken at face value by multitudes of Europeans, but his brief speech upon arrival in the Algerian capital left an enormous number of questions unanswered. Indeed, the speech suggests that de Gaulle is playing for time. Superficially, he seems to have approved the putschists' incongruous idea that henceforth the Arabs and the French will be completely equal. But the same statement on de Gaulle's lips and on the lips of the putschists concealed different mental reservations.

Not once did de Gaulle use the phrase "French Algeria." His ref-

erence to Algerian participation in a constitutional referendum did not mean that Algeria thereby automatically becomes a French province. Elections to a single "college," as mentioned by de Gaulle, suggest a revival of the old Soustelle plan whereby French-Arab equality can be outflanked—for example, by obligating the "college" to appoint local assemblies on a fifty-fifty basis (Arabs outnumber Europeans in Algeria eight to one). Similarly, when de Gaulle said that "the rest"—meaning Algeria's real form of government—would be worked out after the election, he left the biggest question unanswered.

The Algerian nationalists have already rejected the General's proposal. De Gaulle seems to have attempted a double operation: (1) to exploit the Moslem population's fear and war-weariness and (2) to call the bluff of the colonialists when they staged their famous "fraternization" with the terrorized Moslems of the Algerian capital. Nothing would suit the French diehards in Algeria less than genuine equality for the Arabs.

The moment he stepped on Algerian soil, de Gaulle began to flatter the Army; yet, deeply infected by colonialism as it is, it is still a question whether the Army is on his side. De Gaulle hesitated to demand the dissolution of the Public Safety Committees; on the other hand, he is reluctant to appoint the extremist Soustelle to the Government.

Here on the mainland, the appear-

ances of the Republic are being maintained, but more or less clandestine Public Safety Committees continue to spring up. They appear to be handy instruments for a coordinated military, and eventually a Fascist, putsch. Apparently de Gaulle is disinclined to disavow them.

At the moment, General de Gaulle gives the impression that he is walking a dangerous tightrope between Paris and Algiers. Whether he can control the Army remains the Number One question.

THE CAUSES of the present crisis go a long way back. The primary cause was the unwillingness, the inability of successive governments, especially since the beginning of 1956, to show the Algerian diehards, and the Army leaders who had come under their influence, who was the master of France. It was the political junta of Algiers, more or less supported by the Army leaders, which for over two years has been dictating policy to Paris. Two strong, big-mouthed men, Jacques Soustelle (formerly de Gaulle's right-hand man and one of the heads of his intelligence service during the war), and Robert Lacoste, the "Socialist" Minister of Algeria since February, 1956, impersonating the growing anti-Arab chauvinism of these last two years, have acted in Paris as the powerful spokesmen of the fight-to-a-finish policy in Algeria. A substantial part of Big Business in France and the whole of Big Business in Algeria supported these men

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in their opposition to a negotiated settlement. The successive French governments (Mollet's, Bourguès-Maunoury's, Gaillard's and, finally, Pflimlin's) were cowed by these men—who also enjoyed the strident support from that partly conservative, partly semi-Fascist segment of the National Assembly on which all these governments depended. Fanatical settlers, exercising more and more influence over the Government-General of Algeria and working in close alliance with the most ruthless and dynamic Army elements, such as the paratroops of General Massu, were in fact shaping both the military and diplomatic actions of Algiers and—indirectly—of Paris. M. Alain de Sérigny, editor of the ultra-colonialist *Echo d'Alger*, had become the ideological guide of most of the European civilians in Algiers and of a substantial part of the Army leadership. It is not surprising to find him now a leading member of the Committee of Public Safety at Algiers—that Algerian “government” which has been trying, so successfully up to now, to dictate its will to Paris. Nor is it surprising to find M. Jacques Soustelle entering this “government” after escaping from Paris, where the Pflimlin Government had increased his “bodyguard” to eight men “to protect him against Algerian terrorists.”

Bourguès-Maunoury's Government was overthrown last winter for having produced a plan of reforms in Algeria which M. de Sérigny and his friends had found too generous; four months later, the Gaillard Government was overthrown (even though it had “covered” the Sakiet raid of February 8) for having recommended the acceptance of the very mild Murphy-Beeley recommendations on Tunisia. After that, there was a month's interregnum marked by a storm of the most violent anti-American propaganda in the greater part of the French press. When finally the Catholic Deputy, M. Pierre Pflimlin, was about to form the next Government, and had let it be known that he favored an Algerian settlement (possibly in cooperation with Tunisia and Morocco), Algiers was not going to take any more chances. A few hours before the investiture of M.



General De Gaulle

Pflimlin, there were riots there which led to the proclamation of the rival Algiers regime under the incongruously Robespierresque title of “Committee of Public Safety.”

AND SO, on May 13, we saw the beginning of the final act of the long-drawn-out Franco-Algerian tragedy. It is now said that if Pflimlin had been energetic on May 13 or 14, if he had ordered the court-martial of the instigators of the Algiers coup, all might yet have been saved. But it is, in fact, hard to see how “republican law” could, by that time, have been enforced on the insurgents. So Pflimlin felt he had no choice but to condone the insurrection, and to build up the fiction that General Salan, the Commander-in-Chief in Algeria, was the lawful representative of the Paris Government there. But meantime General Salan had started making speeches which invariably ended with the cry, “*Vive de Gaulle!*” There was complete confusion. What did de Gaulle have to do with it? Was de Gaulle in any way responsible for the Algiers insurrection against the legal Government of France? Were not the Algerian thugs using him in order to make their putsch look *respectable* in the eyes of millions of Frenchmen in metropolitan France? Were not the gen-

erals, too, for the time being, working hand-in-hand with the thugs to get de Gaulle into power?

General Massu, head of the paratroops and No. 1 thug, whose men were responsible for the now-famous tortures and for having terrorized the Moslem population of Algiers city into complete submission (though not elsewhere in Algeria), now staged the farce of a “miraculous” Franco-Moslem “reconciliation,” with a few thousands of terrorized Moslems and a few thousands of other, older and “wishful-thinking” Moslems being induced to take part in crying “*Vive de Gaulle!*” and even “*Algérie Française!*” Highfalutin’ promises of “integration” and complete equality were made to them by all the crustiest of old colonialists, with Massu, Soustelle and de Sérigny at their head. This nonsense was played up with the greatest seriousness in the whole colonialist right-wing press in France. It was part of the operation which was calculated to show that a de Gaulle regime alone could win over the Moslems!

AND THEN, ON MAY 15, came de Gaulle's first laconic communiqué, which was to precipitate events at breakneck speed. In this communiqué, he did not disavow the Algiers putsch, and made it plain that he was willing to place himself at the service of France and the Republic. Four days later came his press conference, at which he made it clear that he wanted the Socialists to help him into office by “legal” means. Again he did not disavow the Algiers putsch, saying disdainfully: “Why should I, if the Government of the Republic isn't doing it?” He hit the nail on the head. The Pflimlin Government was helpless—completely and utterly helpless both *vis-à-vis* the Algiers Public Safety Committee and *vis-à-vis* the Army leaders. Only he, de Gaulle, would have enough authority to make Algiers and the Army—and the Army was the main thing—obey.

The Pflimlin Government was in a state of complete bewilderment. Jules Moch, the Minister of the Interior, was not absolutely sure of the police; Pierre de Chévigné, the Minister of Defense, was not at all sure



of the Army. Rumors were started of Massu's paratroops landing in Paris and setting up a ruthless military dictatorship. They did not land in Paris; but on May 24, 250 paratroops stationed in Corsica organized an Algiers-inspired putsch there; just as at Algiers, so now at Ajaccio, the Government gave orders to its forces not to resist. A Public Safety Committee, on Algiers lines, was set up in Corsica. The only cheering thing was that, as distinct from Algiers, the population of Corsica showed very little enthusiasm for its new "rulers."

But now the fat was in the fire. It was the Whitsuntide weekend: 800,000 Parisians had gone out of town; others were crowding the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes; all still looked peaceful and idyllic. But the Pflimlin Government had now got into a real panic. A censorship was imposed on the press—no mention was permitted of any other "public safety" committees that bunches of local Fascists were trying to set up (though without much success) in various places in the south of France. On Monday, May 26, the Assembly met to raise the parliamentary immunity of M. Arrighi, the Deputy who had played a leading role in the Ajaccio *coup*. When Pflimlin was asked why a similar measure wasn't being taken against Soustelle and other members of Parliament now in Algiers, he feebly said once again that "Algiers was different."

AND now started the more or less secret negotiations with de Gaulle—the only man who "could now prevent civil war." Lacoste wrote to him, begging him to disavow the Corsica putsch; so did Mollet, the Socialist leader in the Pflimlin Government. As a result of Mollet's letter, a secret meeting was arranged between Pflimlin and de Gaulle. The Socialists, holding the balance in the National Assembly, were at first furious with Mollet and passed by an overwhelming majority a vote against having anything to do with de Gaulle. Mollet was not discouraged; he had made up his mind that de Gaulle alone could now "keep Algiers in order." President Coty

and ex-President Auriol were now feverishly working for de Gaulle behind the scenes. The Communists started a violent anti-Fascist campaign. On Wednesday, May 28, there was a vast "Defense of the Republic" demonstration in the East End of Paris, called by the Socialists and other democratic organizations; uninvited, the Communists joined in. Some 300,000 people marched through the streets of Paris carrying banners saying "*Vive la République*" and "*NON à de Gaulle*." In a sense, it was a tame, half-hearted affair, lacking the fervor and enthusiasm of the old Popular Front rallies of 1935 and 1936. It could scarcely be anything else; everybody knew that while the demonstration was being held (with several Socialist Deputies, and also anti-de Gaulle left-of-center men like Mitterrand and Mendès-France, taking part) Mollet, the Socialist leader, was negotiating with de Gaulle. And there is no doubt that at the back of very many people's minds there was the inescapable feeling of "better de Gaulle than Massu." No doubt, the people around de Gaulle were suspect, terribly suspect. Even the Catholic paper *La Croix*, while polite to de Gaulle, thought it a nauseating sight: the great man standing in a pool of filth, the filth of all the right-wing Deputies and Fascists, their pockets bulging with money received from Big Business in both France and Algeria.

Though not very wholehearted, the vast left-wing demonstration was not unimportant, all the same. De Gaulle was impressed by it; it demonstrated that there was a vast part of the population which was attached to the Republic—not necessarily to the Republic of Gaillard and Pflimlin, but to the Republic in the abstract, as it were.

WHAT IF A Popular Front were to develop, after all? Wednesday's demonstration was a relatively small affair, but it might prove the beginning of something important. President Coty got seriously alarmed; and he threatened to resign if de Gaulle were not made head of the government. There was actually no immediate "danger" of a Popular Front; but it was now possible that the So-

cialist resistance to de Gaulle might grow stronger. Already men like Tanguy-Prigent of the Socialist Party were saying that, despite doctrinal differences, there were moments when the Socialist and Communist rank-and-file were bound to get closer together.

The French intellectuals were divided. François Mauriac said he would "take a chance" with de Gaulle; the *Monde*, in a terribly gloomy article, said de Gaulle was a "lesser evil." Bourdet wrote in *France-Observateur*: "No, Never!" and argued that, since de Gaulle and Algiers were bluffing France, France should "counter-bluff" them. Let the paratroops descend on Paris. So what? They couldn't kill everybody, and the resistance of the people would show that Algiers could not dictate its will to France, which was still profoundly democratic.

BUT IT was no good. On Sunday, June 1, de Gaulle was invested by the National Assembly—but only by 329 votes to 224. In the last week, the opposition to de Gaulle had not lessened; it had grown, despite the fact that most people knew at heart that de Gaulle was inevitable—and the "lesser evil." The General had given many assurances to Mollet (now known as "France's Ramsay MacDonald"): the trade unions (and even the Communist Party) would not be dissolved; democratic freedoms would be respected, and so on, and so on. But, as everybody knows, the big, crucial question for the immediate future is not civil liberties, or the freedom of the press, or trade-union freedom. Question Number One is: Will de Gaulle make Algiers obey? Or will he become the prisoner of the Fascists in Algiers and in France? The profound reason why de Gaulle was approved by a reluctant Parliament was the idea that he, and he alone, could make the Army and Algiers obey or, failing that, *separate* the Army from "Algiers"—i.e., from the colonialist gang, the Sérignys and the Soustelles.

De Gaulle, whatever else he believes in, believes in the authority of the central Government in Paris. Just as in 1944-45 he ordered the dissolution of the countless Liberation



Committees that had been set up by the men of the *Résistance*, and which showed dangerously autonomist and regionalist tendencies, so (if he is consistent) he must eventually dissolve the Public Safety Committee in Algiers and elsewhere.

Will Soustelle oppose de Gaulle? The real clash between the two men

is the clash of two different Big Business groups: Soustelle is the man of the all-out colonialists with a large Fascist network in France; de Gaulle is backed by that part of Big Business which wants the war in Algeria liquidated and wants to concentrate the big economic developments not in Algeria, but in France. And, to

them, the Algerian war is a hindrance.

In short, everything, everything depends on whether de Gaulle has the authority to control the Army and to detach it from the Algerian colonialists. Once we have an answer to this, we can then worry about whether de Gaulle is really a Fascist.

## 2. Paris: the Unreal Week . . by Elliott Stein

THROUGHOUT the "crisis" the city has been like a large surrealist canvas, filled with quiet flocks of people playing cards. During the rush on the stores last week, when housewives seized most of the sardine cans, sugar and oil in sight, there was also a stampede on parlor games, presumably to be enjoyed during the long evenings when it might be forbidden to go out, evenings illuminated by the tons of candles which were snapped up too. And in the long rows of Black Marias and riot cars all over town, hundreds of the waiting police sit and pass the spring afternoons, chatting softly, rifle and machine gun at their sides, playing cards, playing cards.

The spring "season" is at its height—the few months before the August holiday exodus when a good many of the year's more interesting concerts, exhibitions and special dramatic performances are crowded together. A self-improving tourist with too busy a schedule to read the papers, and who assumed that the 20,000 police and 15,000 steel-helmeted security guards were on hand to insure the safety of a visiting monarch, could go from gallery to theatre, hardly suspecting that anything was up. Only in the cinemas, where newsreels offer food for thought and scuffle, has attendance dropped sharply. Two days after the Algiers *coup*, a special newsreel flashed on the screen of a Champs-Élysées theatre. There was an icy silence,

the audience sat as if petrified—then enthusiastic applause broke out for General Massu's unpleasant face. A friend of mine who booed narrowly escaped assault. In a working-class neighborhood cinema, the same newsreel evoked the same icy silence, and a mere few grunts of disapproval for the same unpleasant face.

Monday, May 19—the date of de Gaulle's now-famous press conference—stands out for me as the most unreal of recent spectral days. I walked across town at dawn to take my place in line at the *Opéra*, where seats were going on sale that morning for the Bolshoi Ballet's June performance. Most of those on line ahead of me had been there since before midnight the previous evening; in the crowd of English tourists, native balletomanes and the gnarled little *concierges* with camp chairs who had come to stock up on tickets for future black-market sales, there was a good deal of bitter reminiscence. Four years ago to the month, during the period of the Indo-Chinese war, many of them had stood on line all night at the *Opéra* for tickets to the Bolshoi, but with the fall of Dien Bien Phu, right-wing threats to riot during performances intimidated the government into canceling them and sending Ulanova and company back to Moscow. Would something like that happen again? Hadn't Lacoste just accused the government of perpetrating a "diplomatic Dien Bien Phu"?

About 6:30 A.M., a portable set picked up the French radio's day-starter, the *Marseillaise*, which blared across the Place de l'Opéra. A *flic* obliged the radio's owner to tone the music down. An English boy held a

copy of the May 17 London *Daily Mirror*. Under an enormous headline, "FLIGHT FROM PARIS—Refugee Rush Begins As Civil War Fear Grows," the front-page story by the *Mirror's* Paris correspondent, Peter Stephens, spoke of thousands of civilians leaving in terror, of rolled-up mattresses on the roofs of endless streams of fleeing cars. Several old ladies in the queue had a good laugh when the article was translated for them—the journalist had obviously just seen a few families leaving for a weekend in the country, they said. (The piece's outrageous misrepresentation and hysteria-mongering were not very funny though. The *Mirror* later followed with a *mea culpa* and Stephens was ousted from the Anglo-American Paris Press Association.)

GROGGY, BUT ARMED with my Bolshoi seats, I sat out the early part of the afternoon in the sunlight at a café on the Boulevard St. Germain, waiting for news of the press conference, which might, I assumed, exert an influence on whether or not seats would have to be refunded. It was a beautiful day; the cafés were packed. The presence of a thousand paddywagons didn't dampen spirits excessively—one was getting used to them. Police helicopters buzzed overhead. The Prefect himself was said to be droning around in the little Cub plane which swooped low over the boulevard. No great massing of mobs was to be seen from above or below, but the aerial spying went on through the day, and by evening the planes had become nerve-wracking. Toward three o'clock, while Minister of the Interior Moch himself direct-

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ed the policing of the Palais d'Orsay and Malraux, Mauriac, Graham Greene and 800 newsmen were herded in to meet the General, the subway closed down. The C.G.T. (the Confédération Générale du Travail—the large, mostly Communist trade-union) had given strike orders to coincide with de Gaulle's speech so as to "break the Fascist plot." (And also to test how well the working class might be expected to follow its subsequent orders.) Ominously enough, station *République* was the first to shut its iron gates. Half of the city's buses stopped and did not start again until nine that evening; a few suburban trains were halted, and work ceased in some factories. Since the Metro strike was total, thousands found themselves on the street in neighborhoods they had had no intention of visiting. For an hour or so, groups of people stood in the sunlight near the cafés, waiting for news from the Palais D'Orsay. The news was late in coming. The tense calm was like that in a science-fiction movie when the berserk planet or the giant mantis is due, but not yet visible, and crowds stand aimlessly on the sidewalks—or even more like the early René Clair film, *Paris Qui Dort*, in which the French capital is paralyzed into stop motion by a crazy ray in the middle of an ordinary afternoon.

LATER, WHEN the pretentious and irritating words had been made public, when a nation which had for the most part been doing no shouting whatsoever was informed that "No one shouts 'Vive de Gaulle' who is not on the side of the nation"—there was more silence, more standing around. There were no public demonstrations as it slowly sank in that de Gaulle had not only given his implicit support to Massu and the rebellious *colons*, but had asked to be accepted as supreme ruler merely on the basis of his past service, and in return offered no hint of what his own program was to be. It was evident (to quote Mendès-France's blunt summation), that "the General has aggravated the situation and backed up the behavior of the seditious factions."

To round out that Dali-esque,

Dantesque day, in the evening I attended a performance of the Paul Dessau opera, *The Condemnation of Lucullus*, based on a Brecht text, and presented by the Leipzig opera as part of the *Théâtre des Nations'* series at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. The libretto concerns the judging of a general by his past deeds. The Roman commander-in-chief, Lucullus, carried to his tomb with great pomp at curtain rise, faces the Tribunal of the Dead, which has been invoked to decide his qualifications for the Elysian Fields. He had brought Rome great military honors, conquered the Orient and introduced the cherry tree to Italy—but the figures from his triumphal arch descend and do not have much to say on the general's behalf. The court, composed of a fishwife who had lost her son in battle, a peasant and a courtesan, decide to refuse him access to the Champs Elysées, and the Big Man is sent to Nothingness where he is to join his hero, Alexander the Great.

Dessau was on hand for the Paris performances. He was roundly acclaimed, but I felt impelled to rush out after the first curtain call, surrounded as I was by delightedly *épaté* bourgeois who had chattered through the music all evening long and were now wildly shouting, "This is the opera of the future—the opera of the future!—more significant than *Pelléas*!" I liked Dessau's music, but I had had enough of generals for one day, and walked home along the well-policed quays of the Seine, hoping to get on the BBC some uncensored news of just what had been going on in France that day.

THE REST of the week brought all kinds of rumors and more inert waiting around. One discovered that Mauriac had rallied to de Gaulle and that Sartre was rampaging against him. There were rumors that the embassy was planning the evacuation of both military and civilian Americans, that Toulouse and Bordeaux had been taken over by Committees of Public Safety. The arrival from Germany of several Globe-masters was not reassuring, but the evacuation stories were squelched, although service men in Europe were

told to keep away from France. The papers reported a new ruling requiring anyone except tourists leaving the country to procure an exit visa—it turned out to be necessary only for French nationals—and then after four days, during which squawking lines of would-be French vacationers, train tickets to Brussels or Venice in their pockets, raged outside government offices that were closed for lunch, the visa system was dropped as suddenly as it had been instituted.

AFTER the Corsican *coup*, the government implanted absolute censorial control on all sources of information. This has replaced the previous seizure system by which newspapers or magazines could be confiscated after publication. Censors, taking orders from the Ministry of the Interior, are installed around-the-clock in newspaper offices, and even page make-up is censorable. Articles or photographs taken out are theoretically to be replaced by items that have passed censor, so that the blanks resulting from the suppression will not show. In a front page editorial, the day this went into effect, *Paris-Presse* explained the policy, down to the necessity for covering blanks, and excused itself to its readers for henceforth being unable to control the exactitude of what it would print. The editorial



Aux Écoutes (Paris)

"Which looks best?"



appeared next to a lead story on the Algerian war in which a large white hole was filled with the word *CENSURE!*

The other papers are full of blanks too. And even deputies' speeches may be withheld from the public, so that it is impossible to be sure that one is getting a complete report of what is going on in the Assembly—while what may be the last parliamentary debates of this Republic take place!

Beuve-Méry, the *Monde's* courageous editor, stated that with a muzzled press dangerous rumors will merely be accepted with more complete gullibility. He even suggested that the *Monde* might cease publication if the restrictions became unbearable. One can hardly imagine life here without the *Monde*, but in Paris the unimaginable is daily making inroads.

A joke, if it can be called one, is that the morning Gaullist daily, *Le Parisien Libéré*, has been blessed with a censor named Boisseau (which literally means "chimney flue-tile" and "throttle-chamber"), the *Figaro's* censor is a M. Coche ("the score on a tally stick"), and *Paris-Journal's* man is M. Blanc ("blank space"). *Paris-Presse* has been stuck with M. Bayars, which only means Mr. Bayars. This Monday, all copies of the *Daily Mail*, and of the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* were confiscated by the police (Joseph Alsop is in town and

has noticed that things are not going well), even though that issue of the *Tribune* had previously passed the censor! Many other Swiss, English and American papers have been stopped at the frontiers; reproductions of foreign political cartoons have practically disappeared from the French press. Since sea, air and telephone contact has been cut between France and Corsica, the scarce news to be had of the island comes from American journalists or returning British vacationers. The government admits it is jamming the rantings of Radio Algiers, and one feels almost like a conspirator in a spy film in turning on the BBC, the Belgian news broadcast, or the bland, reassuring voices of the American Forces Network, which comes in late at night from Germany. News from the outside world!—the muzzling increases the weird, uncomfortable *occupied* feeling that is in the air. The censorship increases the silence and inertia which have so marked recent days. Those still at the helm of the Republic seem to be doing no service to its defense and plunging people who would defend it and their liberties into further darkness and confusion.

And — wonder of wonders! — Kerensky has suddenly almost become a household word. Radio Algiers warned last week: "Attention M. Pflimlin-Kerensky, you will not be the Joan of Arc of the Republic, you must choose between Moscow

and the Cross of Lorraine. Have a good weekend, M. Pflimlin." And in the Assembly, Pflimlin was accused of Kerenskyism by Mendès-France. "Who is Kerensky?" someone at the *Deux Magots* wanted to know. A bright young woman came up with the answer, even before the waiter could be sent out for a *Petite Larousse*—"He was an old Polish politician who wrote good music, but sold out to the Americans."

LAST night I passed by the medical school on the Rue des Saints Pères. At the corner, the wall is covered with posters and chalk marks—a Communist poster urging that everyone rally around the menaced Republic, scrawled over in chalk with *Juif Go Home*, next to a poster reading *SOS De Gaulle*. Above is a travel ad, advising "Go to Corsica's Beaches for Sunny Days." Underneath, someone has printed in English: "Where are your poets?"

In a few hours, today, May 28, at five o'clock, the Committee of Action for the Defense of the Republic, which includes the Socialist, RDA (Democratic African) and MRP (Catholic) parties, and the non-Communist trade-unions, is organizing a mass demonstration at the Place de la République. I shall take the Metro—if it's running—get off at Republic Station—if it has not been shut — and keep my fingers crossed. I'm sure at least a few poets will be there.

### 3. New Frontiers of Tension . . by Geoffrey Barraclough

*London*  
THE STARTLING events of the past month have shown up in the clearest light the difference between the illusions and the realities of policy. While America and Russia, shut away in the rarified atmosphere of a vacuum of their own making, have been conducting their sterile debates about the H-bomb, inter-

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continental missiles and disarmament in general, a decisive change has taken place in international affairs. The United States, it is now clear, has been bracing itself to fight and lose the wrong battle. Like a superannuated general, Mr. Dulles has moved his forces into line for a neat campaign according to the rules of the last war—that is to say, of the cold war—only to find that a new era has opened, demanding a new strategy. Much the same, we may guess, has happened to the men in the Kremlin. It seems probable that recent events have taken the

USSR by surprise every bit as much as the United States. The two great super-powers, so cocksure of themselves, and so convinced that they alone can decide the destinies of mankind, begin to look like punch-dazed boxers, swinging and pawing wildly, landing heavy body-blows on non-existent adversaries.

Consider, briefly, the facts of the modern world as they face us in France, North Africa, the Lebanon, Indonesia, Latin America, Greece, Indo-China, Cyprus, Aden. These, indisputably, are today's hot-points, the centers of discussion and unrest



on which, if policy were sane and rational, the preoccupations of statesmen would be concentrated. No one in his senses can fail to see that the things which still obsess our politicians—the Summit Conference, disarmament, the German question—are no longer actual and urgent. That does not mean, of course, that disarmament and summit talks are ultimately unimportant. But to suppose that solutions on this level can act in some sort of way as a panacea, or that they touch more than the fringe of the problems of the modern world, is a blinding misjudgment. Nothing on the whole is less likely today or tomorrow (or, in my opinion, at any other foreseeable time) than a nuclear conflict between Russia and the United States; yet it is on this remote possibility that American policies continue to be predicated. What they should be predicated upon, on the other hand, is the breakdown of NATO, the growth of neutralism, the economic and concomitant political problems of the under-developed areas, and the rapid activation of Arab nationalism. Similar problems, no doubt, face the Soviet Union within its sphere of interests, though they are more difficult to assess because they are largely under the surface. And yet the positions of the United States and the USSR are not quite on a par. It is a curious feature of the present situation that the Soviet Union can afford to sit back and do nothing, allowing developments in Africa and elsewhere to mature on their own, whereas the United States, because it is involved at every point, is compelled to adjust its policy to events, or risk a shattering failure. The real question at the present is how soon it will be before Washington brings its strategy into line with the facts.

IT IS NECESSARY, in the first place, to consider the international implications of the revolutionary crisis in France. It is now clear that, whatever saving formula may be found, the Fourth Republic is being effectively superseded by a right-wing authoritarian government. But even before this outcome was certain, it was evident that, whichever grouping succeeded, the result was bound

to be a total change in France's international position and inescapable repercussions on American policy. The revolution in France has knocked the bottom out of NATO. But France is not the only country which has administered a nasty shock to American official thinking in the last few weeks. There is Greece, where the Communist vote has risen sharply, giving E.D.A. no less than 78 seats in the new Parliament, compared with exactly none in 1952. Then there is Laos, where the Communist Party of Prince Souphanouvong has captured all twelve seats in the recent elections.

These remarkable Communist victories should not be interpreted as an extension of Moscow's net, or a widening of the so-called Communist world conspiracy. Rather they are victories for neutralism, representing not a positive option for Russia, but a reaction against the mistakes and inconsistencies of American policy. The same is true of the crisis in the Lebanon. Here, all commentators agree, the underlying motive behind the outbreak was opposition to President Chamoun's dependence on the United States, a source of resentment smoldering ever since Lebanon subscribed to the Eisenhower Doctrine in 1957. But the Lebanese revolt was significant also as showing up another basic American miscalculation. Obsessed by fear of Russia's gaining a foothold in the Middle

East, the State Department made the mistake of directing its heavy artillery against communism, failing in consequence to see how quickly in the last twelve months the forces at play have shifted. When trouble finally broke out in the Lebanon, it was not Russia that intervened, but Syria and Egypt—the United Arab Republic. The dominant factor in the Middle East, in other words, is no longer the cold war, but Arab nationalism. But the State Department, because its outlook is still fixed in cold-war grooves, has failed so far to measure up to the new realities.

THE dilemma posed for American policy by the revolutionary crisis in France is as obvious as it is insoluble. The generals, if they have their way—and the indications are that they will impose their will on de Gaulle—are not going to be diverted from Algeria by any considerations of European solidarity, still less by regard for the American policy of keeping in, by one devious means or another, both with the European powers and with the rising nationalisms of Africa and the Middle East. Already it is being freely predicted that the victorious de Gaulle, whose critical attitude to NATO is well known, will have no hesitation about a deal with Russia, if in this way France can secure a free hand in Africa. On the other hand, the only force capable of saving the Republic was the workers, just as it was the German workers who saved the Weimar Republic in 1923 at the time of the Kapp putsch. But this would have meant cooperation with M. Delbos, the Communists and the C.G.T., the only people who can get the bulk of the workers out on to the streets; and, for this reason, Pflimlin refused it. Yet either way, the result was bound to be incompatible with American policy as now conceived. For what were the practical alternatives? Either it meant—what has, in fact, happened—the advent of a right-wing regime caring nothing for the State Department's aims in Europe and positively rejecting its policy in Africa; or it meant a left-wing regime which had no use for NATO and the cold-war mentality, and was actively neutralist in its attitude.



Doyle: Daily News (Phila.)  
*Crack in the Cornerstone*



Lord Hailsham has described the events of the last two or three weeks as a wave of anarchy sweeping over and threatening the West. We might better call it a wave of common sense, a sudden revolt against illusions and a spontaneous adjustment to present realities. But more important is the challenge to politicians and to the public to think again. Most of the things that have engrossed public attention in the past months, ever since the Russians launched their first sputnik, are hypothetical possibilities more in line with H. G. Wells's early fantasies and science fiction than with the facts of things as they are. It is time we came back to earth.

IN THE first place, it is now clear that NATO is a source of weakness rather than strength. With France for all practical purposes out, it cannot work, even if it continues to exist in name. The people of Europe have no use for it; its weakness is too apparent. Even in Western Germany, they are in full revolt against all the conceptions for which it stands. Why does the United States cling to it so eagerly? If it believes it requires European bases, a straight alliance with Franco Spain or Adenauer Germany, or with both, would have more to offer. If it does not, it is high time the Radford Plan for "Fortress America" were taken out of cold storage.

The NATO alliance only makes sense if a Russian onslaught on Europe is thought to be imminent. In reality there is no evidence whatever that Russia has the remotest intention of attacking Europe. On the other hand, the disadvantages of the alliance from the American point of view are obvious. In the first place, Washington's hands are tied by allies who can exercise a veto over all constructive moves. In this way, for example, Britain and France are doing all they can to prevent the suspension of nuclear tests, in flat contradiction to the policy of President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles. In the second place, the alliance with England, France, Holland and Belgium has compromised the United States in the eyes of Arabs, Cypriots, Bantus and all other colonial and ex-

colonial peoples, and is the greatest obstacle to an evolution of American policy in the direction of cooperation with Afro-Asians. No one doubts the State Department's awareness of the present importance of the uncommitted world of Asia and Africa. It has behaved with moderation in the Indonesian crisis, when it might all too easily have intervened as clumsily as it did in the Jordan crisis last year. The real criticism is that its good intentions are hamstrung by its own policies, by its muddled desire both to have its cake and eat it, and by its hopeless endeavors to keep one foot in each of as many incompatible and irreconcilable camps as possible. Hence the hurt resentment when the peoples of Europe and Asia and Africa turn against the hand that fed them. Were recent events in Greece and Laos and the Lebanon a fair recompense, Americans have every right to ask, for all the billions of dollars so lavishly poured in? The answer, without doubt, is that there is something wrong with a policy which produces such results.

THE FIRST and overriding need is to adjust policy to present realities; to adjust it, in other words, to a world in which the cold war and the Soviet-American conflict are no longer the central themes. That means, above all else, a closer concentration on America's own immediate affairs, a re-examination of the strange thesis that America's frontiers run along the Elbe and the Euphrates. Isolationism is today a word with ugly connotations; but as a reaction against incessant meddling and a determination to cut down irrelevant commitments, it makes good sense. The misadventures of Mr. Nixon in Latin America are a timely warning that the United States has enough on its own doorstep, without looking further afield. It is time, then, for an American reassessment of the advantages and disadvantages of NATO, not necessarily in the sense that it should be dismantled, but rather with a view to establishing what priority it should have compared with other objectives of American policy. For it seems clear that Europe at the present time is the least threatened and the least

eruptive region of the world, and that no more than a distant watching-brief is required. As a corollary, it is time for the United States to place greater reliance, particularly in its relations with Russia, on its own immense resources, and less on creaking alliances with reluctant, self-interested and half-hearted partners. Direct Soviet-American negotiations, unimpeded by British or German pressures, could clear away without any sacrifice of American security many of the obstacles which are today preventing the United States from concentrating on the really lively issues. But here again reassessment is overdue. If the cold war is no longer the central theme—and no one reviewing the facts of the present world situation dispassionately can suppose that it is—the whole American attempt to develop such areas as the Middle East as bastions against communism is misconceived. To cajole or drive countries such as Syria or Jordan into the Western camp may have seemed common sense even twelve months ago. Today we only need to look at happenings in the Lebanon to see the results. And the same applies in other parts of the world. Left to themselves, the Indonesians will probably succeed in evolving a way of life of their own, which may not be democratic as understood in the United States, but which will certainly not be communism, and still less Russian communism. But the essential condition is for the Western powers, and the United States in particular, to make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. Here again, in short, less intervention and less involvement are the requirements.

WE HAVE passed through a period when it was the ruling doctrine, genuinely welcomed in Europe and elsewhere, that America must be ready to step in everywhere to defend the free world from the Communist threat. It was the heart and core of this doctrine that intervention was not simply altruistic, but that it was essential to America's own interests. There was a time, ten or perhaps even five years ago, when this theory was, all in all, correct. Today the disorders of the war and



of the aftermath of war, which crippled the West and necessitated American help, have been put right, so far as they ever can be put right. None of the Western countries any longer regards the Communist threat as something to which all else must be subordinated. They have objectives of their own—France in Africa, for example, England in Aden and Cyprus — which the United States does not share. Elsewhere, in Asia and Africa, new nations are arising which also demand the right to shape their own destinies, and resent American interference and direction. The period which is beginning is far more complex than the postwar years. The threads of policy have

multiplied, the issues cross and tangle. To build a common front against communism is no longer practical politics; to intervene in all the complicated issues springing up all over the globe is asking for trouble.

These are the lessons of the present situation for United States' policymakers. To suppose, as is often asserted, that a more limited policy would leave the United States exposed and isolated in a hostile world, is nonsense. On the contrary, it is American interference which everywhere is provoking hostility. We may not much like the pattern of the postwar world, which has emerged after a dozen angry years: its virulent nationalism, its reviving worship

of the "strong man"—be it Nasser or de Gaulle—and its tendency to forget common purposes and to fall apart into contending groupings, are the negation of most people's hopes and expectations. Looking back, we can see that this shift of forces is a result of the nuclear stalemate which, holding both Russia and America in thrall, has produced a new world situation faster than most of us thought possible. But the new situation, so different from that of even five years ago, now exists and it is with this situation that American policy must now come to terms. The time for illusions is past; the time to get to grips with realities has arrived.

## FACT and FABLE of FALLOUT . . by Linus Pauling

THE CONTROVERSY about the suspension of nuclear tests has been made to turn on a sharp difference of opinion among scientists as to the biological effects of the tests. But the differences are not nearly so great as they have been made to appear. It is not so much a question of sharp, fundamental differences as it is of inferences which have been drawn from various statements, of which some are misleading.

When he testified before the Special Congressional Subcommittee on Radiation, Dr. J. Laurence Kulp, an authority on strontium-90, said:

Finally, Mr. Chairman, if I might add one or two words as a citizen, rather than a scientist, for the record I would like to note three things: First, that I do not think the differences in the opinions of scientists, such as Dr. Libby [Dr. Willard F. Libby, AEC commissioner] and Dr. Pauling, are anywhere near as great as some of the newspaper accounts

would lead us to believe. I believe that as far as scientific data are concerned, they are probably in rather close agreement. Dr. Libby has carefully said, or has pointed out that he is not saying that there is no risk, and Dr. Pauling has admitted that the radiation from strontium-90 is a very small fraction of the natural background. On these basic facts, all are agreed.

Yet the public has been given the impression that there is a great disagreement among scientists about the facts. I think that the explanation of this situation is that the spokesmen for the Atomic Energy Commission have often made statements that seem to be misleading, even though true. Sometimes the statements proved to be wrong. Examples of the latter were discussed by Dr. Ralph E. Lapp in his testimony before the Special Congressional Subcommittee on Radiation. Dr. Lapp said that "Scientists, technicians and officials of the AEC must present only reasoned and careful estimates of the hazards based upon factual knowledge. . . ." He then mentioned that Merrill Eisenbud, manager of the New York Operations Office of the AEC, had been quoted in the New York *Sunday News* of March 20, 1955, as follows:

The total fallout to date from all tests would have to be multiplied by a million to produce visible, deleterious effects except in areas close to the explosion itself.

Mr. Eisenbud, who had said that he was talking about the immediate gamma radiation from the fallout which occurs in the Eastern United States within a matter of a day or so after a detonation in Nevada, was asked by Dr. Lapp and by the chairman of the subcommittee if he remembered how much radioactivity had fallen on the city of Troy, New York. He answered that something under 0.10 roentgen, which he estimated as only 0.01 roentgen, had fallen after a test held in Nevada in the spring of 1953. He said that there was a rain over the Troy-Albany area which coincided with a passage of a cloud from Nevada, so that a large percentage of this cloud was washed down. Dr. Lapp, referring to the *News* article, pointed out that a million times 0.01 roentgen would be 10,000 roentgens, and one of the Senators said 10,000 roentgens would kill everybody in the region.

We see that the statement made to the *News* by Mr. Eisenbud, a representative of the AEC, was not correct.

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June 14, 1958



Dr. Libby is a distinguished physical chemist who, after serving as professor in the Institute of Nuclear Studies in the University of Chicago, has been a member of the AEC since 1954. For much of this time he has been the only scientist member. It is likely that a large part of the extensive scientific information that has been gathered by the commission about fallout and its biological effects has resulted from his activities. I feel that he deserves great credit for these activities, and that he has to be described as a thoughtful and careful scientist. Nevertheless, he has made many public statements that I consider to be misleading.

In his speech of June 3, 1955, he said:

However, as far as immediate or somatic damage to the health is concerned, the fallout dosage rate as of January 1 of this year in the United States could be increased 15,000 times without hazard.

This statement can hardly be described as correct. Ten hours after the detonation of a small fission bomb at the Nevada Test Site on March 1, 1955, the level of gamma radiation at St. George, Utah, was 0.004 roentgen per hour. Similar radiation levels have been reported for other cities in Utah and Nevada, and also in the Troy-Albany region of New York. They correspond to about 0.1 roentgen of fallout exposure within a period of one day. Had the inhabitants of these regions received a fallout dosage 15,000 times greater, amounting to 1,500 roentgens, they would have died within a few days of acute radiation sickness. Consequently the 15,000 increase cannot be said to be without hazard.

Another statement by Dr. Libby was reported in the New York *Herald Tribune* of June 9, 1957: "There is no single provable case of any person being injured or seriously affected by any of the slightly extra radiation created in the United States by the tests." He did not amplify this statement, which I believe, in a sense, to be accurate.

When a man dies from leukemia or bone cancer, there is no way of telling whether his disease was caused by fallout radiation or by cosmic

rays or heredity or by some other natural cause; and when a defective child is born, there is no way of proving that his genetic defect is to be attributed to fallout radiation rather than to some other cause. Hence no one person can be pointed out as having died from leukemia or bone cancer caused by fallout, no one child can be pointed out as being seriously defective because of fallout—there is no provable case, as Dr. Libby says.

And yet, Dr. Libby's statement misleads because it suggests to most readers that the fallout radiation does no harm.

ONE ARGUMENT that has been used by spokesmen for the AEC to "allay the fears of the people" about the effects of fallout is based on a comparison of the incidence of leukemia and bone cancer in Denver with that in San Francisco and New Orleans.

The intensity of cosmic radiation in Denver, at an altitude of 5,000 feet, is about 0.023 roentgen per year greater than at sea level, according to Dr. Libby. Dr. Libby gives the natural background radiation at sea level as 0.110 roentgen per year. Accordingly, if the natural radioactivity were the same in Denver as in San Francisco and New Orleans, the average exposure of people to radiation from all natural sources would be 21 per cent greater in Denver than in the other two cities.

It has been estimated by Dr. E. B. Lewis of the California Institute of Technology, in his careful study of radiation in relation to leukemia, that about 10 to 20 per cent of the cases of leukemia may be attributed to cosmic rays or natural radioactivity. Accordingly it might be expected that, if other factors were the same, the incidence of leukemia in Denver would be between 2 and 4 per cent greater than that in San Francisco and New Orleans.

Dr. Libby has pointed out that there is no evidence that this increase in the incidence of leukemia, or a similar increase in the incidence of bone cancer, actually occurs. He presented his argument in an address given at the University of New Hampshire on April 11, 1957, and in

an address delivered before the American Physical Society in Washington, D. C., on April 26, 1957.

But the argument is misleading. It has no significance relative to the question of whether or not fallout radiation causes leukemia and bone cancer, because medical statistics at the present time are not good enough to detect the predicted difference, and because other factors may hide this effect.

Let us quote from Dr. Libby's address of April 26, 1957:

Therefore, we must examine whether anything in our experience indicates that these differences [in cosmic-ray intensity] are significant in terms of the occurrence of the principal effects expected of radiostrontium, namely leukemia and bone cancer. Now of course when one looks for such vital statistics, one finds that they are very hard to acquire. However, the National Institutes of Health and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare have given us statistics for the occurrence of leukemia and bone cancer for the year 1947 for the three cities, New Orleans, San Francisco and Denver.

#### OCCURRENCE OF BONE CANCER AND LEUKEMIA

(New cases per year per 100,000 population)

(Reproduced from Dr. W. F. Libby)

|               | Bone Cancer | Leukemia |
|---------------|-------------|----------|
| Denver        | 2.4         | 6.4      |
| New Orleans   | 2.8         | 6.9      |
| San Francisco | 2.9         | 10.3     |

It is clear from this table that there is no obvious effect of altitude, and it is also clear that there are other factors which are noticeably more important than cosmic-ray dosage. Of course there may still be a considerable effect of altitude hidden in large fluctuations caused by other factors . . . and we cannot say that this *proves* anything. It does, however, give us some assurance from normal experience that the effect of eight Sunshine Units will not cause a detectable increase in bone cancer or leukemia.

The reference to eight Sunshine Units means eight micromicrograms of strontium-90 per gram of calcium in the bones, which is about the equivalent of the increased intensity of the cosmic rays in Denver.

Dr. Libby is, of course, right in



saying that this statistical argument does not prove anything. Nobody knows why there has been reported a larger incidence of bone cancer and leukemia in San Francisco than in Denver and New Orleans. It is possible that the medical statistics given in the table are so unreliable as to put the cities in the wrong order—the number of cases of bone cancer and leukemia in these cities in 1947 was so small that statistical fluctuations would cause each of the numbers in the table to be uncertain by one or two units, so that the differences cannot be considered to be very significant. Also, it is possible that the exposure to natural radioactivity—radium and potassium-40—is significantly different in the different cities. It is not unlikely that the exposure to medical X-rays is significantly different in the different cities; it is with little doubt considerably larger in San Francisco than in the other two cities. It is probable that the average age of the people in Denver is less than that of the people in the other two cities, and the incidence of cancer increases with increasing age. And it may be that patients with these diseases are attracted to San Francisco and New Orleans by their medical facilities, and not to Denver.

Dr. Libby is right in saying that his argument does not prove anything. But he is wrong in then saying that it gives us assurance about the effect of strontium-90. An effect as large as a 10 per cent increase of leukemia and bone cancer caused by cosmic rays in Denver obviously could be masked by whatever effects are responsible for the difference in the numbers.

Dr. Edward Teller and Dr. Albert Latter have included this argument in their article "The Compelling Need for Nuclear Tests," which was published in *Life Magazine* for February 10, 1958, and in their book *Our Nuclear Future*. After presenting the argument briefly, they stated that "The only thing these statistics prove is that radiation in small doses need not necessarily be harmful—indeed may conceivably be helpful."

This statement by Dr. Teller and Dr. Latter is more than a misleading statement; it is not valid.

Dr. Teller and Dr. Latter say that the statistics *prove* that radiation in small doses need not necessarily be harmful, may conceivably be helpful. *The statistics do not prove this in any way*; as Dr. Libby has said, *these statistics do not prove anything*.

DR. EDWARD TELLER is an able and experienced scientist who was born and educated in Hungary and who came to the United States in 1935. During recent years he has become well known to the people of the United States and of other countries as "The Father of the H-Bomb." He has been called in by President Eisenhower to discuss nuclear weapons, and he himself has made many public statements about nuclear

weapons, fallout, the education of scientists in the USSR and the United States, and other topics.

Dr. Teller's public statements about fallout and its biological effects may be misunderstood by some readers. The discussion given here may help the reader to discover the truth.

As a simple example, I may quote the statement made by Dr. Teller that "The world-wide fallout is as dangerous to human health as being one ounce overweight."

It would be hard to make a statement about fallout more easily subject to misinterpretation than this. What meaning does being "one ounce overweight" have? No scientist believes that being one ounce overweight causes a significant in-



"She's All Cleaned Up and We Call Her Petunia."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch



crease in the probability of having one's life cut short by leukemia or bone cancer or other disease—yet many scientists believe that fallout radioactivity increases the incidence of these diseases.

Dr. Teller's statement is ludicrous, and it is seriously misleading in that it gives the impression that the idea that fallout can shorten life expectancy is also ludicrous.

In making his statement, Dr. Teller was discussing life expectancy on a statistical basis. But he made a serious error in the interpretation of the statistical information, leading him to overestimate by a factor of 1,500 the statistical effect of being one-ounce overweight. Indeed, a correct interpretation of the statistics would have led him to say: "The world-wide fallout is 1,500 times as dangerous to human health as being one-ounce overweight." I have presented a paper to the National Academy of Sciences on "The Relation Between Longevity and Obesity in Human Beings," in which this question is discussed.

IN *LIFE* of February 10, 1958, the erroneous statements begin on the cover. Here, in large letters, is the statement: "Dr. Teller Refutes 9,000 Scientists." According to the dictionary, to refute means "to disprove and overthrow by arguments or proofs; to prove to be false or erroneous." In fact, Dr. Teller did not show that any single statement in the petition presented by 9,235 scientists to the United Nations was false or erroneous. He did not disprove and overthrow, by any valid argument, evidence, or proof, any part of the petition.

The way in which Dr. Teller underestimates the fallout risks can be illustrated by his figures on radiation due to strontium-90. After discussing this element, which he properly calls a dangerous poison, and after mentioning that there is strong evidence that radiation such as that produced by it increases the chances of contracting bone cancer or leukemia, he says: "This sounds frightening until one considers the slight amount of radiation we are subjected to from world-wide fallout." He notes that the strontium-90 that

falls to the earth is absorbed by growing plants and reaches our bodies when we eat the plants or when we drink milk from cows that have grazed on radioactive grass. He mentions that the humans who absorb the greatest dosage of strontium-90 are young children—especially those in the northern part of the United States, a region of maximum fallout. Then he says:

Adults who reached mature growth before the atomic testing started are now getting about 0.0003 roentgen a year in their bones from strontium-90. Children who have grown up in an environment of strontium-90 are absorbing a larger dose, but it is still less than 0.002 roentgen a year (in addition, all of us receive a roughly equal amount from cesium 137). . . . If tests continue at the present rate, radiation levels might increase as much as five-fold.

The best information that we now have about strontium-90 in the bones of man was published in the February 7, 1958, issue of the magazine *Science* by Dr. J. Laurence Kulp of the Lamont Geological Observatory of Columbia University and his colleagues, Drs. W. R. Eckelmann and A. R. Schulert. Their results lead to the equilibrium level of 20 micro-microcuries of strontium-90 per gram of calcium, if testing is continued at the present rate. This corresponds to about 0.05 roentgen per year of radiation to the bones—not a five-fold increase, as Dr. Teller said, but a twenty-five-fold increase over the present value for children, and a 167-fold increase over the present value for adults. Dr. Teller underestimates the future danger by a factor of five, relative to children, and of thirty-three relative to adults.

DR. TELLER makes the point that the people of Tibet have been exposed for generation after generation to a considerably larger amount of cosmic radiation than people who live at lower altitudes, and comments: "Yet genetic differences have not been noted in the humans of Tibet, or for that matter in any other living species there." But he surely knew, or should have known, that there exist no medical statistics whatsoever on Tibet to permit one to say whether or not genetic dif-

ferences exist. His comment, strictly speaking, cannot be said to be false. It is true that genetic differences attributable to cosmic radiation have not been noticed in the humans of Tibet or other living species there; but it is also true that they have not been looked for. Thus the paragraph must be described as seriously misleading.

DR. TELLER has some comments to make on the American servicemen and Marshall Islanders who were exposed to fallout radioactivity after the Bikini explosion of March 1, 1954. He recalled that twenty-eight American servicemen on the island of Rongerik received an average dosage of about seventy-eight roentgens; eighteen Marshallese on Ailinginae received sixty-nine roentgens; 157 on Utirik received fourteen roentgens, and sixty-four on Rongelap received an average of 175 roentgens. (Ten miles farther north on Rongelap, the inhabitants would have received 400 roentgens, which would have given them only a 50-50 chance of survival; and, on the northern tip of the island, thirty miles away, the dosage would have been over 2,000 roentgens, which would have meant certain death.)

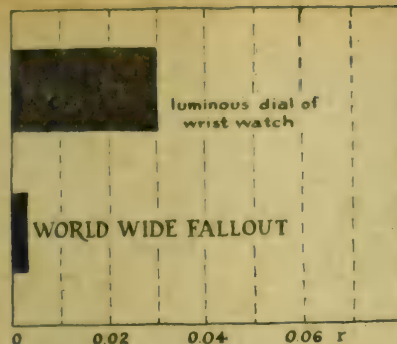
Dr. Teller mentioned that the sixty-four native inhabitants of Rongelap complained at first of nausea, fever, stomach-ache, itching skin and burning sensations, skin lesions and loss of hair, but points out that after six months the lost hair had grown out again and the skin lesions had healed. Of the four pregnancies among the Rongelap women at the time of the exposure, Dr. Teller writes, three subsequently resulted in normal births. The fourth child was born dead. He adds:

The important fact is that today, more than three years after the accident, all of the Marshallese and American victims seem to be fully recovered from a dosage of radioactivity far greater than any humans are ever likely to be subjected to again from a bomb test. Although long-term effects are being carefully watched for, no malignancies or cases of leukemia have shown up to date.

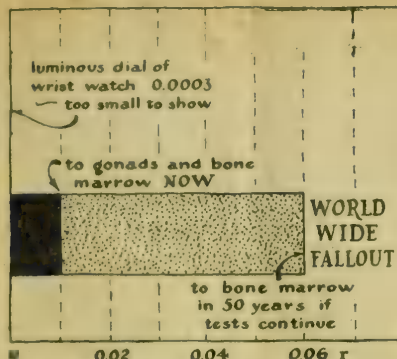
But the probability of incidence of leukemia or bone cancer after exposure to radiation is such that the



## Fable of the "Deadly" Wrist Watch



Dr. Teller's Version



Dr. Pauling's Version

exposure received by these 267 human beings would be expected to cause about one death by leukemia or bone cancer among them in twenty-five years. Accordingly, the fact that none of the American servicemen or Marshall Islanders had died of leukemia or bone cancer in the course of three years has little value as evidence.

DR. LIBBY, in an article in *Science* in 1955, wrote:

A wrist watch worn twenty-four hours per day that has a luminous dial assumed to have one microcurie of radium per watch—a figure perhaps slightly larger than the average—would give the central body, including the sex organs (at average distance of one foot), a dosage of about 0.040 roentgen per year.

Dr. Teller stated subsequently, in his book and his *Life* article, that a wrist watch with a luminous dial subjects us to much more radiation than we get from fallout. He amplified this statement in a chart, as shown in the accompanying figure. His chart carried the caption: "Radiation danger to the average person from various sources is shown in chart in roentgens per year (figures at bottom)." The effect of wrist watches is given as 0.030 roentgen, and that of fallout as 0.003, per year. Hence he concludes that the radiation danger to the average person is ten times as great from wrist watches as from fallout.

Both Dr. Libby and Dr. Teller overestimate the wrist-watch effect greatly. Dr. Libby admitted that one microcurie of radium might be too

high a figure for the average wrist watch. The British Report of the Medical Research Council (1953) says that measurements and calculations give one-fifth of a microcurie of radium for the average wrist watch.

Dr. Libby's calculation was for a watch carried one foot from the gonads, twenty-four hours a day, throughout the life of the person. I think that sixteen or eighteen inches is a more accurate estimate for distance. Moreover, watches are often worn only a part of each day and during only a part of a lifetime. These circumstances probably introduce a correction factor of one-quarter.

Moreover, only about 15 per cent of the people in the United States and Europe wear wrist watches with radium dials, and probably less than 3 per cent of the people throughout the world. This fact gives a correction factor of 0.15 or 0.03.

Dr. Teller cannot contend that his chart was intended to show the radiation exposure of only those people who wear wrist watches, rather than of the average person. First, the chart legend reads: "Radiation danger to the average person" (emphasis added). Second, he includes in the chart a representation of a value for medical X-rays which is the average value for all people in the United States, and not the much higher value for those who receive X-ray treatment.

The exposure of the gonads of the average person in the United States to wrist-watch radioactivity is hence about  $0.040 \times 1/5 \times 1/4 \times 0.15 = 0.0003$

roentgen per year. The exposure for the average person in the world is about 0.00006 roentgen per year. The value given by Dr. Teller—0.030 roentgen per year—is one hundred times too large for the average person in the United States, and 500 times too large for the average person in the world! Compare our chart with the Teller-Latter chart.

IN HIS BOOK and his *Life* article, Dr. Teller shows a photograph of five intrepid Air Force officers standing unsheltered while a nuclear bomb explodes 19,000 feet directly above their heads. They experienced only a wave of warmth, a loud noise, and no significant rise in radioactivity.

Can we conclude from this that nuclear bombs are safe? If the bomb had been exploded at 1,900 rather than 19,000 feet, the immediate radiation would have been one hundred times as great, and the officers might not have survived. The Hiroshima bomb was detonated at an altitude of 2,200 feet.

Dr. Teller does not say how big the bomb was. It was probably smaller than one kiloton. He does not say that the bombs now in the arsenals of the United States and the Soviet Union are 10,000 or 20,000 times more powerful. The officers could not stand unharmed under such bombs.

One does not have to be an H-bomb scientist, or to have secret information, to know that Dr. Teller's minuscule bomb was a simple fission bomb, made of plutonium (possibly mixed with some uranium-235). It was a "dirty" bomb, releasing much radioactivity in relation to its explosive energy. Yet Leonard Engel, in his review of the Teller-Latter book in *The New York Times* Book Review for March 23, 1958, was misled into describing the bomb as showing the progress that has been made in developing "clean" nuclear explosives!

AMOUNTS OF radiation and of radioactive elements are often compared with the Maximum Permissible Dose (MPD) of radiation and of the Maximum Permissible Concentration (MPC) of radioactive elements. The significance of these



quantities is still uncertain, and there has been much misunderstanding of their meaning.

Beginning in 1928, the International Commission on Radiological Protection has set standards and procedures for protection from radiation and radioactive materials on an international basis. The same work has been done for the United States since 1929 by the National Committee on Radiation Protection and Measurement. From time to time recommendations are made by these organizations about the permissible doses for external radiation and internal radiation and for protection against high-energy radiation and radioactive elements in general.

The MPD and the MPC are not the amounts that are known to be safe, or to cause no harm whatever to human beings and to future generations. They are, instead, values that do not cause obvious harm. This fact is reflected in the history of the development of these standards of protection.

IN 1925, WHEN the International Commission on Radiological Units and Measurements was established by the First International Congress of Radiology, the MPD was set as an amount that caused a certain amount of erythema (redness of the skin), which is estimated to correspond to fifty to one hundred roentgens per year. In 1934, the International Commission on Radiological Protection adopted the MPC as 0.2 roentgen per day, equal to 72 roentgens per year. In 1935, the National Committee on Radiological Protection adopted the value of 0.1 roentgen per day, equal to thirty-six roentgens per year. In 1947, the NCRP lowered the MPD to 0.3 roentgen per week (fifteen roentgens per year), and in 1957 it was lowered again to 0.1 roentgen per week (five roentgens per year). The change from 0.3 roentgen per week to 0.1 roentgen per week for people exposed to radiation in the course of their professional work was adopted by the AEC in December, 1957.

The present MPC is accordingly only one-fourteenth of that adopted in 1934.

The significance of the 1934 MPD

and the present MPD can be estimated by consideration of the life-shortening effect. The life-shortening effect is with little doubt somewhere within the range of one to twenty days per roentgen. If we take the minimum value of one day per roentgen, the life-shortening effect of the MPD in 1934 was seventy-two days for each year of exposure, or about eight years for a worker who received a maximum exposure throughout his active period of forty years of employment. The present MPD corresponds to seven months' decrease in life expectancy (if the life-shortening effect is for one day per roentgen) for a worker who receives the MPD over a period of forty years, and correspondingly more if the life-shortening effect is larger (three years if it is five days per roentgen).

It is likely that a major part of the life-shortening effect results from the increased incidence of leukemia and other diseases that cut life short by perhaps twenty years. If all of the life-shortening effects were of this sort, and the magnitude were one day per roentgen, it would be expected that—with the MPD at its present level—one worker out of thirty-five who received the MPD over a period of forty years would die twenty years early as a result of radiation injury.

There are, of course, uncertainties about these estimates, but there is little doubt that they give an approximate indication of the significance of radiation damage corresponding to the MPD.

THE MPC OF strontium-90 has been set at 1,000 strontium units (micromicrocuries per gram of calcium). This concentration of strontium-90 irradiates the bones and bone marrow by approximately one to three roentgens per year. The damage to health that can be expected from it is approximately that described above, if the effect of small amounts of radiation is similar to that of large amounts (although proportional to the dose).

The recommendation has been made that the values of the MPD and MPC should be smaller for large populations, such as the popu-

lation of the world as a whole, than for industrial workers and other small populations. Suggested values are one-tenth to one-fiftieth of the values for small groups of people. The argument involved is that a dose of radiation or a concentration of radioactive element that seriously damages the health of one out of, say, one hundred recipients might be tolerated in a small group, of the order of hundreds in size, but that it should not be tolerated for the whole population of the United States or of the world, because it would lead to damage to millions or tens of millions of individual human beings. Similarly, a gonad dose that increases by some amount the mutation rate for a few human beings in the world would not seriously damage the pool of human germ plasm, but a gonad dose of, say, fifty roentgens for the entire population of the world would double the mutation rate and, if continued, would double the number of seriously defective children born in future generations.

IT IS unjustifiable to speak of the MPD or MPC as a safe amount of exposure, or an amount of exposure that does no damage. An example of the misunderstanding that has arisen is provided by an article by correspondent Gladwyn Hill of *The New York Times* of June 9, 1957. In discussing some tests of small nuclear weapons at the Nevada Test Area, Mr. Hill wrote that the amount of exposure of people in the neighborhood to fallout radioactivity and to radiation from the tests was far less than the fifty roentgens which had been set by the Committee on Biological Effects of Atomic Radiation of the National Academy of Science—National Research Council as the amount that does no harm. This was an error in interpretation; the committee did not describe fifty roentgens, nor ten roentgens, as an amount that does no harm, but said only that any additional radiation is undesirable, and that genetic harm is proportional to the total dose.

The best course that we can follow, therefore, is that recommended by the committee: *keep the dose as low as you can.*



# THE CIRCULAR SELL . . by David Cort

TWO GREAT FAILURES of advertising preceded and accompanied the present business recession. Neither the new long, high-powered, wingswept automobile, nor the sack dress,\* could be sold to the American people. These two awful letdowns unraveled America's first and third biggest industries, disgruntled the customers and temporarily shook advertising's ulcered self-confidence.

"Campaign to Beat Back Attacks on Ads Urged," said a New York *Herald Tribune* headline April 16. An agency took a full-page ad in the *Wall Street Journal* April 23 to say, "Advertising makes possible the high-speed distribution that is the key to our economic system. Without it, capitalism as we know it would be impossible." (The "as we know it" is the important part of this.)

Advertising is indeed, as it urgently should be, under re-appraisal by the American people. A few notes along this line have been contributed by me; but now I find that many of the same points were made better, earlier and more politely in David M. Potter's admirable book, *People of Plenty* (Chicago, 1954), about the "throwaway culture" that advertising has created. Mr. Potter pays advertising the (deserved, I think) compliment of grouping it with the other "instruments of social control." Of these, the church traditionally guides man as an immortal soul, the school as a reasoning creature, the free-enterprise system as a producer and earner. Advertising has its own theory of man; he is a consumer. The first three exhort man to greater and higher effort; the last pleads with him to make the biggest possible pig of himself. In its basic function advertising, unlike the other three, "has no

social goals and no social responsibility for what it does with its influence." Potter measures the social influence of advertising in terms of money spent by advertisers for every separate American family (the figure for 1957: \$350) against \$152 spent (1951) on primary and secondary public education. Less is spent selling the two candidates for President in an election year than on selling soap.

The foregoing seems to me unanswerable.

THE kind of responsibility advertising really feels, that is, to its client, is construed by advertising as a true social responsibility. Lately it has even taken shape, in the current "Buy Now" campaigns, as a patriotic responsibility. To these people, a recession very quickly begins to look like another Pearl Harbor. This is very funny, if we are right in thinking that the Admiral Kimmel of this disaster was advertising itself.

Thus, advertising has pitched the key of "Buy Now" on a level oddly reminiscent of 1942's "Hate the Jap." Boston has an official campaign to "combat loose recession talk." Cleveland has debauched Churchill's "V for Victory" into a "V for Values" selling campaign, renamed its main street "Value Avenue" and may, as a city, take on the *nom de crise* of Valuetown, U.S.A." A New Jersey tire store trumpets, "Buy! Buy! Buy! It's Your Patriotic Duty." The Advertising Council, Inc., will spend over \$10,000,000 on a "Confidence in a Growing America" campaign. The Public Relations Society of America has circularized its members to squeeze only bullish news out of their companies. The American Management Association had an executives' mass meeting May 19-20 to exude optimism. Hotpoint (electrical-appliance) dealers wear buttons inscribed "Business is Good." Dallas ad men, much more patriotic, wear breast-pocket handkerchiefs saying "Business Is GREAT!" A St. Louis bank actually advertised that

there can be nothing more harmful than "excessive saving."

One does not have to be a satirist to get the strong reek of wartime propaganda, of the venal simulation of the survival desperation effort of the whole team where any dissent is disastrous subversion. Yet advertising got us into this mess (it can be argued); now the advertising commands us not to call it a mess and to buy our way out of it instantaneously. I expect soon to read of some poor little merchant strung up to a lamp post by a mob of infuriated ad men because he was suspected of muttering, "Business is lousy."

Since we all want to get out of the recession as quickly as possible, the laughs are thin and cut short. Still, to let advertising try to kid us out of a situation it may have partly kidded us into would not seem very bright. Indeed, advertising's frantic faith that it could do so is a neurotic symptom, if it is not the second stage of that sequence popularized by Toynbee from the Greek: get fat, kick wildly, death.

THE PRESENT nervousness of ad men however, may also be traced to the effects of the two healthiest subdivisions of advertising: market research and industrial design.

The first is described very faithfully in Martin Mayer's recent *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.* (Harper) and the most important of the seventy market research organizations deserve listing here. Ernest Dichter and his Institute of Motivational Research look for the customer's "image" of the product in both Freudian and sociological senses. James Vicary invented subliminal advertising and discovered that people in supermarkets give fewer eyeblinks per minute; he also tests new brand names. Alfred Politz, who has only ten big clients, gets the "right answers" by asking the ingeniously "right" questions and looks for the

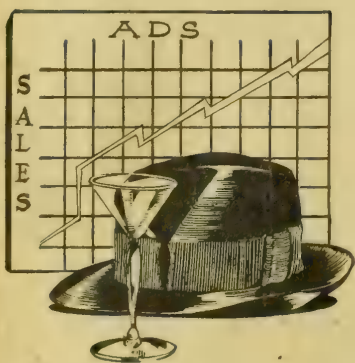
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DAVID CORT, novelist and ex-magazine editor, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

\*Recent claims that the sack is catching on do not change the industry's loss of the critical November-Easter selling season. The writer admires the sack dress as an attempt to draw attention away from those two great disillusioners, the girdle and the bra, but he sees true sacks only on the rich, and modified sacks on working girls. Smart, middle-class women cannot afford a wasted dress. The sack never made the boat.



"controllable cause" of purchase. Market Research Corporation buys shopping diaries from 4,000 individuals daily, 7,000 households weekly. Arthur D. Little does operations research with the Theory of Games, mathematical formulas and electronic calculators. Daniel Starch tests every issue of twenty-four magazines on readers' recognition of, and susceptibility to, every ad in them. Gallup and Robinson do more searching catechism. Gallup's Audience Research also uses a free theatre near Princeton, N.J., where audiences fiddle with dials to show interest. Schwerin Research Corporation has a Manhattan theatre, using giveaways and questionnaires. Finally, the champion, A. C. Nielson, produces the official TV ratings with



1,000 Audimeters (seventy always out of order), and also takes periodic audits of 700 drug stores and 1,600 grocers to get national sales figures. Terrifying, huh?

The advertisers and agencies have made Nielsen's TV ratings the final, official gauge of popularity of entertainment. Mayer complacently says, "How can 930 households state the actual habits of some 40-million-plus homes with television sets? ... Well, oddly enough, it can—within certain predictable ranges of error. ... Mathematical statistics, given its logical assumptions, is an exact science."

The foregoing quotation is possibly the most beautiful example of the scientific lie that could be found.

WHAT IS UNDER discussion is a mathematical theory called the Theory of Sampling. The time has come when the individual in a

democracy had better understand the rudiments of this theory, because the monopolists of the theory are perfectly capable of saying "Why bother with elections? We can tell you what you think much more cheaply." These "samplers" are the most ambitious, foolish and dangerous people in the United States.

Naturally I can only report what the mathematicians tell me. An engineer who works with the Theory of Sampling said, "Nielsen's ratings are not in the field of statistics at all; they are in the field of opinion."

A graduate mathematician tried to explain the Theory of Sampling. This, as it says, is a theory, on which an elaborate mathematics has been constructed. The theory, which must become an increasingly important technique in dealing with a mass society, generally works, if one plays by the rules. Nielsen and the others do not play by the rules. A "stratified sample" is one broken into homogeneous sub-groups represented in the sample in the same proportion as in the whole. Common sense and experience will teach the proper number of sub-groups. The difficulty comes in defining the significant sub-groups. To test the apples on the sunny side of an apple tree, one sample may be enough. But nobody would generalize about all women after sampling one. It is assumed that each sub-group will show some deviation, one way or another, from the total truth, but it is hoped that the oscillation of error will constantly become narrower, the larger the sample used.

Nearly all the equations based on the Theory of Sampling use a figure, usually represented as *sigma*, standing for the "standard deviation of the sample." But Nielsen has no such figure and can never in this world get any such figure, because he can never know even roughly how many people were actually looking at anything at any time, and therefore what his sample's deviation was.

But what removes Nielsen's ratings entirely from the field of statistics is that, for all I know, there may well be more than 930 *kinds* of households in the forty-million plus. Suppose this pathetic total of

930 families decide one night to toss a coin as to whether to listen to Perry Como or his opposition. If the sample included an infinite number of homes, it would divide almost evenly, but with only 930 tosses of the coin, it might come out (taking the standard deviation or expected error) about 14.7 off, or 480 for Como, 450 for his opposition, or a rousing 6.6 per cent advantage.

Nielsen gets still funnier when we realize that even his few families are constantly changing: a young member who has dominated the TV-tuning falls in love, the big-league baseball races get tense, Father is laid off the job and sonny takes a part-time job, the children are permitted to stay up another hour, or a good movie comes to town that night.

Doubtless *The Nation* will return to this tricky subject. The foregoing does not claim to be the last word, but it faithfully reflects what disinterested mathematicians say. For professional statisticians, sampling is their career, their livelihood and their secret.

THE truth about limited sampling is that the ordinary human being who gets around has been doing it since the world began, and may be better at it than the market-research boys. His biggest asset is that, having known the members of his sample a long time, he knows how to weight the data. A few, perhaps, a very few, people have the gift of penetrating more deeply into the lives around them and really understand the true preferences far beneath the verbal avowals. Advertising's attitude toward such intuition is given in Martin Mayer's quotation of the three most terrible words in the business, "My . . . wife . . . thinks." Actually, ad men, as well as politicians and editorial writers, do far better to think of "The People" as the people they personally know than as a beautiful and fictional abstraction. As the Theory of Sampling shows, a mathematics of life can be developed if one uses a figure for "deviation" or error. But this should lead one to reduce the deviation, that is, to pick better friends or wives in the first place. Or perhaps



we should pass a law against the Theory of Sampling.

As market research cuts in on the advertising genius from one flank, industrial design cuts in on the other, notably in the realm of package design, which is of course a kind of advertising, just as the very look of the new car or the sack dress on the street is a kind of package design or advertising, whether good or bad. Certainly neither has any functional, engineering purpose.

The package design does its work at the "point of purchase" and again in fitting suitably into the buyer's life. As for the first point, manufacturers now pay supermarkets premiums for space for their packages at eye-level, from four to six feet above the floor. It has been found, in surveys, that women going into a supermarket say they are going to buy one brand, and come out with a different brand, probably taken because of shelf position, package design, color or shape. In many products, such as paper towels, buyers don't even know the brand name. They have bought an appearance, i.e., a package design. I do it myself; everybody does it. The actual package, speaking directly and brilliantly to the buyer at the key moment, is more eloquent than the half-forgotten advertising myth in the buyer's memory. To assist this great work, multiple-packs are becoming more popular because they wrap round cans or jars in a flat surface on which a readable selling story can be told.

The interesting thing about the 200 industrial designers who do package advertising is that they have some honor. They want the thing to look like itself, to be useful and to cost less. They disapproved, from the start, of the new cars. They dislike "phony obsolescence" and like the genuine kind. They try to appeal to people's good sense and good taste; advertising appeals to almost anything else.

PERHAPS THE central criticism of advertising should be of its half-baked, shopworn sophistication, as if it were all a practical joke. This was nowhere clearer than in Martin Mayer's naive and friendly survey.

June 14, 1958

And what a joke! Some seventy-three companies spending \$10,000,000 each (1956) on advertising, over half on the kitchen and bathroom, most of the rest on cars and cigarettes.

A quarter of agency executives are Ivy League; the dress is neat but not gray flannel or pink shirt. The salary scale runs: 1) agencies; 2) media; 3) clients. The order of status or prestige is different: 1) clients, 2) agencies and 3) media. The media's salesmen are the unwanted nags and indispensable town criers of the business. The agency's forgotten man is usually the media buyer. The copywriter ranks over the art man. Without a smile, Mayer reports the vast and various mumbo-jumbo that surrounds an agency's production of an "idea." A combination of group-think, brainstorming, cost accounting, market research, pseudo-science, idea-stealing and blind hunch, the process is perhaps inevitable where uncreative people are part of the act of creation. The jargon can only be called philosophy. One agency seeks the Unique Selling Proposition (USP), another empathy, another the "brand image," another the product's "inherent drama," while the big agencies use all the jargons impartially.

I must tell Mayer that the best



USP is the proposition that a product is the one thing it is not. Thus, the cigarette smoked primarily by timid men must be advertised as all-man, the ordinary whisky is only for "Men of Distinction," the plain, comfortable shoe is not comfortable but glamorous, the expensive, elite product is for absolutely everybody, etc., etc. Since the people who really want the product are never numerous enough, one must speak to the others who don't especially want it.

ADVERTISING, according to Mayer, is tactically fascinating. TV is for advertising appeals and products that are fairly simple and of low interest. "Saturation" is achieved by hypnotic slogans or jingles, sometimes repeated 600 times a week on one station (Hit Parade cigarettes). Radio today is for people doing something else—driving the car or finishing the housework or reading the evening paper. The price of the peak hours, 8 to 10:30 p.m., is three times the price of daylight hours. TV costs four times as much as radio. The 150 stations affiliated with the three networks cover areas accounting for two-thirds of all retail sales. At the peak hours some 400 stations will be running the network shows. For this outlet, the network pays the station 28 per cent of its time charge and gives it the right to sell some sixty seconds an hour at the station identification breaks.

Mayer correctly describes TV as "the greatest selling medium ever devised," partly because it reaches that third or half the population that simply does not read (whether or not it can), partly because the TV commercial blasts into the viewer's mind willy-nilly while he is half-stupefied. (The only better advertising medium would be bedroom ceilings.)

It is not generally safe to be naive about ad men; they are in too tight a squeeze between clients and media, market research and industrial design, ever to be naive themselves; and they number some very polished jokers.

"To make people do things: that's the fun," one of them is quoted. You and I are the people he wants to have fun with.



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Private Wealth and Public Poverty

*THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY.* By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Co. 368 pp. \$4.75.

**Michael D. Reagan**

JOHN GALBRAITH's argument, in much too abbreviated form, runs like this: economic thought has long been directed to scarcity and privation. Its central concerns have been to increase production of needed goods, decrease inequality of income, and insure personal security. Until very recently, the emphasis on production was great enough to stifle any question concerning the relative value of the things produced. So long as the majority needed shelter, food and clothing—so long as scarcity was the problem—this stress made sense.

But events marched on while ideas marked time. We are no longer really interested, conservative and liberal rhetoric to the contrary, in increasing output for the sake of the goods themselves; our concern now is for production to support full employment and economic security. No better proof of that proposition need be offered than the current campaign, urged by publishers and producers and endorsed by President Eisenhower, to "buy now," not because we need the goods but to fight the slump.

In its March, 1958, Letter on Economic Conditions, the First National City Bank asserted that we are saturated with homes, cars and factories for the time being, and attacked proposed spending on urban redevelopment, schools and low-income housing as being distrustful of self-reliance and evidence of a liberal belief "that the Government knows better how to spend money than does the citizen." That is, even if our desire for private goods is not great enough to keep production go-

ing, any shift to production of social goods is to be condemned!

The first assertion in this prime example of what Galbraith labels sardonically the "conventional wisdom" is an inadvertent admission of his primary theme: additional investment in the production of consumer goods is something less than an urgent need. The attack on public projects is the opposite of his second theme: the current plethora of gadgets gives us an unprecedented opportunity to redress a badly skewed balance between goods held individually and goods held socially. Against the bankers' cliché about self-reliance, two questions raised by Galbraith's analysis are sufficient reply. Can the individual parent by "self-reliance" provide his children with a new school or adequate recreational facilities? Is the citizen's choice between personal goods and public services really free when the former receive *all* the attention of advertising and the latter none?

Because of these discrepancies, we have public poverty in the midst of private wealth. The point is brought home by Galbraith's capsule travelogue:

The family which takes its mauve and cerise, air-conditioned, power-steered, and power-braked automobile out for a tour passes through cities that are badly paved, made hideous by litter, blighted buildings, billboards, and posts for wires that should long since have been put underground. They pass into a countryside that has been rendered largely invisible by commercial art. . . . They picnic on exquisitely packaged food from a portable icebox by a polluted stream and go on to spend the night at a park which is a menace to public health and morals. Just before dozing off on an air mattress, beneath a nylon tent, amid the stench of decaying refuse, they may reflect vaguely on the curious unevenness of their blessings.

In the past six months this vague reflection has turned into concrete

complaint. An American Assembly background paper warns that, despite its comparative failure in producing cars and shoes, Russia can, by concentrating resources, out-produce us in crucial areas of military technology; the Rockefeller Brothers Fund has reported a need for planned improvement in housing, health insurance and other services not adequately met by market mechanisms; and August Heckscher, director of the Twentieth Century Fund, makes the daring suggestion that the same resourcefulness we apply to stimulating consumer appetites be "devoted by public leaders to stirring up the wants of people as citizens."

THIS apparent awakening (to needs long argued in some other quarters, e.g. *The Nation*) is one of the most hopeful developments in the year One P.S. (post-sputnik). But if public necessities are gaining over private luxuries only because of the immediate threats of satellite competition and a depression, the tendency may as quickly reverse under a new onslaught from the spokesmen for the conventional wisdom. Galbraith's exciting new book is valuable because it presents a reasoned attack on the productivity ethic and a concrete, provocative program for altering the economic structure to maintain a new social balance when it has been achieved.

By pressing constantly on our capacity to produce private goods, we create the very inflation we all abhor. Inflation and community deterioration are high costs to pay for income security. Can we avoid them? Galbraith says we can, but his prescription will afflict the comfortable in both left and right wings of economic policy. Here are the major elements in his program:

(1) Reduce inflationary pressure by accepting a margin of unemployment of up to four million.

(2) Provide income security to the unemployed by a system of Cyclically Graduated Compensation that would pay up to ninety per

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cent of normal wages when unemployment is high, but decrease when job opportunities are good.

(3) Impose taxes that would automatically increase the public revenues available for social goods and services as national income increases.

Corporate and personal income taxes fit this plan, but are not enough because they are almost preempted by the federal government, while many of the most-needed services fall within state and local jurisdiction. For the latter, he advocates a much-expanded use of the sales tax.

Hold on, liberals. Galbraith is not a representative of the Federation of State Chambers of Commerce. To the objection that the sales tax weighs most heavily on the poor he replies that in the affluent society the proper policy is to remove poverty, not to bow to it. The improved social balance obtainable by sales tax revenues can be used to prepare the children of the poor for productive jobs that will raise them out of poverty.

WITH such a program we would have the private goods we need, yet be released from the prospect of the subliminal sell as the only way to keep the production lines rolling. We would have reasonably full employment without permanent inflation. And we would have a solid base for public services which benefit the entire community.

I think Galbraith would agree that his fiscal recommendations may not be the only possible way to achieve these ends. But the burden rests on liberals to suggest a better alternative. The problem of social balance cannot be solved by sporadic decisions to spend more on schools, streets and hospitals; increased national wealth will automatically flow to marketable commodities unless there is social intervention to divert the income stream to the public sector. We wouldn't buy as many cars as we do if proof of need had to be submitted for each one, as is the case with schools and hospitals!

Many objections may occur to the reader; some he will find answered in the book. Three for which answers are not readily apparent

occur to this reader. The first is that productivity outruns needs today only in terms of the domestic market. From a world view, all our output and more *could* be invaluable to Asian-African peoples—and South Americans! What Galbraith means by his attack is that the problem of consumer goods has been solved for America, but he states his case in a way to neglect the qualifications. Perhaps overstatement was necessary to make the case effectively.

A second objection is that he disposes too easily of the problem of poverty in America. Granted that improved social balance would in the long run be of greater value to the poor than avoidance of a sales tax, it seems hyperbolic to say that "In the affluent society no useful distinction can be made between luxuries and necessities." "Affluent," is a middle- and upper-income label. It does not, even in America, apply to the twenty per cent of families whose average income is below

\$3,000. For these families, food and clothing are not "opulent expenditures," and a sales tax which fails to distinguish such items from the outboard runabouts of the seven-thousand-dollar family strikes me as inconsistent with the rest of his program.

Finally, the greater success of national than of state and local politics in taking the long view makes one doubt the likelihood of obtaining sufficient taxes of any kind from state legislatures and city councils. The liberal influence which would approve Galbraith's social program is much stronger in national politics. For this reason a federal grant-in-aid program seems a more hopeful, if more cumbersome, arrangement.

These criticisms are at most qualifications upon a stimulating and persuasive argument. A more refreshing examination of the stereotypes of both liberal and conservative economic thought has not appeared in many a year.

## Our Place in Europe

*A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM?* By K. Zilliacus. Monthly Review Press. 286 pp. \$5.

*RUSSIA, THE ATOM AND THE WEST.* By George F. Kennan. Harper and Bros. 116 pp. \$2.50.

*THE BIG CHANGE IN EUROPE.* By Blair Bolles. W. W. Norton and Co. 526 pp. \$5.95.

### Edgar Snow

THE need for a basic re-examination of American and Allied policy toward the Communist world has been dramatically apparent since Sputnik I. Few informed persons here or abroad still have the illusion that we can, by establishing "positions of superior strength," now force Soviet Russia to that internal collapse and "point of bankruptcy" which the optimistic John Foster Dulles two years ago told us had already arrived.

Our own recession, spreading international turmoil, and the daily peril that some "little war" may lead to general co-extermination, are relentless facts

EDGAR SNOW, veteran foreign correspondent, is the author of *Red Star Over China* and *Pattern of Soviet Power*. His new book, *The Gathering of Eagles*, will be published in October.

which push us toward serious negotiations to test out the true intent behind the current Soviet "peace offensive." The three books mentioned here make a useful contribution to the debate over the terms whereby "peaceful co-existence" might be stabilized.

Konni Zilliacus brings the left-wing British Laborite viewpoint to his account of recent talks with leaders in Russia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. He is a radical who has consistently tried to build a bridge between Fabianism and communism, and for his views he was once tossed out of the Labor Party—and barred from the United States. At about the same time he was denounced in Russia as an imperialist spy for his pro-Tito stand. Today again a Labor M.P., he is *persona grata* in the "Socialist camp," but still unwanted here.

Zilliacus' book provides valuable background on the renewed controversy between Belgrade and the Moscow-Peking axis over the "different-roads-to-socialism" doctrine versus the "proletarian dictatorship" (one road, no exit) dictum again being insisted upon by the latter. Zilliacus reports that as early as September, 1956, when Tito visited Khrushchev in Russia, he complained



about a letter which the Soviet politburo had secretly circulated to warn all party secretaries against Belgrade's "revisionist" line. The October crisis in Poland was also credited to Tito's bad influence. Then, in his "provocative" speech at Pula, Tito told the Yugoslav Communists that the "root of the trouble" in both Poland and Hungary was "that the Soviet leaders had so far not been prepared to apply to all the Socialist states the principles of freedom and equality laid down in the Bulganin-Tito and the Khrushchev-Tito declarations of June, 1956."

"We Yugoslavs," Tito told Zilliacus he had informed Khrushchev, "don't think that the Communist and workers' parties in the Socialist states have a monopoly of the performing rights of socialism in the world. We believe that the whole world is in a state of transition, that the old order based on private enterprise is being increasingly replaced by economic forms involving state intervention, planning and public ownership. . . . The most one can say is that the Marxist-Leninist parties in the Socialist states have gone further on the path towards socialism and are working consciously to build [it]."

THIS heresy was attacked by all the "fraternal parties." In December, 1956, the Peking party press went farther than Moscow not only in repudiating "revisionism" but in rehabilitating Stalinism. Socialism, the *People's Daily* opined, was attainable only through following the "fundamental experience" of the Soviet Union (and China), i.e., by

## Signal

This Spring, being what it is this year,  
and it has been cold up to now  
and the heat later will be  
my god, how shall we stand it?

but after that storm Sunday, we  
have acquired several slug-  
gish flies.

I

am very tender with them.

PAUL BLACKBURN

way of the "proletarian dictatorship" led by true Communists. Stalin's mistakes, though serious, were after all mere "dogmatic" errors of a good Communist. "Revisionism," which overlooked the basic world-wide class conflict between the "Socialist camp" and the "imperialist camp," was a much greater mistake.

Last November at Moscow the Chinese thesis was incorporated in the Declaration of Communists, to which twelve parties—all but the Yugoslav—adhered. Doubtless the main purpose is to hold onto Poland and East Germany, but hope was still held out that Yugoslavia might yet "come home." Last April, however, the League of Yugoslav Communists, meeting in Belgrade, heard Tito repeat much of what he had said to Zilliacus.

Despite this internecine quarrel—indeed because open debate continues at all, an impossibility under Stalin—Zilliacus believes that the movement toward liberalization is bound to grow. "If [all] we want is to help these regimes to reform themselves, to experience

a new birth of freedom," he concludes, "the future is ours." His first-hand study of Russia convinced him that pressures for reform are irreversible there, and irresistible. But any attempt to destroy the "new societies" by force will end in failure and death for all. Only policies by which the West actively seeks to reduce the military threat and enlarge economic and cultural exchanges with Russia and the satellites offer any real hope for peace and mutual progress.

GEORGE KENNAN (whom Zilliacus quotes with approval) reaches similar conclusions by the more philosophical approach of a diplomat and scholar of Russia. His short book consists mainly of a reprint of his Reith lectures delivered over BBC. Chiefly because Kennan originated the "containment thesis," a basis of the Truman Doctrine, his current views, (which repudiate much that was done to implement that doctrine), have made a deep impression in official circles—more so in Europe than here.

Kennan repeatedly stresses his belief that the Russian challenge is not, and never was, primarily one of military aggression. Russia confronts us "not just with a foreign policy or a military policy but with an integrated philosophy of action, internal and external." The real objective of competitive co-existence is "to see which of us moves most rapidly and successfully to the solution of his own particular problems."

Although he discounts magical solutions by way of summit meetings, global formulas, U.N. and other disarmament conferences, Kennan thinks nuclear arms competition must be halted, as not only futile but perilous for all. He favors negotiated mutual withdrawals from Central and Eastern Europe and an ultimate total withdrawal of U.S. and Russian troops behind their own frontiers. The heart of the problem is the neutralization of Germany.

"Our friends on the Continent have recently made exciting progress, despite all military danger, in welding the economic and technological efforts of the Western European peoples into a single competitive collaborative whole, and in moderating the sharp edges of . . . that absolute sovereignty which is one of the anachronisms of our time." Kennan would like to see England, Canada and the United States moving equally fast toward "common policies"—one of the aims of the original Marshall Plan.

THAT "exciting progress" toward European unification forms the principal theme, the "big change," emphasized by

## good reading

### TWELVE ORIGINAL ESSAYS ON GREAT AMERICAN NOVELS

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WAYNE STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS  
Detroit 2, Michigan



Blair Bolles. An able young newspaper man who served with the Foreign Policy Association for ten years, Bolles went to Europe in 1953 for the *Toledo Blade*. His long book takes a sympathetic view of the Europeans and their internal problems. He has praise and hope for Britain and admires the "prosperity men" of Germany. There are colorful profiles of key figures and intimate glimpses of family life, youth and its outlook, and numerous digressions into art, music, bearded Greek priests, the Townsend affair with Margaret, and so on. But there is a good deal of solid political reporting and shrewd judgments of the successes and failures of American policy — which he manifestly believes to be for the most part highly creditable. Bolles would like to see Europe "freed from the contradictory dodgings of current American leadership." Unlike Kennan, however, he would have us withdraw only from political interference while continuing to be "active in Europe militarily." He seems to be under the impression that the Soviet threat was and remains primarily one of military conquest.

Bolles apparently has not grasped the rudimentary fact that military intervention in a nation's affairs is inseparable from economic and political intervention; the policeman must be paid. Rich in detail, this book unfortunately lacks a very clear historical perspective. One can read it and remain scarcely aware of the causes of World War II in Europe or the complete breakdown of capitalism which followed it. It is true that the billions in American subsidy poured into Germany, and other war-devastated lands on the continent have refinanced the possessing classes which were bankrupted by the war, and thus staved off socialism for a time. Whether Western Europe has solved the critical modern problems inherent in unplanned production and distribution in any measure adequate to cope with the challenge of what Kennan calls "an integrated philosophy" remains to be seen. And it may be seen sooner than we suppose if our own recession and its effects abroad continue unchecked for another year.

One limitation common to all three of these books is that they fail to take sufficient note of the impact of Asia and Africa on Europe, particularly the growing influence of China on Soviet policy and the mounting crisis Africa (including the Middle East) presents to Britain, France and the United States. A glaring example of the contradictions in thinking which can arise from attempts to separate European peace from revolutionary problems elsewhere is

George Kennan's speculation about the effects of withdrawal of Soviet troops from Eastern Europe. He assumes that these nations could then evolve "toward institutions and systems most suited to their needs; and what these institutions and systems might then be is something about which I think we in the West can afford to be very relaxed. If socialism is what these people want and need, so be it; but let it by all means be their own choice."

Tell that to Mr. Dulles—about China. Or to General de Gaulle—about Algeria.

## Castaways

**THE BLOCKHOUSE.** By Jean-Paul Clebert. Coward-McCann, Inc. 224 pp. \$3.50.

**John Farrelly**

DURING the Normandy landing in June, 1944, six men took shelter in a deserted blockhouse. The openings were sealed by the bombardment, and when they were opened, six years later, two men were still alive. So much for the factual basis of Mr. Clebert's first novel to be published in America.

After a futile effort to force an exit, the men settle themselves to await what they suppose is an imminent rescue. They explore the vast network of empty chambers and zig-zag passages that make up their prison, and the first question of their predicament is answered by storerooms of blankets, miscellaneous clothing, candles, cigarettes, food and wine. At first, they experience a sense of relief and excitement. "There was no date for going back to work." "Here there was plenty of food, companions (not exactly friends) and the means of getting drunk as lords." "This business really had an adventurous side to it which enchanted him."

It is the adventure of the castaway who constructs a recognizably normal, matter-of-fact life out of odds and ends and by his own ingenuity. Of first importance is the problem of measuring time in this sunless world. But each man has his personal sense of time and his device for calculating its passage. An inventory of supplies and a system of rationing candles would seem indicated. But the supplies are apparently inexhaustible. They number each room, designate its use, and in a common

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dormitory each man builds his own bed or cocoon from piles of blankets and woolen clothing, in a facsimile of domesticity. It is all like Robinson Crusoe — if Crusoe had landed on an island in Hell.

For there is really no work to do, and ingenuity is limited to "trying to find something to think about." Boredom, and the fear of boredom, give way to "idleness — that slow disgust with all movement of thought [which] was proving stronger than the boredom of doing nothing." All semblance of routine in eating or sleeping disappears for "those fat, soft, shapeless, idle larvae, incapable of emerging from their shells of wool."

The solidarity imposed on the men by their common fate begins to crack. One of them tries to establish himself as leader; he is isolated and cuts his throat. This poses the problem of "burial" in

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the blockhouse. After several experiments, he is sewn up in a sack of flour. He is not to be the last. Two others "go away" into the further rooms on a homosexual honeymoon, grotesque and pathetic, until one smashes the other's skull with a brandy bottle, then isolates himself to die. Another is discovered in the "cemetery," nosing round the sacks, brushing them with his hand, apparently without noticing their appalling smell. They were not an appetizing sight. The corpses were moving. The worms had obviously started on them.

Although the curiously detached tone throughout and the sharp specific detail might encourage such a mistake,

this book should not be read as a factual account of a particular hideous entombment. This is not a *document*; it is a fine creative achievement. Time, for example, which the characters cannot comprehend, is made vivid to the reader in the inexorable accumulation of the rubbish of mere physical living. The captives, in their concrete labyrinth, have no means of disposing of food scraps, empty bottles, tins and barrels, cigarette ends, excrement, or the dead. All this debris is their *past*, and as it is ever present to them, time cannot move for these men. In this, and not in the hair-raising or macabre particulars, is the unnerving vision of horror at the center of a remarkable novel.

Shakespeare. We may agree with him but still feel that our freedom to read Shakespeare is the more secure when our neighbor is free to read trash.

IT is in his analysis of Supreme Court cases that Professor Berns is at his best. He demonstrates admirably the confused development of the "clear and present danger" rule and the on-again, off-again attempts by various Justices to explain why the Court should interfere in civil liberties matters whilst giving legislatures free reign in economic matters.\* Unfortunately, this is a surface analysis that betrays a lack of perception of the judicial process at work. Anyone can take a group of Supreme Court opinions and demonstrate (a) inconsistency, (b) lack of clarity, and (c) downright confusion. What one must realize is that this is inevitable.

The United States Supreme Court is several things at once. It is a collegiate body; like the French Assembly, it is plagued by shifting coalitions, and this prevents straight line advance. The Court is a judicial body; the rules of judging—e.g., a court should dispose of a case on the narrowest issue necessary to decision—play hob with great, burning political issues. The Court is a political body; it has the most pregnant political issues of the day thrown at it and it must not move too fast, particularly against the political tide, for fear it will jeopardize its own power. A sympathetic student will be satisfied to note the Court's meanderings; he will not ridicule the Court as Professor Berns comes close to doing.

This lack of perception of the judicial process is of a piece with Professor Berns's impatience with the frailties of democracy. After two hundred years of liberalism in the Western world, we seem to be no nearer to the perfect life than we were when Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau spoke. Professor Berns is all for eliminating this nonsense and going back to stern precepts of virtue and honesty and right living. With due respect to all concerned, it seems that Professor Berns wants to be the Billy Graham of political science.

\*Curiously enough, he omits all consideration of what some of us believe to be the best explanation of the distinction between the two types of legislation. Justice Stone tentatively set forth the theory in a footnote in *United States v. Carolene Products Co.*, 304 U.S. 144, 152n. (1938) when he intimated that if the Court is to leave economic and social matters to the legislature, the least it can do is to assure the freedom of political processes by which poor legislation can be corrected.

## Impatience with Freedom

*FREEDOM, VIRTUE AND THE FIRST AMENDMENT.* By Walter Berns. Louisiana State University Press. 264 pp. \$4.

George D. Braden

IN THIS fascinating but essentially unsound book about the First Amendment\* Professor Berns does three things. First, he analyzes the United States Supreme Court's gyrations in First Amendment freedom of speech cases and concludes that the cases as a whole are a hopeless mishmash based upon an incorrect theory. Second, he attacks the fundamental philosophy in support of freedom of speech and, indeed, the fundamental theory of democracy. Finally, he offers a prescription for bringing order out of chaos—namely, to add "virtue" as a factor in judging freedom; in effect, to judge speech by whether it is good or bad.

The last of these is both the easiest and the most difficult to criticize. It is child's play to note, as Professor Berns himself does from time to time when analyzing parts of judicial opinions, that words of value are dangerous. They are so filled with meaning that they are without precision. One man's "good" is another's "bad." On the other hand, it is most difficult to quarrel with a man who seeks as you do the Good Life. Professor Berns is not a doctrinaire of the right—at least not in this book—who

expounds the "correct" line. He is sure only that those who exalt freedom of speech miss the point, and that we must try to solve our problems by a new approach—by exalting virtue. It is always difficult to say that you are against virtue.

The key to Professor Berns's thesis is his attack on the fundamentals of democracy. He asserts that what the defenders of civil liberties call democracy is only a process and an empty one at that. It is empty because it is amoral, and amoral government is bad government. What Professor Berns overlooks is that we who believe in freedom, especially freedom of speech, endeavor to accommodate the moral needs of a society within narrow limits. Acts of government must be "moral," but they need not encompass all of life. Our crying need today is hardly a hagiocracy.

If, as Professor Berns believes, most of us yearn for a good society, then our democratic government will move, in faltering steps to be sure, toward that society. We will not arrive as soon as we might if a commanding presence could channel all our efforts in the right direction. But we may arrive more surely, for the commanding presence might err. The slackness of a democratic society, the aimlessness of its movement, the tolerance for many tongues are a virtue, not a vice. Professor Berns points out that freedom to read comics is not as important as freedom to read

GEORGE D. BRADEN, former associate professor at the Yale Law School, is the author of a number of articles on Constitutional Law and the Supreme Court.

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## FILMS

### Robert Hatch

AT THE risk of sounding slow-witted, I must complain that Alfred Hitchcock's *Vertigo* was a little too difficult for me. I had to concentrate so narrowly on the labyrinth of the plot that I never broke out in the cold sweat which is the emotional reward of a good thriller. Even so, I'm not sure that I could successfully diagram the evil stratagem. Mr. Hitchcock is employing in this film an impressionist manner which is the last word in whodunit sophistication and which relieves the storyteller of the need to demonstrate that the time schedule will work, that the corpse will keep its secrets, or that the various gulls will indeed assume what they are intended to assume. In the end, it is not a murder that inspires entire confidence.

This may sound finicky—who cares about the plausibility of *The Lady Vanishes*? But *Vertigo* belongs to a less innocent school of hocus-pocus. The story is the work of Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac, who also provided

Clouzot with the plot for *Diabolique*, and these two fabricators operate in the area of up-to-date psychology. So the spectator is encouraged to ask not only *could* it, but *would* it happen. You undoubtedly care more about the people in this picture than you do about the inhabitants of most thrillers, but for that very reason you may the more sharply resent the contemptuous way in which they are twitched through their adventures. *Vertigo* is not as cruel a picture as *Diabolique*, but for Hitchcock it is surprisingly cruel.

On the credit side, the picture moves rapidly through some pretty San Francisco and Northern California coastal scenery, and James Stewart carries out his detective and romantic assignments with easy grace and warmth. Kim Novak is excellently eye-catching in costumes a size too small for her; she seems stultified, but the plot calls for repressed behavior and I could not tell whether this was a case of good acting or good casting. Barbara Bel Geddes is

given an important and faintly sinister role with horn-rimmed glasses; this comes to nothing, however, and that sort of false emphasis is a real defect in the game of crime chess.

THE sales pitch for the musical version of *Gigi* is that *My Fair Lady* was great. This raises awkward comparisons because Alan Lerner and Frederick Loewe will probably never repeat the hysterical success of the Shaw adaptation, and yet they have made a very nice show out of Colette's durable comedy. Mr. Loewe's talent is unusual—he writes songs for people who cannot sing. This means that the shows he works on can be cast for charm rather than voice, in the knowledge that Mr. Lerner's intelligent lyrics and some exceedingly deft orchestration will carry even a magpie through an aria.

In this case the principle works up to a point—no one is going to pretend that Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold lack almost overpowering charm. The case for Louis Jourdan is less clear, and the gamble you must take when paying the present very steep prices for *Gigi* is whether or not you can tolerate M.

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Jourdan. I preferred to concentrate on Chevalier, who accepts his age with a rueful good nature that steals the show. He has one song—"Thank Heaven for Little Girls"—which seemed to me ill-suited to his years and raffish manner, but there are others which he sings with lovely style (though no longer with any pretense of a voice) and with light suggestions of his younger *panache* that will wring sighs from those mature enough to remember.

*Gigi* is, of course, as *de luxe* as pressed duck: costumes and sets by Cecil Beaton, scenery by Paris, money by truckloads—all bathed in the romance of spring color. Early in the story there's a song called "It's a Bore," and smart show people never tempt the obvious that way unless they know they are home safe.

STAY away from *Folies Bergère*. It is a French idea of what will amuse those stupid Americans.

SEQUELS to hilarious comedies rarely keep the pace, but for the first half hour I thought *Blue Murder at St. Trinians* was going to make it. Then it ran out of ideas and dissolved in panicky hysteria. In this adventure, the little horrors of Ronald's Searles's school for incorrigible infants have grown to bathing-beauty size. They are delinquents rather than monsters, and the joke becomes arch.

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Professor of Political Science,  
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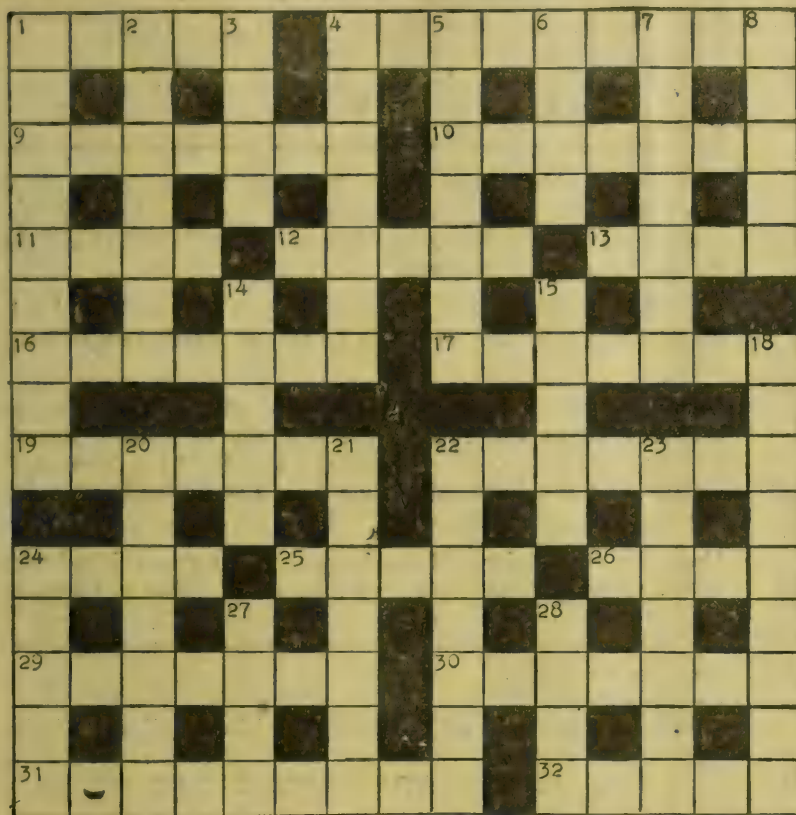
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 776

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Shouldn't have an express purpose in the neighborhood. (5)
- 4 Designed for the rest of the members? (The lower body, that is.) (9)
- 9 Certainly not athletic outings! (7)
- 10 and 28 down They would never be expected to call for a pass. (7, 4)
- 11 and 29 For example, Campbell design might be secret. (11)
- 12 and 13 Judicial aphorisms might be cutting. (5, 4)
- 16 Pig-Latin for tipsters, to last longer. (7)
- 17 With the return of the court, pledges should be groovy! (7)
- 19 Bullies typified by Berlioz. (7)
- 22 The players came first and moved to protect the king. (7)
- 24 and 26 Might take care of fall in winter. (4, 4)
- 25 The little boy who brought up 6 under a different name. (5)
- 26 See 24 across
- 29 See 11 across
- 30 The first letter is not always A. (7)
- 31 Spread out and passed around, it is shown. (9)
- 32 Droop like some stories. (5)

## DOWN:

- 1 Look in the ministry for a primitive garment! (9)
- 2 and 3 Does it provide a rather un-

- obtrusive spectacle? (7, 4)
- 4 It should be a good place to catch, if ardent, yet quiet-hearted. (7)
- 5 The master or any of the mates. (7)
- 6 Sensitive in one point or another. (4)
- 7 Deprive of one element, like the big lummoX I keep company with? (7)
- 8 Stalls. (5)
- 14 Make sharp upturns in one direction? (5)
- 15 Confound salt residue! (5)
- 18 Evidently the whole team gets to first base, by the way! (9)
- 20 Obviously doesn't act like a beggar! (7)
- 21 Dull. (7)
- 22 Should it call your attention to Mexican food for a thousand years? (7)
- 23 Swinging. (7)
- 24 Acted like a partisan? (5)
- 27 23's sort no can make the measure! (4)
- 28 See 10 across

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 775

Across: 1 STEERING WHEELS; 8 SEE AT A GLANCE; 10 EMIGRATING; 11 STYE; 13 ARGUPE; 14 EXCERPTS; 16 ICE CREAM; 17 PEANUT; 19 AWLS; 20 ALTOGETHER; 22 TRAFFIC LIGHT; 23 DEUTEROGAMISTS. Down: 1 SYSTEMATICALLY; 2 EVENING BELLS; 3 RETURN FARE; 4 NIGHTS; 5 WHAT NEXT; 6 EACH; 7 SUPERSATURATES; 9 STEP ON THE GAS; 12 CEREBELLUM; 15 CALLS FOR; 18 LOWING; 21 TROT.

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*Dear Sirs: Just a note to tell you how much I enjoyed the May 17 issue of The Nation, in which appeared "The Class of '58 Speaks Up." It made a wonderful week's bouquet. I am ordering some extra copies as graduation gifts for my favorite seniors....*

JOHN V. MURRA  
Dept. of Economics, Sociology  
and Anthropology, Vassar College

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

As a teacher, Mr. Murra had to distribute his generosity among many seniors. But you, as a *Nation* reader who undoubtedly has one favorite bright young graduate getting a baccalaureate this month, can *concentrate* yours.

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# THE NATION

JUNE 21, 1958 . . 25c

*LEGIONS OF DESPAIR:*

THE FRENCH ARMY IN REVOLT

*by David Thomson*

*LEGAL TORTURE:*

OUR IMMORAL DRUG LAWS

*by Alfred R. Lindesmith*

*THE ST. LAWRENCE:*

SEAWAY TO THE MIDWEST

*by David Cort*





## LETTERS

### Case History of a Pagan in Action

Dear Sirs: Recently, C. Wright Mills delivered a pagan sermon in person to a Universalist-Unitarian conference held in Urbana, Illinois. I had read Mr. Mills's sermon in *The Nation* of March 8. Now, discussing the problem with a Unitarian friend, I was enjoying myself at the expense of the "spineless, irresponsible, and hypocritical" Christians (to use my exact words). My friend, however, stopped me short by asking, "Why don't you do something about it?"

Me? I was a pagan; I could exercise no influence on the clergy. But my friend persisted. "Perhaps if you spoke to some clergymen, you would get a few to take action." I called to mind the courageous undertaking of the four men who had recently sailed for the Pacific H-bomb test area in the *Golden Rule*—and the next day I began calling on ministers. The first few were encouraging. They had all heard of the *Golden Rule*, and told me that when I had formulated more clearly what I would like to do, they would be happy to consider cooperating. A Congregational minister suggested that I write a letter to each minister, setting forth my program (which was still unborn) and asking cooperation. He even provided me with a complete listing of names and addresses for all the local churches.

My next move was to secure help. The local Friends group, though small, seemed a logical place to look. Before meeting with them, I drafted a letter which could be sent to the local clergy. The proposals were intentionally modest in order to secure as wide support as possible:

... Our program is very simple. We are asking every member of the local clergy who is concerned with the question of peace to devote part of their service on Sunday, April 20, to informing their congregations about the voyage of the *Golden Rule*. . . . and about the grave problems which it dramatizes. After the service, we would like to have descriptive literature, such as the enclosed pamphlets, available for the congregations. We would like to post petitions in convenient locations which could be signed by those persons who feel sympathetic to the aims expressed. . . .

This letter will be followed in a

few days by a telephone call at which time further arrangements can be made with those members who care to participate in this program.

The Quaker committee expressed willingness to cooperate in making the telephone calls and distributing the pamphlets, my Unitarian friend agreed to take care of mimeographing the letters, my wife agreed to handle the clerical work—in short, my "program" had emerged from the basement to at least ground level. We hastily adopted a name for the sake of formality—Committee For Peace—and sent our letters off.

The telephoning proved to be a tedious affair—ministers are very busy people. But, little by little, our list of participating churches kept growing. At final count, we had achieved a most impressive total—twenty-nine churches in the twin communities of Urbana-Champaign had agreed to participate out of a total of forty-seven churches contacted. Of these, most agreed to mention the *Golden Rule* in their services and half-a-dozen announced that they would devote part or all of their sermons to it. Represented were all shades of religious belief—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Evangelistic.

Considering the ultra-conservative political temper of these two communities and the comparatively little organizing skill which we brought to bear, the program can only be construed as a real success. If even several dozen communities did as much, perhaps ground would be laid for more constructive and more important projects.

It seems things are up to us pagans.

R. D. LARKIN

Urbana, Ill.

### Bowles for President

Dear Sirs: Harry Barnard's article "Who've the Democrats Got?" in your May 24 issue, gave us some very good names for the 1960 Democratic convention. But why didn't he mention Chester Bowles? Mr. Bowles's *Ambassador's Report*, *Africa Challenges America* and *Ideas, People and Peace* show a deep understanding of the great problems which our future President must face. He has traveled in Africa and lived for many years in India—among the people, not in an ivory tower. As a candidate, he would surely get strong support from minority groups here, particularly Negroes. Under his leadership, this country would regain the prestige it lost under Eisenhower and Truman.

L. SCHWARZ

Millburn, N.J.

### Midwest Oasis

Dear Sirs: It is not surprising that, "Sadly, Heggen isn't writing," as Lloyd Zimpel wrote in his "Letter" from Minneapolis-St. Paul in your May 24 issue. Thomas Heggen died several years ago.

Having once been a resident of Minneapolis, I cannot help but be a little annoyed at Zimpel's snobbishness. He should take a look at some of the other cultural deserts in the Midwest. Minneapolis-St. Paul is an oasis compared to most other similar-sized cities in this region.

DICK BRUNER

Chicago, Ill.

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## EDITORIALS

### Whither Mr. Dulles?

Secretary of State Dulles is scheduled to fly to Paris to confer with Premier de Gaulle—on July 4. The date is one of those accidental whimsicalities which occasionally relieve the grimness of the pages of history. But it will not relieve the grimness of the dilemma facing Mr. Dulles in North Africa.

The agenda of the conference, as given out by State Department aides, vaguely mentions East-West relations, and goes into detail only on France's role in a possible ban on nuclear testing. Not having exploded any bombs themselves, and being almost as poor in current nuclear capacity as the Japanese or the Venezuelans, the French, under the leadership of the grandeur-minded de Gaulle, are not likely to take kindly to the idea of calling the game in an inning when the United States and the Soviet Union have thousands of bombs, while France is still trying to accumulate enough fissionable material for one. But in the present context this is actually a secondary and postponable question. Algeria, on the contrary, will not wait, either for Mr. Dulles or for General de Gaulle.

If diplomacy were a simple art and Mr. Dulles could afford to behave forthrightly, what he should do on July 4, 1958, is refer back to July 4, 1776, and announce that in accordance with the immutable principles of the Declaration of Independence the United States wishes Algeria to be free and independent. A ringing declaration along these lines would be applauded by the Algerian Nationalists from their hiding places, by Arab opinion generally, and by the Founding Fathers from their graves. But, aside from the fury of the European-Algerian colonists, cabalists and Fascists, Mr. Dulles would be faced by the displeasure of his host, who is no more ready to deal with a free Algeria than are his opponents in the various juntas and upper-class mobs who quaintly call themselves "Committees of Public Safety." General de Gaulle, despite his need for American dollars, would have no choice but to tear up the blueprints for American missile bases on the sacred French soil and begin negotiations for a shotgun mar-

riage between the somewhat tarnished virgin to whom he now stands in *loco parentis*, and Ivan the Terrible.

Something akin to this would be the choice of General de Gaulle. It follows that the choice of Mr. Dulles is between further incurring the enmity of the Arab world, and pulling the rug from under NATO. Since NATO is Dulles, Dulles NATO, the second course is inconceivable. Yet the *colons* on the one side and the Algerian Nationalists on the other will not let either General de Gaulle or Mr. Dulles temporize indefinitely.

Uneasy lies the head of the Secretary of State, and especially such a Secretary as Mr. Dulles. But, to do him justice, the dilemma is not entirely of his making, although for years he has done everything possible to aggravate it to the point of insolubility. Nor is the struggle in Mr. Dulles' soul alone; his sanctimonious expression of it obscures the fact that in some measure it exists in all of us. The American heritage of anti-colonialism is in irreconcilable conflict with the policy of "defense" by alliance with any gang of despots, exploiters or standpatters who offer us a few divisions or a few sites for missile launchers. Until that conflict is resolved—which can only be by a new, atomic-age approach to the problem of security—all our Independence Days will be clouded.

### The Do-Nothing Derby

The relaxed manner in which the Democrats have decided to go along with the still more relaxed attitude of the Administration on anti-recession measures is a striking illustration of the tendency toward bi-

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partisan non-leadership in Washington. The Administration, of course, flaunts its complacency. Note, for example, Mr. Dulles' brush-off of the Khrushchev trade offer: it is not every day that an offer comes along to purchase several billion dollars of American goods annually and to pay for them with deliveries of raw materials needed by American industry. But Mr. Dulles was not interested—not even with the latest figures on unused American plant capacity before him. And the Administration was equally indifferent to the arrival in Winnipeg of a four-man Chinese trade mission to conclude a deal for the purchase of 1,500,000 bushels of Canadian wheat.

But the complacency of the Democrats, if anything, is still more striking. The decision of Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn to go along with the Administration in opposing a tax cut was highly irresponsible. It was not based on a study of the current economic situation. It did not stem from considered debate, or from a review of the Administration's program. The House Democrats were not permitted to caucus on the issue. Above all, it is hard to find justification for the Democratic leadership's decision either in the news or in expert opinion. In going along—by voice-vote—in the rejection of tax reduction as a remedy, the House Democrats ignored the report of the staff of the Congressional Joint Economic Committee which had just announced that, in its view, recovery would be delayed for a year or more. And even as the House voted—it did not deliberate—it knew that current estimates of plant investment are 17 per cent below the figure for last year. It should be kept in mind that what we are suffering from is a capital-goods recession; the cutbacks are in basic industries that generate "high velocity" dollars—dollars that have a multiplying effect on jobs and incomes. Whatever prompted the Democrats' decision to ride along with Secretary Anderson, it was not based on a reading of economic indicators.

If some clear political advantage flowed to the Democrats, their relaxed attitude on anti-recession measures might be put down as merely another unfortunate example of partisan politics. But if the recession "bottoms out," the Republicans will take credit for the upturn; if the decline continues, the Democrats, who control Congress, must share responsibility. In an effort to find out why the liberal Democrats failed to challenge the Johnson-Rayburn leadership on this issue, we did some sleuthing last week in Senatorial offices. Various explanations were offered, but the recurrent themes were: (1) the Democrats will win in November regardless of whether there is an upturn or not; (2) Senators returned from the Easter recess convinced that the grass-roots was not ablaze with enthusiasm for a tax cut (taxpayers take an individual, not a social view, of tax cuts, and in these terms the

proposed cuts didn't seem impressive); (3) voters view big deficits with alarm; (4) many Senators fear the effects of tax cuts on their pet legislative projects, all of which involve burdens on the budget; (5) most governors are questioning about for additional state revenues and believe that federal tax cuts might complicate their political problems; (6) finally, we found a marked — and frankly acknowledged — reluctance to "bell the cat"—no one wanted to take on the task of challenging the Johnson-Rayburn leadership.

Neither alone nor together do these factors excuse the failure of leadership on the part of the Democrats; on the contrary, they underscore this failure. On the key issue of anti-recession measures, the Democrats in Congress are running neck-and-neck with the Republican Administration in the great bipartisan, do-nothing, non-leadership derby.

## Asylum for Dictators

Members of the ruling junta in Venezuela are insisting that Perez-Jimenez be ousted from his \$400,000 hideaway in Miami and returned to Caracas so that they may stick pins in him and parade him through the streets in a cage. A section of the liberal press has joined in this unseemly clamor. But why? This is the safest country in the world for ex-dictators; here they can live out their days in fangless torpor in any number of pleasant Shangri-las. If necessary, let's build dormitories for them. The democratic objective, all would agree, is to remove the dictator from power, not to harass him once he is shorn of his uniforms and epaulets. As good democrats, therefore, let's post the welcome signs for Trupillo, Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek (and his glamorous lady), Antonio de Oliveira Salazar and, if absolutely necessary, Francisco Franco.

## Vision in Diplomacy

The most remarkable aberrations of rays of light occur not in optics, but in the relations of states, and in particular the relations of the United States with countries having different systems of government. Thus the United States is unable to see, in the sense of diplomatic recognition, the vast bulk of Red China with its 600 million inhabitants, while an island off the Chinese mainland which was invaded by Chiang Kai-shek after World War II is not only visible, but constitutes, in official American eyes, the real and official China. In Europe, the situation is reversed. The huge Soviet Union is recognized, but the small East German regime is not. Whether or not it actually exists may be argued metaphysically, but American vision changes abruptly from 20/20 to 20/200, or legal blindness, when American eyes turn in its direction.

This was not the case, however, with the Third



Armored Division's helicopter, which got lost in a thunderstorm on June 7, ran out of fuel, and landed with its crew of nine in East Germany. Any landing place, red, white or pearl gray, looks good to the pilot of an aircraft with empty gasoline tanks. This perception of reality by the American airmen seems, indeed, to have had some curative effect even on Secretary Dulles, since he announced that he would negotiate with the East Germans for their return. When your brethren are kidnaped, he said plaintively, you have to deal with the kidnapers. The clarity of the analogy was somewhat impaired by the fact that the East Germans had not forced our fliers down, or invited them, had in fact played a purely passive role hardly worthy of kidnapers, who are generally activists of a sort. Nevertheless the sudden improvement in the Secretary's eyesight, although coupled with the promise that as soon as he had the fliers back he would revert to the most correct and implacable blindness, does give the impression that on some perhaps not so distant tomorrow he will be able to see all the countries of the world with which he must deal, not only just those he likes.

## Patience and Forbearance

Time is rapidly running out on the Civil Rights Commission, which is under a Congressional mandate to wind up its affairs by September 9, 1959. Given the lateness of the hour, why is the commission undertaking still another study of racial discrimination in the forty-eight states? Perhaps it might be helpful to recall the chronology. "The battle to enact civil-rights legislation" was launched in the first session of the 85th Congress on November 22, 1956. Almost a year later, the President put his signature to the bill creating the commission. Three months later, it held its first meeting; four months after that, the House got around to appropriating \$750,000 for its work. A staff director was not sworn in until June 9, and the commission's counsel has yet to be approved. In a word, one full year of the commission's two-year tenure has gone by without a single complaint being investigated or the first hearing held—a glorious example of bipartisan sabotage.

In view of this bitter chronology, which might be amplified by reference to the circumstances that the first federal civil-rights act was passed in 1875 (partially annulled in 1883), and that the fifteen members of President Truman's Committee on Civil Rights filed an admirable nation-wide report on racial discrimination on October 29, 1947, the new commission might better concentrate on more immediate target dates. For instance, there is the opening, in September, of the public schools in Arlington, Virginia, Dallas, Texas and Little Rock, Arkansas; or, if more time is needed, the commission could concentrate on the first Tuesday in

November, when any number of Southern Negroes, as good citizens, will earnestly attempt to cast ballots in the 1958 Congressional election. On May 12, President Eisenhower told a Negro audience in Washington that "there are no revolutionary cures" for racial discrimination and urged them to rely on "patience and forbearance." But how patient must you be?

## Fire Before You're Ready, Gridley

It sometimes seems that the way of the Air Force with a technological project passes all understanding, and that neither rank, nor age, nor the plain interest of the country can curb the publicity hunger of some of its officers. The most charitable alternative explanation is inter-service rivalry. What combination of these motivated Lieut. Gen. Samuel E. Anderson in his announcement that the Air Force would launch three lunar probes this year, the first in August, could only be determined by his psychoanalyst.

General Anderson is director of the Air Research and Development Command, so he can hardly plead inexperience. Yet he must know—and he surely has people on his staff who can tell him—that the first attempts to send a projectile to the moon cannot be other than a technological gamble. Prudence in prediction would be dictated by one fact alone: the United States has not yet fired a large rocket into orbit or over any considerable surface-to-surface range on the earth. Second, to reach the moon the missile will require an initial velocity of some 7,000 miles per hour in excess of what either the Soviet Union or the United States is known to have achieved. Third, a missile launched at the requisite speed may nevertheless go astray in space or, if it misfires, plunge to earth. The implication that the missile may carry a nuclear warhead may on this account give rise to some misgivings.

General Anderson was promptly sat on by Roy W. Johnson, director of the Defense Department's space agency, and by James H. Douglas, Secretary of the Air Force. The question remains: what, if anything, can be done to make general officers realize that in the technological contest between the Great Powers one does the thing first, and talks about it afterwards? In this, at least, they could learn something from the Russians.

## The Whole Truth

When, in our issue of September 21, 1957, we presented Fred J. Cook's article on the Hiss case—it has since been published as a book—we had occasion to say that some cases simply will not die and that, in our time, it is the case of Alger Hiss that continues to nettle the American conscience. In a brilliant review of the case which appears in the May issue of the *Stanford Law Review* ("A Tale of Two Typewriters"), Dr.



Herbert L. Packer, Associate Professor of Law, Stanford University, comes to much the same conclusion. For a variety of reasons, which he details, all the evidence bearing on the ultimate issue of Hiss's guilt or innocence was not brought out at the trial. He concludes, therefore, that while Hiss had his day in court and society owes him nothing more, the question remains: "Does Society owe itself anything more? Does it owe itself the whole truth, if the whole truth can be

ascertained? . . . I cannot answer these questions to my satisfaction. But one thing is clear to me. . . . If we now close the books on the Hiss case, it must be with the consciousness that we have stopped far short of even as imperfect an approximation of 'truth' as the processes of law permit."

We are delighted to have Dr. Packer's confirmation of our view. More than ever we are convinced that the Hiss case is very much alive.

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## **LEGIONS OF DESPAIR:**

# **THE FRENCH ARMY IN REVOLT..** *by David Thomson*

*London* COMPLAINTS about the weakness of parliamentary government in France are as old as the parliamentary system itself. They go back continuously to the 1880s. Yet the system has survived longer than any other form of regime since 1789, and it has survived in spite of repeated attempts of Army leaders like General Boulanger in the 1880s, or Marshal Petain in the 1940s, to replace it by more autocratic systems.

Today the French political system has been challenged not by a popular general victorious in battle—not by a Bonaparte: nor even by a dashing hero of the boulevards like Boulanger. It is challenged by armed forces and service chiefs upon whom lies the long, dark shadow of repeated humiliations and defeats. The French Army now is an exasperated army, weary of war and anxious only to make an end of it, and in a mood to blame the politicians for inflicting on it impossible tasks and unnecessary humiliations.

General de Gaulle's need, last week, to rebuke General Salan's political activity in Algeria shows that the French Army's resentments are aimed not only at the weaknesses of the parliamentary system, but against any policy uncongenial to its own political prejudices. The de

Gaulle Government devised its power from the Army's resentment, but is now resisting the Army with authority devised from Parliament.

What has put the Army into this rebellious mood? As de Gaulle remarked not long ago, France has never really stopped fighting since 1939. For nearly nineteen years her armed forces—regular or irregular—have been engaged in almost continuous hostilities: against Germany till 1945, then in Indo-China from 1946 until 1954, then in Algeria since 1954. A generation of young officers has grown up that hardly knows army life in peace time. Both the Indo-Chinese and Algerian wars—not to mention the Suez incident of 1956—have been colonial, revolutionary wars: wars that have been highly political in character, caught up in heated controversies at home and internationally. In both of them the Army lost heavily, with the added humiliation that defeats were inflicted by the largely unprofessional forces of former colonial peoples. What happened after France's defeat in 1940 has therefore, naturally enough, happened again. The soldiers blame the politicians for pitting them against hopeless odds in unwinnable wars, and the politicians blame the soldiers for not carrying out successfully the jobs they are given.

But it is misleading to speak even of "an attitude" of the Army, or of the armed forces as a whole. There are many different shades of attitude involved. There are, for instance,

the hard-bitten colonels of long and heroic service in the field, like Colonel Marcel Bigeard, whose recall from the Tunisian border soon after the bombing of Sakiet caused a sensation in Paris; or like General Massu, lately a colonel himself—the "soldier's soldiers" whose leadership in the field have won them the devotion of their men. There is a conflict of views between them and the "politician's soldiers"—men like ex-Generals Mast and Revers—usually high-ranking officers who owe their position and promotion to influential political groups and party-bargains.

THIS friction within the Army itself has the effect of intensifying the dislike and distrust of the junior officers for all politicians. The recent resignation of General Ely, Chief of the General Staff, was in form a protest against the Government's dismissal of two of his subordinates, and so against political interference with military affairs; but he had threatened to resign, not long before, in protest against cuts in the military budget. Apart from the regulars, there are the 300,000 conscripts who pass through the Army every year, and their attitudes are as varied as those in the country. The common complaint, which has united all ranks in the service in resentment against the Government, has been that the men in the field are poorly equipped and paid, and being asked to give their lives cheaply.

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Recently an excellent little book came out in Paris discussing very sensibly this whole business of the problems of the French Army today: *Le Malaise de l'Armée*. Its author, M. Jean Planchais, is a young Frenchman who, ever since he was himself demobilized in 1945, has specialized in military affairs, and for some time he has been the military correspondent of *Le Monde*. What he makes clear is that there has grown up in France since 1940 a very dangerous alienation of feeling between the professional Army and the nation. It has often been said that the main reason why communism appeals so strongly to French industrial workers is that they feel like an internal alien or *émigré* group—they feel that the state neglects their interests, that they do not really fully belong. The French Army, according to M. Planchais, feels rather like this too, though for different reasons. The Army, however, does not run to communism. It does not even turn—as traditionally it used to—to support of the extreme Right, or usually to notions of overthrowing the Republic. It becomes disgusted with all politics: its spirit of patriotism and of loyalty turns sour in face of the fumbling and the complexities of politics.

THE protracted fumbling of France in Algeria, coming on top of the fiasco of the Suez adventure and the defeat of Dien Bien Phu in Indo-China, has hardened this already growing mood of alienation and brought it to a head in the political demands of General Salan and Massu, and in the re-emergence of General de Gaulle as the "strong man" of France. It is here—in offering an explanation of the long-standing grievances of the Army and the attitudes to parliamentary government that prevail within its ranks—that M. Planchais is especially helpful and his book most topical.

As he points out, military men and fighting organizations need, above all, certainty and simplicity. You cannot expect men to fight and kill and die for subtleties or shades of opinion. They need clear objectives, precise aims, easily understood principles. This is even truer

when you ask them to fight enemies like those in Indo-China or Algeria, who are prompted by clear and simple purposes—to achieve national freedom or to spread Communist power. The general staffs, too, need clear directives if they are to be able to work out an appropriate strategy, organize and equip their forces accordingly, and train their men to fight effectively.

None of these conditions has existed since 1945. In planning national defense in Europe, and making their contributions to NATO, the French leaders, both political and military, have been faced with the uncertainties that have beset all the Western Powers—the technical uncertainties introduced by the use of nuclear weapons and guided missiles. These make difficulties enough, and they are nobody's fault. But all the wars that France has actually been fighting since 1945 have been fought outside Europe, in the Far East or North Africa, and these are different kinds of war, not involving the use of nuclear weapons or guided missiles, but irregular and partly guerrilla warfare—demoralizing wars of attrition. To train and organize armed forces to fight both sorts of war has proved a terrible strain on French resources and ingenuity. The result has been confusion. It is natural for the soldiers to blame the politicians, and for the politicians to blame the soldiers. Apart from this, there have been failures and mistakes on both sides.

The governments have too often forgotten that soldiers are human beings, sensitive to treatment that strikes them as unreasonable or arbitrary. The soldiers, entangled in politics by the very nature and circumstances of the actions they have had to fight, have often behaved clumsily or cruelly, and have not always adapted themselves well to unfamiliar jobs. Planchais gives some telling examples of both.

Take the case of Colonel Jacques Faure, a man renowned for his bravery and achievements during the war with ski troops and paratroops, as well as for his outspoken frankness of language. In April, 1954, he was included in the French delegation to the conference on the

European Defense Community, although he was known to be violently opposed to the creation of a European Army. When he protested, in no uncertain terms, to the Minister of Defense, M. René Pleven, he was sent to cool his heels in the Tyrol. Scarcely there, he was called back to be commandant of a military academy. He had hardly begun his duties when he was also made personal chief of staff to General Koenig, put in charge of a working party to implement the Paris and London agreements, and charged with looking after problems of youth in the Army. Then, in October, 1956, he was made operational assistant to the general commanding the garrison in the town of Algiers. There, accused of plotting against the state, he was arrested and interned for a couple of months. Then, last September, he was sent to the French forces in Germany. This vacillating, inconsequential and arbitrary treatment of a distinguished soldier is hardly calculated to inspire devotion and loyalty.

THE more governments have been moved to "discipline" their serving generals and colonels in the midst of campaigning, and the more military campaigns seem to be dictated by non-military considerations, the more they have exposed the soldiers to the political pressures and seductions of the "Algiers Lobby"—the spokesmen and agents of the most intransigent French *colons* and the most chauvinistic imperialists at home. It is in Algeria, then, rawest spot in the whole Army today, that the crisis of the regime arose.

In the same way, crack paratroop brigades, young men led by very young officers and trained to ruthless daring for specific military actions, have been given tasks—maybe they had to be given tasks—that were not well suited to them. Dropped from the air on Port Said in a surprise operation for which they were fully trained, they acquitted themselves brilliantly. Given the job of waging a revolutionary war in Indo-China, of long holding-actions rather than brisk surprise attacks, they still fought bravely, though they were not appropriately



used and suffered appalling losses. Given the job of operating against terrorists or rebels concealed in a civilian population in Algeria, they have, not surprisingly, committed excesses, and instinctively meet terrorism with terrorism. To use shock-troops as gaolers or policemen is asking for trouble: and the better they are trained as shock-troops, the worse are they likely to be as policemen controlling civilians.

What is most desperately lacking in French policy is coherence. The

burden of the Army's complaints is the overall vacillations and hesitations—the absence of clear directives firmly upheld. Reverses in the field are blamed on reversals of purpose or policy at home, and it is these that tempt generals to think in political terms. Otherwise the soldiers' general aversion to politics would be likely to insure their loyal support for any purpose that was consistently pursued. It is a sense of being used as pawns in political maneuvers, or as scapegoats in party

electioneering, that bedevils soldiers' morale. In this way, the *malaise* of the Army is simply the correlative and counterpart to the *malaise* of the French state. In terms of the immediate problems facing France, it means that to the familiar issues of economic reconstruction and constitutional revision there is now added—most urgently of all—the need to restore a community of purpose and spirit between the French Army and France. This is the task General de Gaulle faces.

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## LEGAL TORTURE:

# OUR IMMORAL DRUG LAWS.. by Alfred R. Lindesmith

If people are to feel a sense of obligation to the law, then the law must correspond with what they consider to be right and just, or, at any rate, must not unduly diverge from it. In other words, it must correspond, as near as may be, with justice.

—Sir Alfred Denning

IN CURRENT discussions of the drug problem, the concept of justice rarely enters. Emphasis is placed, instead, upon the "protection of society" by resort to more severe penalties — that sovereign, popular remedy for the control of sin. On the federal level, two major steps in this direction have been taken since the war, in 1951 and in 1956. In the meantime, the states have been passing laws which match or exceed the rigor of the national laws. Only rarely has there been any effective opposition to this trend, although the Governor of New Jersey did recently veto a narcotics bill in that state, characterizing it as an example of a lynch law.

In earlier articles in *The Nation* ("Traffic in Dope," April 21, 1956; "Dope: Congress Encourages the

Traffic," March 16, 1957), I commented upon the 1951 and 1956 legislation. In this article, I propose to show that current laws in this field, because they are unjust in principle, are inefficient in practice. They punish the wrong people, encourage the police to lawlessness, and give society the dangerous illusion that the drug scourge is being brought under control.

The inefficiency of our drug-control methods is concealed behind misleading statistics. Estimates of the extent of drug addiction are based almost entirely upon police activity. When arrest rates rise, as they have been doing for the last fifteen years, this is interpreted as evidence of increased police efficiency; declining arrest rates are usually taken as an indication that the problem is diminishing because of effective police work. In this numbers game, the true situation is anybody's guess. The large volume of arrests creates the pleasant illusion in the public mind that the dope peddler is being severely dealt with, and bad statistics save the public the disillusionment of discovering that it is not so much the drug peddler as his victim who is suffering the punishment.

Most people would agree that the addict is a sick person needing treatment rather than punishment. Nevertheless, the great bulk of recent

state and local legislation has been designed to make it easier to put more addicts behind bars for longer periods of time, and to give the police a free hand in dealing with them. Meanwhile, genuine treatment facilities continue to be virtually non-existent.

Even the popular current idea that drug users should be given "compulsory treatment" under civil rather than criminal commitment procedures gets twisted in practice. The establishments to which addicts are sent for "involuntary treatment" invariably become prisons, although they may be called "hospitals." The Riverside Hospital in New York and the Public Health Service Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, are examples. In the meantime, thousands of addicts who annually give themselves up for "cure" on a voluntary basis are sent to jail for their "treatment."

The most important and basic inconsistency of present law is represented by the conflict between the federal courts' doctrine that the addict is a diseased person and a proper subject of medical care, and the regulations issued by the Treasury Department which deny doctors the right to treat them. The physician who today acts according to the clear implications of the doctrine of the federal courts takes the risk of

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being prosecuted for violation of the narcotic laws. It is interesting to observe that this situation was brought about historically by administrative regulation, and not by legislative action, court decision or the pressures of public opinion.

**SYMBOL OF THE** moral bankruptcy of our narcotic laws is the dilemma in which it leaves the addict: if he does not secure drugs, he is punished by his disease; if he does secure them, he is punished by the police. Drug users and those who know them at first hand recognize that withdrawal distress is often a serious, frightening and dangerous experience. It is no more than an act of common decency to assist an addict in avoiding or postponing this ordeal when there is no possibility of medical attention. To deny him this medical care on the grounds that he should not have acquired the habit in the first place is the moral equivalent of denying medical treatment for gonorrhea on the same grounds. And it has much the same effect in that it leads to the clandestine spread of the disease. Present laws have the practical result of defining as a crime a simple act of humanity to the drug user. The physician is denied the right to provide the addict with relief from the terrible symptoms of his habit; the addict must turn to the drug peddler.

Tacit official recognition of the idea that addiction ought to be regarded as a disease requiring medical treatment can be found in the way in which a few privileged addicts are handled. Ex-boxer Barney Ross, for example, testifying before the Senate Subcommittee on the Narcotics Traffic, described his experiences when he gave himself up:

I went to my doctor in New York, and I said, "I must do something, what is your advice?" He says, "Barney, there is no sense in hiding anything. Take your best dress [clothes] and turn yourself in, and don't go in as somebody ashamed of anything—go ahead, you are sick—and turn yourself in." Which I did. Then the chief of narcotics took me to Judge McGohey, who was the attorney general, I believe, at that time, and I says, "I have nothing to hide,

this is my story, and do with me what you can—what you will."

Mr. Ross had previously indicated that he had been obtaining his supply of drugs from doctors for several years—evidently illegally. He stated that the officials whom he contacted made telephone calls to Lexington to arrange for his admission within a few days and that he was flown there in a private plane. During the brief waiting period, he was evidently permitted to go on using drugs illegally. He remarked:

And I asked Judge McGohey if I could not go up to—I believe it was on a Friday, if I am not mistaken, because I asked him if I couldn't spend a weekend up at Grossinger's in the country where I did my training for my big fights, and that is practically my second home. He granted me that request.

Withdrawal of drugs was not undertaken until after the arrival at Lexington on Monday and Ross told the subcommittee: "I don't know whether you want me to go through with all the tortures of hell that went through me while I was there." He was assured that the subcommittee wanted the whole story, and the witness continued:

Well, you start to scream. The nightmares, all kinds of horrors, you are always thinking that there are monkeys jumping up and down your back. You turn around and see there is nobody there, and you find yourself screaming and find yourself on the floor many times from rolling off the bed, and I got to a state one time where I was ready to cut my throat with a razor blade.

Ross went on to tell the Senators that after about ten or eleven days at Lexington, when the worst of withdrawal was passed, he wanted to leave. But he was prevailed upon to stay for the full 120 days which are necessary, according to Lexington officials, to give the addict a chance.

The Barney Ross story is important because it reveals an example of humane treatment of the addict in contrast with the treatment of the ordinary user. Mr. Ross was not required to undergo withdrawal until he was under the care of physicians. No one begrudges Mr. Ross's

cure, nor the means by which it was effected; yet insofar as the special treatment he was given is extended to other addicts who are "important" people (and this is not uncommon), it means that there is, in effect, one set of narcotic laws for the well-to-do and another for the poor. The former are "diseased," "unfortunate victims"; the latter, "criminals" and "derelicts."

**PLACING THE** addiction problem in the hands of the police puts them in a dilemma when they deal with the drug user. If drugs are withheld from the arrested addict, the user must go through the worst agony of withdrawal in the police lock-up or jail; if the police supply drugs, they are, of course, guilty of the same violation for which they send doctors and drug peddlers to prison. In practice, the police ordinarily withhold drugs in order to use the addict's withdrawal distress as leverage to compel him to act as a stool pigeon.

The addict who agrees to cooperate is permitted to continue his addiction so long as he acts as an informer, and is later either exempted from punishment or given a lighter penalty. Various devices are employed by the police to allow the addicted stool pigeon to obtain drugs. Sometimes he is given them directly. The usual techniques are indirect, such as allowing the addict-informer to use some of the heroin which he has purchased as evidence, or authorizing a doctor to prescribe for him. Another technique is simply to pay the informer with money and not





to inquire into what he does with it.

These police maneuvers are usually soft-pedaled in court or covered up by perjury. Some judges know that these things are done, and regard them as "dirty" but necessary if the narcotic laws are to be enforced at all. Indeed, it is true that without the reluctant cooperation of the drug addict, the narcotic laws would collapse altogether, and it is therefore futile to demand that the police cease these practices.

Treatment of this type is sometimes defended on the grounds that the user is an habitual thief or peddler himself, and deserves nothing better. Apart from the fact that the user is also inconsistently declared to be sick, it is clear that any law which specifically authorized the utilization of withdrawal distress as punishment for crime would no doubt be nullified by the courts on the grounds that it prescribed "cruel and unusual punishment."

IRONICALLY, in his role as law-enforcement agent—(he is called a "special employee"), the addict succeeds mainly in sending other addicts, not important peddlers, to jail. The "built-in" third degree is not available to the police when they deal with the big men in the dope traffic, who are not addicts.

The addict's usefulness as an informer is not likely to last long, and when it is over, he is often marked for mayhem or death by the underworld. A common method used by the police in getting rid of informers who are no longer useful is known as "burning." This consists of deliberately revealing the identity of the informer to addicts and peddlers. The practice is sometimes justified on the grounds that it will make it easier for the ex-informer to stay off the habit, since no one will trust him. It is also viewed as necessary because, once an addict has discovered the advantages of maintaining his addiction as an informer, he is very reluctant to give them up. He realizes that for squealers, equally satisfactory ways of raising money and getting drugs are not readily available in the criminal world.

Obviously, the drug addict can escape from all his problems by simply

quitting the habit. Why does the addict, once he has been forcibly separated from his drug, insist on returning to it? There is no satisfactory answer to this question. All that can be said is that the experience of many centuries in many countries has shown that none of the laws designed to control this behavior has had much effect. The authority of the drug habit is greater than the authority of the law; and once established, the desire for drugs cannot be eliminated by legislation.

THE CONFUSED and inconsistent thinking underlying present anti-narcotic laws is also clearly evident in current popular attitudes toward the dope peddler. He is charged with deliberately spreading or perpetuating the habit for mercenary gain, with exploiting his "victims" by charging exorbitant prices, and with deriving profit from the criminal activities of his customers. According to the Senate subcommittee, he "commits murder on the installment plan" and no punishment, even the death penalty, is too severe for him.

If one asks who is primarily injured by the peddler's activities, the answer can only be that it is the addict. Are our laws, then, designed to protect the addict from the peddler? Obviously not, since addicts are sent to prison much more often and, in the aggregate, for much longer periods of time than are the non-addicted peddlers who make the large profits. Indeed, one can reasonably argue that at present the laws protect the peddler from the addict, for it is the latter whose frequent arrests deceive the public into believing that drug profiteers are being severely dealt with. At this point, the usefulness of bad statistics again becomes apparent.

If it is agreed that the addict is the victim of a disease and that he should not be forced to undergo withdrawal except under medical auspices, then the peddler is obviously his benefactor. There is no one else to whom he can go for relief. Ordinarily the addict has an ambivalent attitude toward the peddler, regarding him as a benefactor while at the same time often resenting the high prices charged for drugs. His

resentment is rarely strong enough to make him want to cooperate with the police, however. The nub of the situation is simply that the retail drug traffic is based on a business relationship in which the customer willingly pays to a willing seller whatever he must to obtain the desired goods. There is in this relationship no party who feels that he has been wronged and can call upon the law to punish the wrong-doer.

While it is generally agreed that the drug habit is an evil, it should be recognized that it is inherently very much the same kind of evil as alcoholism. The direct harm which drugs inflict upon the addict's body is probably less than that produced by alcoholism (a much more widespread habit and a "legal" one). Like the alcoholic, the addict actively seeks his "poison," and one may query whether the primary blame should be placed upon the peddler who sells or upon the addict who insists on buying.

A PRIMARY source of the degradation of the addict in this country is undeniably the high price of illicit drugs. It is this factor which makes it impossible for the ordinary addict to maintain legitimate employment. But before one blames the peddler entirely for the high cost of drugs, it should be noted (1) that the cost is determined by the balance of supply and demand and by the usual competitive processes which operate in any business activity, and (2) that the police have always taken credit for high black-market prices, insisting that they are an index of police efficiency.

The lower-echelon drug peddler who serves the addict cannot arbitrarily fix his own prices. To begin with he must pay high prices, and the inexorable logic of economics requires that he sell at still higher prices. At the same time, there is a ceiling to what he can charge, since the addict can usually turn to a competitor peddler. In general, drug prices must be high enough to cover: (1) the risks of arrest and loss of supplies to the police; (2) the cost of distribution through the many levels of an hierarchy designed to protect the top levels from undue



police interference; (3) the payment of bribes; (4) bad debts; and (5) the costs and risks involved in smuggling drugs from abroad.

It is obvious that the police have more control over these factors than have the drug peddlers. If the high cost of drugs constitutes economic exploitation of addicts, the blame should be apportioned accordingly. The police regard it as desirable that the prices be high because, they say, high prices discourage addiction. The present dimensions of the drug problem strongly suggest that there is something wrong with this argument.

IT IS customarily argued that peddlers, always seeking to enlarge their business, deliberately spread the drug habit; indeed, this is one of the main reasons advanced for punishing them severely. But the contention does not square with the facts that the punishment prescribed by law is very much the same for *both seller and buyer* and that the deliberate spread of the habit is nowhere specifically defined as a separate offense. The thesis is also inconsistent with the fact that there are virtually no addicts in the higher reaches of the traffic, where the big operators (at whom the laws are said to be aimed) take great pains to avoid any association with addicts or even direct contact with the illicit drugs. Operations at this high level are carried on by non-addicts exclusively in great secrecy. This is often true of the next higher echelons of the traffic as well. Among these big operators, contact with new addicts would be considered a danger to security. And even among the retail peddlers, there are many who absolutely refuse to do business with anyone who is not already a known addict, since they could never otherwise be certain that they were not selling to a narcotics agent.

Of the many drug users who appeared before the Senate subcommittee, not one stated that he originally used drugs at the instigation of a peddler. The usual story was that initiation came through intimate association with users. The customary steps are association, curiosity, experimentation, addiction.

Even within the underworld itself there is widespread agreement that persons should not be lured into the habit, and anyone guilty of the practice would be placed on the lowest rungs of the underworld's social ladder.

But if it is the addict, rather than the peddler, who spreads the habit, is not the severe punishment of addicts thereby justified? Certainly it is not just to punish *all* for what *some* may do. What seems to be needed is a specific definition of a criminal offense, i.e., the act of making drugs available to a non-addict for the purpose of inducing him to experiment with them. Such a law would require that the offense be



proved in court on the usual basis. Actually, the law would probably result in few convictions, simply because most persons who become addicts *do so of their own volition and against the advice of their addict friends*. While the addict does spread the habit, as a rule he does so inadvertently or through a relationship so intimate that it is beyond the effective reach of the criminal law. Examples are the love relationship when one of the pair is addicted, and the juvenile gang in which the supply is collectively secured and divided among the members.

ONE of the damaging effects of the drug habit is that produced by prolonged and frequent repetition of "cures." Older addicts have sometimes taken as many as fifty or more of these cures, some voluntarily and others involuntarily. Barney Ross had this to say:

... Addicts that have been repeaters and repeaters and repeaters for 20, 30, 40 and 50 different times, and there are so many of them, that are past the age of 50, should be given some consideration, because past that age, when you are going to, as we say, kick the habit, it keeps tearing at your heartstrings and there could be sudden death.

It is the general practice of the police in most large cities to pick up addicts pretty much on sight. The practice has been encouraged by recent state and local legislation, such as that which defines the addict as a vagrant or a disorderly person, or which declares addiction itself to be a misdemeanor. A large proportion of those picked up are ordinarily held for twenty-four to forty-eight hours, during which period the addict gets very near the point at which his withdrawal distress is most acute. The period is long enough for the police to work on the prisoner for information, but is much too brief to provide hope of cure, as Barney Ross's story indicates. The addicts subjected to this "harassment," as it is officially called, are expected to relapse as soon as they are released, and they do—often to be picked up again in a short time for a repeat performance. There can be little doubt that this practice contributes materially to shortening the addict's life expectancy; such repeated involuntary and "partial" cures are probably more damaging than the habitual use of heroin itself. "Murder on the installment plan" more aptly describes this aspect of addiction than any other.

The practice is vigorously defended as the most effective manner of securing information. Here again, as in the case of the high price of illicit drugs, the police share with drug peddlers the responsibility for the exploitation and degradation of drug users. It is debatable where the lion's share of responsibility should be placed.

THE USE OF the addict as a pawn in the game of smashing dope rings was neatly described to the Senate subcommittee by Assistant State's Attorney Peter Grosse of Chicago:

... We operate on a premise in



order to catch a dope peddler you must have an addict. Before you catch a big dope peddler, you have got to have a small one. They fit into this picture. They form a part of this process whereby we acquire our information, our intelligence about the traffic. . . .

Referring to the common practice of arbitrarily arresting and detaining addicts, Illinois State's Attorney Gutknecht rounded out the picture:

I think you will also have to agree that neither Mr. Thieken [U.S. Attorney] in his capacity nor I in my capacity — and we both have civil-rights laws to enforce—can . . . get too excited if a known addict has been unlawfully arrested and then discharged, knowing that because he is a known addict the police have to take little extra measures.

Actually the guilt of the drug peddler consists mainly of greed, the desire to make a "fast buck"—an attitude widely shared in our society. It is found even among those engaged in the administration of "justice" to narcotic offenders. An example was supplied by the disclosure, a few years ago, that the head of the narcotic squad of the municipal police department of our

national capital was himself engaged in the illicit traffic.

It is possible to argue that the injustices and moral confusion which prevail in the handling of drug addiction arise primarily from inconsistency: that drug addiction ought either to be treated as a crime and consistently punished as such regardless of whether the addict is a doctor, a Barney Ross or an indigent; or that it be treated consistently as a disease, in which case it should be turned over to the medical profession, as has been done in most European countries. Actually, the first alternative is not practical, for experience has shown—and the police vigorously insist—that present narcotic laws cannot be enforced except by lawless means. The root of the difficulty is thus not to be found in the inconsistency of present legislation, but rather in the basic ideas underlying it.

The fatal weakness of our present system is that it fails to take into account the basic human situation with which it is supposed to deal. By denying the right of the physician to relieve the addict's suffering during drug deprivation, it in ef-

fect rejects the idea of the sanctity of human life and the desirability of preventing needless suffering. By so doing, it flies in the face of the ordinary decent reactions of human beings which form the basis of sound and just law. In short, the narcotic laws are basically immoral and essentially unjust because of the manner in which they affect the addict, the way in which they distribute punishment, and because they require that the police engage either in immoral or criminal behavior, or both, in enforcement of the laws.

The needed reform is simple in nature. People ought not to be punished for disease or for actions which arise from it. This principle is accepted throughout the civilized world. Addiction to drugs should be "legalized" in the same sense that venereal disease and cancer are "legal"; and, like them, it should be declared the concern of the healing professions. Specific ideas as to how this might be accomplished are readily available from the study of many countries which have successfully done so. All of these countries combined, be it noted, do not have as many addicts as we do.

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## **THE ST. LAWRENCE:**

# **SEAWAY TO THE MIDWEST . . .** *by David Cort*

NORTH AMERICA, alone among continents, was designed by the last Ice Age with a great inland deep-water seaway, half-bisecting the continent at right angles to the normal drainage systems. This is of course the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence system. All that mankind was asked to do was to dig around several rapids and waterfalls.

And so for the whole 170 years of its existence under the Constitution, the United States has turned its back on the St. Lawrence River. It built the Erie Canal to by-pass it. Its Congress repudiated a 1932

treaty with Canada to build a deep waterway and refused to approve a 1941 Executive agreement to the same end. When Canada decided in 1952 to do it alone, the United States Congress at last embraced the inevitable. This perfect tribute to the impossibility of two national sovereignties' working together on a joint asset will be obsolete on July 1, 1958, when deep water will be let into the Barnhart Island Power Project at Massena, New York. By next spring, ocean-going ships will be able to go as far as Lake Erie. In the following years, the twenty-seven-foot channel will be completed to Lake Superior.

The enormous future can only be defined by looking at the past ef-

fects of the peculiar paths taken in man's "conquest" of North America. In the United States, the Erie and Chesapeake & Ohio canals led the way for the railway network; in Canada, the rail systems left Western Ontario undeveloped, tied the crowded Old Ontario peninsula to Detroit and Buffalo, and rushed on West. Closed in behind these two swinging doors to the West, the St. Lawrence, from the Montreal rapids to the lake, has lain in a waking sleep since the War of 1812. These shores, along which a dozen great cities might by now have risen, seem, after the summer visitors have left, as if it were still the Noble Redskin who had just vanished.

Any serious student of the civiliza-

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tion of the upper St. Lawrence must have sensed something peculiar and unique—the feeling of a cultural dead-water, of a potential greatness that destiny had inexplicably withheld. This feeling, unlike that of Bruges and Ghent, Baghdad and Samarkand, Novgorod and Kiev, is based on no memory of greatness, but only on a long-unfulfilled abstraction.

The men who have passed through have indeed left footprints: Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Cadillac, Frontenac, Duluth, Jolliet, Marquette. But of history there is only the rather ignoble story of “The Thousand Islands Pirate” and the Patriots’ War of 1837-38, the most utterly and happily forgotten episode in our history.

The power of the river was never an abstraction. When one looks out from Clayton across two miles of massively moving water, the islands conceal six more miles of river. Under the November winds, the river is in a fury; in the winter it may freeze three-feet thick; as the ice flows out, tearing docks with it, the rains come; and then toward the end of May the river turns into Paradise. The air is suddenly sparkling-clear, the prevailing winds coming in north of Lake Ontario. The thunderstorms are only jocular; the river has regained its great composure. However, even then most of the river is not suitable for the average American vacationer, who must have his pleasures packaged, policed and mass-dispensed. It requires some personal trouble to maintain life on an island, nor would I wish to encourage anybody to live on the islands of the St. Lawrence River.

FOR THE historical record, an attempt has been made to describe this long-thwarted area just before its long-deferred destiny descends on it. The study, *The New St. Lawrence Frontier*, by Edward E. Sufrin and Sidney C. Palmer (Syracuse University Press, 98 pages), does not touch on the Canadian towns, which are much older and more mature, but only on the shore country of New York’s counties of Jefferson, St. Lawrence and Franklin.

The most suggestive point made

in this scholarly work is the authors’ sudden discovery that for some pages they have not mentioned the St. Lawrence River: “. . . a most significant fact: the St. Lawrence River is relatively unimportant to the area. . . . Thus it becomes clear that such a development as the St. Lawrence Seaway may radically change the economic and social nature of the whole area.” (How careful can you get?)

As of 1950, however, the authors give scholastic definition to a world not unlike that of Gray’s *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. The communities they describe are relatively unrelated and self-sufficient. The persons in agriculture (18.4 per cent) are compared to New York State’s (6.3 per cent, with New York City excluded from the calculation), and those of the whole United States (12.2 per cent). The manufacturing labor force, which has declined since 1930 (!), is 50 per cent concentrated in three firms—Alcoa at Massena, New York Airbrake at Watertown, and St. Regis Paper at Carthage. The others are all small and the skills involved are not highly specialized.

AT THE SAME time, the old craft skills have died. The beautiful St. Lawrence sailing skiffs have not been made for some fifty years. The old boatmen, who could do everything to a boat including upholster it, have died off. There are no sailors, except for summer people. Good boat mechanics are extremely rare. In 1946, there was only one taxidermist on the coast between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, and he would not even pickle a small fish.

The authors can identify in this whole 130-mile zone only twelve communities that could meet the definition of “primary communities” (i.e., having a general range of service stores): Watertown, Ogdensburg, Massena, Malone, Potsdam, Gouverneur, Carthage, Canton, Clayton, Adams, Alexandria Bay and Chateaugay; of these, the last four had under 2,000 population. Secondary communities: twenty-eight; tertiary communities (virtually nothing except a grocer): ninety-seven.

Out of such apparent nonsense we



see the recognizable, breathing, living viscera of an area immobilized by the failure of its destiny. The symptoms are various. Nearly every family needs a car, but the roads are poor. The railroad service is worse. Passenger service to Clayton was discontinued by the New York Central a good many years ago. This was bad enough, but now the buses which are supposed to meet the trains at Watertown leave just too soon, so that people have to hire a taxi. Clayton refused to maintain a marine fire department and let all the old wooden hotels on the islands burn to the ground, until that source of prosperity was extinct. The counties always over-assess and over-tax the property of the summer people who, in consequence, dwindle away. The local politics never admits to its councils, as in most other resorts, an occasional summer immigrant. For indeed there is a real gulf between the summer people and the river people, though it is not at all snobbish.

IT IS OBVIOUS and unbelievable: the river people do not like the river. Few adults swim; few are good with boats; few even know the main shoals and rocks. The stories told gloatingly are of whom the river has last killed, who drowned, who vanished through the ice, who smashed up on a shoal, whose boat exploded. These stories are told, not as correctives but as inevitabilities, and are in that sense shocking to sum-



mer people who spend a good deal of their time on the river, with no intention of dying of it. This dislike of the river can perhaps be explained. To a society that had finally realized it was not going anywhere, it may have been annoying to stare at a river that was indubitably, remorselessly, majestically, indifferently going somewhere.

Of course, this attitude has to change now, but it has been changing for thirty years. The rather sulky and self-righteous obstructionism of the past generation has gone into the shadows. The important people are an unusually high type of American, who would be important anywhere—in Clayton, for example, Ellis, Mrs. Cerow, Hungerford, Farrell; in Grindstone, Emmett Dodge and Bob Garnsey; and so on. Still, the old anti-social, piratical spirit survives, as in the chief machine shop in Clayton, which consistently enrages its customers. Though the booty for a local robber baron is always small, there is a certain small percentage of river people who regard anybody as a Spanish galleon. These few who could not resign themselves to a frustrated environment either emigrated or developed this dream of becoming a great pirate. It is a favorite local dream, even

among modest, hard-headed, courteous realists.

Now for the river people, the long frustration is over. Their new problem is to turn toward the river.

The opportunity for this area is completed by the Barnhart Island Power Project which will generate at least 1,880,000 kilowatts, making it the second biggest hydroelectric plant in the world, after Grand Coulee Dam. Since electricity can economically be transported about 200 miles, the project will energize an area that could cover the Adirondacks, Vermont and New Hampshire, all upper New York, and all southern Quebec.

BY THE spring of 1959, ocean-going ships drawing up to twenty-seven feet will be able to pass through the river and into Lakes Ontario and Erie. But there, unless somebody moves awfully fast, they will find only ports capable of handling ships of fourteen-foot draught. In succeeding years, Army engineers will deepen the Detroit, St. Clair and St. Mary's Rivers and the Straits of Mackinac, at a cost of \$150,000,000, to extend the deep channel into Lake Superior.

The cities of the lakes will become, serially, true oceanic ports,

with immense social, economic and political consequences. But as of this moment, the cities are far from ready. The shores of the Great Lakes do not provide many natural harbors; and these are not sited at the large cities. There will certainly be a great battle between Chambers of Commerce and geography.

The battle is already on. Chicago is building a large deep-water port at Lake Calumet and widening the Cal-Sag Channel which connects it with the Mississippi. Chicago is seriously planning to become "the world's largest port." Milwaukee, with the slogan "The World Is Coming to Milwaukee," is spending \$5,500,000 on new cargo terminals. It already handles the exports of fifteen states through fourteen foreign lines using the old shallow-draught ships. Duluth, already a great grain and ore port, is spending \$10,000,000, and has the support of the governors of Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, North and South Dakota and Iowa to attract seaway traffic. Detroit proposed a \$9,500,000 bond issue to improve the port, but the voters turned it down. It will try again.

All these cities beyond Lake Erie have at least two more years to get ready; the same cannot be said for



Heavy lines indicate ultimate route of St. Lawrence Seaway when completed.



the cities of Lakes Erie and Ontario. The latter will be receiving the big ships—750 feet long, eighty-foot beam, twenty-seven-foot draught — this year; the former by next spring. Cleveland and Toledo in particular hope to use the year's advantage over the Lake Michigan cities to get the flow of Midwest exports and imports coming their way. But their ports aren't yet adequate.

A small city nearby, Ashtabula, has named itself "The Seaway City of Progress" and is spending \$8,000,000 on its harbor. It expects to handle Labrador iron ore, locally-produced chemicals, automobiles, machine tools and raw rubber, copra and manganese ore.

A number of natural harbors, though small and shallow, occur where Lake Ontario empties into the river—Sackett's Harbor, Kingston, Gananoque, Chaumont and Clayton. They should attract some industry. Their future, however, is overshadowed by two great existing powers. To the southeast is great and growing Toronto, with a fair harbor. To the south is Syracuse, a bursting industrial center seated where the Barge Canal branches west to Buffalo and north to Oswego. If this latter thirty-mile stretch were widened and deepened, Syracuse would be a seaway port, and another North-South connection would have been made between the two East-West axes of the Canadian and American industrial worlds.

THE concept of suction and vacuums forces itself into this whole subject. For over a century, two great westward suctions pulled trade along two lines, leaving the St. Lawrence vacuum. Now new cross-suctions may become dominant, set up by cities like Syracuse, Toronto, Cleveland, etc., that have existing industries and populous hinterlands.

But not necessarily so. Canadian industry, in particular, may well elect to move over to the American side of the river to save tariff tolls (and thus build up the small St. Lawrence villages). This is more probable than American development, for the good reason that on the American side the best transport system does not lie behind the

river towns; it lies now right in front of them.

The future of all these many cities now rests on the solid, age-old fact of the economy of water transport. The savings involved in shipping by sea from Duluth or Cleveland to Europe, as against adding a train or truck haul to the seaboard, are so huge as to be unbelievable. The rates from Cleveland to London will probably be the same as from New York to London. Estimates of the savings in shipping costs run from 25 to 50 per cent but, unless seaway tolls are exorbitant, actual savings in some instances will be even higher.

AS against this dazzling advantage of the seaway, the skeptics are still making much of certain flaws in the whole picture:

*First*, although 96 per cent of all the world's ships draw less than 26.5 feet, 70 per cent of the American mercantile fleet draws between 26.5 and 28.5 feet, and might thus be excluded from the seaway. However, they might carry high-value, low-density cargo such as automobiles. Or they might go light on fuel and stores while in the seaway. In fact, most ships anywhere are loaded to a depth of twenty-five feet or less.

*Second*, the upper St. Lawrence River generally freezes solid for four months, from December to April. This would mean that any ship not out of the lakes by mid-December would lie idle until mid-April. And this fact in turn would put the shipping lines in the power of any union, such as pilots, that threatened to go on strike and tie up shipping around November of any year.

Any legislation permitting such a situation (a bill requiring ships to use local pilots has already been reported by the House Merchant Marine Committee) would seem to be foolish. As for the river's part, some recent winters have been so mild that the river might easily have been kept open all winter. Finally, any ship caught in the lakes by a freeze could be diverted to the considerable Erie-Ontario intra-lake traffic.

*Third*, it is suggested that the Midwest, while delighted to export, will be much less interested in in-

creasing imports. Yet the ships will not be allowed to make the four-to-five-day run in empty. The Midwest will have to import to bring in the ships to carry out its own exports.

It is inconceivable that the Midwest will find this process too painful. Indeed, the whole area will find itself growing much more world-minded and the effects should be interesting—culturally, economically and even politically. Chicago, as a world port, may reclaim the cultural pride and ambition of 1910 which, so far as one can see from here, came to nothing. Nor was this good for America. A Chicago revival would have the virtue of keeping alive the memory of Sherwood Anderson, and many other virtues. Indeed, the impact of foreign trade, foreign ships and foreign seamen on the homeland of McCarthy, Taft and isolationism is an event very easy to think on. There will be shooting pains in various members, but eventually the whole national health will certainly benefit.

THE current news, of course, has not yet reached the lakes; it is still in the river, the bottleneck that must first be opened. The luck of the river people was to get as overlord of the Authority on the American side that veteran master of concrete and invective, New York's Robert Moses. *The New St. Lawrence Frontier* reports the inevitable result. A Massena supervisor, watching the local and probably necessary chaos, called Moses' operations "asinine . . . destructive . . . dangerous." In good voice, Moses replied: "Not the slightest interest . . . File your tongue. . . . Your letter is just cheap local politics." Even the millennium may arrive in a snarl of bicker.

Now on July 1, which is Dominion Day in Canada, at 8 a.m., thirty tons of dynamite will blow the last earth keeping the water out of the thirty-mile lake basin behind the Barnhart Island Dam. Great dikes will hold in the water; and forty feet beneath the lake level lie the town of Massena and three Alcoa plants, on the other side of Moses' dike.

The Canadian authorities have renamed the day "Inundation Day." Don't they trust Moses?



# BOOKS and the ARTS

## Excitement from England

*MEMOIRS OF A PUBLIC BABY.* By Philip O'Connor. British Book Centre. 232 pp. \$4.

*DOCTOR NO.* By Ian Fleming. Macmillan. 256 pp. \$3.50.

Robert Hatch

THE English are a bookish people and it is not their way to panic over the printed word. It is worth remarking, therefore, that in the past few years a tone of fever has come into their literary comment. Colin Wilson, a presumptuous young man of unconvincing erudition, was elevated to an *enfant terrible* by the rip tides of opinion that met his first book, *The Outsider*. And London has been agitated for a good many seasons by the energies of an ill-defined group called the Angry Young Men which, on examination here, is found to consist of some seriously-intentioned writers of varying abilities, none of whom shows immediate signs of setting the world on fire.

Generally, the English today are uneasy, and the sharpness of their nerves shows itself in literary matters as elsewhere. It may well be a phase; England has lost its old place in the world and has not found a new one. When it is found, it is not likely to be Portugal—the English do not look really like a people at the end of their rope. But the fact that they are still responding with an exaggeration arising from the sense of crisis is suggested by the way they have reacted to the two books to be considered here.

Philip O'Connor, who writes the autobiography of his youth, has been placed in "the first rank of contemporary writers" by John Raymond; Cyril Connolly is "astonished" by "his demon of self-revelation"; Philip Toynbee finds that he "transcends the tired prose-styles of our time"; and Stephen Spender, who contributes an introduction to *Memoirs of a Public Baby*, calls him both demon and angel and hails his book as one that "deepens our reality," a phrase which, for all its simplicity, is the ultimate praise for any work of art.

It is hardly surprising that the book has seized the attention of Mr. O'Connor's countrymen. I think it will have a more clinical success here. *Memoirs of a Public Baby* is an extended memorandum to Mr. O'Connor's analyst. It is

the most ego-centered book I have ever read—not in the sense that Mr. O'Connor is so simple as to be conceited, but that he is literally engulfed in himself. He is also powerfully articulate, entirely unabashed, as frank as a neurotic can possibly be and a man whose reaction to everything that touches him is intense and immediate. He has read widely, but is insufficiently trained (he offers excellent reasons for having resisted every scrap of education that was offered him), with the predictable result that his prose is highly mannered but not very original.

The book as a whole is so predictable as to be, not dull, but wearing. It would be insensitive to make little of Mr. O'Connor's pilgrimage through chaos to a position in the human community, but it is tiring that the equations he discovers with such striking independence should be exactly the ones we always supposed were valid. His upbringing was what is customarily called shocking. He had no father and his mother left him about as ill-organized people leave their umbrellas. His early childhood was spent in the family of a French shopkeeper (the board was never paid); his mother then picked him up and carried him through several French rented rooms, left him again with a café proprietor, recovered him and brought him to England where, with an unemployed actor uncle, they lived in a cellar and dreamed of business success. O'Connor was then given away to a semi-recluse of a civil servant with whom he lived until he took off on his own.

THIS early life made him an observer, precociously self-aware and a critic of society when he should have been at his marbles and tops. By the time he became adolescent he was a perfectionist, a rebel so entire that he never joined battle, and a parasite—specifically on women who would mother him. O'Connor lived straight through the 1940s in London and managed to ignore World War II; it is a will power that would move mountains.

He moved none, but at the same time he survived a curriculum of self-destruction that is usually not reversible. Utter bohemia is an environment that exists only in hysterical imaginations; the fact is utter squalor of the soul and few survive it. O'Connor did and he is to-

day a fortunately wise and still young man.

The catharsis of his book is self-evident. How much therapy it offers others is another matter. It is not well-written, for all the enthusiasm. It is "verbalized," a word O'Connor likes, with unremitting self-consciousness. He controls his prose to the point of masking communication. Thus the people who cross his life are described in the most minute and often picturesque physical detail, but they never move about so that we can see them. You cannot say what sort of person his mother was (like Mrs. Trollope, perhaps?), or his guardian (like Charles Lamb?). One supplies clichés because there is no life to forestall them. As for O'Connor's discovery that perfection is a virtue for saints alone, and a killing vice for mortals—this revelation, however painfully he comes to it, does not deepen "our own reality."

Why do the English cluster around O'Connor? I think it is because he is a brilliant symbol of the break-up of class. He is class-conscious to a degree that would be impossible in a French or American writer; we know in the third line of the book that his mother was a Fallen Gentlewoman, and he never introduces a figure without the tag of social origin and present status. And yet, running outside society, O'Connor was also cutting through and across class. Having sponged on the outcasts from every class, having gone mad from deracination and been cured again, having repudiated every creed from communism to cricket, he is as nearly classless as an Englishman can be. This fascinates his countrymen; it also makes him a rather more familiar type to Americans. It is not hard to figure out who might have invented O'Connor if he did not exist—Nelson Algren could have done it any time these last ten years.

THE novels of Ian Fleming provide a still more extreme example of the British jitters. O'Connor is at least in a literary tradition that goes back as far as DeQuincey; Fleming's tradition is sub-literary. Since 1954 he has written novels at the rate of one-and-a-half a year; you can read them without undue strain at the rate of one-and-a-half a night. His field is the secret service thriller—a well-recognized, well-paid, almost routine English trade. Why then



should his books have sold more than a million copies, why should the responsible English critics be in a state of outrage; why, for example, should Paul Johnson devote a leading article in *The New Statesman* to an attack of boisterous passion against this entertainer?

Again, Americans are not going to be so taken by surprise. We have had Mickey Spillane and Raymond Chandler and one gets hardened to such things. Though it must be admitted that Mr. Fleming is a concentrated example of published nastiness. His stock in trade contains, first, the snobbish accoutrements that one expects in diplomatic thrillers. His hero, James Bond, eats, smokes, drinks, drives and sleeps with only the fanciest products of our civilization. He is, in a word, a god-awful false gentleman, but so are most British sleuths.

But they are not usually pathological killers and sexual oddities. Bond enjoys hurting people and he enjoys being hurt. He also fattens on horror, crawling horror, for the most part, with many legs. In *Doctor No*, the newest book, Fleming indulges him in this taste by letting a centipede explore his body for three pages.

As for sex proper, the author has said that perhaps Bond's "blatant heterosexuality is a subconscious protest against the current fashion for sexual confusion." Bond is blatant, all right, but if he is unconfused he is also arrested. He likes girls who have been raped into frigidity, but who converse about sex with the air of offhand availability that keeps imaginative school-boys awake nights. "It was a naked girl, with her back to him. She was not quite naked. She wore a broad leather belt round her waist with a hunting knife in a leather sheath at her right hip. . . . The behind was almost as firm and round as a boy's." Who's ready now for a cold shower? The girl, by the way, was found to have a broken nose when she turned around.

This is funny enough, but I'm more interested in the situations Mr. Fleming himself thinks erotic. He has a way of combining sex and fear, sex and pain that bodes ill for the suggestible. His hero and heroine, naked and bound face to face, are dragged bleeding across a coral reef (*Live and Let Die*), or they cling together by their thighs in a ventilator shaft while the villain searches them out with a jet of live steam (*Moonraker*).

Fleming knows his trade in the more usual ways. He has a flair for outlandish information — the economics of guano,

high strategy of cards and chess, the culture of tropical fish, voodoo, old coins, and of course small arms ballistics — all tossed off with an easy authority calculated to bedazzle the non-expert. He also has keen eyes and ears; when he describes the landing of a plane, the layout of a Harlem nightclub, the bed of a tropical sea or the routine of a Saratoga mud bath, it is done with the precise and telling words that distinguish a good reporter. Fleming's detail is what really carries his stories — the plots are not very ingenious and the details are ludicrous. Stripped of their surface plausibility, they would scarcely hold a comic book reader.

THE villainous Doctor No is a six-foot-six Chinese with artificial hands, contact lenses, a smattering of Nietzsche and an assumption that he can rule the world. He dies under a pile of guano dropped on him by Bond who should have been killed by the giant squid and who has been drained of more blood than the rest of us hold. However, in twenty-four hours Bond is ready for the consummation of his passion for Honeychile Wilder, who lives in the cellar of a burned Jamaican mansion and who likes spiders and land crabs better than people (except Bond).

No one should take such stuff seriously — it is for trains and sleepless nights. Why then the turmoil in the British journals? The answer, I think, is that Fleming seduces the English and, as they are decent people, they resent it. He seduces them with the rare liquors, bath salts, racing cars and fine leather

that are not part of the Welfare State. More seriously, he dangles before them the dream of Empire. Bond is perhaps the last world policeman the English will ever know. He hunts the enemy in New York, Haiti, Turkey, South Africa, France, Belgrade. Wherever peace and the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon peoples is threatened, the arm of British justice reaches out and Bond is its fist. One book (*Moonraker*) is concerned with a new super missile which, overnight, will restore to England her former omnipotence. It turns out that the builder is a mad Nazi who intends to destroy London, and this is perhaps the cruelest twist to British illusions that Fleming has perpetrated. But the bait is in every book — Bond is Drake and Rhodes and Wellington, combined in a twentieth-century, post-concentration camp type of vigilante and he's a powerful chimera.

Fur us this is less seductive, but Fleming has a false lure for Americans as well (he is a very calculating man). The enemy in his books is Russia, more specifically a super-secret terror organization called "SMERSCH." All the mad villains, all the heartless plots, all the bestial tortures are inspired by the world-hungry Russians. And they are everywhere. This vision of the world is an FBI nightmare. As in everything he does, Fleming seems to document his case against the Kremlin and its subhuman supermen. It would be a pity if we fell again under the paralyzing dream of the omnipresent beast. Bond doesn't even work for us, and there is obviously no one else.

## Lords and Leaders

### ROBERT GREVILLE, LORD BROOK.

By Robert E. L. Strider, II. Harvard University Press. 252 pp. \$5.

### NAKED TO MINE ENEMIES. The

Life of Cardinal Wolsey. By Charles W. Ferguson. Little, Brown and Co. 543 pp. \$6.

### THE GREATNESS OF OLIVER

CROMWELL. By Maurice Ashley. The Macmillan Co. 382 pp. \$5.

#### J. H. Hexter

ROBERT STRIDER's study of Robert Greville, Lord Brook, and Charles Ferguson's life of Thomas Cardinal Wolsey demonstrate different ways not to write biography.

Lord Brook was an earnest Puritan peer. Born in 1608, he sat in three Par-

liaments, including the Long Parliament of 1640. In the eleven years of Charles I's personal rule, along with many other eminent English Puritans, Brook took an active interest in colonizing projects in America. When the Civil War broke out, he commanded Parliamentary forces in Warwickshire. Although in his subtitle Mr. Strider somewhat mystifyingly applies the epithet "martyr" to his subject, Brook actually died in 1643, at the age of thirty-five, from a musket

J. H. HEXTER, Chairman of the Department of History at Washington University, is the author of *The Reign of King Pym and More's Utopia*, *The Biography of an Idea*. He is at work on a history of Western civilization and a history of sixteenth-century Europe.



shot that hit him during a siege. He was the author of two treatises of minor importance.

No doubt Lord Brook was in many ways a worthy man. One thing he was not worthy of, however, was a study of his life and works 252 pages long. About what Brook did not enough is known, about what he wrote too much is known, to excuse such elaborate treatment. Since Mr. Strider had nothing to say about his subject that would not have fitted handily into fifty pages, he was compelled to fill about four-fifths of his book with padding. The padding consists of a mass of relevant, quasi-relevant and irrelevant information about Puritan colonization, English politics, Plato, Florentine Platonism, Cambridge Platonism, Presbyterian theory on church polity, English controversy over church government, John Milton, and the idea of religious toleration. One can but admire the resolution with which Mr. Strider resisted every temptation to compression in his single-minded drive toward his goal—publication, somehow, anyhow, between hard covers.

THE biographer of Cardinal Wolsey has no need to worry about lack of information on his subject. About the doings of Henry VIII's magnificent first minister the data are abundant and handily packaged in the numerous volumes of the *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII. Naked to Mine Enemies*, therefore, started with the advantage of a viable subject. It also had a considerable extrinsic advantage—one of the most elaborate and expensive promotion campaigns that such a work has enjoyed in a long time. Even *The New York Times* Sunday Book Review lent a hand by giving *Naked to Mine Enemies* for review to an eminent English historian, who praised it unstintedly. Out of charity and out of respect for the reviewer's judgment, I assume he did not stoop to reading *Naked to Mine Enemies*. He did not miss much. Mr. Ferguson's confection is rather like a bad Cecil B. De Mille super-colossal: it deploys a vast quantity of expensive and tasteless scenery; a horde of extras and dimly characterized minor actors mill about aimlessly; the hero is as vibrantly alive as a cigar-store Indian; and the story-line is firmly held within the bounds of the trivial and the banal. Mr. Ferguson wrote his book about Wolsey without acquiring much more insight into the period in which the Cardinal lived than is available in a second-rate college history text. He appears to have composed his picture of

his subject by borrowing parts of it from several previous biographies of Wolsey and then splashing on to the incongruous *tout ensemble* gobbets of color acquired by random dippings into the *Letters and Papers*. His style is—or rather his styles are—concordant with his substance. In addition to his normal somewhat pedestrian mode he has three special styles with which he sporadically seeks to liven up the proceedings. There is the hey-nonny-nonny merrie-olde-England manner, spattered with whiloms and for-the-nonces. There is the gentlemen's-lavatory-cum-Freud manner, when Sex gets into, or is dragged into, the story. And there is the giant-Wurlitzer-organ purple passage, when the author thinks, always mistakenly, that he has matters of large import to communicate.

ONE turns with both pleasure and relief from Ferguson's book to Ashley's biography of Cromwell. That volume does not give the reader the feeling that he is dealing with a piece worked up for the occasion. Mr. Ashley has made the Interregnum his business—part avocation, part vocation—for more than two decades. In the early years of his interest, Ashley read Cromwell with eyes partly turned toward Mussolini and Hitler. In *The Greatness of Oliver Cromwell* he reconsiders his hero with the advantage of increased knowledge and ripened political understanding. Time has wrought large changes in Ashley's image of Cromwell. He no longer sees him as the analogue of twentieth-century dictators. The new analogue is an eighteenth-century country gentleman whose way to political leadership lay, like Cromwell's, through command of a revolutionary army—George Washington.

The new comparison is surely happier than the old. For at the roots of their character Cromwell and Washington shared traits rare in chiefs of states. Neither owed his political position to any persistent itch for, or pursuit of, worldly greatness. In neither was there a trace of the megalomaniac. They were never cheap or mean or dishonest for the sake of self-aggrandizement. They steered their respective courses not by means of the quick apprehension of a sharp intelligence, but by the solid, if sometimes insensitive, movements of moral convictions and sense of duty. They were above all, *responsible* men, both as generals of armies and as chiefs of states.

Yet there were differences, and important ones, too. *Sang-froid* was natural

for Washington. Whenever he needed it, he had no trouble in summoning it up. But Cromwell was a hot-blooded man, and the incoherence of his published speeches is probably less a consequence of garbling than of the intense emotion with which he delivered them. Self-control was not second nature to Cromwell, but a victory in a struggle with his first nature—a victory not always won. For Cromwell was a Puritan, not of the outward kind, conventionally and formally, but by inner conversion and deepest conviction. He had come to God the hard way. There was about him a stiff-neckedness that belongs to unbending men, who enter politics late in life. Ashley's unwillingness to acknowledge this defect in his hero's equipment and to deal with its sometimes unhappy consequences constitute the only major flaws in his study. After all, it is undeniable that after almost a decade in which the reins of power were effectively in Cromwell's grip, England was no nearer to a political settlement than it had been when Charles I was sent to the block. One feels that Washington or, say, William the Silent, with a lighter load of religious zeal to bear, might have managed somewhat better. And one also feels that if they could have reconquered Ireland at all, they would have done so with less righteous exultation over the carnage than Cromwell indulged in and at a lower cost both in blood and in hatred.

## Time Running Out

### THE POLITICS OF INEQUALITY.

South Africa Since 1948. By Gwendolen M. Carter. Frederick A. Praeger. 535 pp. \$7.50.

Errol E. Harris

IT WOULD be difficult to find a more thorough, detailed and objective study of the South African political scene than is given by Gwendolen M. Carter in *The Politics of Inequality*, the title of which leaves no doubt about the question at issue. Here we have a carefully-recorded and fully-documented account of the political history of the

ERROL E. HARRIS, now professor of Philosophy at Connecticut College, taught previously at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. He is the author of *The Survival of Political Man* and "White" Civilization. He was at one time on the Executive Board of the South African Institute of Race Relations.



country; it will serve as a sourcebook of factual information to students of history and politics for many years to come. So massive and scholarly a work cannot be reviewed in detail in a short space, but we can consider some salient features of the South African situation in the light of the information that Dr. Carter gives us.

The present Nationalist Government of South Africa came into power after narrowly defeating General Smuts's United Party in the elections of 1948. "Ever since that moment," writes Dr. Carter, "the major attention of the Government has focused upon . . . how to maintain European supremacy in every sphere of life and at the same time advance the industrial revolution in South Africa which helps to make that country independent of outside influences." Dr. Carter, in nine factual chapters, describes how this policy has been and is being imposed on the country by measures that have as their side-effect (also fully intended) the entrenchment in power of the present governing party. But this policy is not being "imposed" (in the sense of enforced against their will) upon *white* South Africans who, all but a mere handful, endorse and support it.

ODDLY enough, the opposing view has little following either among Whites or among Blacks. "Few South Africans would subscribe to the view of equality common in the United States," Dr. Carter tells us, and indeed the South African Liberal Party, which does so subscribe and which came into existence only after the election of 1953, had proved the futility of attempting to liberalize the official opposition from within, represents what is in fact a foreign ideal. It remains, therefore, rather less than a political force, having the numerical support of hardly 3 per cent of the White electorate. Equality is certainly in some sense the aim of those Africans who are politically conscious, but even among them exclusive Black nationalism is gaining ground at the expense of the idea of a common society, the Liberal goal.

If time were on its side, the Liberal Party might serve as a leavening agency gradually spreading its influence and ideas among Black and White. But time is decidedly not on its side, for Black resentment against the Whites is mounting far more rapidly than any spread of Liberalism. Dr. Carter does not say this herself, but it is easily deducible from what she does tell us. Her own hopes are more

nearly expressed in her conclusion that "there is a movement of thought going on below the surface of European South Africa which, either for theoretical or practical reasons, may lead to concessions to the non-Europeans." What are the practical reasons? In the main they are economic. As quoted above, Dr. Carter recognizes and emphasizes the fact that industrialization is what renders South African polity independent and prosperous, and this involves the steady and progressive absorption of Africans and other colored people into the country's economy, increasing the demand for their labor (in any case the basis of the whole economic machine) and for the improvement of their skills and efficiency. The logical outcome should be a rise in their educational, social and political status. But the government has explicitly refused to recognize either the fact or the implications of this economic integration of the races. All recent legislation has been directed toward limiting, or even halting, the normal process of development, and so far as this is not possible, toward reserving its benefits wholly for the Whites, while the social and political rights of the Blacks are severely restricted by an unrelenting policy of ruthless segregation.

Dr. Carter's account of the facts is not likely to incline the thoughtful to share her optimism.

How long, the reader will ask, can such a situation last? "Racial discrimi-

nation," Dr. Carter tells us, "has become a symbol of oppression throughout the world. If the South African Government can handle successfully its vast racial problem along its own lines, it can perhaps afford to flout the opinions of so high a proportion of the world's people. But should it fail at home, to whom will it turn for help when it is in need?" The ensuing silence would seem to imply the partial answer: "Not to America," and indeed how could this or any other Western power afford to forsake its own democratic principles and forfeit the friendship of the colored peoples of the world by assisting a regime of oppression? But a more pressing question is, "To whom may the colored people of South Africa turn for help in their struggle for the recognition of their human rights?" The answer here is easy. Russia, China and the Communists are all too ready to take advantage of any opportunity that may arise of interfering on behalf of "oppressed races." Can America do anything timely to prevent that opportunity ever arising in the case of South Africa? Dr. Carter does not raise this question, but it must be forced upon anybody reading her careful and balanced description of South African affairs. The necessity to formulate a clear policy on the South African issue is more urgent than we think. A repetition there of the events of Algeria would, from the viewpoint of the West, put the whole of Africa into jeopardy.

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# Letter from Ankara

**Ray B. West, Jr.**

THIRTY-FIVE years ago Ankara was an impoverished village hovering on a hillside below an ancient citadel. Today it is the national capital, a modern city containing more than half a million inhabitants, constructed on the remains of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Seljuk and Ottoman cultures. Its known history goes back to at least 1,000 B.C.; according to legend it was founded by the Phrygian King Midas.

The new Ankara came into existence when it was proclaimed the capital of Turkey by Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk) on October 13, 1923. Its inhabitants are Moslems and their traditions reflect an old Islamic culture, but they represent a new graft on an old stock. When they abolished the wearing of fez and turban, they also separated church and state, so that they are now essentially Moslem protestants, as different from their Middle Eastern neighbors as an American Methodist from an Italian Catholic. The state has replaced the church as the primary influence on their lives; they are Turks first and Moslems second.

Ankara, as capital and showplace, presents strange contrasts. The Cadillacs of the diplomats and businessmen mingle with donkeys delivering milk and firewood on the boulevards. You are awakened mornings in even the most fashionable sections by the crowing of roosters in some back yard. Large earth-moving equipment may be tearing up a street, but along the sidewalks porters carry tremendous loads upon their backs.

Culturally, the majority of Ankara's citizens (the laborers and domestic workers who came in from the villages) are nearer the folkways of the old Ottoman Empire than they are to Western ideas and art, yet Ankara has a national opera, a symphony orchestra, a classic ballet and five national theatres. Turkey's traditional literature is written in the Arabic script, a form abolished by the republic, so that it is as incomprehensible to modern Turkish writers as Old English is to most Americans; yet poets, novelists and short-story writers in Ankara have created a lively literary community, replete with all the

enthusiasms, cliques and quarrels of artists elsewhere.

In drawing these contrasts I am talking mainly about Ankara, not the whole of Turkey. In Istanbul the differences are less great, because Istanbul remains the old city. Yet even there the towering Hilton Hotel and modern bank and office buildings have altered the famous skyline of domes and minarets. In the country the outline is even more blurred. If you walk down a village street, the women will still pull their headresses over their faces and avert their eyes. If you visit during Ramadan (the traditional Moslem thirty-day fast), you will see the men of the village lined up like school boys before their little mosque, facing Mecca and participating in community prayer. Children may watch you passing and call out *Kafir* (infidel).

Yet even in the most backward villages you will note that the newest, and often the best, building is the schoolhouse. In approximately every tenth village you will see a group of modern buildings that represent the teachers' training institute for the area. The children of the villages no longer attend school only at the mosque, to be taught the words of the *Koran* by the local *hodja*. They learn the rudiments of reading, writing, arithmetic and particularly the history and ideals of the republic as set down by Ataturk.

ONE of the clearest differences between Ankara and the rest of Turkey can be expressed by pointing out that while Istanbul is as covered by mosques as Rome is by churches and while even the smallest village has at least one mosque, the central district of Ankara, Yenisehir, does not contain a single one. But all of Turkey today looks towards Europe and the West, not towards Arabia and the East. To recognize this is to see the miracle Ataturk achieved.

During the revolution in the 1920s, many Turks complained that Ataturk moved too far too fast with his reforms, and such criticism is occasionally heard today. The present national Administration of Celal Bayar and Adnan Menderes has stood, in part, because it introduced counter measures, particularly in allowing more influence to religion. Opponents of Bayar's "Democratic Party" claim that such concessions were made primarily to win the votes of the peasants, pointing out that Ataturk was

not anti-religious, only resentful of the superstitions propagated by the old clergy and by the harmful political influence of the caliphate, which he abolished. It is significant that in the elections last fall Ankara gave its majority, not to the "democrats," but to Ataturk's "Republican Party," still headed by the aging revolutionary hero, Ismet Inonu.

It is difficult for a foreigner in Ankara to make much sense of the political situation. When the present administration came into office, it embarked on a policy of free trade which almost destroyed Turkey's national credit. Then, reversing itself, it set up such rigorous controls and made such claims for its long-term plans that its opponents raised charges of dictatorship. Controls on business, press and even education have become so strict that they have aroused resentment. The strict regulation of imports and exports has produced a hardship economy and given birth to a flourishing black market. The control of currency and prices has brought about a situation where the Turkish lira, officially pegged at 2.80 to the dollar, sells on the free and black markets at 14.5 to the dollar.

Prime Minister Menderes pleads for patience, announcing that a favorable balance of trade is gradually being restored and pointing to Turkey's increase in productivity as the result of a furious program of construction.

There can be no question about the building program. In a recent trip that covered much of Anatolia, I saw many new factories, new electric power installations, and grain-storage elevators. As I write this, I can look out my window and see five new apartment houses in various stages of construction. Each month, it seems, a new hotel opens in Ankara. There are new bank and office buildings; the new parliament building was opened briefly for the first time to accommodate the recent meetings of the Baghdad Pact alliance. Almost the whole of Ataturk Boulevard has been torn up, widened and improved during the fourteen months I have been here.

During the same period, I have seen a gradual decline in living standards and an increase in the cost of living. I have seen the decay of the old buses and taxis that provide transportation. They run without lights to save irreplaceable batteries, run on tires that would have been junked in any other country, and they are constantly breaking down in the middle of the streets. I have seen the disappearance of many products from the shops, including such necessities as penicillin and aspirin and such lux-

*RAY B. WEST, Jr., former editor of The Rocky Mountain Review and author of Kingdom of the Saints, a history of the Mormons recently published in England, is now traveling in the Near East on a Fulbright grant.*



uries as the Turk's favorite meat, spring lamb. I have heard complaints that the shortages are most acute in those areas where the administration did not win in the last election. One thing seems clear. If Adnan Menderes succeeds in stabilizing Turkey's economy (and a few experts, including the London *Financial Times*, are beginning to suspect he may), he will have done so because of a cheap labor supply and at the expense of personal freedom as it is known in other democracies. In intellectual circles in Ankara one hears little praise for the control of commodities or of ideas.

The Turks are not by nature or tradition democrats, but they do as a people have a tradition of independence and tolerance. They are today, as they showed themselves in the 1920s, a proud and courageous people. Nowhere is this better shown than in their determination not to be terrorized or bullied by their

neighbors, Russia, Syria and Greece. On the matter of national security, the nation is united.

The most pressing external problem at present is the question of Cyprus, and the Turks are determined never to accept the EOKA proposals for "self-determination." The Turks on Cyprus are a minority, they admit, but the island lies forty miles from their coast, more than five hundred miles from Greece. They will not, they say (and I think they mean it), subject the Turks of Cyprus to Greek rule. What they demand is partitioning between the two nationalities.

Knowing Turks fear the influence of the large Greek community in the United States on American policy, but up to the present, they have also based their hopes on the fairness of American policy, if and when America becomes actively involved in a settlement.

## RECORDS

### Lester Trimble

DARIUS MILHAUD's oratorio, *Les Choéphores*, is one of the most remarkable works composed in the twentieth century—an immense, heaving drama which staggers the mind by its vehemence and the luxuriousness of its medium. In a concert performance, the work can be bewildering because of its unremitting complexity and the thickness of its textures. Few orchestras, I suspect, can afford the amount of rehearsal time necessary for complete clarification of its elements. But more care is often expended upon a recording, and Igor Markevitch, who understands this music with rare immediacy, has made his new Decca record of *Les Choéphores* not only the first interpretation to find its way into the catalogs, but a collector's item as well. His instrument, the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris, sounds brilliant, flexible and smoothly polished; the *Chorale de l'Université* sings with complete accuracy and ease; and it would be hard to imagine a finer group of soloists than the one comprised of Geneviève Moizan, soprano; Hélène Bouvier, alto; Heinz Rehfuss, baritone; and Claude Nollier, narrator. Splendid engineering keeps the music's supporting elements gently in the background so that details of prime importance can rise from the mass.

It was a serious mistake, however, for Decca to issue this work without appending the Claudel text and an Eng-

lish translation. In all oratorios, words are difficult to understand. It is frustrating to hear a river of sounds flowing by, obviously predicated on a dramatic text, and to catch only isolated words. Decca should supply the texts at once, for their DL-9956 is an important issue, and will be with us a long time.

On this same disc, Markevitch gives a compelling performance of Honegger's Symphony No. 5 (*Di Tre Re*), also with the Lamoureux Orchestra. As a representative of the symphonic category, this is a disconcerting work, strangely formed, and occasionally lax in its choice of materials. In its strongest moments, however, it has the kind of diabolical power which was unique with Honegger, and there is no mistaking the masterly control exerted by the composer over all his expressive substance. The Fifth Symphony is not, I think, a perfect creation, but it is distinguished, pungent and sincere.

Another Decca issue of contemporary music (DL-9969) has the German composer, Paul Hindemith, conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra in three of his own works: the *Concerto for Orchestra*, Op. 38; *Concert Music* for piano, brass and two harps, Op. 49; and the *Ballet Overture: Cupid and Psyche*. They are all attractive and relatively unmarred by the workaday manner which dulls so much of Hindemith's music. The *Concerto* starts off with a

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rather plain contrapuntal section, but it very shortly gets interested in itself and darts off in engrossing and curious directions. The style, of course, remains pure, black-and-white Hindemith. The *Concert Music*, because of its unusual instrumentation and the seriousness of its melodic writing, has both a handsome exterior and a strong line of expressive dissertation. To my mind, the passages between piano and harp are coloristically poor, but the attempt to combine these disparate sounds is worth hearing, even though it does not succeed. *Cupid and Psyche* is the shortest and the prettiest work of the three. Its spirit is astonishingly close to that of some of Milhaud, although its texture remains distinctly contrapuntal and Hindemithian.

A smaller opus by Hindemith, the Sonata in C for violin and piano, is grouped with the Bartok Sonata No. 2 and the Stravinsky *Duo Concertante*, for the same instruments, on Decca's DL-9980. Wolfgang Schneiderhan is the violinist; his assistant is Carl Seeman. It is surprising, since Schneiderhan is a Germanic musician, that his best performance is in the *Duo Concertante*, and not the Hindemith. He makes a number of provocative observations upon the Duo's internal details and, particularly in the *Gigue*, disports himself with crystalline energy and intelligence. The Bartok and Hindemith works are also well played, but Schneiderhan's insight into them seems less accurate. His performance of the Bartok needs to be more angular and acrid, while his careful, studious approach to the Hindemith serves only to compound the composer's own tendency toward heaviness and pedantry.

ACCORDING to reports, the twenty-seven-year-old American conductor, Lorin Maazel, has been enjoying a phenomenal European success in the past few years, and I was eager to hear his two new recordings—one of Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* and *Le Chant du Rossignol* done with the Berlin Radio Symphony (Decca DL-9978), and the other of two versions of *Romeo and Juliet*: the Tchaikovsky *Fantasy-Overture*, and the suite excerpted by Prokofiev from his own ballet on the subject. For the second record, the Berlin Philharmonic was used. (Decca DL-9967.)

From these four readings, it seems clear that Maazel is extremely gifted but only partly matured in a musico-emotional sense. His interpretation of the *Firebird Suite* is so clear that it brings out certain details which are covered over in almost every other

performance of the score. It is an elegant reading and thoroughly meticulous. *Le Chant du Rossignol*, similarly, reveals many inner refinements which, under other batons, blur into a *mélée*.

At the same time, because of his apparent desire to clarify and polish details, Maazel often adopts lethargic tempi which rob his work of tension and drama. Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* is a case in point. Its soft sections whisper so softly and ooze forth so slowly that the listener finally loses patience. Even climactic sections, when they finally arrive, cannot mean much, for they have been so thrown out of perspective that they seem arbitrary and artificial. Tchaikovsky's pathos, which is often empty and bombastic, but which in this work is thoroughly real, is twisted out of kilter. It limps here and there, like a blind child, and never quite finds the road. In the same way, Maazel's interpretation of the Prokofiev seems small and lacking emotional vigor. The direction, well studied and meticulous, is overly restrained.

IN THE area of older music, Sylvia Marlowe has recently performed the Haydn Concerto in D and the Bach Concerto in D Minor for harpsichord and orchestra, led from the keyboard by the soloist (Capitol P-8375). Her playing of the Bach is completely ingratiating, achieving that fusion of joyousness and discipline which makes Bach always such a satisfying composer. The engineering of this record is not ideal, however, for the harpsichord and the accompanying strings seem strangely out of natural balance. Miss Marlowe's reading of the Haydn is flawed, in places, by unsteady rhythm. On Westminster's XWN 18698, another harpsichordist, the young Frenchman, Robert Veyron-Lacroix, plays thirty-two Sonatas by Cimarosa. There is nothing exceptionable in his interpretations, although a bit more poise with regard to rhythm and phrase entrances would have added musical excitement.

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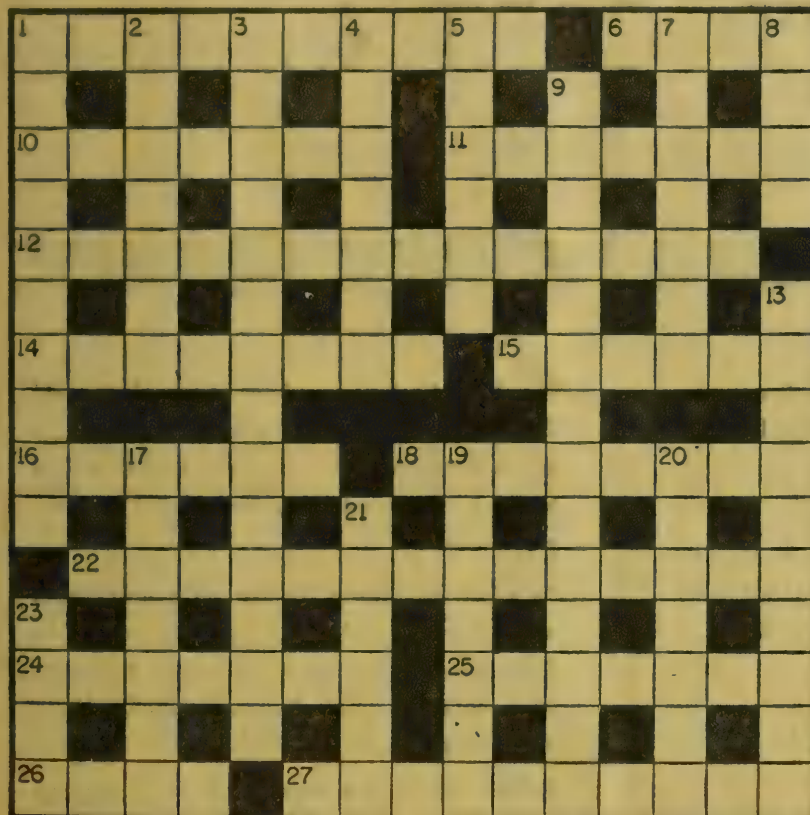
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 777

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Reed, as part of the military standing. (6, 4)
- 6 A bad pass might prove dangerous! (4)
- 10 Brings to light (but not necessarily positively!) (7)
- 11 One might assist the sort of singular 13 Emerson (or Hubbard?) recommended for construction. (7)
- 12 Narrative based on a former French idea of where entertainment is sometimes put on? (7, 7)
- 14 Most rent might be responsible for worries! (8)
- 15 In South America, he might develop a cough! (6)
- 16 A basket-making affair? (6)
- 18 Reduces to inanition. (8)
- 22 It seems to be one of a maiden, stranger! (14)
- 24 Would hardly be applied to resist-ers. (7)
- 25 Italian town of romance. (7)
- 26 Exude, as the tube of the "Reces-sional" did. (4)
- 27 Do such people change their habits in making wrong right? (10)

## DOWN:

- 1 They teach a sort of poor 4, with nothing lost. (10)
- 2 One who copies a fabric to stick on

- the wall again? (7)
- 3 In her I find a far-off surrounding which involves being cut off. (14)
- 4 One should one's 1 down. (7)
- 5 Charts the way to keep things from being 24. (6)
- 7 The bad part of the split's at an iconoclasm. (7)
- 8 Is it kind to make a class distinction? (4)
- 9 Even actors side with the result if you 2 down. (14)
- 13 Tripped by Mickey's relatives? (10)
- 17 Does this bird have only a little time at the entrance? (7)
- 19 They used to pump it on the line. (7)
- 20 Sty, perhaps. (7)
- 21 Where the captain might be game. (6)
- 23 Applied to cry in the distance? (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 776

Across: 1 LOCAL; 4 FOOTSTOOL; 9 INNINGS; 10 and 28 down FORCING BIDS; 11 and 29 CLANDESTINE; 12 and 13 BENCH SAWS; 16 OUTSTAY; 17 RAB-BETS; 19 HECTORS; 22 CASTLED; 24 and 26 SNOW PLOW; 25 CUPED; 30 INITIAL; 31 DISPLAYED; 32 SAGAS. Down: 1 LOINCLOTH; 2 and 3 CONTACT LENS; 4 FISHERY; 5 OFFICER; 6 SORE; 7 OXI-DATE; 8 LOGES; 14 STROP; 15 ABASH; 18 SIDEWALKS; 20 CHOOSES; 21 STUPE-FY; 22 CHILIAID; 23 LILTING; 24 SIDED; 27 GILL.

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"My hobbies," wrote Mr. Cort in a biographical note, "have included at various times birds, Burgundian antiquities, squash racquets, swimming, distance running, humor, my family, honor and revenge."

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## Not Child Enough

*Dear Sirs:* I think it goes without saying that I am as critical as you people are of many facets of American life. Lord knows I've raised my voice often enough. But when someone like Julian Halevy equates Disneyland and Las Vegas [*The Nation*, June 7], I begin to doubt his or my sanity.

Not that I haven't met his type before. The world is full of people who, for intellectual reasons, steadfastly refuse to let go and enjoy themselves. Mr. Halevy damns himself immediately when he states he is glad he didn't take a child with him to Disneyland. I did better than take a child; my first visit, I accompanied one of the great theatrical and creative minds of our time, Charles Laughton. I've never had such a day full of zest and high good humor. Mr. Laughton is no easy mark; he has a gimlet eye and a searching mind. Yet *he* saw, and *I* found, in Disneyland, vast reserves of imagination before untapped in our country.

I admit I approached Disneyland with many intellectual reservations, myself, but these have been banished in my seven visits. Disney makes many mistakes; what artist doesn't? But when he flies, he really flies. I shall be indebted to him for a lifetime for his ability to let me fly over midnight London looking down on that fabulous city, in his Peter Pan ride. The Jungle Boat ride, too, is an experience of true delight and wonder. I could go on, but why bother?

I have a sneaking suspicion, after all is said and done, that Mr. Halevy truly loved Disneyland but is not man enough, or child enough, to admit it. I feel sorry for him. He will never travel in space, he will never touch the stars.

RAY BRADBURY

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

*Dear Sirs:* Julian Halevy's article reminded me of Voltaire's little piece written about his first visit to the Royal Library of Paris. The sight of hundreds of thousand of volumes frightened and saddened him. So many books that would never be read! And here he was hoping to add to that number! But then he reasoned very coolly that he wasn't required to read them all. Nor was anyone else. It was to be compared to life in Paris. Five hundred thousand people was a frightening number of human beings. But then you didn't really live with all those people. You picked yourself out a few friends and you enjoyed

life with them. Which is fortunately also the case in Mexico, or the United States.

The author speaks of the mushrooming growth of Disneyland and Las Vegas offering their pseudo-satisfactions for the American people. I don't have any more exact figures on this than the author himself, but I venture to estimate that these two places together can hardly accommodate much more than the annual increment (over 3,000,000) in the American population, so that the average American, limited to his fair share, would not rate one visit every half-century. Really not worth getting excited about, is it? Unless, of course, you're looking for a reason not to live here, which everyone is entitled to if he so desires.

GUY ENDRE

*Los Angeles, Calif.*

## Soviet Physics

*Dear Sirs:* It is probably true, as Dr. Donald J. Hughes says in your issue of June 7, that in terms of achievement, American physics is ahead of Soviet physics. But I think he tends to underestimate the achievements of Soviet scientists in basic (pure) physics. They have a very impressive record: one thinks immediately of Friedman (expanding universe); Landsberg and Mandelstam (Raman effect of solids); Landau and Kapitza (theoretical and experimental work in the superfluid state); Cerenkov (Cerenkov radiation); Peshkov (second sound); Zavoisky (electron-spin resonance). Russian journals carry many very abstract papers on theoretical physics: field theory, for instance, which certainly cannot be classified as "development research." While an enormous amount of applied science is done, the same is true here (Manhattan Project, AEC establishments, satellites and rocketry). The Soviet record is all the more impressive in that the Soviet physicists are competing with the entire West, and not just America. As to American physics, it has a very large European component (Einstein, Fermi, Bethe, Wigner, Segre, etc., etc.).

One final word about translation of technical articles. As one who has done some of this, I can testify that it is a very boring, time-consuming and irritating work. Even if the article you have to translate is in your own field, it is one thing to read it, quite another to labor over it word for word. Competent research scientists can be better em-

ployed; and in fact, more and more of this work in the United States is being taken over by professional agencies.

A. V. BUSHKOVITCH  
Professor of Physics  
Saint Louis University

*St. Louis, Mo.*

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## EDITORIALS

### The Teapot (Dome?) Tempest

A tantalizing familiarity hovers about the Administration's handling of the Sherman Adams affair. And then the flash comes: this is the Richard Nixon TV performance of 1952 all over again, with Rachel substituting for Pat, Sherm for Dick, but minus the dog. The story line is the same. In each case the technique has been to adopt the theme of "coming clean," of doing "the right thing," of exhibiting "the manly Christian" attitude. The opening ploy is to make a "manly," frank acknowledgment of error by way of obeisance to the tribal mores—"I may have erred, but. . . ." The obeisance must be executed with an air of humility, yet with dignity: there must be no truculence; no offense must be given to the jury which is, of course, the public. Imply that one is of modest means; human, "like everyone else"; not over-reaching, not arrogant, not contemptuous of the public. Concede the charge but finesse the implication. Say in essence, "I may have erred but since I am not an evil man, what I have done cannot be evil."

The first time we listened to this script, in the Nixon case, we were inclined to believe that it stemmed from the upper reaches of Madison Avenue. The second performance suggests another inference. The story line is much too cunning and shrewd to have been conceived by the motivational research and opinion-sampling fraternity. It shows a sure feel for the soft spots in the American character, a masterly intuition of the folkways. In brief, we conclude that the President is himself the author of this new morality play. It exhibits his instinctive comprehension of the secret workings of the American heart, his certain knowledge of what the public will accept. Other authors have been suggested—Attorney General Rogers, the Vice President, Mr. Dewey, Mr. Brownell; but these are seasoned political operators, not poets of politics. There is a homespun poetry about the script used in the Nixon-Adams affairs that cannot be faked or imitated.

But will this second performance be as successful as the first? Like Adams, the Vice President was caught

*flagrante delicto*, in a piece of "imprudent" chicanery, a serious offense against political ethics and morality. But there was no committee around to probe into the circumstances of the Nixon "fund"; the flow of revelations could be sealed off. Not so with Sherm. To uncover additional acts of "imprudence," all that Representative Harris needs to do is to have his staff comb the files of every administrative agency in Washington and then run down the leads provided by each letter, telephone call or other communication from Adams to these agencies. Besides, the ineffable Mr. Goldfine is yet to be examined, and "imprudent" is Bernie's middle name. And there are embarrassing loose ends in the Adams case: for example, the \$2,400 rug that was "loaned," not given.

In a first editorial on the Adams case, the New York *Herald Tribune* bravely dismissed it as a "teapot tempest"; everyone knows that the character of Adams is "as flinty and incorruptible as a piece of New Hampshire granite." In a second editorial, after Adams' appearance, an even braver note was struck: the President and his assistant could now forget the recent unpleasantness and "get back to work." But if the case is a "teapot tempest" it should not be forgotten that there was once quite a scandal about another teapot, Teapot Dome. Somehow we have a feeling that the Adams affair will stay in the headlines until Adams, in words that the President used in another connection, is "out, out, out."

### Another Job for the U.N.

Elements of the U.S. Sixth Fleet are watching the situation in Lebanon, Mr. Dulles tells us, "and could, if need be, respond to the appropriate invitation." The invitation for which Mr. Dulles seems to be hankering would presumably be accepted under the Eisenhower Doctrine, that leaky umbrella which Mr. Dulles hopefully extended over the entire Middle East when Jordan was menaced. To apply it to Lebanon, however, would require twisting it into a military-diplomatic pretzel; for, as originally promulgated, the doctrine was



to apply to a Middle East state threatened by a Communist-dominated state and requesting assistance from the United States. For all its gun-running over the Syrian-Lebanese border, the United Arab Republic cannot be construed as Communist-dominated. Nor is Lebanon, with its Christian-Moslem schism, a clear-cut case for intervention. If, then, the solicited intervention should be forthcoming, compliance would look more like one of the Marine Corps landings in Central America in the days of "dollar diplomacy" than an operation in strict accordance with today's more enlightened international mores.

Once again the United Nations offers the best way out. But Mr. Dulles should beware of telling Mr. Hammarskjold what to do next, or to appear to be putting him in a position where he can do only what Mr. Dulles wants him to do. The League of Nations was ruined not only by timidity, but by the insistence of the French (and the British) on using it as a tool of national diplomacy. No one will accuse Mr. Hammarskjold of being Communist-dominated: the Eisenhower Doctrine need not be invoked against him. He has already taken steps to patrol the Lebanese-Syrian border. Since the border is mostly mountainous and 150 miles long, this is no simple project, but it should be left to the best efforts of the neutral observers recruited by the U.N. The United States can, on request, properly provide equipment for these border patrols, such as Army helicopters and liaison planes, now in Germany, which are reported to be already painted white and ready for movement. But our Marines should stay on their ships.

## Crime and Punishment

The investigating committees of the Congress which, during the past two decades, have taken on themselves the task of extirpating political heresy, have now established a new and remarkable system of jurisprudence in which the punishment of the offender depends entirely on who employs him. Last week Charles S. Dubin, the director of the quiz show *Twenty-One*, the current star of which has amassed a nest egg of \$255,000, appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, holding hearings in New York City, and was asked what was once quaintly called the \$64 question. Mr. Dubin avowed that he was not now a member of the Communist Party, but he stood on the First and Fifth Amendments when it came to further revelations. Thereupon, with the speed of radio waves (186,000 miles per second), Robert Sarnoff, a chip off the old block and president of the National Broadcasting Company, over whose facilities *Twenty-One* is televised, declared Mr. Dubin *persona non grata*. With no less celerity, the program packager of the show fired Mr. Dubin. Barred from the NBC facilities and all others, since in this matter all the networks are as

one, Mr. Dubin found his earning capacity reduced from a rather respectable weekly stipend to zero. He may be able to get a job in some tolerant dry-cleaning establishment removing the spots from his erstwhile colleagues' clothes but, reckoned over a lifetime, it is quite possible that he has, to all intents and purposes, been fined \$100,000,000 or so by the simple fact of being called before a Congressional committee and invoking his Constitutional privilege. CBS, just as patriotic as NBC, also barred their studios to witnesses who, like Mr. Dubin, held the authority of a Congressional committee in somewhat less regard than the Constitution.

Under these auspices, the House Committee may blithely ignore the *Watkins* decision since, unless a witness is held in contempt, the issue will never reach the courts. All that the committee need do is pillory the culprit and garner the publicity. The networks and advertising agencies will do the rest.

Yet at these same New York hearings, a number of stage actors went scot-free, except for whatever sums they may have paid their lawyers, since theatrical producers do not regard invoking the Constitution as a crime against society. Has the efficacy of Constitutional rights come to depend, then, on whether one's employer respects these rights enough to risk incurring the censure of a Congressional committee? If this be so, the Supreme Court has no alternative but to invalidate the mandate creating the House Committee, and thus to restore the old-fashioned axiom of the equality of all persons before the law.

## An Act of Barbarism

The execution of Imre Nagy and three of his associates is an act of barbarism. The Hungarian communique reciting the charges, the evidence and the sentences, is a crude piece of buffoonery that will deceive no one. That these four brave men refused to confess is, of course, the best proof of their innocence. In the post-Stalin era, at any rate, the political deviationist in Communist countries is usually worth more alive than dead—if he will confess. And if he is ingenious, he can sometimes make a joke of his confession. George Faludi, the Hungarian poet, drew only a six-year sentence in 1947 after he had confessed to serving as an American spy under the direction of Gen. Edgar Allan Poe, Colonel Walt Whitman and Captain Henry Thoreau. Paul Ignotus escaped the death sentence by signing a statement in which he confessed that he had served in the British Secret Service under General B. Loody Lie. There are ways of saving one's life even without dishonor. But Nagy and his associates would not, even to save their lives, make it any easier for their executioners. Let the world honor these four brave men: Imre Nagy, Miklos Gimes, Pal Maleter and Jozef Szilagy.



## The Tocsin Quality

In recent weeks, Frank Stanton, president of CBS, has spoken twice before professional audiences on the role of journalism in a democracy. Both speeches develop the same argument: the health of a democracy depends on a responsible public opinion, public opinion is developed by the orderly distribution of facts and not by the hortatory methods of propaganda, and the news media have a solemn obligation to provide the public with the accurate information it requires.

That statement is admirable, but Dr. Stanton illustrates it, in both speeches, with an incident that demonstrates the opposite of his point. Says Dr. Stanton: "The comfort and quiet of millions of American homes were shattered by a news bulletin shortly before seven o'clock on a Friday evening last October. Before two hours had passed, an unfamiliar code signal—the sharp beep of Sputnik I—penetrated into virtually every home in the country. . . . This nation had suffered a resounding defeat." All was not lost, however. Public opinion, reacting to the situation, forced our leaders into action: "Steps were taken to liberate scientific knowledge . . . ; a new and high White House post was created . . . ; top priority . . . was given to the missile program . . . ; a penetrating reappraisal of our whole educational program was undertaken. . . . This immediate recognition and goading to action represented a victory that went far to dispel the gloom and alleviate the shock caused by Sputnik."

Dr. Stanton recalls with beautiful accuracy the terms in which the launching of Sputnik I was presented to the American public. But he does not see, even from the wisdom of retrospect, that what the public received was not news but feverish editorial ejaculation. What "defeat" was suffered when Sputnik was launched; what "victory" was won by creating still another White House post, increasing the defense budget and subjecting our educational system to a penetrating reappraisal? What, by the way, was penetrating about it? The gloom and the shock that Dr. Stanton remembers were created, insofar as they existed at all outside the skittish editorial rooms, by the newspapers and the broadcasting networks. The Russians had put into the sky a small globe containing scientific instruments. It was a technical achievement of some brilliance and, as a demonstration of Russian prowess, a reason for sober consideration of our attitude toward the USSR and to world power in general; the American press reacted to the event as though it were an invasion from Mars. And it is absurd to suggest that the public took any action at all, except to watch in stunned surprise as the Eisenhower Administration rode off yelping in all directions.

At another point, speaking of the special virtues of broadcasting, Dr. Stanton notes that it "can reach all

the people at the same time . . . immediately . . . at any hour of the day or night." So it can; it can ring the alarm bell and pour us out into the street, ready to fight the first shadow that crosses our path. And more and more, under competition from the studios, all our media of information are taking on this tocsin quality. It no more resembles journalism than a panic in a burning theatre resembles a town meeting.

## Publisher Knowland?

Since Edmund G. Brown scored a 605,000 plurality over Senator Knowland in California's primary on June 3, that state's Republican politicians have been treating their candidate for governor as if he had suddenly developed leprosy. As old friends, they can hardly disown him, and in any case there's the chance he may make a miraculous comeback. But certainly they don't want to get too close to him.

Immediately after the primary, Knowland called upon his fellow-Republicans to close ranks. He might as well have asked Walter Reuther to support his right-to-work labor platform. Governor Goodwin J. Knight, whom Knowland and Vice President Richard Nixon had pressured into running for the Senate instead of for another gubernatorial term, said brusquely: "I propose to conduct my own separate campaign." Other Republicans who discovered they wanted no assistance from their long-time leader included Lieutenant Governor Harold J. Powers, Controller Robert C. Kirkwood, Secretary of State Frank M. Jordan and State Treasurer A. Ronald Button. And in addition, Edward S. Shattuck, who became Republican National Committeeman from California two years ago with Knowland's backing, announced he would no longer serve in the dual role of campaign coordinator for the Senator.

Of course, all these old friends insist, with Governor Knight, that "there's nothing personal" between them and Knowland. Perhaps the Governor put his finger on the matter when he explained: "The only difference that exists, and has existed, between Senator Knowland and me is on an issue that substantially represents his campaign platform. I cannot agree with the Senator on that issue."

The issue in question, of course, is the Senator's championship of the right-to-work referendum on the November ballot.

It looks more and more as if California, for only the second time since the turn of the century, will have a Democratic governor next year. As for Mr. Knowland, there's always a job waiting for him as publisher of his father's newspaper, the prosperous *Oakland Tribune*, across the bay from San Francisco. Many men have risen from publisher to Senator and Presidential aspirant; it would seem that Mr. Knowland, if prognostications are correct, is about to reverse the pattern.



## 'FEAR PROTECTS THE VINEYARD'

*Lisbon*  
THE ELECTIONS have been on their way for a long time; people have talked of little else, even though public discussion of them has meant a certain amount of prudent glancing over the shoulder and switching to other subjects when particular individuals came within earshot. Now the elections have come and gone, and everything is the same as before. Or is it?

There is repression and repression; the sort practiced in Portugal is relatively benign, and certainly should not be equated with the treatment traditionally accorded the subjects of the neighboring state on its east. Apologist for the regime (and the ones I have met own large American cars which cost more than twice as much as they do in the United States) explain patiently: "Our people need a strong hand." That they have, in Dr. Oliveira Salazar, the former professor of political economy at the University of Coimbra; it is a firm guiding hand with remarkably little blood on it, and it is tendered in the tacit assumption that those it controls are children and will remain such indefinitely. But even the apologists reproach their leader for not having groomed a successor. "If something should happen to Salazar—" they say, and shake their heads.

When you go into Portugal, particularly if you enter elsewhere than at Lisbon, you experience the sensation of having gone back into a previous century. Not that the land lacks physical proof of being modern—on the contrary, it looks more "advanced" than Spain, and certainly more prosperous. However, in a subtle fashion you are made aware that it is another world, apparently devoid of those indefinable ten-

sions we have all grown so used to that we remember their existence only when they are suddenly discontinued. There seems to be time to do everything comfortably and gracefully. Regional costumes are still worn, and the smiling face is the rule rather than the exception. But as one might expect, the conditions which provide the visitor with the pleasant feeling of being in a more innocent age are not appreciated by those who are bound by them. It is true that no employer would think of offering his workers a lunch period of less than two hours, and if you speak with the employees and tell them that many Americans take only a half-hour for their noon-day meal they are scandalized, yet they hasten to admit that they would prefer even such unpleasant conditions and the American wages which go with them to their present leisurely tempo with its concomitants.

THE AVERAGE per capita yearly income in Portugal is \$171 (as compared with \$507 in France) and there are innumerable taxes which are collected at source. If you are staying in a fishing village and go each day to watch the nets drawn in, you will see a uniformed guard running along the beach from group to group with his notebook, taking careful count of each catch. After the various municipal and federal levies have been subtracted, a fisherman's normal daily take is in the neighborhood of eighteen escudos (61 cents). Obviously there are a good many days in the year, particularly in the winter, when the sea does not permit the casting of nets at all. Conditions in many of the fishermen's huts are not noticeably better than those in the dwellings provided by the British for the Kikuyus in the locations of Kenya. And one must remember that the fisherman in Portugal enjoys a higher living standard than the farmer.

Although it is a militantly back-

ward country, Portugal is not poor. We may be inclined to think of it as that little strip of the Iberian peninsula which does not belong to Spain, and to forget that it is still the world's third largest empire, surpassed only by Britain and France. At the same time I don't think I have ever seen a nation, including Italy, whose inhabitants talk so constantly about emigrating. Practically everyone has a cousin or a brother somewhere in America—usually Brazil, Venezuela or the United States—and is hopefully awaiting the stroke of good luck which will make it possible for him, too, to join the ranks of the expatriates.

It would be hard to find a pleasanter people than the Portuguese. The somewhat fanatical quality of the Spanish character is largely lacking here, with the result that while the Spanish are formal, the Portuguese are merely correct, but it is a conscious correctness and they all seem to have it, whatever their social status. They are also honest, free from xenophobia, and even gentle (although I disagree with the English here, who consider them spineless because they have put up with a military dictatorship for thirty-two years and with Dr. Salazar for thirty). "*O medo guarda a vinha*," (literally: "Fear protects the vineyard,") a government functionary remarked in the course of a conversation yesterday. Specifically he meant that once the chief of an authoritarian state has managed to establish reliable fear reflexes in his subjects, he needs fewer policemen to help him keep order. But passive resistance is by no means an indication of spinelessness.

By winning the Presidential election, Contra-Almirante Américo Tomás insures the continuation in office of Doctor Salazar, who as Prime Minister is theoretically responsible to the President (but theoretically only). With the cards stacked so openly against the independent candidate, General Humberto Del-

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THE AUTHOR of this article is an American who has been living in Portugal for the last several months and who accordingly has asked that his name be withheld.



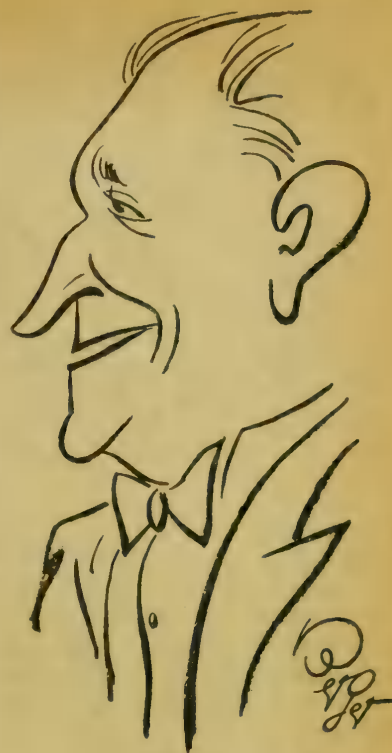
gado, it was inconceivable that he should be victorious, but the fact that everyone was aware of this did not diminish the nation-wide excitement attendant upon the election. General Delgado was the first opposition candidate in the history of the Salazar regime who did not withdraw his name before election day. "It is a great step for us to have found a man who dared to go ahead in the face of all kinds of intimidation, and formulate a platform advocating basic democratic rights," an enthusiastic student told me in the course of a café conversation. "Whatever happens to General Delgado after June 8, we will not forget what he has done for us."

ROUGHLY A SIXTH of the population was entitled to participate in the elections this year, and each voter was sent beforehand a ballot and an accompanying sheet of instructions from each of the two final candidates' headquarters. (The third candidate, Arlindo Vicente, withdrew in favor of General Delgado several weeks before the elections.) The ballots looked rather like wedding announcements and were folded once across the middle. General Delgado's instruction sheet stressed the necessity for boldness: "There is no reason to be afraid to cast this ballot." What he was trying to do, and what he undoubtedly succeeded in doing, was to make at least some people understand that a cynical and fatalistic attitude can lead only in the opposite direction from democracy, and that fear is the greatest shackle of all.

Those critics who claim that there is only one political party in Portugal are understating the case; it would be more accurate to say that

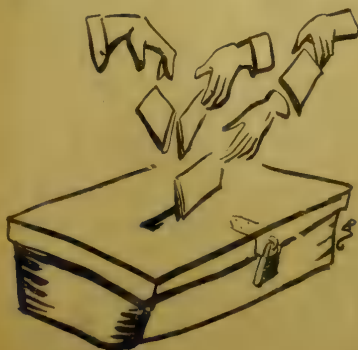
there is none at all. Opposition headquarters exist only for a few weeks preceding the elections and are called *serviços de candidatura*. The Uniao Nacional, which is the Government, does not consider itself a party; the word *partido* is never used. Once a year the Uniao meets and listens to a speech by Doctor Salazar. One may wonder why the powers that be bother to go through the motions of permitting elections to be held at all. It is a matter of form: elections must take place and the public must give its vote of confidence by supporting the Government candidate. It is also useful for the Government to be able to point to the existence of freedom to form a temporary opposition, and then to stress the danger brought into being by such freedom and the necessity for restrictive measures. It would appear to be part of the official credo that "disorders" invariably follow upon the granting, however ephemeral, of any degree of political liberty. In 1950, for instance, a pro-democratic movement was allowed to take shape. Petitions were drawn up and circulated, ostensibly by an unofficial committee whose program was quietly critical of the regime, and which hoped, by impressing the Government with the number of signatures, to bring about certain reforms. The lists of names, however, by-passed the committee and found their way directly into the hands of the authorities, with the result that a good many people were imprisoned.

THE EVENTS of May 16 and 17 of this year are a more recent case in point. I have never seen a greater concentration of police anywhere than the one which filled the Avenida da Liberdade the afternoon of the 16th, when General Delgado arrived at the Estação do Rossio. In classical fashion, Delgado's supporters were first attacked by the official *agents-provocateurs*, and then fired upon by the police. (No deaths reported—only shattered tibiae and flesh-wounds.) The next day, the newspapers carried indignant editorials calling for measures to put an end to conditions permitting such "anarchy"; accordingly, Delgado's headquarters were subjected to the in-



Oliveira Salazar

evitable police raid. The following week he was to speak in Braga, site of the military revolt which in 1926 established the present regime, but the P.I.D.E. (International Police for the Defense of the State, popularly known as the "Gestapo") refused to grant permission for the meeting—a completely illegal prohibition since, with his rank of General, the candidate was not subject to decisions made by that body. The excuse given by the P.I.D.E. was that the meeting would have taken place on the day of the centenary of the founding of the shrine at Lourdes! The waiting crowd was not pleased when the General failed to appear, and voiced its discontent with slogans. Again, there were "disorders" and further repressive measures. This same pattern can be found in the Government's denial to General Delgado of the use of the radio and television system. At the outset of the campaign he was granted the privilege of speaking over the radio, but it was withdrawn when it became apparent that his popular support was a greater danger than had at first been supposed.





There is nothing surprising in all this, nor yet in the fact that charges of communism were leveled at General Delgado because he demanded a general amnesty for all political prisoners and, more damning still, the revocation of the decrees suspending Article Eight of the Portuguese Constitution, which guarantees "liberty of expression in all forms, the right of assembly and reunion, the safeguarding against arrest without the preferring of charges" and "the inviolability of domicile," among other things—

rights which have long been denied to the Portuguese people. He also promised openly that if he were elected to the Presidency his first act would be to replace Doctor Salazar with a new Prime Minister of his own choosing, and although this was obviously what the great interest in the elections was all about, it was considered very daring of him to announce his intention in so many words. In an era whose daily bread is violence, it is touching to see to what extent the gentle Portuguese were moved by what may appear

to us a simple declaration of purpose, but which they were quite certain was a courageous appeal on his part to help them throw off their collective habit of fear. And because they are aware of the progress they have made in the moral sphere, it would not be exact to say that everything is the same as it was before the electoral "campaign." Nor would one attempt to predict the events which may arrive to modify the situation during the seven long years scheduled to go by before the next elections will be due.

## THE MANIPULATED PRICE RISE . . by Estes Kefauver

IT IS REPORTED that steel companies plan to raise their prices on July 1. If they do so, it will be under circumstances difficult to justify, and the results are certainly not calculated to hasten economic recovery for the country as a whole.

Steel is an example of an "administered price," which is defined by Gardiner C. Means, economist who originated the phrase, as "... A price which is set by administrative action and held constant for a period of time. You have an administered price when a company maintains a posted price at which it will make sales or simply has its own prices at which buyers may purchase or not as they wish." [See "This Recession Is Different," by Gardiner C. Means, *The Nation*, May 17.] During the course of hearings on administered prices by the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, newspapermen employed the useful description that administered prices are those which are not set by the law of supply and demand.

Perhaps the best way to conceive of what is meant by the term is by contrasting an administered price with one set by the free play of market forces, i.e., a "market" price.

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Such a contrast is provided by a comparison of pig iron with steel scrap, both of which are used as raw materials in steelmaking. During the recessions of 1949, 1953-54 and 1957-58, the price of steel scrap behaved as a market price is expected to behave; it fell substantially in each downswing. In contrast, pig iron remained constant throughout 1949, increased in the latter part of 1953 and increased again in 1957.

It should be emphasized that administered prices are not undesirable *per se*. Many experts, Dr. Means among them, believe that they are more or less inevitable in a modern industrial economy. But what concerns some of us in the Senate is *how* they are administered.

In the steel industry, at least, they have for many years been administered in only one direction—upward. A chart, presented in the subcommittee's report on steel (S. Rept. No. 1387, 85th Cong., 1st Sess.), shows that since 1947 the price of steel has risen from year to year at almost a constant rate. It rose while unit labor costs were declining, and it rose while demand was falling. It is the antithesis of the behavior of automobile prices during the twenties, when Henry Ford, Sr., was expanding the market and creating vast new job opportunities by constantly reducing the price of his product.

In too many industries throughout the country—steel, automobiles, oil, to name but a few—the price policy of the elder Ford has been replaced by the restrictionist policy of modern big businessmen under which price increases are made in the face of falling demand and substantial excess capacity. In social terms, this type of behavior is difficult to defend on any conceivable grounds. A price policy which puts more money in the pockets of the producers while at the same time further depressing an already reduced level of demand and employment does not have much to commend it.

IN THE report of the subcommittee, it was estimated that the direct cost of the July, 1957, price increase to steel buyers (the third within a twelvemonth) was in the neighborhood of \$540 million a year. The report estimated that since August, 1956, the three increases had added some \$1.6 billion to the annual direct cost of steel shipments. The cost to the ultimate buyer is, of course, much higher, as fabricators and distributors pyramid the cost by applying their percentage markups to a higher price and as the increased cost of steel is reflected in items made of steel—machinery, equipment, buildings, transportation, etc.

In our examination into the 1957



price increase, the subcommittee found that the increase in price was substantially in excess of the increase in labor costs resulting from the rise in wages and other benefits as provided for in the second year of the three-year contract between the steel companies and the United Steelworkers of America. On this point the report of the majority stated:

A reasonable guess as to the magnitude of increased labor costs which have arisen from the July, 1957, adjustments in wages and other benefits, would fall somewhere between \$2.50 and \$3 per ton of finished steel. The margin between such a figure and the \$6 per ton increase in steel prices would lie between \$3 and \$3.50 per ton.

The difference between the increase in direct costs and prices is even greater than this comparison would indicate. The price of steel scrap, an important element in steel-making costs, had fallen in 1957 from its high point in the previous year. Using data obtained from the steel companies themselves, the subcommittee estimated that the amount saved by the steel companies as a result of the decrease in scrap prices was greater than the cost of the wage increase. The report stated:

In other words, the estimated reduction in the cost of purchased scrap (\$3.87 per ton of finished steel) from 1956 to September, 1957, has been more than enough to offset even a generous estimate of the increased labor costs incurred through the July 1 wage adjustments.

With prices increasing more than costs, the expectation would be that profits per ton of steel would rise. This is exactly what has happened, as is indicated by the following figures for the U.S. Steel Corporation:

*Net Income (after taxes)  
per ton of  
Steel Products Shipped*

|      |         |
|------|---------|
| 1952 | \$ 6.80 |
| 1953 | 8.85    |
| 1954 | 9.15    |
| 1955 | 14.51   |
| 1956 | 14.56   |
| 1957 | 17.91   |

Inasmuch as steel production was declining between 1956 and 1957,

June 28, 1958

the only explanation for the increase in profits per ton from \$14.56 to \$17.91 is that prices rose more than costs. The profit figure of \$17.91 per ton for the year 1957 is an all-time high and compares with an average annual profit per ton of \$6.90 during the twenties, \$1.84 during the thirties and \$6.78 during the forties (excluding the war years).

IN A PRESUMABLY competitive industry, the question obviously arises as to how prices can in fact rise when demand is falling. If the price is raised, is it not reasonable to presume that there will be at least one substantial producer who will not go along with the increase? He would reap the benefit of his moderation by taking customers away from his competitors, thereby increasing his sales, reducing his overhead costs and swelling his profits. But this is not in fact what occurred in the steel industry, the oil industry, the automobile industry, or in any other industry examined by our subcommittee.

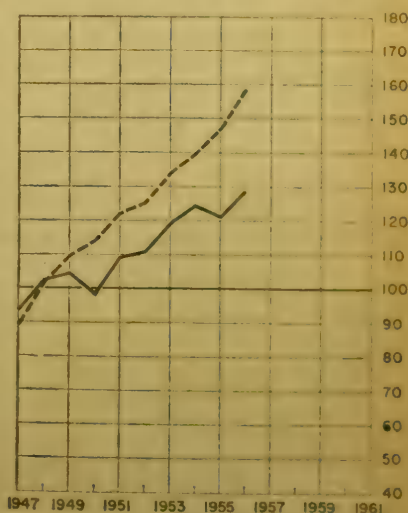
In all these various fields, the price leader sets the pace and the other producers follow more or less in lockstep. In our investigations, we found that the price increases by the other steel firms in the summer of 1957 were identical in nearly every instance with those established by the U. S. Steel Corp. Not a single instance was found in which a major producer ended up with a lower price for any steel product than the U. S. Steel price.

This parallelism of behavior was rationalized by the steel companies on the grounds that they were simply "meeting competition." This is an argument which has some force when the direction of the price change is downward. Obviously, if U. S. Steel reduces its price, the other steel companies must do likewise or lose business. But a number of Senators, including myself, were hard put to it to understand how the same line of reasoning could apply when the direction of change was upward. We could not quite understand why it was necessary for the other steel producers to raise their prices by the same amount and to the exact same level as U. S. Steel in order to

be "competitive." We expressed the thought that they would be more competitive if they raised their price slightly *less* than U. S. Steel. The practice of increasing prices in order to "meet competition" was referred to by Senator O'Mahoney as "upside-down competition."

Our difficulty in understanding this rationalization was intensified by the admission on the part of the steel companies that different steel firms had different costs. We could not understand why Bethlehem and National, which had higher profit rates than U. S. Steel and were apparently somewhat more efficient in their operations, found it necessary to raise their prices by the same amount as U. S. Steel. Moreover, Bethlehem and National are the nation's largest producers of certain particular steel products. On these products we could not understand why they permitted U. S. Steel, a lesser producer, to act as the price leader.

FUNDAMENTALLY, our inability to understand these questions must be attributed to our difficulty in understanding the steel industry's concept of competition. This concept was nowhere more clearly set forth than by Roger Blough, Chairman of the Board of U. S. Steel, when he explained that "a price that matches



*Steel Industry: Trend of Unit Labor Costs and Prices, 1947-56, from Report of Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly (dotted line indicates prices).*





another price is a competitive price." The following exchange took place on this point between Mr. Blough and myself:

*Senator Kefauver.* Mr. Blough, do you regard it as true competition when another company matches your price to a thousandth of a cent per pound, or you match some other company's price to a thousandth of a cent per pound? Wouldn't it be more competitive if there were at least some slight difference in these prices?

*Mr. Blough.* . . . My concept is that a price that matches another price is a competitive price. If you don't choose to accept that concept, then of course, you don't accept it. In the steel industry we know it is so.

A minute later he amplified his statement:

I would say that the buyer in that situation who has a choice—remember now, I am talking about our published prices—the buyer in that situation has this choice. He chooses to buy from one company at \$5 higher. He chooses to buy from our company at \$5 lower. Now if you call that competition and a desirable form of competition, you may have it your way. *I say the buyer has more choice when the other fellow's price matches our price.* (Emphasis added.)

*Senator Kefauver.* That's a new definition of competition that I have never heard.

Mr. Blough likened U. S. Steel's pricing practices with those of R. H. Macy. In reply I commented:

When Macy's increases the price of any given product, it has no certain knowledge whatever that Gimbels is going to increase its prices by a like amount.

In other words, its area of discretion in price-making is strongly limited not only by the presence of Gimbels but by Gimbels' conspicuous independent behavior. But when U.S. Steel raises its price, it does so with the almost certain knowledge, based on years of experience, that its so-called competitors will make the same increase. . . . Would Mr. Blough say that Macy's and Gimbels are not in competition because their prices are different? Would he say that New Yorkers would have the benefit of greater competition, of greater freedom of choice, if the prices of Macy's and Gimbels were invariably identical? . . . If Macy's and Gimbels turned to what we have heard here about the steel industry, then a new Macy's slogan might wave over Herald Square, "Our prices are always exactly as high as Gimbels'!"

IN RECENT WEEKS, the trade journals have been filled with articles concerning the necessity and indeed the inevitability of a further increase in steel prices, of which an article appearing in the May 12 issue of the magazine *Steel* is typical:

The steel prices will probably be advanced \$4 to \$6 a ton . . . on July 1, industry observers tell *Steel*. . . . With ingot production at its lowest level in years, steelmakers have serious misgivings about a price hike. The move might alienate public opinion, put added pressures on customers' profits, and draw fire from Washington. It could result in the loss of business to competing metals and foreign mills.

So the steelmakers are getting set to boost prices despite misgivings. In conditioning the public, the pattern followed in 1957 is being repeated this year. The steel producers put forward a high figure as the amount of the increase they "need" to cover their increased costs, but then indicate magnanimously that they will try to get along with a somewhat lesser amount. In 1957, the amount "needed" to cover the cost increases was stated to be in the vicinity of \$12-\$14 per ton; the actual increase was \$6 per ton. This year the amount "needed" is said to be around \$10 a ton, while the amount which they indicate they will settle for is \$4 to \$6. In this way the American people are being

made aware of their good fortune in having to pay out, say, only three or four hundred million dollars more for steel in the next twelve months instead of twice that amount.

If the past is to be any guide to the future, the steel companies will lay the responsibility for the price increase at the door of labor. The third year of the contract between the union and the steel companies does call for a wage increase in July of this year. Once again the question will be posed as to whether the price increase is greater than the wage increase; and, if so, by how much. This process could go on and on until the steel workers are paid munificent sums—for the few days' work they might have each year—and the steel companies have priced themselves out of the market.

THE PRINCIPAL significance of these price increases in steel, autos, oil and other administered-price industries is their effect in aggravating the current recession. Economists seem to be in substantial agreement that the pivotal factor setting off the current downswing was the decrease in outlays for capital goods. They also seem to be in agreement that to a large extent this decrease in business expenditures for new plant and equipment was more or less inevitable. It was inevitable because most industries had already expanded their facilities to such a point that their capacity is substantially in excess of probable demand.

If the economy is not to sink to even lower levels, it is essential that this decrease in capital outlays be offset by an increase in consumption. But how can real consumer buying power be expected to increase if prices are raised? Instead of offsetting the decrease in capital goods expenditures, the price increases in administered-price industries will cause sales in these industries to go down, thereby aggravating the general decline. And if both capital goods expenditures and the volume of goods bought by consumers go down together, we are headed for real trouble.

Increases in administered prices are also significant with relation to



public policy on taxation and government expenditure. Proposals to stimulate our lagging economy through the reduction of taxes or the expansion of public works are often opposed on the grounds that they would touch off another round of inflation. But this argument ignores the reality that we will probably continue to have price inflation anyway; the only thing that will change will be the *rationale* for the price increases. If demand increases as a result of a tax cut or an increase in government spending, the large corporations in the administered-price industries will raise prices because of the "pressure" of demand on supply. If there is no tax cut and demand continues to lag, they will raise prices because costs have risen, as overhead costs are spread over a smaller number of units. On February 20, the retiring president of the American Paper and Pulp Association remarked: "The nation's paper makers will be forced to raise prices if operations continue to lag."

The probabilities are that because of the control over price exercised by the large corporations in the administered-price industries, we're going to have inflation with or without a tax cut. But inflation in a full-employment economy makes better sense and causes less hardship than in an economy with substantial and increasing unemployment.

I DO NOT want to leave the impression, however, that inflation is inevitable. Price increases can be arrested in several ways: by restraint on the part of producers, by some form of government control, or by restoring the administered-price industries to conditions approaching those of true competition. Thus far, I have seen little evidence of the first. Moderation, particularly in the matter of price policy, seems to have become a forgotten virtue among the ranks of our large corporations.

In my view, direct public control over price, which implies some sort of public-utility regulation, should be regarded as a last resort, and a not very desirable one at that. Not only is there a tendency for the regulated to become the regulators, but in some instances the regulatory

agency comes to look upon itself as the protector of the industry which it is supposed to control. The history of public-utility regulation is a history of power, pressure and influence brought to bear upon the regulating body, with all too often a distressing degree of success. It is a history of the destruction of the public-spirited official who attempts to protect the public interest against the power of the regulated enterprise. It is a history of the emigration of the top officials from the regulatory body to the regulated corporation at salaries which they cannot afford to refuse. It is interesting to note that former officials of the Office of Price Administration of World War II and of the Office of Price Stabilization of the Korean conflict seldom have a good word to say for direct price control as a permanent policy.

Conceptually, antitrust is the antithesis of direct price regulation in that it would destroy monopoly rather than accept its existence and try to control it. In that sense, it is the more far-reaching approach. Its wellsprings of support have traditionally been the independent entrepreneurial class—farmers and small businessmen.

Of course many arguments are made against the antitrust approach, the principal one being that it runs counter to the requirements of efficiency and innovation. In recent years the efficiency argument has appeared to lose some of its force as it has become increasingly apparent that the size of our modern corporate giants is far beyond any conceivable requirements of efficiency. Moreover, there is some evidence that the trend of technology has reversed itself and is now *reducing* the size of plant required for efficient operation. Interesting examples of these new technologies in the steel industry—direct reduction of ore, continuous casting of ingots, and small-scale planetary rolling mills—were presented before our subcommittee during the course of our hearings. As to innovations, the recently-published study by Professor John Jewkes, *The Sources of Invention*, reveals that they still arise principally from independent inventors and smaller firms. The publicity given to the white-robed scien-

tists in the laboratories of the great corporations has been somewhat in excess of their actual contributions. The recent inquiries into technological trends and innovations impose on all thinking persons the obligation to look again at antitrust.

THERE is one other approach which, while it may not be a final solution, has much to commend it at the present time. This is the use of the spotlight of publicity. The managers of the large corporations, who spend large amounts of money in cultivating good public relations, do not welcome public disclosure of profiteering on their part. Publicity in the form of disclosures of their costs, prices and profits would be, and indeed on several occasions in the past has been, an effective instrument in inducing management to adopt policies of moderation in their pricing.

One thing, however, is clear. The widespread practice of raising prices in the face of declining demand, declining production and declining employment must in some way be brought to a halt. On this point we should give close attention to the words of Dr. Ludwig Erhard, the West German Republic's Vice Chancellor and Minister of the Economy. In its issue of June 9, *Life* contains an article by Dr. Erhard, whom it describes as "a brilliant former economics professor who more than any other single man is responsible for his country's phenomenal business comeback." In this article, based on his observations during a recent tour of the United States, Dr. Erhard says:

It is also necessary in a free economy to keep prices flexible so that they will respond to market fluctuations. The one alarming symptom I have observed in the American economy is the decline in production coinciding with a rise in prices. Any real entrepreneurial activity implies the risk of loss as well as the chance of profit. It is therefore against the spirit of free enterprise to raise prices in an attempt to maintain profits at a certain standard, regardless of production and sales. The present situation offers businessmen an excellent chance to get prepared for the competition of tomorrow, and they should make full use of it.



# MYTH of the POWERFUL WORKER

Each decade has its special myths. Those of our day have been fostered by long-continued prosperity. Just as there is a myth of the happy worker, so there is the myth that labor's long, historic battle for recognition was won for all time in the climactic struggles of the 1930s. Sensational investigations of highly improper practices in the labor-management field foster this misconception by diverting attention from labor's frustrated efforts to organize Southern textile plants to piquant details in the life of Dave Beck.

Similarly, high levels of employment (pre-recession) and wages have masked the fact that the status of labor has undergone strange permutations since the adoption of the Taft-Hartley Act. These changes have not come about as a sudden cataclysm or disaster, but as the result of a slow, often imperceptible, highly complicated legal-administrative process. The dramatic labor incidents of the 1930s could not fail to grip public interest; the arcane evolution which has been going on since has escaped public notice. Riots,

massacres and strikes can be photographed, but there is no way of photographing the erosion of labor's legal position in the last decade—a process which even labor lawyers despair of explaining to their clients.

With this in mind, we asked Harvey Swados, who reported on "The Myth of the Happy Worker" in our issue of August 17, 1957, to explode the myth of the "powerful" worker—to undertake, in other words, to show how labor's status has been *retrogressing*, and to make this retrogression vivid and meaningful in terms of human values.

The first article in this two-part feature, appearing below, deals with the labor situation at the grass roots. Mr. Swados chose Winchester, Virginia, for his close-up look at what happens nowadays when labor seeks to organize. His second article, to appear in our next issue, will be written from Washington, D.C., and will deal with the administrative perversion of the NLRB.

THE EDITORS

## 1. Taft-Hartley Shows Its Teeth . . by Harvey Swados

*Winchester, Virginia*

A SMALL GROUP of unhappy and bewildered Americans is gathered musingly about a little table in a trailer parked beside a gas station on the outskirts of this quiet, pleasant Shenandoah Valley town. The town, called the Apple Capital by its boosters, is the homeplace of Senator Harry F. Byrd, who owns something like 2 per cent of all the apple trees in the United States. The Americans, seated uncomfortably on a broken-sprung couch and three kitchen chairs beneath a couple of girlie calendars and a scrawled reminder of an impending meeting of their local union, munch on hamburgers and southern-style beans (the trailer is mostly a cookhouse, with a refrigerator and a little rotisserie), and ponder the fact that a trial examiner for the National Labor Relations Board has just ruled that they are violating the Taft-Hartley Act. They have been on strike against the O'Sullivan Rubber Company for over two years, and after having been disenfranchised in a decertification election, they are now advised that they cannot continue picketing the plant down the road, and that their international union, the Rubber Workers, which has been giving

them \$25 a week strike benefits so that they do not go hungry or lose their homes or possessions, must cease and desist from its nation-wide boycott of O'Sullivan products.

While they stare at each other, lined-faced family men, toothless oldsters, motherly widows and shy young women, wondering how it came about that all the power of the federal government seems to be invoked against them simply because of their desire for decent relations with their employer, a professor of economics from Harvard University is testifying in Washington before the subcommittee on labor of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. The nation's capital is only two hours to the east, across a green and lovely Virginia countryside dotted with baronial estates devoted to the raising of fine horses and fine cattle; but those who sit in the high-ceilinged committee room just down the hall from Senator Byrd's office might be on another planet, a million light years from the baffled strikers in Byrd's hometown. Senators Kennedy, Goldwater, Ives and Morse are listening quietly and politely to a parade of academic and professionally-interested witnesses from both sides of the fence ex-

pounding their ideas on new legislation affecting the NLRB and the Taft-Hartley Act.

The economist, Professor Edward H. Chamberlin, is telling them that "Organized labor is on the whole rather well up the income scale, yet the anachronism that labor is down-trodden and deserving of some special kind of public sympathy carries on. It derives, in part, from a cultural lag."

The professor may not have the sympathy of all his listeners in the committee room, but there are others besides the National Association of Manufacturers (which commends him to the readers of the *N.A.M. News*) who hold to his position: indeed there are times when one might suspect that he speaks not only for the conservative Right, but also for the host of former friends of labor and ex-radicals who smile wearily when they are informed that there are still embattled strikers in this golden land. And the casual visitor to Washington who pads from one marble palace of labor to another through the acres of broadloom, from the incredible Teamsters Union Taj Mahal to the hardly more credible temple of the Union of Operating Engineers to the plushy Inter-



national Association of Machinists building to the well-appointed Philip Murray building to the quietly luxurious AFL-CIO building, might be pardoned for thinking — unless he troubles to discover that there are still some dedicated and worried men working for their ideals amid all the opulence—that the professor is right and that “labor” — that great abstraction — has reached the promised land after all.

THE O’SULLIVAN strikers of Local 511 do not think so, but even though they have a clothing depot set up to receive gifts from those who care, they are not pressing the point that they are “downtrodden and deserving of some special kind of public sympathy.” They do a lot of hunting for deer and small game, a lot of fishing for everything from herring to trout, a lot of odd jobs around the town; they hold bake sales to raise money for things that the union can’t afford to provide, like school books for the kids; and although it is hard to find steady work (always the ostensible reason is that they would be only temporary until the strike ended), nobody is going hungry. But people like Mrs. Martha Webster, a gentle, tired widow who went to work for O’Sullivan with her brother and her brother-in-law twenty-seven years ago, and who had never heard of unions until she joined the one that she now supports ardently, as an embattled striker; Mrs. Carrie Boyd, a jolly widow who is mostly Cherokee, seldom reads the papers but knows what she is fighting for after some fourteen years as an O’Sullivan worker; Arthur and Asa Smith, who helped build the plant back in the twenties and put in about thirty years of their lives there before going on strike; Charles Rittenour, who when he went on strike was making \$1.30 an hour after eleven years at O’Sullivan, and whose face is a little more lined now because his oldest boy (he has five children) has leukemia; and Bruce Muse, who started in at O’Sullivan twenty-five years ago at 15c an hour, making \$1.87 for a twelve-and-a-half-hour day, and going around to his friends’ homes eve-



nings to try to talk union after the twelve-and-a-half hours were over — these people are the victims of a piece of legislation most of them had never heard of. After having voted 343 to 2 to affiliate with their union, and 355 to 2 to strike, they found themselves the targets not only of an intransigent company, but also of an apparently implacable and vindictive government as well. What is more, they are not merely the fluke victims of an accidental legal clause (which the new Kennedy bill would repeal): millions of American workers are now being victimized in one way or another by the Taft-Hartley law, which is now being applied so rigorously by the Eisenhower-appointed NLRB that even back in 1954 *Business Week* was saying, “from a practical standpoint, it’s obvious that T-H has changed in operation.”

To understand why, it is necessary to recapitulate a bit of the Winchester experience, as well as that of workers in other places and other industries who are suffering as a result of legislation and administration which had hitherto engaged their attention less deeply than had the private life of the Prince of Monaco. It is difficult even for a more sophisticated individual than a Virginia worker-housewife to understand what Section 9(c)(3) is going to mean personally until the paychecks stop.

IN APRIL, 1956, the NLRB certified the United Rubber Workers as exclusive bargaining agent for O’Sullivan workers, after the 343-2 election. Negotiations followed, but there was disagreement on the ques-

tion of a general wage increase (the company average was 40c to 60c an hour below similar organized shops), and the employees struck the plant on May 13 after the 355-2 secret strike vote. The company immediately began to recruit strikebreakers from the West Virginia hills (it is a commentary on conditions in the area that people were willing to scab on their neighbors for \$1.25 an hour), and to pepper the strikers with telegrams urging their immediate return on penalty of job forfeiture.

At this point the strikers — the vast majority of whom had never before belonged to a union, paid much attention to politics, or even voted — had their first collision with the majesty of the law. The State of Virginia, not ordinarily noted for its social pioneering, had been one of the first to pass a “right-to-work” law. Under its terms, the strikers were hardly allowed so much as a frown as they stood at the gates, surrounded by state police, and watched the sheltered newcomers going in to take over work that they had been doing for upwards of a quarter of a century.

“We never thought that it would last more than a day or two,” says one of the lady strikers, “or that the company would be so glad to be rid of us after all those years we put in for them. Actually, we should have given the scabs the same reception that Nixon got down in South America — but then, there was the right-to-work law, and those state police.”

From that point on the company was in the driver’s seat. It prolonged negotiations, broke them off, rejected the assistance of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, resumed negotiations, stalled again, meanwhile hiring about 200 new employees. In January, 1957, the Rubber Workers Union inaugurated a consumer boycott of O’Sullivan, the first such boycott ever undertaken by the union in all its history. The company, which had obviously been reading the fine print, filed a new election petition with the NLRB in April and a decertification petition in May.

Now, according to Section 9(c)(3) of Taft-Hartley, “No election shall be directed in any bargaining



unit or any subdivision within which, in the preceding twelvemonth period, a valid election shall have been held. Employees on strike who are not entitled to reinstatement shall not be eligible to vote. . . ." Thereupon, the year having elapsed and the strikers having been replaced, the NLRB disfranchised the O'Sullivan strikers and, with majestic impartiality, proceeded to poll the strikebreakers, who voted 288 to 5 against the union.

This may seem a little unfair. Indeed, this peculiar provision in a law ostensibly designed for "encouraging the practice and procedure of collective bargaining and by protecting the exercise by workers of full freedom of association, self-organization, and designation of representatives of their own choosing," was so designated by President Eisenhower. He pledged an A. F. of L. convention in 1952 (six weeks before Election Day, to be sure): "I know the [Taft-Hartley] law might be used to break unions. That must be changed. America wants no law licensing union-busting. Neither do I."

Even if the President were to strain every nerve and sinew to keep this pledge, which is not exactly what he has done, it is an open question whether the Congresses which have followed his noble words would have contented themselves in their labor legislation with simply striking out the ineffable Section 9(c) (3), which had distressed even Senator Taft himself.

BUT THIS was only the beginning of the education of the O'Sullivan strikers. In October, 1957, the O'Sullivan company returned to the NLRB to charge that the union, by conducting its picketing, and engaging in its consumer boycott of O'Sullivan products, was in violation of Section 8(b)(1)(A). This section reads: "It shall be an unfair labor practice for a labor organization or its agents to restrain or coerce employees in the exercise of the rights guaranteed in Section 7. . . ."

So, in February of this year, the NLRB issued a complaint and on

May 15, the trial examiner, finding no merit in the union's claim that it was no longer seeking recognition, but was simply exercising its right of free speech by displaying such picket signs as

WARNING  
PENALTY FOR STRIKEBREAKING  
A LIFETIME OF SHAME AND  
REGRET  
URW      ON STRIKE      AFL-CIO  
ON STRIKE MAY 1956 to ?  
DON'T BUY O'SULLIVAN  
PRODUCTS  
HEELS MADE BY A COMPANY  
WITHOUT A SOUL

recommended that the union cease and desist from "restraining and coercing employees of O'Sullivan Rubber Corporation in the exercise of rights guaranteed by Section 7 of the Act by picketing said Company for the purpose of obtaining recognition and a contract . . .", cease and desist from "conducting a boycott campaign against the Company's products . . .", post in conspicuous places a formal notice that they are so ceasing and desisting, mail such notices to the NLRB for posting on O'Sullivan bulletin boards as well, publish in the *United Rubber Worker* a notice that the boycott is over, and notify the Regional Director of the steps taken to comply.

IN WINCHESTER, the strikers drift in and out of their trailer on their way to go fishing or to look at the picket line down the road in front of the plant where they had put in so many years, and they wonder aloud why their noses are being rubbed in it.

"I never was one for politics," muses a gray-haired lady as she bends over the icebox to get out some food for the menfolks. "It's a little hard for me to understand why the whole government seems to be so determined to be against us. I know the company would do most anything, but the government. . . ."

But by and large the strikers are more sophisticated now. They know that the trial examiner's recommendations must go to the NLRB in Washington, that their union will appeal, that the case will probably wind up in the courts, and that pre-

cedent is against them. They know that all they can do is grit their teeth and hang on; they are caught in a box, and thank God for the union. They also know that in a sense they have themselves to blame for never having bothered all their lives to pay their poll tax.

"What for?" demands Maurice Miller, president of the local. "To vote for Byrd and his boys? We never had a choice, so we never bothered with the head tax. But now we've learned the hard way—I'd say we're close to a hundred per cent registered, and we're paying our COPE dollars so the unions can get into politics and see if we can scare up a couple pro-labor men to run in this neck of the woods."

Framed in the doorway of the trailer, a long-faced striker stares up at Miller and says, in the deliberate way of men in these parts, "I swear to you, I'd soon vote for the blackest nigga in the State of Virginia than for a Byrd man. Hope to die if that ain't true. They took us for granted because they could ignore us, and we took them for granted because we didn't know any betta."

WITH ALL due respect to the O'Sullivan strikers, they could win no more than a footnote in any balanced account of contemporary America if they represented only themselves. But in January, 1956, the employees of Machinery Overhaul Corp. at Palmdale, California, voted 65-28 to be represented by the International Association of Machinists. After protracted negotiations the union struck, and after the required year's wait, the company, having in the meantime hired a shop full of strikebreakers, demanded decertification of the union: all too predictably, the strikebreakers voted 90-1 against the union. Again all too predictably, the NLRB found thereafter that the IAM, by continuing picketing, had committed unfair labor practices in violation of good old Section 8(b) (1)(A). In April, 1958, the strikers were ordered by the NLRB to cease and desist from picketing the shop where they had formerly constituted two-thirds of the employees. All of these strikebreaking decisions, it



should be noted, stem from last year's startling *Curtis Brothers* decision, which reversed past precedent favorable to unions, and which dissenting NLRB member Murdock characterized in these words: "The majority's erroneous interpretation of Section 8(b)(1)(A) seems to be prompted in large part by its desire to censure the union's conduct and

find some section which can be utilized to ban it."

It is plain fact that thousands of organized (and countless unorganized) workers all over the country are suffering from the Taft-Hartley law and its interpretation by the Republican-appointed NLRB; they are suffering in ways to be spelled out in the next article.

## THE YEAR 5000 . . by *George Kirstein*

THE ARCHAEOLOGIST told the visitor at the excavation site, "You can tell very little about their religion from digging around these ruins. We do know that they built their major temples in the form of a cross. For many years we thought that they were sun-worshippers and the temples faced the rising sun. But recent excavations at Chartres in France and Salisbury in England indicate that the temples were not built in an East-West axis, so we have modified our views. It is very difficult from archaeological research alone to determine their form of worship, and of course no records have come down to us. What the cross symbolized, we have no idea."

"But they had a fairly advanced civilization, did they not?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," the archaeologist replied, "when you consider that the Great Carnage took place about 3,000 years ago, you have to give them credit for their achievements. They apparently had a fine system of roads. We have found remains in America which are very well-preserved; they used artificial stone and metal. Some of their cities were of tremendous size, also an indication of technical proficiency."

"Were their arts and crafts developed at all?" the visitor inquired.

"They had quite a culture in painting, but it was somewhat earlier. In Johannesburg, at the time of the Bloody Revolt, we managed to save prints of some paintings done by artists on the Italian Peninsula, but there are many reasons to believe that the originals are much older—dating back, perhaps to 500 or 600

years before the Great Carnage. Of course, we have no record of their literature. Even their language was lost. Unfortunately for the science of archaeology, long ago when our African ancestors succeeded in the Bloody Revolt, they apparently slaughtered every white man, woman and child on our continent and ruthlessly destroyed all remnants of the white culture. You can't blame them, in a way, because there must have been very few whites dominating this whole continent. After the Great Carnage, no whites existed on either the American or European continents. Actually, even our African ancestors must have been decimated by those huge explosions, but as you well know, some survived and rebuilt civilization."

"It was a war, the so-called Great Carnage, that wiped out the whites, was it not?" the visitor inquired.

"Apparently a series of wars, one more dreadful than the last. Finally, about 3,000 years ago, all the whites eliminated themselves. A very few survived in various parts of the world, and we use them now for menial tasks which they are capable of performing." The archaeologist pointed at two white men who were digging at the excavation under the direction of the group of scholars.

"An inferior race, are they not?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," the archaeologist replied. "Our anthropologists tell us that their heads are smaller, which means that they have a smaller brain and, therefore, less intelligence. We try to treat them well, but of course our religion forbids us ever to let them hold political power. Like most

religious beliefs, I suppose this one originated logically enough. Probably it arose from dread of their war-like qualities if they were ever permitted self-government again."

"Do we know enough of their civilization to explain the causes of their never-ceasing wars?"

"Not really, but we can speculate. We believe they knew a good deal about the physical sciences, but unfortunately they gained this knowledge prior to any real understanding of the behavioral sciences. Apparently they knew almost nothing of the workings of the human mind, but they had solved many of the problems pertaining to matter and energy. They apparently had no sensible way of coping with these physical discoveries. Since our forefathers were wise enough to pass on this history, we have concentrated on the behavioral sciences and, until a few centuries ago, we forbade research in physical science altogether. As a result, we are now equipped to handle new discoveries about matter logically."

THE diggers in the excavation had obviously uncovered something of interest while the archaeologist and the visitor had been talking. A small group gathered around the two white diggers who were brushing the dust off a stone plaque. One of the workmen showed the stone to the archaeologist, saying, "Here is another one of those plaques, professor, with the hieroglyphics on it."

"Fine," said the archaeologist, "we'll send it along to the Johannesburg Museum to see whether they can decode it."

He turned to his visitor and explained, "We find these stones at many of the excavation sites. We believe the hieroglyphics are religious slogans of the white civilization. Scholars are trying to decipher them and this discovery may furnish a missing clue."

The visitor examined the stone plaque with interest. Cut into the imperishable material were the symbols:

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT  
THE EARTH

"They carved very well," the visitor said.



## The Heart Has Its Reasons

*THE LONG MARCH.* By Simone de Beauvoir. World Publishing Co. 513 pp. \$7.50.

**Joseph R. Levenson**

IN THE fall of 1955, Simone de Beauvoir accepted an invitation tendered at Bandung and made a six-weeks' tour of China. She is sensitive about the six weeks, the interpreters, etc., and right at the beginning of this invincibly friendly account of the journey she smartly blackens the eyes under anyone's quizzical eyebrows. If, for example, M. Guillain, whose newspaper-financed reports on the country had been somewhat damper than hers, should doubt the objectivity of anyone carried through China at government expense, then the low price Guillain sets on honesty is plain to see. A good offense, they say, is the best defense, and Mlle. de Beauvoir is persistently offensive.

At this point someone may remark that the reviewer clearly deplores New China, hence means to discredit an enthusiast. But—as de Beauvoir says so often, setting up some imbecile detractor for the riposte — what vitiates the book for me is not the regime, which had provocation in its coming and has achievements to its credit. Rather, it is the performance of the author, praising on and on, both where praise is due and where praise had best be subdued for a while. There is nothing she will not take, and she takes all the time.

Now, if I may impute motives with a shadow of de Beauvoir's freedom, I would say that, quite like the sinophiles of the Enlightenment, her subject is really France and the French intellectual scene. China, for

one thing, is the Goddess of Reason's gift to a mandarin coterie (French division) embarrassed by Russia, yet repelled by America and by the bourgeoisie of France. A formally non-Communist Left intelligentsia needs, for its sense of intellectual stature, to be above the battle of the unrespectable titans (travesty of "engagement," perhaps, but vindication of philosophic standing); and China, distinguished from Russia and comfortingly antithetical to the United States, is the land of heart's desire. As de Beauvoir says, her "vision was of rose" before she went; "travelers who had found Moscow austere had extolled the loveliness of Peking."

The subjectivity of her approach, the predisposition she brought to China are most apparent in her sentimental impressionism. The ubiquitous blue clothes and black hair of the Peking population go so well together, "blend so happily with the lights and shadows of the city that there are moments when you would think you were walking through a scene from Cézanne. But this crowd's unity stems from a deeper source: nobody is arrogant here, nobody is grabby, nobody feels himself above or below anybody else. . . ." How can she know this? There must be some extra-Chinese commitment to bring an ordinarily cool, keen thinker to this mawkish hyperbole, above and beyond the call of a spokesman for any earthly regime.

And how can she know *this*: "No citizen in China is bothered on account of his opinions"? No six weeks' (forgive me) observation could possibly yield the evidence. De Beauvoir has copied a hand-out into her notes. The same observer who is rightly so scornful of the paper codes of the Nanking (Kuomintang) Republic briskly sweeps away, with a quote from a piece of paper, anyone's nagging doubts about personal security in People's China: "Article

89 of the Constitution — 'The individual liberty of the citizens of the People's Republic of China is inviolable. . . .'" This is a remarkably respectful attitude for that critical intelligence which on other pages notes the sham in France, in America, sometimes even in Russia. The heart has its reasons.

HERE is another fragment of her sentimental education. Some children, de Beauvoir tells us, fretting at the paucity of good reading for the young, invited writers to a tea and recited a little poem. It ran something like this: "Shame on you writers! How do you expect us to thrive on this skimpy fare?" Oh excellent children! Dare we wonder whether anyone itched to smack a bottom? We do not dare — at our backs we hear de Beauvoir suggesting that perhaps we prefer illiterates, and the girls' feet bound, and all the children of the tea party grinding away in satanic old-Shanghai mills. For de Beauvoir's main theme of sweet song is fitted out with a growling counterpoint. Chinese life can be beautiful, any good heart must be touched, but de Beauvoir, who can canonize with a glance a whole park full of People's-Chinese, knows that in the class-ridden world beyond the Garden there are plenty of moral monsters. "Like it or not," she says intimidatingly, "there is a happiness in the air." Who but a monster would like that not? The beautiful Peking Hotel, where she hears a little Chinese girl practicing Bach, was once the headquarters of an Anglo-French club, where the bored, jaded white elite used to swill away their boredom and flaunt their jades and occasionally, for fun, go down and urinate on the corner policeman. Which do you choose, readers, Bach or bestiality? And remember, these are symbolic of larger alternatives; for de Beauvoir, after all, is a literata who knows what an image can do for an abstraction.

Finally, after a horrendous image, she makes the abstraction plain, and brings the lesson home to France,

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from which she has never strayed. One M. Dransard had written admiringly of a Chinese "Nut King" who responded to government indictments by throwing a banquet for his employees and their families, and poisoning them and himself. "Supreme protest" writes the monster, Dransard, "impossible for an honest man to live in this society." De Beauvoir comments: "Not all of Mao Tse-tung's enemies share M. Dransard's amiable naïveté; but their indictments are framed in the same spirit: dishonesty is the sacrosanct prerogative of the rich bourgeois, by definition an *honnête homme*."

DE BEAUVOIR's animus toward the bourgeoisie and the world it made, then, explains her *carte blanche* for China. She makes demurrers now and then, but this is a morality in which everything turns out all right. In one way or another, her toy doubts are laid away.

One of the ways we may call the *nos quoque* with an extra spin. "In Shanghai and Canton . . . , without our having asked, we were shown through overcrowded and poor sections, the equivalents of which are passed over in delicate silence by the Baedekers to bourgeois countries." "Homogeneity" (we're back with those universal blue clothes) "does not signify sameness. As a matter of fact I know of no place where uniformity reigns so thoroughly and to such disastrous effect as in the better districts and drawing rooms of Paris, where the individual indefatigably manifests his class and is devoured by it." On informers: "Go see whether the French crowd does not raise the hue and cry when a ragamuffin is seen filching a jar of marmalade. This cooperation with the police seems more shocking to me here in our country where the law is determined by the interests of a class than where justice is made to correspond to the welfare of the people." On enforced conformism in literature: "What do we have in France to be proud of? . . . True Confessions to comic strips, slicks, pulps, formulas, slants . . . bourgeois pap. . . ."

Any criticism not buried under a suggestion that they order these

things worse in France is made only to call attention to the Communists' wisdom and open-mindedness in bringing in correctives. De Beauvoir, caught right in the middle of the "Hundred Flowers" spurious mildness, sees those penetrating dialecticians wisely permitting idealism to expose itself to materialism, whose strength, which is truth, will bring it fairly to triumph: "If materialism is one day to overcome idealism, the issue will be settled by two healthy adversaries; both must be left free to develop. Never has a popular democracy carried liberalism so far."

De Beauvoir's reservations generally seem like set pieces, in which she fades very fast from penetrating questioner to mere interlocutor: doubting comments are fed in order that official answers may obliterate the doubts. De Beauvoir wonders, for example, whether there may not be a conflict between the workers' interest and that of production.

## The Nose of Gogol

*Russians are nose-gay and nose-sad. . . . Gogol's long, sensitive nose discovered new smells in literature.*

Vladimir Nabokov, Nikolai Gogol.

Russian proverbs say:

"The longest nose sees most;  
A nose hangs in dejection  
Or is lifted in glory;  
It bridges the Volga  
And portends good news;  
A nose is a golden story."

Gogol wrote to a lady:

"My nose can plunge without fingers  
Into the smallest snuff-box."

He could wrinkle its tip  
Down a thin mustache  
And over a mocking mouth  
To touch his underlip.

At last the nose began  
To write his stories,  
And snores, smells and  
Sneezes marked the poses  
Of his characters, one  
A madman on the moon who  
Found the people were Noses.

Before he died, doctors  
Bled him with six leeches  
On his nose that sniffed  
New literary hells,  
And he shrieked at the devils,  
His nose a dead soul  
Killed by dank smells.

JAMES SCHEVILL

*Regime*: These necessarily agree. *De Beauvoir* (boldly): Might not the plan expect too much from the worker, should not the union's function be to defend his immediate interest? *Regime* (louder): No conflict, the plan being arrived at with the assent of the workers. *De Beauvoir* (all passion spent): This is true, they are not reduced to a situation in which only passive obedience is asked of them. Management and workers figure out work norms together. But still, still, occasionally Stakhanovist pressures *are* put on. But (quick shift) this danger is seen and has been frankly discussed in a published play. Liberal regime, which lets problems be plainly voiced and squarely faced! Lost somewhere in the underbrush is de Beauvoir's tentative worry about the nature of Chinese labor unions.

Like other observers, de Beauvoir gives us vivid testimony of China's drive for industrialization. What we really need, however, in this connection, is a competent, orderly economic study, not one more in a long stream of travelers' talks with foreman Wang, and how his eyes sparkled as he dreamed of the first all-Chinese automobile. For the rest, de Beauvoir presents interesting reflections on love, marriage and the family, and a great deal of potted history. There are no egregious errors in the latter, but when all is said and done it is a record of her home work. Why should trees be slaughtered so that an autodidact in her new field may spread abroad her notes from standard sources?

STILL, this is a lesser matter. The great curse of the book is its hectoring, blackmailing truculence: anyone, it implies, who feels repelled by its tone of abandoned affirmation must be a spokesman for the old order, one who wants to get those dogs and Chinese out of the Shanghai parks again, who winces at the thought of peasants decently dressed, who regrets the lost joys of relieving himself on the odd docile, tattered coolie. Her book abides no question; what the critic should probe is himself: am I a Fascist beast, do I want to grind the faces of the poor? But I'm really not and



I really don't, I feel forced to quaver. Don't hit me again, Made-moiselle. I don't admire the Kuomintang, I think I understand a bit about the bad old days, I recognize the moribundity of Confucian culture in modern times. Indeed (a spot of color back in the cheeks now), I

resent the cant of neo-traditionalists and anti-recognitionists quite as much as our author does—and not least because its persistence piques good minds, in sheer polar opposition, to such banal effusions and intellectual abdications as *The Long March*.

## Deformations of Society

**SOCIAL CLASS AND MENTAL ILLNESS.** By August B. Hollingshead and Frederick C. Redlich. John Wiley & Son. 442 pp. \$7.50.

**INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND SOCIAL WELFARE.** By Harold L. Wilensky and Charles N. Lebeaux. Russell Sage Foundation. 401 pp. \$5.

Arthur K. Davis

WHAT Veblen said two generations ago about economics is applicable to American sociology today. It leans heavily toward a static, hence unrealistic, picture of social life. During the last twenty years academic social scientists have become preoccupied with technical virtuosity and abstract theorizing. Like American foreign policy, and for much the same reasons, the social science of our universities is characterized by a decided aversion to reality.

But there are notable exceptions. Among them are surely Whyte's *Street Corner Society*, Cox's *Caste, Class and Race*, Sutherland's *White Collar Crime*, Cohen's *Delinquent Boys*, Mills's *White Collar* and Hollingshead's *Elmtown's Youth*. Is it an illusion that such studies seem now to be appearing a little more frequently?

Two new titles rate high honors. Both books face the basic realities of social change and social class. Each measures in a different way some of the deforming impacts of capitalist industrialism upon people and communities. Each shows that those conditions commonly denoted as "social problems" are inherent and organic components, rather than accidents, of our society.

*Social Class and Mental Illness* analyzes the relations of treated mental illness to social class in metropolitan New Haven. The 1891 natives of the city known to have received psychiatric care during a six-month period in 1950 were systematically compared with a 5-per-cent household sample of the general population. The latter was divided into

five classes: a 3-per-cent upper class of top executives and professionals possessing substantial inherited wealth; a 9-per-cent upper-middle class of lesser executives and professionals; a 21-per-cent middle class of small business and white-collar families; a 49-per-cent skilled and semi-skilled working class; and an 18-per-cent lower class of semi-skilled and unskilled workers. Whatever became of the myth that nearly everyone today is middle-class?

Class I has 3 per cent of the population but only 1 per cent of the mental patients. But class V, with 18 per cent of the population, has 38 per cent of the patients.

NEUROSIS, the less severe type of mental illness, is found to be directly related to class status. More precisely, the higher the class standing, the higher the rate of treated neurosis. The true rate of neurosis in the community is unknown, because the authors deal only with those cases of mental illness receiving professional psychiatric care. Readers must bear in mind that it is mainly upper-class people who have learned to recognize neurosis as an illness, properly subject to scientific therapy—and who can afford the high cost of professional treatment. For all we know, the true and the treated rates of neurosis may differ greatly, perhaps even inversely. The contingency of the authors' findings on neurosis and social class needs to be underscored.

But no such reservation is necessary concerning their conclusions on psychosis. Psychotic behavior is far more intolerable to a community than is neurosis, hence it is much more likely to be referred for treatment. Psychosis rates in New Haven are found to vary inversely and decisively with social class. They rise most sharply in class V, where they are three times higher than in class IV and nearly eight times higher than in class I. Seldom, perhaps, has a more devastating revelation of the inequities and the human costs of our class system been made.

The results of the authors' analysis of treatment in relation to class are equally startling. Our understaffed and overcrowded state mental hospitals are dumps for class IV and V psychotics receiving minimum custodial care. Compared to the private practitioners and private hospitals specializing in costly individual psychotherapy for upper-class patients, state hospitals are, on a per-diem basis, low-cost institutions. But the long stays of IVs and especially Vs, who usually do not get adequate care and rehabilitation, make those institutions maximum-cost projects. Genuine therapy leading to rehabilitation would actually be cheaper, it seems. This is not available because the upper class controlling our political apparatus has not learned to demand the necessary care for lower-class patients.

Proprietary hospitals come in for some hard raps. "Private hospitals are designed for the carriage trade [I-IVs getting expensive insight therapy] but they are supported by the shock box [III-IVs getting the cheaper shock treatments]." Even the publicly-supported New Haven clinics spend more resources on their class II patients (\$390 average) than on their class IV patients (\$48 average).

The authors conclude that we need better and cheaper therapeutic methods, especially for class IV and V patients. Doctors, who are mostly class I and II, are worlds apart from their IV and V patients. Equally essential are larger funds and new financing arrangements for mental-health facilities. "We believe that a society which can afford atomic bombs can afford good psychotherapy."

Hollingshead and Redlich of course do not claim that social class is the cause of mental illness. But they have firmly established that mental illness and its treatment have significant class dimensions. A study more scientifically competent, more courageous and more socially enlightened would be hard to find.

*INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY AND SOCIAL WELFARE* first describes the social evolution of urban-industrial society, American variety, and the consequent emergence of such social problems as class conflict, broken families and juvenile delinquency. Though this sketch depends too uncritically on the idealistic Weber-Parsons school of sociology and on the Kuznets doctrine of income equalization, the basic approach is refreshingly dynamic and realistic.

The book deals mainly with welfare services and their relation to bureaucracy, class and power. The development of social work as a profession is dissected and its key conflicts are set forth—pro-

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fessional standards vs. agency rules, sex role vs. professional role, humanitarian reform vs. outmoded traditions. Especially since the 1930s emphasis in social work has shifted away from reform and toward technical professionalism. A similar tendency is observable in all the social sciences. "Social work became firmly tied to psychological science and the two reflected neatly the central tendencies of American culture."

Social scientists evidently achieve insight roughly to the extent that they transcend their own class limitations and recover anew the Baconian premise that science is a means of mastering nature and society on behalf of man's common welfare. If the general prospect of American sociology appears dismal from this standpoint, at least some healthy expectations are turning up.

## The Influentials

**ENTRY E.** By Richard Frede. Random House. 247 pp. \$3.50.

**Richard Schickel**

**ENTRY E** is a rather bad novel by someone who may turn out, eventually, to be a good writer. The mistakes and the gaucheries committed by its young author, Richard Frede, are of the sort which only ambitious and serious writers make. They are the mistakes of a writer overreaching his technical competence as he strives for effects which, for the moment, are beyond him. F. Scott Fitzgerald's first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, was such a book. And it, too, was an attempt to picture life in an Ivy League college.

In *Entry E* one of the characters says, "... each generation gets known and tagged according to one small group within it. This group is the most influentially divergent group." *This Side of Paradise* was about such a group, and so is *Entry E*. Frede, like Fitzgerald, has a good ear for the speech of his entire generation, and a good eye for the superficials of its behavior. There is a trap in this excellence. The protagonist, intended to represent the divergent group, blends too perfectly with those who are supposed to form a background in contrast to him. With contrast blurred, divergencies begin to seem representations of traits peculiar to the whole generation. I don't know if *Entry E* will be as widely read as *This Side of Paradise*

**RICHARD SCHICKEL**, a free-lance critic, is an associate editor of a national magazine.

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was, but if it should be, another stereotype is about to be born. For the minority that Fitzgerald presented came to represent an entire generation.

DESPITE all the recent concern about conformity among the young, the great, gray mass of collegians has not varied much from generation to generation. The majority, in the twenties, thirties, forties and fifties have all wanted about the same thing from college—that thing not being education. They have wanted college to polish the rough social edges off them, to teach them how to lead quietly prosperous, happily married lives with a minimum of confusion, a maximum of comfort. The influential minority (the soul-searchers and their fellow-traveling neurotics) wanted something different from the majority in the twenties and thirties. In the twenties they answered their needs with a noisy nihilism, in the thirties with social consciousness. After World War II, however, the minority suddenly began to share majority values. They, too, began to want comfort, security and disengagement from the big issues. But since the influential minority is always composed of the most articulate and intelligent members of the college group, they talked a great deal about their shortcomings. Things got so bad last year that Donald Malcolm quoted this “old folk tale” in *The New Republic*:

Hark Mother! What is that sound?  
Only the wind in the trees, dear.  
No, Mother, I hear it still, a low  
sad murmur with every now and  
then a dreadful groan—what is it?  
Nothing, dear. Only the silent generation assessing itself.

Malcolm went on to point out that “It takes a moral and historical crisis of a fairly special kind to ‘make’ a generation, and one cannot expect history to provide an indefinite series of such crises for the benefit of little magazines.” This, as far as it goes, is sound, but Malcolm cannot deny that the widespread—and possibly feckless—ambition of this generation to analyse itself sets it apart from other generations. Most of the analysis is nonsensical, but a few youthful probes have contributed some fairly searching statements.

*Entry E*'s interest to the general reader lies precisely in this area, just as did the interest of Fitzgerald's first book. *Entry E* is overly-dramatic, self-consciously literary. There is, for instance, an endless interior dialogue carried on by Ed Bogard, the protagonist, with his superego (termed The Third Person) and a very odd id—a slide rule—which

is the first id in history to counsel caution. This is sometimes enlightening, more often tedious, from an artistic standpoint; but sociologically, it is always interesting. For Bogard is the influential minority of his generation and the forces tearing at his mind are the forces tearing at that whole minority. The Third Person stands for the fundamental decency, the desire to commit itself to some kind of positive action in favor of something good. The slide rule represents the opposite, the knowledge that there are precious few causes worth giving yourself to (“... remember the First Commandment of The Order: *Don't*. Whatever it is, just plain *Don't*. Because it may not be safe. Because you may get hurt”).

Bogard represents an Americanized version of the ignorant existentialism of pseudo-intellectual Frenchmen. The situation he finds himself in is ludicrously melodramatic. A group of drunken undergraduates have a young amateur whore in a dormitory room across the hall from his. They have plied her with grain alcohol and benzedrine and are about to attempt a mass assault on her drugged body. Bogard tries to stop it, first with his fists, then by trying to round up some other undergraduates to help him. He fails because he cannot bring himself to care very deeply about what happens to the rather miserable, pathetic girl. He knows the only sure way of stopping the assault is to call the campus cops. But he doesn't want to “rat” on his friends (this is part of The Code). After the girl has been re-

peatedly raped, Bogard and another boy get her sobered up and packed off on a train. Her assailants, meantime, drunkenly boast of their exploit, the word gets to the college administration and they are expelled; Bogard, for his crimes of omission, is asked to resign. He realizes that he must learn to care what happens to other people, that he must take some risks, if only to keep his self-respect.

THAT's all there is to the book. In bald outline the plot can be seen to be a bit cheap. Despite this, and despite stylistic failings, Frede has managed to say something about that “influential minority.” By making the girl what she is, and by making her attackers what they are (stupid, but not evil, boys), he has created the sort of gray world in which modern man must make his black and white decisions about right and wrong. And in his central figure he has defined well the conflicts of a member of the “silent” generation who is extremely articulate about his silence. In a few of the reveries of this Hamlet with a belt in the back, he has caught better than anyone else the problems of a young man growing up in a world in which the old liberal values are dying out, to be replaced by manufactured mass values. Bogard speaks a crushing epitaph for his generation when he says, “We've been taught a helluva lot of *Don't's* and almost no *Do's*.” *Entry E* is the best fictional statement so far on the plight of the minority which has talked so much about its silence that it has given a name to a generation.

## THEATRE

### Harold Clurman

Rome  
I WAS in Berlin, where I had gone to see how a German cast and director had treated O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet*—which I shall soon be staging in New York—when I began to hear increasingly alarming news from Paris. “Civil War in France?” one headline screamed.

While in Berlin I went to see a brilliant performance of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* at the “Comic Opera” house in the East Sector. From a theatre point of view this was the finest production of opera I had seen since that of the Moscow Art Theatre's Musical Studio production of Bizet's *Carmen*. The sets, costumes and staging in this German production of Offenbach's glitteringly macabre opera are rarely equal-

led anywhere. The irony is that the splendor of the production as well as the exquisiteness of the opera house itself are in such striking contrast to the drabness of East Berlin.

But I am writing of Paris. It was abnormally quiet when I arrived. Since Jacques Tati's picture *My Uncle* had just won a special prize at the Cannes Festival and since I considered his earlier film *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* a masterpiece, I thought I'd begin my inspection of Paris entertainment with his new one. I was not disappointed. Though *My Uncle* does not seem to me as consummate an achievement as *Hulot*, the new picture has a broader theme: the futility of modern functionalism.

The same theme in a way is at the



heart of Chaplin's *A King in New York*—the political aspect of the film is incidental. I hastened to visit it because it will not, I presume, be shown in New York. I found it fairly labored or, to be blunt, a dud. The more explicit Chaplin becomes the less expressive.

One of the best productions in Paris at the moment is Peter Brook's staging of Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge*. One might call this an international effort because, in addition to the American play and the English director, Raf Vallone, an Italian film actor, plays the leading role. The play is much more effective in Paris than it was in New York (it is also much more successful) because, apart from several excellent revisions which clarify the play's theme, Brook has made it "operatically" graphic or, if you will, melodramatic. Every moment is picturesquely charged. This, for Boris Aronson who accompanied me, was reducing the script to a "gangster" show and satisfying a European sense of America as a land of rough-riding realism, energetic but raw. It seemed to me, however, that the play had been made more viable as theatre than it had been in the rather statically "psychological" production in New York.

I felt it my "duty" to see a few of the plays—mostly revivals—recommended by residents of Paris. Bourdet's *The*

*Weak Sex* is attractively played at the Comédie Française and is shrewdly cynical entertainment. It is a play of the late twenties when wealthy foreign ladies could afford to keep or conveniently marry indigent and indolent young men in Paris—a day that even the management of the Ritz Hotel (where the play takes place) must now regard as belonging to a buried past.

WHAT became increasingly evident as I observed the theatre in Paris is that the more outstanding events were of foreign origin—such as the appearance at the Opéra of the Ballet of the Bolshoi Theatre, and at the Théâtre des Nations (the old Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt) a Japanese Kabuki company—a kind of connoisseur's delicacy. The dancers and acrobats of the Peking Opera had been preferred because, so I was assured, they were more dynamic. The French like their foreign art a little savage, for the civilized, they feel, is the *spécialité de la maison*.

Ulanova of the Bolshoi Ballet is a great dancer, and the company as a whole is impressive in many ways—the extraordinary vitality of the men, the dramatic clarity of such passages as that of Mercutio's duel, the scrupulous attention given to every characterization—but the audience on the opening night was rather cold, and I myself felt strangely unengaged. I couldn't quite tell then (nor am I sure now) whether this was due to some lack in the performance—stylistic impurities, old-fashioned sets, a rather uninspired score—or to the goings on outside the theatre.

For what I am writing about is not so much the theatre in Paris as Paris itself. The place is constantly cooking. What it "cooks" is a composite of universally contemporary ingredients, some of which are foul and destructive but always very much in the open, extremely conscious and devastatingly human. Here the heterogeneous and turbid elements that make Europe may be beheld in a distillation rendered especially clear through their container—the test tube which is the city itself.

"URGE you leave France immediately" my brother wired me. And did I not, coming back to my hotel from a dinner at a French journalist's home where we were constantly interrupted by phone calls from foreign correspondents trying to learn exactly what was happening, did I not run into a traffic jam caused by hundreds of cars packed from the Rue de Solferino across the bridge to the Place de la Concorde and up to the Arc de Triomphe, all sounding their

## Mr. Mammon

In business my ideal is to get up to adjust a screw or a bill or a customer's complaint, taking in all about ten minutes; then to retire hands in pockets to my office and stand looking out the window at traffic and to hear the machines go inside the shop and to feel I am lending my presence. I would have a relationship to God to think about, His presence, with my unease at my freedom. I would imagine this condition something to bear gracefully, requiring just this idleness. And I would remove my hands from my pockets and return to the shop and stroll its length and width, looking over my machines and help, in pity and humiliation. I would know what it means to betray, to invite betrayal. And I would reply, O Lord, why did You give me this desire for freedom, if not to feel myself in Your presence?

DAVID IGNATOW

June 28, 1958

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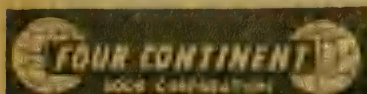
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klaxons in a rhythm which I was informed signified *Algérie Française*, while the passengers were yelling "De Gaulle to power"? A seemingly festive demonstration, it summoned something sinister. This was no time to leave France.

A general strike had been called. The afternoon it was to begin I went to see the art dealer, Henri Kahnweiler, the man who first sold Picasso, Braque, Gris. He appeared almost disappointed that the workers at the electric plant had not turned off the lights in his gallery. We both conjectured about the future turn of events and then discussed the great Modigliani show at Charpentier's. We referred to the poverty of the theatre season and I was invited to lunch with Kahnweiler at his home the next day.

Following the customary superb lunch, Kahnweiler tried to get news of de Gaulle's latest statement on the radio. Michel Leiris, avant-garde novelist and a curator at the Anthropological Museum, hurried off to a meeting at the Sorbonne called by members of the teaching profession who had gone on a one-day strike to protest the "threat to the republic." All this while, the painter, André Masson, was telling me that Zola, whom I had mentioned, was not a naturalist at all but "a poet" and that what is most striking in Van Gogh's pictures is the sense we get of the compulsion he had in painting them, which somehow led to a balanced estimate of the now wholly downgraded Puvis de Chavannes with some passing references to the ferocity of the civil war in Spain which Masson had witnessed and symbolically recorded in some of his work.

THE next night there was a sort of counter demonstration by the "Left." I had just seen a "family audience" enjoy a sprightly revival of Labiche's (1838) farce *The Italian Straw Hat* at the Comédie Française. Outside the theatre I noticed some stickers plastered to the pavement which read "Frenchmen go to the National Assembly tomorrow afternoon and revile the non-Communist deputies who vote against de Gaulle."

I had planned to end the evening at the Elysée-Matignon just off the Rond Point des Champs-Élysées, a café where theatre people gather late every night much as they do at Sardi's. But the place was dark! The headwaiter standing outside the establishment explained that he had turned off the light for fear that the windows of his café might be smashed. I had hardly observed that a horde of young people was marching through the adjacent streets shouting "Vive la république!" while others had

begun to shatter the windows of cars which were sounding their horns for de Gaulle. Stones began to fly, one of which caught me in the leg.

When the rumpus had subsided and I could enter the café, since the lights had been turned on again, I sat down to hear the American Preston Sturges speaking about a play he had written in French, while the café manager explained how all the "trouble" was going to affect the tourist trade. He assured me that I had nothing to fear—I had mentioned my little accident—because "There never has been a revolution in France."

On Monday morning Paris, lovely as ever, seemed momentarily appeased. De Gaulle had been "invested." I was on my way to Rome. In the cab I inexplicably recalled the repartee in one of the French plays I had seen: "Life is very difficult, you know," one character said, and the other replied "It is a moment to be passed. . . ." Inwardly I mused: "Paris theatre, pah! But Paris—what a show."

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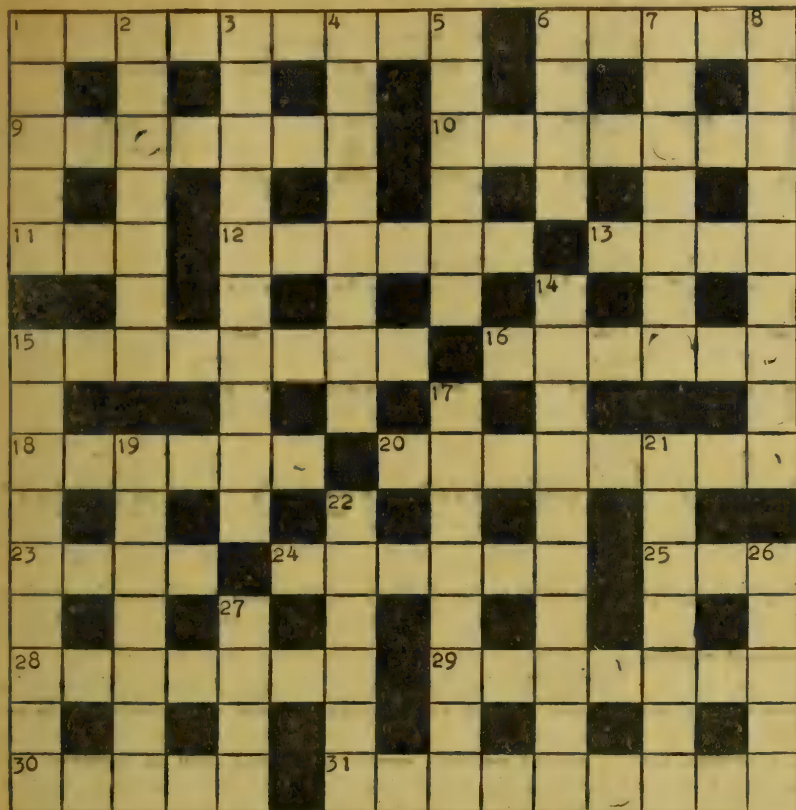
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# Crossword Puzzle No. 778

By FRANK W. LEWIS



## ACROSS:

- 1 Two things sidewalk superintendents do with a second splitter. (9)
- 6 and 22 down Gee, Old Glory was British after all! (5,6)
- 9 You might find us in direct opposite to 2. (7)
- 10 Obviously a sitting bird, but doesn't set. (7)
- 11, 25 and 30 Wander apace in the book version. (3,3,5)
- 12 Lesion sometimes found under your foot. (6)
- 13 Ripe for a part in the fairy tale?
- 15 Most of us have dealt in this. (4,4)
- 16 Virgin that often made a hit with 24. (6)
- 18 Butter stick which shouldn't always be kept in the barrel. (6)
- 20 April's supposedly girlish. (8)
- 24 This city is nothing less than a college town. (6)
- 28 He at least might have a lot to offer. (7)
- 29 How the wrathful carry on! (7)
- 31 Cortez to Keats? (5-4)

## DOWN:

- 1 The sort of man for the enemy's shots. (5)
- 2 More open-handed than 9, of a sort of 9 without us. (7)
- 3 With 16, responsible for the Life of 3 (which was not his own!) (10)
- 4 Uninteresting flag to more than one!
- 5 With 6 across, famous for Holly-

wood spectacles. (6)

- 6 Weaver to appear in great form!
- 7 and 23 Musical comedy from America? (2,4,1,4)
- 8 The German least-expected professional killer, perhaps. (9)
- 14 Where the sailor might serve time and time again—it's criminal! (10)
- 15 Might be part of the pediatricist's prescription, rather than that of the pedicurist's. (4,5)
- 17 Checking with everybody in keeping the score the same? (8)
- 19 The Treasure State. (7)
- 21 It's not funny to get old in the attempt! (7)
- 22 With 3 was reputedly first in 11, 25 and 30. (6)
- 26 Her life is bound up with a tree. (Notice the W.C.T.U. might approve?) (5)
- 27 Possible result when the sebaceous gland acts up. (4)

## SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 777

ACROSS: 1 Parade rest; 6 Asps; 10 Expos; 11 Abetter; 12 Expense account; 14 Torments; 15 Gaucho; 16 Raffia; 18 Shrivels; 22 Disarrangement; 24 Flaccid; 25 Cremona; 26 Reek; 27 Redressers. DOWN: 1 Preceptors; 2 Repaper; 3 Disinheritance; 4 Respect; 5 Starch; 7 Satanic; 8 Sort; 9 Decorativeness; 13 Mouse-traps; 17 Frigate; 19 Handcar; 20 Eyesore; 21 Bridge; 23 Afar.

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